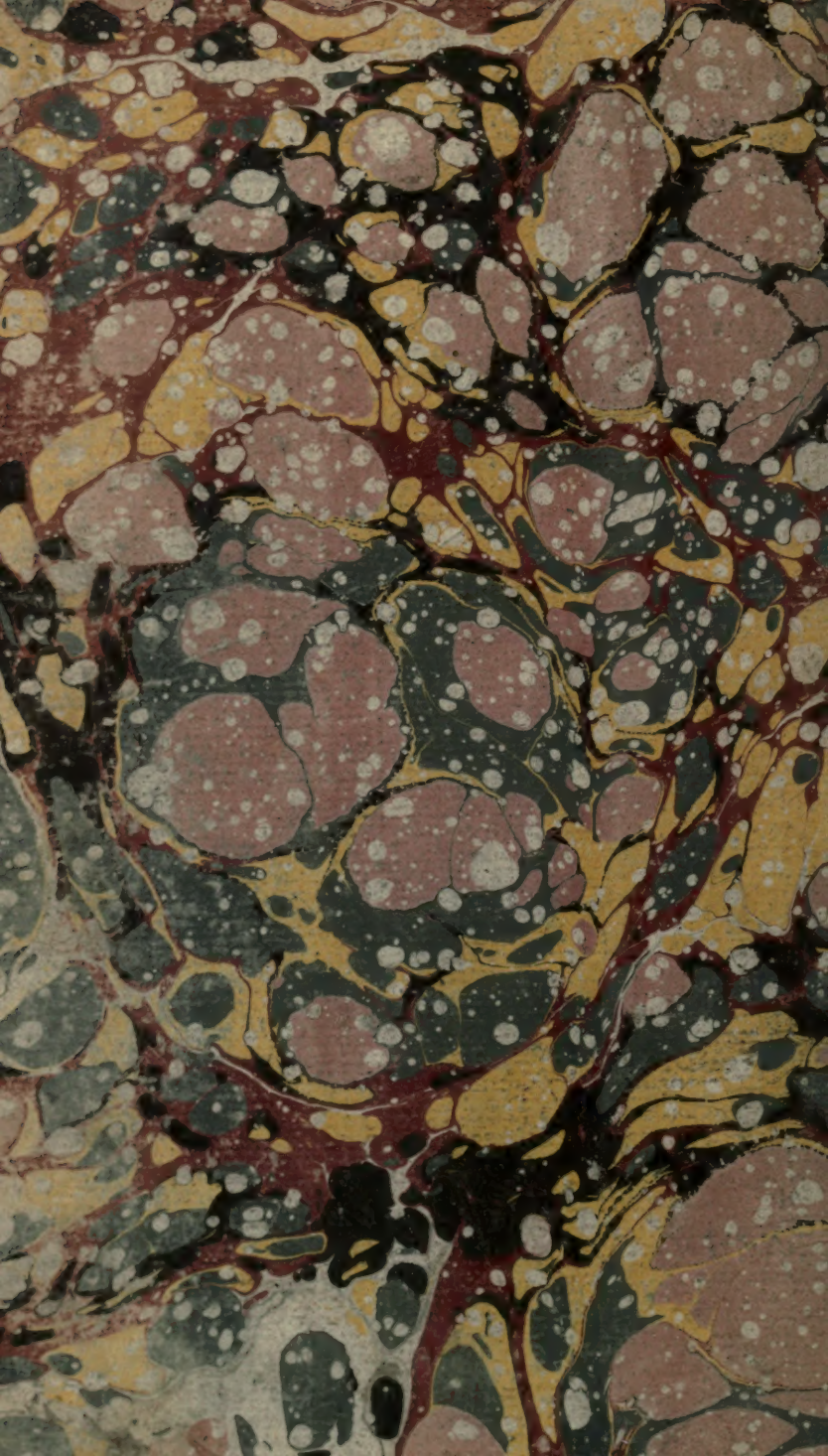
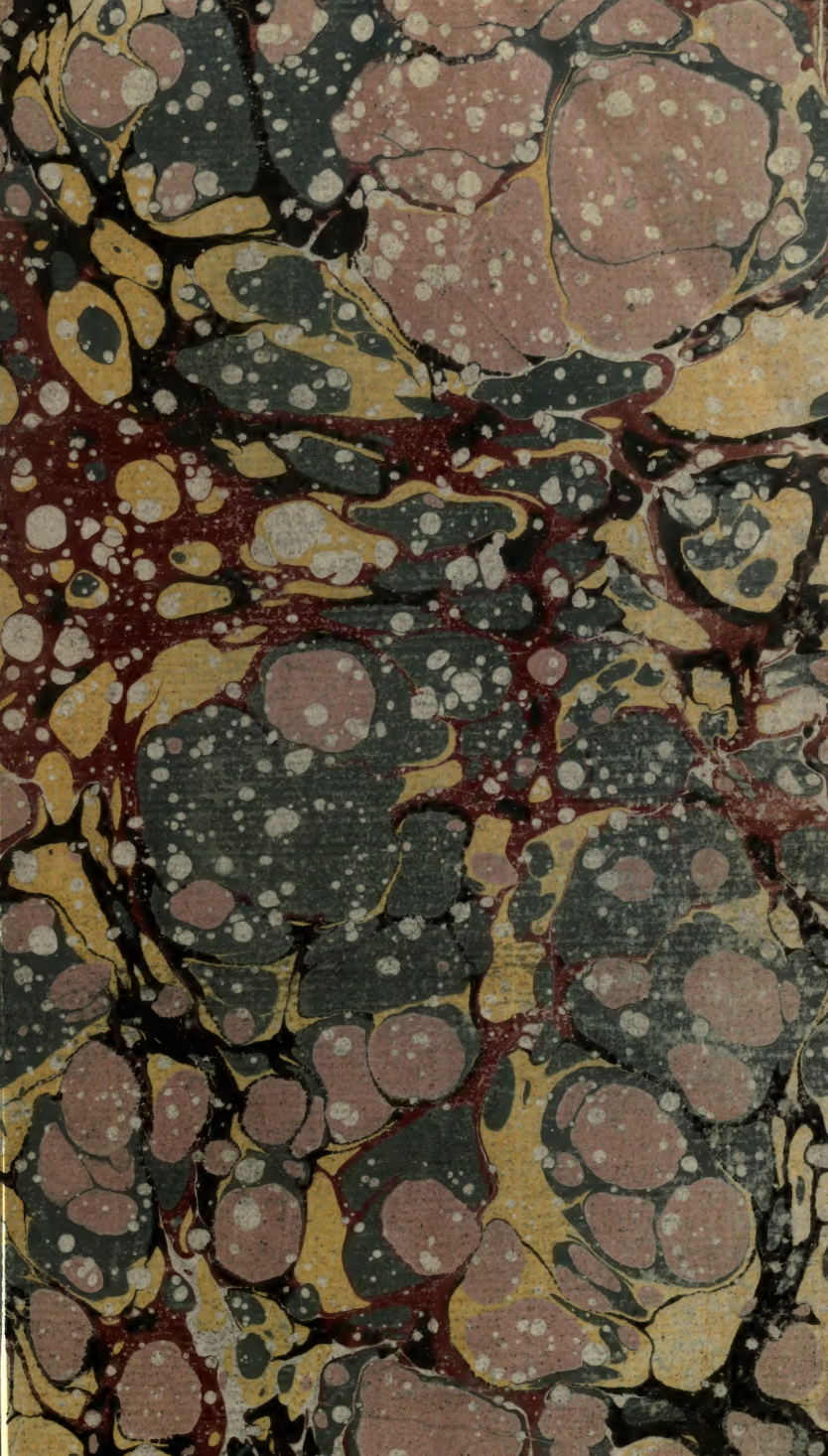


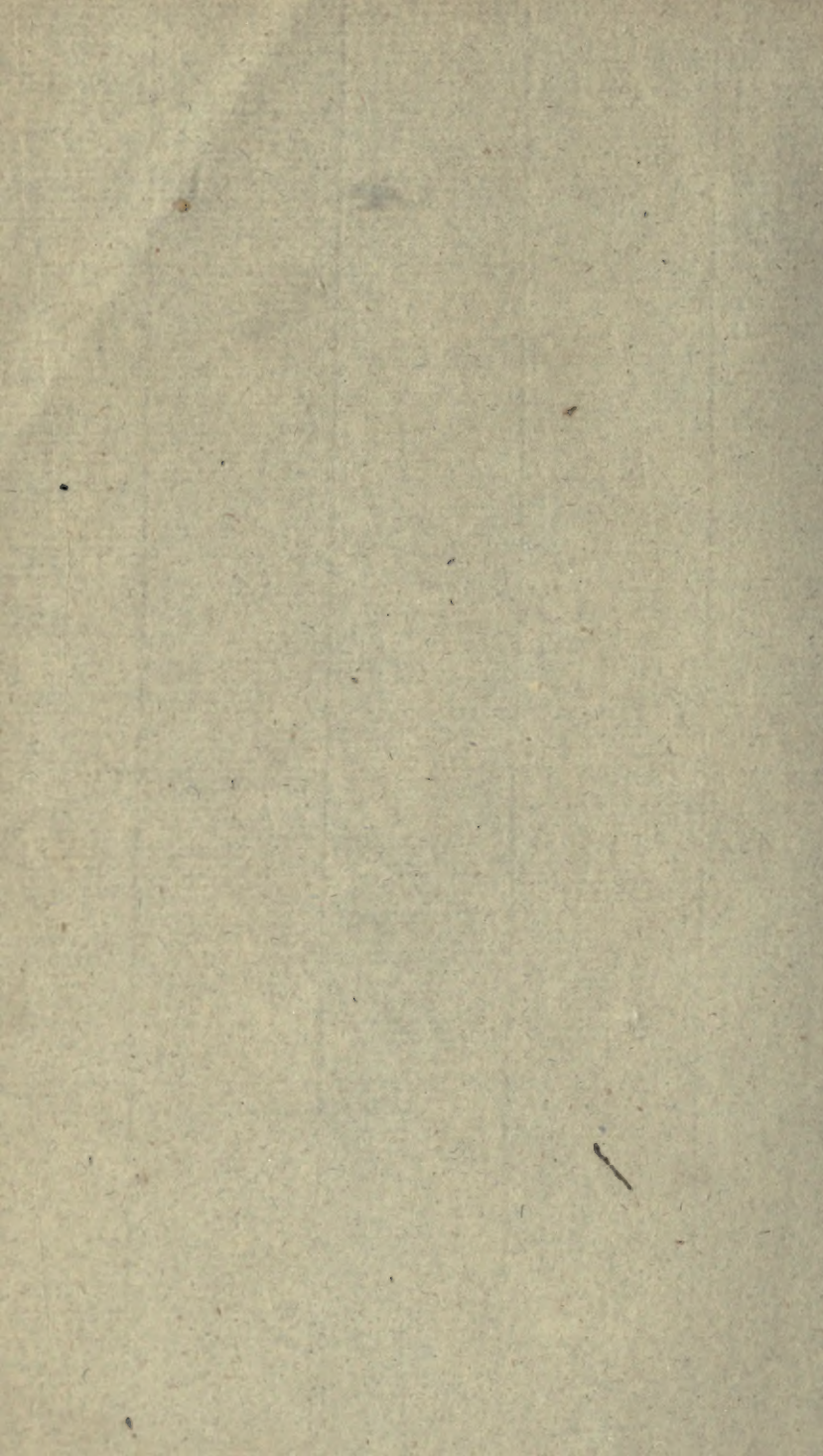




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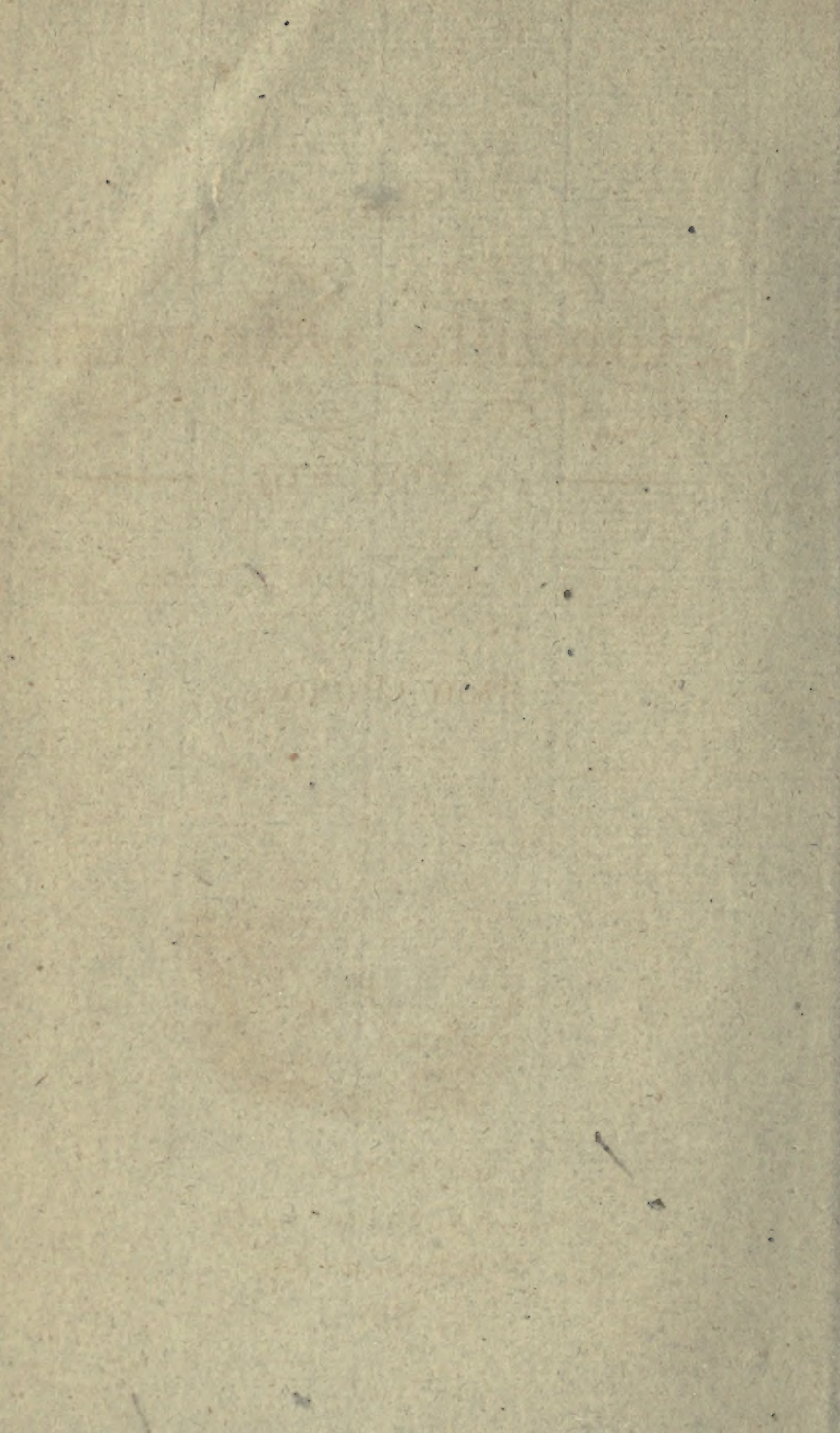


THE

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CONTAINING

Don Quixote.



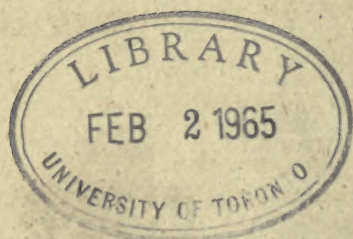
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THE
H I S T O R Y
AND
A D V E N T U R E S
OF THE RENOWNED
D O N Q U I X O T E.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH
OF
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.
BY DR. SMOLLETT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



L O N D O N:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.
M D C C L X X X I V .

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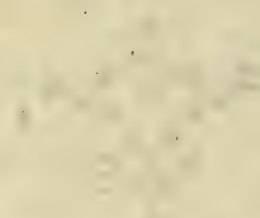
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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

DON RICARDO WALL,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST CATHOLICK
MAJESTY,

LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF SPAIN,
COMMENDARY OF PENAUZENDE IN THE ORDER OF SAINT
JAGO, &c,

AND HERETOFORE

AMBASSADOR AND PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

S I R,

THE permission I obtained to inscribe the following Translation of
DON QUIXOTE to your Excellency, while you resided in this
Capital, affords me a double pleasure; as it not only gives me an op-
portunity of expressing that profound respect and veneration with which
I contemplate your Excellency's character; but also implies your ap-
probation, which cannot fail to influence the publick in behalf of the
performance.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your Excellency's most obedient,

Humble Servant,

LONDON,
Feb. 7, 1755.

T. SMOLLETT.

THE
LIFE OF CERVANTES.

MIGUEL De Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for, if his admirable genius and heroick spirit conduced to the honour of his country, the distress and obscurity which attended his old age, as effectually redounded to her disgrace. Had he lived amidst Gothick darkness and barbarity, where no records were used, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man so remarkably admired even in his own time. But one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the personal concerns of this excellent author. No enquiry hath as yet been able to ascertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himself a gentleman by birth, no house has hitherto laid claim to such an illustrious descendant.

One author says he was born at Esquivias*; but offers no argument in support of his assertion: and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himself bestows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of renowned, in his preface to *Perfiles* and *Sigismunda*. Others affirm he first drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails; and a third set take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, because there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra†; and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, seen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevillian. These, indeed, are presumptions that deserve some regard, though far from implying certain information, they scarce even amount to probable conjecture; nay, these very circumstances seem to disprove the supposition; for, had he been actually descended from those families, they would in all likelihood have preserved some memorials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in speaking of his fellow-citizen. All these pretensions are now generally set aside in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expression in his *Voyage to Parnassus* ‡, which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconclusive.

In the midst of such undecided contention, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would suppose that there was something mysterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domestick reasons for maintaining the like reserve. Without admitting some such motive, we can hardly account for his silence on a subject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that self-respect which he so honestly displays in the course of his writings. Unless we conclude that he was instigated to renounce all connection with his kindred and allies, by some contemptuous slight, mortifying repulse, or real injury he had sustained; a supposition which, I own, is not at all improbable, considering the jealous sensibility of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of resentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unrestrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

* Thomas Tamayo De Vargas.

† Don Nicholas Antonio.

‡ He describes his departure from Madrid in these words: 'Out of my country and myself I go!'

Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549: and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have possessed a valuable stock of acquired knowledge; we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin classics, well read in the history of nations, versed in the philosophy, rhetorick, and divinity of the schools, tinctured with astrology and geography, conversant with the best Italian authors, and perfectly master of his own Castilian language. His genius, which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the severer studies, directed his attention to the productions of taste and polite literature; which, while they amused his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to set proper bounds to the excursions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent observations in his commerce with mankind: the peculiarities of character could not escape his penetration; whatever he saw became familiar to his judgment and understanding; and every scene he exhibits is a just well-drawn characteristick picture of human life.

How he exercised these talents in his youth, and in what manner the first years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, because history and tradition are altogether silent on the subject; unless we admit the authority of one author*, who says he was secretary to the Duke of Alva, without alledging any one fact or argument in support of his assertion. Had he actually enjoyed a post of such importance, we should not, in all probability, have wanted materials to supply this chasm in his life; nor should we find him afterwards in the station of a common soldier.

Others imagine that he served as a volunteer in Flanders, where he was raised to the rank of ensign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the supposition that the history of the captive related in the first part of *Don Quixote*, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But this notion is rejected by those who consider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himself with the humble appellation of Soldier, which, in speaking of himself, he constantly assumes, had he ever appeared in any superior station of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the transactions of his life, but what he himself is pleased to give through the course of his writings; and from this we learn, that he was chamberlain to Cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profession of a soldier for some years, in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colona†; who was, by Pope Pius V. appointed general of the ecclesiastical forces employed against the Turks, and received the consecrated standard from the hands of his holiness, in the church of St. Peter.

Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the Christian fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author lost his left-hand by the shot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded so much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occasions: and, indeed, it is very natural to suppose his imagination would dwell upon such an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wish he had told us what recompence he received for his services, and what consolation he enjoyed for the loss of his limb; which must have effectually disqualified him for the office of a common soldier, and reduced him to the necessity of exercising some other employment.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, to whose protection he was entitled by his gallantry and misfortune; and now, in all likelihood, he had leisure and opportunity to prosecute his favourite studies, to cultivate the muse, and render himself conspicuous by the productions of his genius; which was known and admired by several authors of distinction, even before his captivity; for Louis Galvez De Montalvo, in his poem prefixed to *Galatea*, says, "The world lamented his misfortune in tears, and the muse expressed a widow's grief at his absence." I will even venture to suppose, that, in this interval, his situation was such as enabled him to raise an independent for-

* Nicholas Antonio, *biblioth. Hisp.*

† His dedication of *Galatea*.

ture; for we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in Barbary, with such liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumstances; and, in his Voyage to Parnassus, which was published in his old age, Apollo upbraids him with want of œconomy; and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the sequel he squandered away.

I make no doubt but this was the most fortunate period of Saavedra's life; during which, he reformed and improved the Spanish theatre, and ushered into the world a number of dramatick performances, which were acted with universal applause. He tells us that he had seen plays acted by the great Lope De Rueda*, who was a native of Seville, and originally a gold-beater. When this genius first appeared, the Spanish drama was in it's infancy: one large sack or bag contained all the furniture and dress of the theatre, consisting of four sheep-skin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and perriwigs, and the same number of pastoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue between two or three swains and a shepherdess, seasoned with comick interludes, or rather low buffoonery, exhibited in the characters of a black-moor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biscayan. The stage itself was composed of a few boards, raised about three feet from the ground, upon four benches or forms. There was no other scenery than a blanket or horse-cloth stretched across, behind which the musicians sung old ballads, unaccompanied by any sort of instrument. Lope de Rueda not only composed theatrical pieces, but also acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was succeeded by Naharro, a Toledan, who improved and augmented the decorations; brought the musick from behind the blanket, and placed it forwards to the audience; deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed; invented machines, clouds, thunder, and lightning; and introduced challenges and combats with incredible success. But still the drama was rude, unpolished, and irregular; and the fable, though divided into five acts, was almost altogether destitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated state of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raised the Spanish theatre to dignity and esteem, by enriching his dramatick productions with moral sentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry, and the beauties of imagination. He published thirty pieces, which were represented at Madrid with universal applause; so that he may be justly deemed the patriarch of the Spanish drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lope de Vega himself, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the stage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corsair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was sold to a Moor, and remained a slave for the space of five years and a half: during which, he exhibited repeated proofs of the most enterprizing genius and heroick generosity. Though we know not on what occasion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himself gives us to understand, in the story of the Captive, that he resided at Algiers in the reign of Hassan Aga, a ruffian renegado, whose cruelty he describes in these terms. 'He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus out of mere wantonness and barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him, was one Saavedra, a Spanish soldier; who, though he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chastised, nor even chid him with one hasty word; and yet the least of all his pranks was sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake; nay, he himself was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount some of that soldier's actions, which perhaps might entertain and surprize you more than the relation of my own story.'

Thus Cervantes ascertains the time of his own slavery, delineates with great exactness the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in history as a

* In the preface to his plays.

monster of cruelty and avarice; and proves to demonstration, that his own story was quite different from that which the Captive related of himself. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly surprizing; and though we cannot favour the publick with a substantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn such particulars of his conduct, as cannot fail to reflect an additional lustre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a respectable historian*, who was his fellow-slave, and an eye-witness of the transaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprising, Spanish cavalier, who, though he never wanted money, could not obtain his release without paying an exorbitant ransom, contrived a scheme for setting himself free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumstances of thralldom under different patrons. His first step was to redeem one Viana, a bold Mayorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he sent letters to the governor of that island, desiring, in the name of himself and the other gentlemen captives, that he would send over a brigantine under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coast, where he should find them ready to embark. In consequence of this agreement, they withdrew themselves from their respective masters, and privately repaired to a garden near the sea-side, belonging to a renegado Greek, whose name was Al-Caid Hassan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully screened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a Christian captive. Viana punctually performed his promise, and returned in a vessel, with which he was supplied by the governor of Mayorca; but some Moors chancing to pass just as he anchored at the appointed place, the coast was instantly alarmed, and he found himself obliged to relinquish the enterprize. Meanwhile, the captives being ignorant of this accident, remained in the cavern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes. for the space of seven months; during which the necessaries of life were brought to them by a Spanish slave, known by the appellation of El Dorador, or the Gilder. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their constitutions to be affected by the dampness of the place, and the grief of their disappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exercise of his reason, good-humour, and humanity; till at last their purveyor turned traitor; and, allured by the hope of receiving a considerable reward, discovered the whole affair to Hassan Basha. This tyrant, transported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Basha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they seized those unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener, and forthwith carried the whole number to the publick bagnio, except Cervantes, touching whose person they had received particular directions from Hassan, who knew his character, and had been long desirous of possessing such a notable slave. At present, however, his intention was to persuade Don Miguel to accuse Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the scheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the friar, by way of composition, the greatest part of the money which had been collected for the ransom of Christian slaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra with artful promises, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations, into the confession or impeachment on which he wanted to lay hold: but that generous Spaniard, with a resolution peculiar to himself, rejected all his offers, and despising the terrors of his menaces, persisted in affirming that he had no associate in the plan of their escape, which was purely the result of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials that lasted for several days, he restored him and his companions to their respective patrons, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Al-Caid Hassan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended; who, probably with a view to manifest his own innocence, strenuously exhorted the Basha to inflict the most exemplary punishment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes

* F. Diego Da Haedo.

had so often signalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Hassan resolved to make him his own, and purchased him from his master for five hundred ducats: then he was heard to say, 'While I hold that maimed Spaniard in safe custody, my vessels, slaves, and even my whole city, are secure.' For he had not only concerted a number of schemes for the deliverance of his fellow-captives, but his designs had even aspired to the conquest of Algiers, and he was at four different times on the point of being impaled, hooked, or burned alive. Any single attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence, under the mildest government that ever subsisted among the Moors; but there was something in the character or personal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded respect from barbarity itself: for we find that Hassan Basha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the intercession of a trinitarian father, for a thousand ducats*.

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of a poor mutilated soldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel De Cervantes, and represented as a cavalier whose affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his disposition. We must therefore take it for granted, that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he surely would not have fought as a private soldier, could he have commanded either money or interest to procure a more conspicuous station in the service. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country; and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modesty be less the object of our admiration, if we consider that he has, upon this occasion, neglected the fairest opportunity a man could possibly enjoy, of displaying his own character to the greatest advantage, and indulging that self-complacency which is so natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country with those principles by which he had been distinguished in his exile, and an heart enterdred and exercised in sympathizing with his fellow-creatures in distress; we may suppose he could not advert to the lessons of Oeconomy, which a warm imagination seldom or never retains; but that his heart glowed with all the enthusiasm of friendship, and that his bounty extended to every object of compassion which fell within his view.

Notwithstanding all the shafts of ridicule which he hath so successfully levelled against the absurdities of the Spanish romance, we can plainly perceive from his own writings, that he himself had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroic, and all his actions were, without doubt, influenced by the most romantick notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of these characters than we meet with upon record in any other nation; and whether such singularity be the effect of natural or moral causes, or of both combined, I shall not pretend to determine: Let us only affirm, that this disposition is not confined to any particular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in these degenerate days, we sometimes find individuals whom nature seems to have intended for members of those ideal societies which never did, and perhaps never can exist, but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters described by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots sacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but with all the rapture and impetuosity of a passionate admirer.

If we consider Cervantes as a man inspired by such sentiments, and actuated by

* To this adventure he doubtless alludes, in the story of the Captive; who says, that when he and his fellow-slaves were deliberating about ransoming one of their number, who should go to Valencia and Mayorca, and procure a vessel with which he might return and fetch off the rest, the renegade who was of their council opposed the scheme, observing, that those who are once delivered seldom think of performing the promises they have made in captivity: as a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a case which had lately happened to some Christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest circumstances ever known, even in those parts, where the most uncommon and surprizing events occur almost every day.

such motives; and at the same time, from his known sensibility and natural complexion, suppose him to have been addicted to pleasure and the amusements of gallantry; we cannot be surprized to find his finances in a little time exhausted, and the face of his affairs totally reversed. It was probably in the decline of his fortune, that he resolved to re-appear in the character of an author, and stand candidate for the publick favour, which would be a certain resource in the day of trouble: he therefore composed his *Galatea*, in six books, which was published in the year 1584, dedicated to Alcanio Colonna, at that time abbot of St. Sophia, and afterwards cardinal of the holy cross of Jerusalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderness of passion, the delicacy of sentiment, the power and purity of diction, displayed in this performance, are celebrated by Don Louis De Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory sonnet, which is a very elegant and honourable testimony of our author's success. Nevertheless, the production has been censured for the irregularity of it's stile, the incorrectness of it's versification, and the multiplicity of it's incidents, which incumber and perplex the principal narration; and, over and above these objections, the design is not brought to a conclusion, so that the plan appears meagre and defective. He himself pleads guilty to some part of the charge, in the sentence pronounced by the curate, in the first part of *Don Quixote*; who, when the barber takes up the *Galatea* of Miguel De Cervantes, 'That same Cervantes,' says he, 'has been an intimate friend of mine these many years; and is to my certain knowledge, more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part which he promises; and then, perhaps, his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied.'

Whether the success of *Galatea* encouraged our author to oblige the world with some of those theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the first regular productions of the Spanish drama, or the whole number of these was written and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all probability, his first essays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the battle of Lepanto and the commencement of his slavery, and the rest published after his redemption.

Unless we suppose him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his subsistence, we must pass over two and twenty years, which afford us no particular information touching the life of Saavedra; though, in that period, he married Donna Cataline De Salazar, dissipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of those he had befriended in his prosperity, and after having sustained a series of mortifications and distress, was committed to prison in consequence of the debts he had contracted.

In this dismal situation, he composed that performance which is the delight and admiration of all Europe; I mean, the first part of *Don Quixote*, which he wrote with a view to ridicule and discredit those absurd romances, filled with the most nauseous improbability and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the taste of mankind, and were indeed a disgrace to common sense and reason. Not that Cervantes had any intention to combat the spirit of knight-errantry, so prevalent among the Spaniards; on the contrary, I am persuaded he would have been the first man in the nation to stand up for the honour and defence of chivalry; which, when restrained within due bounds, was an excellent institution, that inspired the most heroick sentiments of courage and patriotism, and on many occasions conduced to the peace and safety of the commonwealth. In the character of *Don Quixote*, he exhibits a good understanding perverted by reading romantick stories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His intellects are not supposed to have been damaged by the perusal of authentick histories, which recount the exploits of knights and heroes who really existed; but his madness seems to have flowed from his credulity, and a certain wildness of imagination, which was captivated by the marvellous representation of dwarfs, giants, necromancers, and other preternatural extravagance. From these legends he formed his whole plan of conduct; and, though nothing can be more ridiculous than the terms upon which he is described to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the regulations of society had rendered the profession unnecessary, and indeed illegal; the

the criterion of his frenzy consists in that strange faculty of mistaking and confounding the most familiar objects with the fantastical illusions which those romances had engendered in his fancy. So that our author did not enter the lists against the memory of the real substantial chivalry, which he held in veneration; but with design to expel an hideous phantom that possessed the brains of the people, waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.

The success of this undertaking must have exceeded his most sanguine hopes. Don Quixote no sooner made his appearance, than the old romances vanished like mist before the sun. The ridicule was so striking, that even the warmest admirers of Amadis and his posterity seemed to awake from a dream, and reflected with amazement upon their former infatuation. Every dispassionate reader was charmed with the humorous characters of the knight and squire, who straight became the favourites of his fancy; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining incidents, and considered the author's good sense and purity of style with admiration and applause.

He informs us, by the mouth of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, that even before the publication of the second part, twelve thousand copies of the first were already in print, besides a new impression then working off at Antwerp. 'The very children,' says he, 'handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud the performance. It is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it; in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for, in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic.'

Nor was this applause confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The fame of Don Quixote diffused itself through all the civilized countries of Europe; and the work was so much admired in France, that some gentlemen who attended the French ambassador to Madrid, in a conversation with the licentiate Marques Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, expressed their surprize that Cervantes was not maintained from the publick treasury, as the honour and pride of the Spanish nation. Nay, this work, which was first published at Madrid in the year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itself: Philip III. standing in a balcony of his palace, and surveying the adjacent country, perceived a student on the bank of the Manzanares, reading a book, and every now and then striking his forehead and bursting out into loud fits of laughter. His majesty having observed his emotions for some time, 'That student,' said he, 'is either mad, or reading Don Quixote.' Some of the courtiers in attendance, had the curiosity to go out and enquire, and actually found the scholar engaged in the adventures of our Manchegan.

As the book was dedicated to the Duke de Bejar, we may naturally suppose that nobleman, either by his purse or interest, obtained the author's discharge from prison; for he congratulates himself upon the protection of such a patron, in certain verses prefixed to the book, and supposed to be written by Uganda the unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the Count De Lemos, who seems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor; and even enjoyed a small share of the countenance of the cardinal archbishop of Toledo: so that we cannot, with any probability, espouse the opinion of those who believe his Don Quixote was intended as a satire upon the administration of that nobleman. Nor is there the least plausible reason for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct of Charles V. whose name he never mentions without expressions of the utmost reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indigence was a more severe satire than any thing he could have invented against the ministry of Philip III. for, though their protection kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no man of taste and humanity can rid itself upon his character and circumstances, without being shocked at the barbarous indifference of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taste, but the scanty alms of compassion: he was not respected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar.

One would hardly imagine that an author could languish in the shade of poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations,

nations, and even sovereigns were found in the number of his admirers; but Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whose disposition was sordid, and whose talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation; so that his head was altogether untinged with science, and his heart an utter stranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the least encouragement from his ministry, which was ever weak and wavering. The Duke De Lerma seems to have been a proud, irresolute, shallow-brained politician, whose whole attention was employed in preserving the good graces of his master; though, notwithstanding all his efforts, he still fluctuated between favour and disgrace, and at last was fain to shelter himself under the hat of a cardinal. As for the Count de Lemos, who had some share in the administration, he affected to patronize men of genius, though he had hardly penetration enough to distinguish merit; and the little taste he possessed was so much warped by vanity and self-conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendship but the road of adulation and panegyric: we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty was so sparingly bestowed upon Cervantes, whose conscious worth and spirit would not suffer him to practise such servility of prostration.

Rather than stoop so far beneath the dignity of his own character, he resolved to endure the severest stings of fortune; and, for a series of years, wrestled with inconceivable vexation and distress. Even in this low situation, he was not exempted from the ill offices of those who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and censured his morals; they construed Don Quixote into an impertinent libel, and endeavoured to depreciate his Exemplary Novels, which were published at Madrid, in the year 1613. This performance is such as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the best judges of his time. Indeed, it must have been a great consolation to him, in the midst of his misfortunes, to see himself celebrated by the choicest wits of Spain; and, among the rest, by the renowned Lope De Vega, prince of the Spanish theatre, who, both during the life and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the most respectful terms of admiration*.

But, of all the insults to which he was exposed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him so much, as the outrage he sustained, from the insolence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the second part of Don Quixote for the press, in the year 1614, published a performance, intitled, The Second Volume of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote De La Mancha, containing his third fall. Composed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez De Avellaneda, a native of Tordeillas, dedicated to the alcalde, regidores, and gentlemen, of the noble town of Argamafilla, the happy country of Don Quixote De La Mancha. This impostor, not contented with having robbed Cervantes of his plan, and, as some people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him personally, in his preface, in the most virulent manner; accusing him of envy, malice, peevishness, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abused his coteremporary writers, particularly Lope De Vega, under the shadow of whose reputation this spurious writer takes shelter, pretending to have been lashed, together with that great genius, in some of our author's critical reflections.

In spite of the disguise he assumed, Cervantes discovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to transmit to posterity; and his silence in this particular was the result either of discretion, or contempt. If he was a person of consequence, as some people suppose, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; because, under the shadow of that pretence, he could the more securely chastise him for his dullness, scurrility, and presumption: but if he knew him to be a man of no character or estimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his resentment; for his production was such as could not possibly prejudice our author's interest or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety; the characters of Don Quixote and

* Laurel de Apollo Selva 3.

Sancho are flattened into the most insipid absurdity; the adventures are unenterprising and improbable; and the style barbarous, swollen, and pedantick.

Howsoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent anticipation, I am persuaded, from the consideration of his magnanimity, that he would have looked upon the attempt with silent disdain, had the fictitious Avellaneda abstained from personal abuse; but finding himself so injuriously upbraided with crimes which his soul abhorred, he gave a loose to his indignation and ridicule, which appear through the preface and second part of *Don Quixote*, in a variety of animadversions equally witty and severe. Indeed, the genuine continuation, which was published in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other person could complete the plan of the original projector. It was received with universal joy and approbation; and in a very little time translated into the languages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, though the knight appeared to disadvantage, he was treated as a noble stranger of superlative merit and distinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes ushered into the world a poem called, *A Voyage to Parnassus*, dedicated to Don Rodrigo De Tapia, knight of St. Jago. This performance is an ironical satire on the Spanish poets of his time, written in imitation of Cæsar Caporali, who lashed his contemporaries of Italy under the same title; though Saavedra seems to have had also another scope, namely, to complain of the little regard that was paid to his own age and talents. Those who will not allow this piece to be an excellent poem, cannot help owning that it abounds with wit and manly satire; and that nothing could be a more keen reproach upon the taste and patronage of the times, than the dialogue that passes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having made a bold, yet just recapitulation of his own success in writing, he pathetically complains, that he was denied a seat among his brethren; and takes occasion to observe, that rewards were not bestowed according to merit, but in consequence of interest and favour.

He has, upon other occasions, made severer remarks upon the scarcity of patrons among the nobility of Spain, and even aimed the shafts of his satire at the throne itself. In his dedication of the second part of *Don Quixote*, to the Count De Lemos, he proceeds in this ironical strain: 'But no person expresses a greater desire of seeing my *Don Quixote*, than the mighty Emperor of China, who, about a month ago, sent me a letter by an express, desiring, or rather beseeching, me to supply him with a copy of that performance, as he intended to build and endow a college for teaching the Spanish language from my book, and was resolved to make me rector or principal teacher. I asked if his majesty had sent me any thing towards defraying the charges; and, when he answered in the negative, "Why, then, friend," said I, "you may return to China as soon as you please; for my own part, I am not in a state of health to undertake such a long journey: besides, I am not only weak in body, but still weaker in purse, and so I am the emperor's most humble servant." In short, emperor for emperor, and monarch for monarch, to take one with the other, and set the hare's head against the goose giblets, there is the noble Count De Lemos, at Naples, who, without any rectorships, supports, protects, and favours me, to my heart's content.'

This facetious paragraph certainly alludes to some unsubstantial promise he had received from the court. At the same time I cannot help observing, that his gratitude and acknowledgment to the Count De Lemos, seem to have greatly exceeded the obligation; for, at this very time, while he is extolling his generosity, he gives us to understand that his circumstances were extremely indigent.

At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increased to such a degree of distress, that he was fain to sell eight plays, and as many interludes, to Juan Villaroel, because he had neither means nor credit for printing them at his own expence. These theatrical pieces, which were published at Madrid in the year 1615, though counted inferior to many productions of Lope De Vega, have nevertheless merit enough to persuade the discerning reader that they would have succeeded in the representation; but he was no favourite with the players, who have always arrogated to themselves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the productions

productions of the drama; and, as they forbore to offer, he disdained to solicit their acceptance. The truth is, he considered actors as the servants of the publick, who, though entitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean themselves with modesty and respect for their benefactors; and he had often professed himself an enemy to the self-sufficiency, insolence, and outrageous behaviour of the king's company; some of whom had been guilty of the most flagrant crimes, and even committed murder with impunity.

It is sometimes in the power of the most inconsiderable wretch to mortify a character of the highest dignity. Cervantes, notwithstanding his contempt of such petty criticks, could not help feeling the petulance of a puny player, who presumed to depreciate the talents of this venerable father of the stage. 'Some years ago*,' says he, 'I had recourse again to my old amusement; and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a few pieces for the stage; but found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside, and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller told me he would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said, that from my prose much might be expected, but nothing from my verse. I confess, I was not a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself, "Either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present." I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player, to the clearer perception of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price: I took his money, without giving myself any farther trouble about the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world; or, at least, possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find any thing to thy liking, and afterwards should happen to meet with my back-biting actor, desire him, from me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities.'

The source of this indifference towards Cervantes, we can easily explain, by observing that Lope De Vega had, by this time, engrossed the theatre, and the favour of the publick, to such a degree, as ensured success to all his performances; so that the players would not run any risk of miscarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to support his theatrical pieces by dint of interest and cabal. Far from being able to raise factions in his favour, he could hardly subsist in the most parsimonious manner, and in all probability would have actually starved, had not the charity of the Count De Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The last work he finished was a novel, intitled, *The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda*; which, however, he did not live to see in print. This child of his old age he mentions in the warmest terms of paternal affection†, preferring it to all the rest of his productions; a compliment which every author pays to the youngest offspring of his genius; for, whatever sentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and understanding; and that in refusing the pre-eminence to his last effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We must not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes bestows upon his last performance to this fond partiality alone; because the book has indubitable merit; and, as he himself says, may presume to vie with the celebrated romance of *Heliodorus*‡, in elegance of diction, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of

* In his preface to his plays.

† Preface to his novels. Dedication of the last part of *Don Quixote*.

‡ *The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea*,

invention. Before this novel saw the light, our author was seized with a dropsy, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good-humour which he appears to have maintained to the last moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with misery, old age, and an incurable distemper. The preface and dedication of his *Periles and Sigismunda* contain a journal of his last stage, by which we are enabled to guess at the precise time of his decease. ‘Loving reader,’ said he, ‘as two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Esquivias—’ famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for it’s illustrious families, and secondly, for it’s more illustrious wines, &c.—I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger; who riding up to us upon a she-ass, appeared to be a grey student; for he was clothed in grey, with country buskins, such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest-time, round toed shoes, a sword provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three thread bredes; for the truth is, he had but two; and, as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again. “Gentlemen,” said he, “you are going, belike, to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler.” To this address one of my companions replied, “We are obliged to set on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to Signior Miguel De Cervantes.” Scarce had the student heard my name, when, springing from the back of his ass, whilst his pannel fell one way, and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and taking hold of my stirrup, “Aye, aye,” cried he, “this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muses!” In order to make some return to these high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so as that he lost his band by the eagerness of my embraces; and told him that he was mistaken, like many of my well-wishers. “I am, indeed, Cervantes,” said I; “but not the darling of the muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have bestowed: be pleased, therefore, good Signior, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends the rest of the way.” The courteous student took my advice; and, as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. “Therefore, Signior Cervantes,” added the student, “you must totally abstain from drink; but do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without physick.”—“I have received the same advice from other people,” answered I, “but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period; and, by the daily journal of my pulse, which I find will have finished it’s course by next Sunday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of shewing how much I am obliged to you for your good-will.” By this time we had reached the Toledo Bridge; where, finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast, and left me as ill disposed on my horse as he was ill-mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humorous description of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish.

After this adventure, which he so pleasantly relates, (nay, even in his last moments) he dictated a most affectionate dedication to his patron, the Count De Lemos, who was at that time president of the Supreme Council in Italy. He begins facetiously with a quotation from an old ballad; then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unction, and was on the brink

of eternity; yet he wished he could live to see the count's return, and even to finish the *Weeks of the Garden*, and the second part of *Galatea*, in which he had made some progress.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617; and, in all probability, the author died the very next day, as the ceremony of the unction is never performed until the patient is supposed to be in extremity: certain it is, he did not long survive this period; for, in September, a licence was granted to Donna Catalina De Salazar, widow of Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, to print the *Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda*, a northern history; which was accordingly published at Madrid, and afterwards translated into Italian.

Thus have I collected and related all the material circumstances mentioned by history and tradition, concerning the life of Cervantes; which I shall conclude with the portrait of his person, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his novels. His visage was sharp and aquiline, his hair of a chesnut colour, his forehead smooth and high, his nose hookish or hawkish, his eyes brisk and chearful, his mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper-lip furnished with large mustachios, his complexion fair, his stature of the middling size: and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the shoulders, and not very light of foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether considered as a writer or a man, will be found worthy of universal approbation and esteem; as we cannot help applauding that fortitude and courage, which no difficulty could disturb, and no danger dismay; while we admire that delightful stream of humour and invention, which flowed so plenteous and so pure, surmounting all the mounds of malice and adversity.





THE translator's aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous solemnity and self-importance by which the inimitable Cervantes has distinguished the character of Don Quixote, without raising him to the insipid rank of a dry philosopher, or debasing him to the melancholy circumstances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preserve the native humour of Sancho Panza from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery.

He has endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the literal expression of the original; from which, however, he has not so far deviated, as to destroy that formality of idiom, so peculiar to the Spaniards, and so essential to the character of the work.

The satire and propriety of many allusions, which had been lost in the change of custom and lapse of time, are restored in explanatory notes; and the whole is conducted with that care and circumspection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison.







PREFACE TO THE READER.

I DLE reader, without an oath thou mayest believe, that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, sprightly, and discreet production, that ever was conceived. But it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature: in consequence of which, every creature procreates it's own resemblance. What, therefore, could be engendered in my barren, ill-cultivated genius, but a dry, meagre offspring, wayward, capricious, and full of whimsical notions peculiar to my own imagination, as if produced in a prison, which is the seat of inconvenience, and the habitation of every dismal sound*. Quiet solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, purling streams, and tranquillity of mind, contribute so much to the fecundity even of the most barren genius, that it will bring forth productions so fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is so unfortunate as to have an ugly child, destitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be so hood-winked by paternal tenderness, that he cannot perceive his defects; but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemish as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every instance of his folly as a sample of his wit: but I, who, though seemingly the parent, am no other than the step-father of Don Quixote, will not sail with the stream of custom; nor, like some others, supplicate thee, gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayest spy in this production. Thou art neither it's father nor kinsman; hast thy own soul in thy own body, and a will as free as the finest; thou art in thy own house, of which I hold thee as absolute master as the king of his revenue; and thou knowest the common saying, 'Under my cloak the king is a joke.' These considerations free and exempt thee from all manner of restraint and obligation; so that thou mayest fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this history, without fear of calumny for thy censure, and without hope of recompence for thy approbation.

I wished only to present thee with the performance, clean, neat, and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and unincumbered with an innumerable catalogue of such sonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the present age; for I can assure thee, that although the composition of the book hath cost me some trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inspection: divers and sundry times did I seize the pen, and as often laid it aside, for want of knowing what to say; and during this uneasy state of suspense, while I was one day ruminating on the subject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand; a

* This is a strong presumption that the first part of Don Quixote was actually written in a gaol.

friend of mine, who possesses a great fund of humour and an excellent understanding, suddenly entered the apartment, and finding me in this musing posture, asked the cause of my being so contemplative. As I had no occasion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was studying a Preface for the History of Don Quixote; a task which I found so difficult, that I was resolved to desist, and even suppress the adventures of such a noble cavalier: for you may easily suppose how much I must be confounded at the animadversions of that ancient law-giver the vulgar, when it shall see me, after so many years that I have slept in silence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a rush, barren of invention, meagre in stile, beggarly in conceit, and utterly destitute of wit and erudition; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, as we see in other books, let them be never so fabulous and profane; indeed, they are generally so stuffed with apothegms from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole body of philosophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon such authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence, and erudition. When they bring a citation from the Holy Scripture, one would take them for so many Saint Thomas's, and other doctors of the church; herein observing such ingenious decorum, that in one line they will represent a frantick lover, and in the very next begin with a godly sermon, from which the Christian readers, and even the hearers, receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book must appear without all these advantages; for I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the rest of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetical order, beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one was a backbiter, and the other a painter. My history must likewise be published without poems at the beginning, at least without sonnets written by dukes, marquisses, counts, bishops, ladies, and celebrated poets: although, should I make the demand, I know two or three good-natured friends, who would oblige me with such verses as should not be equalled by the most famous poetry in Spain.

'In a word, my good friend,' said I, 'Signior Don Quixote shall be buried in the archives of La Mancha, until Heaven shall provide some person to adorn him with those decorations he seems to want; for I find myself altogether unequal to the task, through insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too bashful and indolent to go in quest of authors to say what I myself can say as well without their assistance. Hence arose my thoughtfulness and meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard the cause.' My friend having listened attentively to my remonstrances, slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand; and, bursting into a loud laugh, 'Fore God! brother,' said he, 'I am now undeceived of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our acquaintance; for I always looked upon you as a person of prudence and discretion; but now, I see, you are as far from that character as heaven is distant from the earth. What! is it possible that such a trifling inconvenience, so easily remedied, should have power to mortify and perplex a genius like yours, brought to such maturity, and so well calculated to demolish and surmount much greater difficulties? In good faith, this does not proceed from want of ability, but from excessive

cessive

‘cessive indolence, that impedes the exercise of reason. If you would be convinced of the truth of what I alledge, give me the hearing, and, in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties shall vanish, and a remedy be prescribed for all those defects which, you say, perplex your understanding, and deter you from ushering to the light your history of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and sole mirror of knight-errantry.’ Hearing this declaration, I desired he would tell me in what manner he proposed to fill up the vacuity of my apprehension, to diffuse light, and reduce to order the chaos of my confusion; and he replied, ‘Your first objection, namely, the want of sonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses from persons of rank and gravity, may be obviated, by your taking the trouble to compose them yourself, and then you may christen them by any name you shall think proper to chuse, fathering them upon Prestor John of the Indies, or the Emperor of Trebifond; who, I am well informed, were very famous poets: and even should this intelligence be untrue, and a few pedants and batchelors of arts should backbite and grumble at your conduct, you need not value them three farthings; for although they convict you of a lye, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it*.’

‘With regard to the practice of quoting in the margin, such books and authors as have furnished you with sentences and sayings for the embellishment of your history, you have nothing to do, but to season the work with some Latin maxims, which your own memory will suggest, or a little industry in searching easily obtain: for example, in treating of freedom and captivity, you may say, *Non bene pro tota libertas venditur auro*; and quote Horace, or whom you please, in the margin. If the power of death happens to be your subject, you have at hand, *Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque tures*. And expatiating upon that love and friendship which God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have recourse to the Holy Scripture, though you should have never so little curiosity, and say, in the very words of God himself, *Ego autem dicovobis, diligite inimicos vestros*. In explaining the nature of malevolence, you may again extract from the Gospel, *De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ*. And the instability of friends may be aptly illustrated by this distich of Cato, *Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris*. By these, and other such scraps of Latin, you may pass for an able grammarian; a character of no small honour and advantage in these days. And as to the annotations at the end of the book, you may safely furnish them in this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be sure to mention Goliah; and this name alone, which costs you nothing, will afford a grand annotation, couched in these words, “The giant Goliah, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is written in such a chapter of the book of Kings.”

‘If you have a mind to display your erudition and knowledge of cosmography, take an opportunity to introduce the River Tagus into your history, and this will supply you with another famous annotation, thus expressed. “The River Tagus, so called from a king of

* Alluding to the loss of his hand in the battle of Lepanto.

“ Spain,

“ Spain, takes it’s rise in such a place, and is lost in the sea, after
 “ having kissed the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and is said
 “ to have golden sands, &c.” If you treat of robbers, I will relate
 “ the story of Cacus, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the
 “ Bishop of Mondoneda will lend you a Lamia, a Lais, and a Flora;
 “ and such a note will greatly redound to your credit. When you
 “ write of cruelty, Ovid will surrender his Medea. When you men-
 “ tion wizzards and inchanters, you will find a Calypso in Homer,
 “ and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occasion to speak of valiant
 “ captains, Julius Cæsar stands ready drawn in his own Commenta-
 “ ries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thousand Alexanders.
 “ If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tuscan
 “ tongue, you will light upon Leon Hebreo, who will fill up the mea-
 “ sure of your desire: and if you do not chuse to travel into foreign
 “ countries, you have at home Fonseca’s Treatise on the Love of God,
 “ in which all that you, or the most ingenious critick can desire, is
 “ fully decyphered and discussed. In a word, there is nothing more
 “ to be done, than to procure a number of these names, and hint at
 “ their particular stories in your text; and to leave me the task of mak-
 “ ing annotations and quotations, with which I will engage, on pain
 “ of death, to fill up all the margins, besides four whole sheets at the
 “ end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors,
 “ so frequent in other books, and so little used in your performance:
 “ the remedy is obvious and easy; take the trouble to find a book that
 “ quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you observed, from Alpha
 “ to Omega, and transfer them into your book; and though the absur-
 “ dity should appear never so glaring, as there is no necessity for using
 “ such names, it will signify nothing. Nay, perhaps, some reader
 “ will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourself
 “ of all those authors, in the simple and sincere history you have com-
 “ posed; and, if such a large catalogue of writers should answer no
 “ other purpose, it may serve at first sight to give some authority to
 “ the production: nor will any person take the trouble to examine,
 “ whether you have or have not followed those originals, because he
 “ can reap no benefit from his labour. But, if I am not mistaken,
 “ your book needs none of those embellishments in which you say it
 “ is defective: for it is one continued satire upon books of chivalry;
 “ a subject which Aristotle never investigated, St. Basil never men-
 “ tioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and
 “ the observations of astrology, fall not within the fabulous relation
 “ of our adventures; to the description of which, neither the propor-
 “ tions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments;
 “ are of the least importance: nor hath it any connection with preach-
 “ ing, or mingling divine truths with human imagination; a mixture
 “ which no Christian’s fancy should conceive. It only seeks to avail
 “ itself of imitation; and the more perfect this is, the more enter-
 “ taining the book will be: now, as your sole aim in writing, is
 “ to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the absurdity, of those
 “ books of chivalry, which have, as it were, fascinated the eyes
 “ and judgment of the world, and in particular of the vulgar, you
 “ have no occasion to go a begging maxims from philosophers, exhor-
 “ tations from Holy Writ, fables from poets, speeches from orators,
 “ or miracles from saints; your business is, with plain, significant, well-
 “ chosen,

‘ chosen, and elegant words, to render your periods sonorous, and your
‘ style entertaining; to give spirit and expression to all your descrip-
‘ tions, and communicate your ideas without obscurity and confusion.
‘ You must endeavour to write in such a manner as to convert melan-
‘ choly into mirth, increase good-humour, entertain the ignorant,
‘ excite the admiration of the learned, escape the contempt of gravity,
‘ and attract applause from persons of ingenuity and taste. Finally,
‘ let your aim be levelled against that ill-founded bulwark of idle books
‘ of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; which if you
‘ can batter down, you will have atchieved no inconsiderable exploit.’

I listened to my friend’s advice in profound silence, and his remarks made such impression upon my mind, that I admitted them without hesitation or dispute; and resolved that they should appear instead of a Preface. Thou wilt, therefore, gentle reader, perceive his discretion, and my good luck in finding such a counsellor in such an emergency; nor wilt thou be sorry to receive, thus genuine and undisguised, the History of the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha, who, in the opinion of all the people that live in the district of Montiel, was the most virtuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that neighbourhood. I shall not pretend to enhance the merit of having introduced thee to such a famous and honourable cavalier; but I expect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in whom I think are united all the squirish graces which we find scattered through the whole tribe of vain books written on the subject of chivalry. So, praying God will give thee health, without forgetting such an humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewell.





THE
ATC H I E V E M E N T S
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
D O N Q U I X O T E
D E L A M A N C H A.
VOLUME THE FIRST.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

OF THE QUALITY AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.



IN a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I do not chuse to remember, there lately lived one of those country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and worm-eaten

target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse, to course with a sort of a starved greyhound.

Three-fourths of his income were scarce sufficient to afford a dish of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore no proportion to the beef*, for dinner; a plate of salmagundy, commonly at supper†; gripes and grumblings on Saturdays‡, lentils on Fridays, and the addition of a pigeon or some such thing on the Lord's day. The remaining part of his revenue was consumed in the purchase

* Mutton in Spain is counted greatly preferable to beef.

† *Salpicon*, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef sliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar, and pepper.

‡ Gripes and grumblings, in Spanish *duelos y quebrantos*; the true meaning of which the former translators have been at great pains to investigate, as the importance of the subject (no doubt) required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing else but conjectures, which, for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interprets the phrase into collops and eggs; 'Being,' saith he, 'a very sorry dish.' In this decision, however, he is contradicted by another commentator, who affirms, 'It is a mess too good to mortify withal;' neither can this virtuoso agree with a late editor, who translates the passage in question into an amlet; but takes occasion to fall out with Boyer for his description of that dish, which he most sagaciously understands to be a 'bacon froize,' or 'rather fryze, from it's being fried, from *frit* in French;' and concludes with this judicious query, 'After all these learned disquisitions, who knows but the author means a dish of nichils?' If this was his meaning, indeed, surely we may venture to conclude, that fasting was very expensive in La Mancha; for the author

chase of a fine black suit, with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same, for holidays; and a coat of home-spun, which he wore in honour of his country during the rest of the week.

He maintained a female housekeeper turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a trusty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to saddle the horse or handle the hough*.

Our squire, who bordered upon fifty, was of a tough constitution, extremely meagre, and hard featured, an early riser, and in point of exercise, another Nimrod†. He is said to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Quesada, (for in this particular the authors who mention that circumstance disagree) though, from the most probable conjectures, we may conclude that he was called by the significant name of Quixada‡; but this is of small importance to the history, in the course of which it will be sufficient if we swerve not a tittle from the truth.

Be it known, therefore, that this said honest gentleman, at his leisure hours, which engrossed the greatest part of the year, addicted himself to the reading of books of chivalry, which he perused with such rapture and application, that he not only forgot the pleasures of the chase, but also utterly neglected the management of his estate: nay, to such a pass did his curiosity and madness in this particular drive him, that he sold many good acres of Terra Firma, to purchase books of knight-errantry, with which he furnished his library to the utmost of his power; but none of them pleased him so much as those that were written by the famous Feliciano De Silva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his prose, and the beautiful perplexity of his expression. How was he transported, when he read

those ambrosious complaints, and doughty challenges, that so often occur in his works!

‘The reason of the unreasonable usage
‘my reason has met with, so unreasons
‘my reason, that I have reason to com-
‘plain of your beauty!’ And how did he enjoy the following flower of composition! ‘The high heaven of your divinity, which with stars divinely fortifies your beauty, and renders you meritorious of that merit, which by your highness is merited.’

The poor gentleman lost his senses in poring over, and attempting to discover the meaning of these and other such rhapsodies, which Aristotle himself would not be able to unravel, were he to rise from the dead for that purpose only. He could not comprehend the probability of those direful wounds, given and received by Don Bellianis, whose face and whole carcase must have remained quite covered with marks and scars, even allowing him to have been cured by the most expert surgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithstanding, bestowed great commendations on the author, who concludes his book with the promise of finishing that interminable adventure; and was more than once inclined to seize the quill, with a view of performing what was left undone; nay, he would have actually accomplished the affair, and published it accordingly, had not reflections of greater moment employed his imagination, and diverted him from the execution of that design.

Divers and obstinate were the disputes he maintained against the parson of the parish, (a man of some learning, who had taken his degrees at Sigüenza||,) on that puzzling question, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis De Gaul, was the most illustrious knight-errant:

mentions the *duelos y quebrantos* among those articles that consumed three-fourths of the knight's income.

Having considered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deserves, we in our turn present the reader with cucumbers, greens, or pease-porridge, as the fruit of our industrious researches; being thereunto determined by the literal signification of the text, which is not ‘grumbings and groanings,’ as the last-mentioned ingenious annotator seems to think, but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at such eatables as generate and expel wind; qualities (as every body knows) eminently inherent in those vegetables we have mentioned as our hero's Saturday's repast.

* *Pedadera*, literally signifies a pruning-hook.

† In the original, a lover of hunting.

‡ *Quixadas*, signifies jaws, of which our knight had an extraordinary provision.

|| Sigüenza, a town situated on the banks of the Henares, in New Castile, in which there is a small university.

but master Nicholas; who acted as barber to the village, affirmed, that none of them equalled the knight of the sun, or indeed could be compared to him in any degree, except Don Galaor, brother of Amadis De Gaul; for his disposition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither such a precise, nor such a puling coxcomb, as his brother; and in point of valour, his equal at least.

So eager and entangled was our hidalgo*, in this kind of history, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till at last the moisture of his brain being quite exhausted with indefatigable watching and study, he fairly lost his wits; all that he had read of quarrels, enchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full possession of his fancy; and he believed all those romantick exploits so implicitly, that, in his opinion, the Holy Scripture was not more true. He observed that Cid Ruydias was an excellent knight; but not equal to the lord of the flaming-sword, who with one back-stroke had cut two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. He had still a better opinion of Bernardo Del Carpio; who, at the battle of Roncevalles, put the enchanted Orlando to death†, by the same means that Hercules used when he strangled the earth-born Anteus. Neither was he silent in the praise of Morgante; who, though of that gigantick race which is noted for insolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well-bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalban, whom he hugely admired for his prowess, in sallying from his castle to rob travellers; and, above all things, for his dexterity in stealing that idol of the impostor Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor Galalon‡, he would willingly have given his house-keeper, body and soul; nay, and his

niece into the bargain. In short, his understanding being quite perverted, he was seized with the strangest whim that ever entered the brain of a madman: this was no other than a full persuasion, that it was highly expedient and necessary, not only for his own honour, but also for the good of the publick, that he should profess knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms, to seek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of those itinerant heroes whose exploits he had read; redressing all manner of grievances, and courting all occasions of exposing himself to such dangers, as in the event would entitle him to everlasting renown. This poor lunatick looked upon himself already as good as seated, by his own single valour, on the throne of Trebifond; and, intoxicated with these agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, resolved to put his design in practice forthwith.

In the first place he cleaned an old suit of armour, which had belonged to some of his ancestors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for several ages, quite covered over with mouldiness and rust, but having scowered and put it to rights, as well as he could, he perceived, that instead of a compleat helmet, there was only a simple head-piece without a beaver. This unlucky defect, however, his industry supplied by a vizor, which he made of paste-board, and fixed so artificially to the morrion, that it looked like an entire helmet. True it is, that in order to try if it was strong enough to risk his jaws in, he unsheathed his sword, and bestowed upon it two hearty strokes, the first of which in a twinkling undid his whole week's labour. He did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and therefore, to secure himself from any such danger for the future, went to work anew. He faced it with a plate of iron, in such a manner as that he remained satisfied of it's strength without putting

* Hidalgo has much the same application in Spain as squire in England; though it literally signifies the son of something, in contradistinction to those who are the sons of nothing.

† Orlando, the supposed nephew of Charlemagne, and poetical hero of Boiardo and Ariosto, is said to have been invulnerable in all parts of his body, except the soles of his feet, which he therefore took care to secure with double plates of armour.

‡ Galalon is said to have betrayed Charlemagne's army at Roncevalles, where it was roughly handled by the Moors, in his retreat from Spain.

it to a second trial, and looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour.

He next visited his horse, which (though he had more corners than a rial*, being as lean as Ganela's, that *tantum pellis et ossa fuit*) nevertheless, in his eye, appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babieca. Four days he consumed in inventing a name for this remarkable steed; suggesting to himself what an impropriety it would be if an horse of his qualities, belonging to such a renowned knight, should go without some sounding and significant appellation: he therefore resolved to accommodate him with one that should not only declare his past, but also his present capacity; for he thought it but reasonable, that since his master had altered his condition, he should also change his horse's name, and invest him with some sublime and sonorous epithet, suitable to the new order and employment he professed. Accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved, a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante†, an appellation, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and expressive, not only of his former, but likewise of his present situation, which entitled him to the preference over all other horses under the sun. Having thus denominated his horse, so much to his own satisfaction, he was desirous of doing himself the like justice; and after eight days study, actually assumed the title of Don Quixote: from whence, as hath been observed, the authors of this authentick history concluded, that his former name must have been Quixada, and not Quesada, as others are pleased to affirm. But recollecting that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with that simple appellation, added to it that of his country; and in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himself Amadis De Gaul. He resolved, like a worthy knight, to follow such an illustrious example, and assume the name of Don Quixote de La Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expressed his generation,

and at the same time reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly, his armour being scow-ered, his beaver fitted to his head-piece, his steed accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with these additions, he reflected, that nothing else was wanting but a lady to inspire him with love; for a knight-errant without a mistress, would be like a tree destitute of leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul. 'If,' said he, 'for my sins, or rather for my honour, I should engage with some giant, an adventure common in knight-errantry, and overthrow him in the field, by cleaving him in twain, or, in short, disarm and subdue him; will it not be highly proper that I should have a mistress, to whom I may send my conquered foe; who, coming into the presence of the charming fair, will fall upon his knees, and say, in an humble and submissive tone; "Incomparable princess, I am the giant Carculiam-bro, lord of the island Malindrania, who being vanquished in single combat by the invincible knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, am commanded by him to present myself before your beauty, that I may be disposed of, according to the pleasure of your highness?" How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy when he uttered this address; and still more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection! This, they say, was an hale, buxom, country wench, called Aldonza Lorenzo, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love; though, by all accounts, she never knew, nor gave herself the least concern about the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all respects, to be the queen of his inclinations; and putting his invention again to the rack for a name that should bear some affinity with her own, and at the same time become a princess or lady of quality, he determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that place; a name, in his opinion, musical, romantick, and

* This is a joke upon the knight's steed, which was so meagre, that his bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish rial, a coin of very irregular shape, not unlike the figure in geometry called a trapezium.

† Rozinante, implies that which was formerly an ordinary horse, though the *ante* seems to have been intended by the knight as a badge of distinction, by which he was ranked before all other horses.

expressive, like the rest which he had appropriated to himself and his concerns.

CHAP. II.

OF THE SAGE DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST SALLY FROM HIS OWN HABITATION.

THESE preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of executing his design; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occasioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redressed, wrongs to be rectified, errors to be amended, abuses to be reformed, and doubts to be removed; he therefore, without communicating his intention to any body, or being seen by a living soul, one morning before day, in the scorching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, seized his lance, and through the back-door of his yard sallied into the fields in a rapture of joy, occasioned by this easy and successful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but scarce was he clear of the village, when he was assaulted by such a terrible objection, as had well-nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprize directly; for he recollected that he had never been knighted; and therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists with any antagonist of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of distinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device on his shield, until such time as his valour should entitle him to that honour*.

These cogitations made him waver a little in his plan; but his madness prevailing over every other consideration, suggested that he might be dubbed by the first person he should meet, after the example of many others who had fallen upon the same expedient; as he had read

in those mischievous books which had disordered his imagination†. With respect to the white armour, he proposed, with the first opportunity, to scower his own, until it should be fairer than ermine: and having satisfied his conscience in this manner, he pursued his design, without following any other road than that which his horse was pleased to chuse; being persuaded that, in so doing, he manifested the true spirit of adventure. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the following soliloquy.

‘ Doubtless, in future ages, when the true history of my famed exploits shall come to light, the sage author, when he recounts my first and early sally, will express himself in this manner: “ Scarce had ruddy Phœbus, o’er this wide and spacious earth, displayed the golden threads of his resplendent hair; and scarce the little painted warblers with their forked tongues, in soft, mellifluous harmony, had hailed the approach of rosy-winged Aurora, who stealing from her jealous husband’s couch, through the balconies and aerial gates of Mancha’s bright horizon, stood confessed to wondering mortals; when lo! the illustrious knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, up-springing from the lazy down, bestrode famed Rozinante his unrivalled steed! and through Monteil’s ancient, well-known field,” which was really the case, “ pursued his way.” Then he added, “ O fortunate age! O happy times! in which shall be made public my incomparable achievements, worthy to be engraved in brass, on marble sculptured, and in painting shewn, as great examples to futurity! And O! thou sage enchanter, who-soever thou may’st be, doomed to record the wondrous story, forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the firm companion of my various fate!” Then making a sudden transition, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, “ O Dulcinea! sovereign princess of this captive heart,

* According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was entitled to the rank and degree of knighthood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a prisoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I. King of France, was knighted, at his own desire, by the Chevalier Bayard, who was looked upon as the flower of chivalry.

‘ what dire affliction hast thou made me suffer, thus banished from thy presence with reproach, and fettered by thy rigorous command, not to appear again before thy beautiful face! Deign, princess, to remember this thy faithful slave, who now endures such misery for love of thee!’ These, and other such rhapsodies, he strung together, imitating, as much as in him lay, the style of those ridiculous books which he had read; and jogging along, in spite of the sun, which beamed upon him so intensely hot, that surely his brains, if any had remained, would have been fried in his skull; that whole day did he travel without encountering any thing worth mentioning; a circumstance that grieved him sorely, for he had expected to find some object on which he could try the prowess of his valiant arm*.

Some authors say, his first adventure was that of the pass of Lapice; but others affirm, that the windmills had the maidenhead of his valour: all that I can aver of the matter, in consequence of what I found recorded in the annals of La Mancha, is, that having travelled the whole day, his horse and he, about twilight, found themselves excessively wearied, and half dead with hunger; and that looking around for some castle or sheep-cote, in which he might allay the cravings of nature, by repose and refreshment; he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the star that would guide him to the porch, if not the palace, of his redemption: in this hope, he put spurs to his horse, and just in the twilight reached the gate, where at that time there happened to be two ladies of the game; who, being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night’s lodging in this place.

As our hero’s imagination converted whatsoever he saw, heard, or considered, into something of which he had read in books of chivalry; he no sooner perceived the inn, than his fancy represented it as a stately castle, with its four towers and pinnacles of shining silver, accommodated with a draw-bridge,

deep moat, and all other conveniences that are described as belonging to buildings of that kind.

When he was within a small distance of this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he drew bridle, and stopped Rozinante, in hope that some dwarf would appear upon the battlements, and signify his arrival by sound of trumpet; but as this ceremony was not performed so soon as he expected, and his steed expressed great eagerness to be in the stable, he rode up to the gate, and observing the battered wenchs before-mentioned, mistook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the castle gate. At that instant, a swine-herd, who, in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs, (with leave be it spoken) chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his scattered subjects: immediately the knight’s expectation was fulfilled, and concluding that now the dwarf had given the signal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite satisfaction. The ladies no sooner perceived such a strange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were seized with consternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, guessing their terror by their flight, lifted up his paste-board vizor, and discovering his meagre lantern-jaws besmeared with dust, addressed them thus, with gentle voice and courteous demeanor: ‘ Fly me not, ladies; nor dread the least affront; for it belongs not to the order of knight-hood, which I profess, to injure any mortal, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance declares you to be.’

The wenchs, who stared at him with all their curiosity, in order to discover his face, which the sorry beaver concealed, hearing themselves stiled HIGH-BORN DAMSELS, an epithet so foreign to their profession, could contain themselves no longer, but burst out into such a fit of laughter, that Don Quixote, being offended, rebuked them in these words: ‘ Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women than modesty; and nothing more ridiculous than laughter proceeding from a slight

* He might have imitated the young knight described in Perce Forest, who having been dubbed by King Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with such fury and address, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his prowess and dexterity.

cause: but this I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your indignation; on the contrary, my intention is only to do you service.*

This address, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increased their mirth; which kindled the knight's anger, and he began to wax wroth; when luckily the landlord interposed. This inn-keeper, who, by reason of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacifick disposition, no sooner beheld the preposterous figure of our hero, equipped with such ill-suited accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target, and corset composed, than he was seized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unseasonable merriment; but being justly afraid of incensing the owner of such unaccountable furniture, he resolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accosted him in these words: 'Sir knight, if your worship wants lodging, you may be accommodated in this inn with every thing in great abundance, except a bed; for at present we have not one unengaged.' Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the castle, for such he supposed the landlord to be, answered, 'For me, Signior Castellano, any thing will suffice; my dress is armour, battles my repose, &c.' Mine host imagining that he called him Castellano*, because he looked like a hypocritical rogue; though indeed, he was an Andalusian, born on the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and more mischievous than a collegian or a page, replied with a sneer, 'If that be the case, I suppose your worship's couch is no other than the flinty rock, and your sleep perpetual waking; so that you may alight with the comfortable assurance, that you will find, in this mansion, continual opportunities of defying sleep, not only for one night, but for a whole year, if you please to try the experiment.' With these words, he laid hold of the stirrup of Don Quix-

ote; who, dismounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occasioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreshment, bade the landlord take special care of his steed; for, he observed, a better piece of horse-flesh had never broke bread.

The innkeeper, though with all his penetration he could not discern any qualities in Rozinante sufficient to justify one half of what was said in his praise, led him civilly into the stable; and having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other guest, whom he found in the hands of the high-born damsels; who having by this time reconciled themselves to him, were busied in taking off his armour: they had already disincumbered him of his back and breast-plates, but could fall upon no method of disengaging his head and neck from his ill-contrived helmet and gorget, which were fast tied with green ribbands, the Gordian knots of which no human hands could loose; and he would by no means allow them to be cut; so that he remained all night armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a spectacle as ever was seen†. While these kind harridans, whom he supposed to be the constable's lady and daughter, were employed in this hospitable office, he said to them with a smile of inconceivable pleasure, 'Never was knight so honoured by the service of ladies as Don Quixote, when he first ushered himself into the world; ladies ministered unto him, and princesses took charge of his Rozinante. O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, is the name of my steed, and Don Quixote de La Mancha the appellation of his master) not that I intended to have disclosed myself until the deeds atchieved in your service should have made me known; but, in order to accommodate my present situation to that venerable romance of Sir Lancelot, I am obliged to discover my name a little prematurely; yet the time

* *Sana de Castella*, signifies a crafty knave.

† This circumstance of the ladies disarming the knight, is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry; though his refusing to lay aside his helmet is no great argument of his courtesy or attachment to the laws and customs of his profession; for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indispensable mark of respect, to appear without the helmet in church, and in presence of ladies, or respectable personages; and, indeed, in those iron times, this was considered as a necessary mark and proof of peaceable intention: hence we derive the custom of uncovering the head in salutation.

‘ will come, when your highnesses shall command, and I will obey, and the valour of this arm testify the desire I feel of being your slave.’

The charmers, whom nature never desired to expose to such extraordinary compliments, answered not a syllable, but asked if he chose to have any thing for supper. To which kind question Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he believed nothing eatable could come amiss. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than some bundles of that fish which is called *abadexo* in Castile, *bacalao* in Andalusia, *curadillo* in some parts of Spain, and *truchuela* in others: so that they inquired if his worship could eat *truchuela*; for there was no other fish to be had. ‘ A number of troutlings,’ answered the knight, ‘ will please me as much as one trout; for, in my opinion, eight single rials are equivalent to one piece of eight; besides, those troutlings may be as much preferable to trouts, as veal is to beef, or lamb to mutton* : be that as it will, let the fish be immediately produced; for the toil and burden of arms are not to be borne without satisfying the cravings of the stomach.’ A table being therefore covered at the inn-door, for the benefit of the cool air, mine host brought out a cut of *bacalao*, wretchedly watered, and villainously cooked, with a loaf as black and greasy as his guest’s own armour; but his manner of eating afforded infinite subject for mirth; for his head being inclosed in his helmet, and the beaver lifted up, his own hands could be of no service in reaching the food to his mouth; and therefore one of the ladies undertook to perform that office: but they found it impossible to convey drink in the same manner; and our hero must have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and putting one end of it in his mouth, poured some wine into the other; an operation he endured with patience, rather than suffer the ribbands of his helmet to be destroyed.

While they were thus employed, a sow-gelder happened to arrive at the

inn, and winding three or four bluffs with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion, that he sat in some stately castle, entertained with musick during his repast, which, consisting of delicate troutling and bread of the finest flour, was served up, not by a brace of harlots and a thievish innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies, and the courteous governor of the place. This conceit justified his undertaking and rendered him very happy in the success of his first sally: but he was mortified when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted; because he thought he could not lawfully achieve any adventure without having been first invested with that honourable order.

CHAP. III.

THE DIVERTING EXPEDIENT DON QUIXOTE FALLS UPON IN ORDER TO BE KNIGHTED.

HARASSED by this reflection, he abridged his sorry meal, and called for the landlord; with whom having shut himself up in the stable, he fell upon his knees, and addressed the supposed countable in these words: ‘ Never will I rise from this suppliant posture, thrice valiant knight, until your courtesy shall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon, that will not only redound to your particular praise, but also to the inestimable benefit of mankind in general†.’ The innkeeper hearing such discourse proceed from the mouth of his guest, who kneeled before him, was astonished; and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to say or do: at length, however, he intreated him to rise; but this request was absolutely refused, until he assured him that his boon should be granted. ‘ Signior,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ I could expect no less from the courtesy of your magnificence; I will now therefore tell you, that the boon which I have begged, and obtained from your generosity, is, that you will, to-morrow morning, vouchsafe to confer upon me the honour of

* In the original, or kid to he-goat.

† This request was a little premature, inasmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authorize the suppliant to ask a boon of his godfather, until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.

* knighthood. This night will I watch my arms in the chapel of your castle; that the morning, as I said, may fulfil my eager desire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverse the four corners of the world, in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of those knight-errants, in imitation of whom my genius is strongly addicted to such achievements.*

The landlord, who, as we have already observed, was a sort of a wag, and had, from the beginning, suspected that his lodger's brain was none of the soundest, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter; and, in order to regale himself and the rest of his guests with a dish of mirth, resolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more just and reasonable than his request, his conceptions being extremely well-suited, and natural to such a peerless knight as his commanding presence and gallant demeanour demonstrated him to be; that he himself had, in his youth, exercised the honourable profession of errantry, strolling from place to place in quest of adventures, in the course of which he did not fail to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive-gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the bay of St. Lucar, the spout of Cordova*, the public-houses of Toledo, and many other places, in which he had exercised the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightness of his heels, doing infinite mischief; courting widows without number, debauching damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, making himself known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain: that, at length, he had retired to the castle, where he lived on his own means, together with those of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree, solely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in re-

turn for his hospitality. He, moreover, informed him, that there was no chapel in the castle at present, where he could watch his armour, it having been demolished in order to be rebuilt; but that, in case of necessity, as he very well knew, he might chuse any other place; that the court-yard of the castle would very well serve the purpose; where, when the knight should have watched all night, he, the host, would in the morning, with God's permission, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but such an one as should not have his fellow in the whole universe.

He then asked, if he carried any money about with him; and the knight replied, that he had not a sou; for he had never read in the history of knights errant, that they had ever troubled themselves with any such incumbrance. The innkeeper assured him, that he was very much mistaken; for that though no such circumstance was to be found in those histories, the authors having thought it superfluous to mention things that were so plainly necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed that their heroes travelled without supplies of both: he might, therefore, take it for granted and uncontrovertible, that all those knights, whose actions are so voluminously recorded, never rode without their purses well lined in cases of emergency†; not forgetting to carry a stock of linen, with a small box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the course of their adventures; for it was not to be imagined, that any other relief was to be had every time they should have occasion to fight, and be wounded in fields and desarts; unless they were befriended by some sage inchanter, who would assist them, by transporting through the air, in a cloud, some damsel, or dwarf, with a cordial of such virtue, that one drop of it would instantly cure them of their bruises and wounds, and make them as sound as if no such mischance had happened: but the knights

* Literally, the colt of Cordova, because the water gushes out of a fountain resembling an horse's mouth. These are places of resort frequented by thieves and sharpers.

† Here the landlord was more selfish than observant of the customs of chivalry; for knights were actually exempted from all expence whatever; except when damages were awarded against them in a court of justice; and in that case they paid for their rank. This they looked upon as a mark of their pre-eminence; in consequence of which, at the siege of Don le Roy, in the year 1411, each knight was ordered to carry eight fascines, while the squire was quit for half the number.

of former ages, who had no such assistance to depend upon, laid it down as a constant maxim, to order their squires to provide themselves with money and other necessities, such as ointment and lint for immediate application: and, when the knight happened to be without a squire, which was very seldom the case, he himself kept them in very small bags, that hung, scarce preceptible, at his horse's rump, as if it were a treasure of much greater importance. Though, indeed, except upon such an occasion, that of carrying bags was not much for the honour of knight-errantry; for which reason, he advised Don Quixote, and now that he was on the brink of being his godson, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispensable necessities, with which he should provide himself as soon as possible; and then he would, when he least thought of it, find his account in having made such provision.

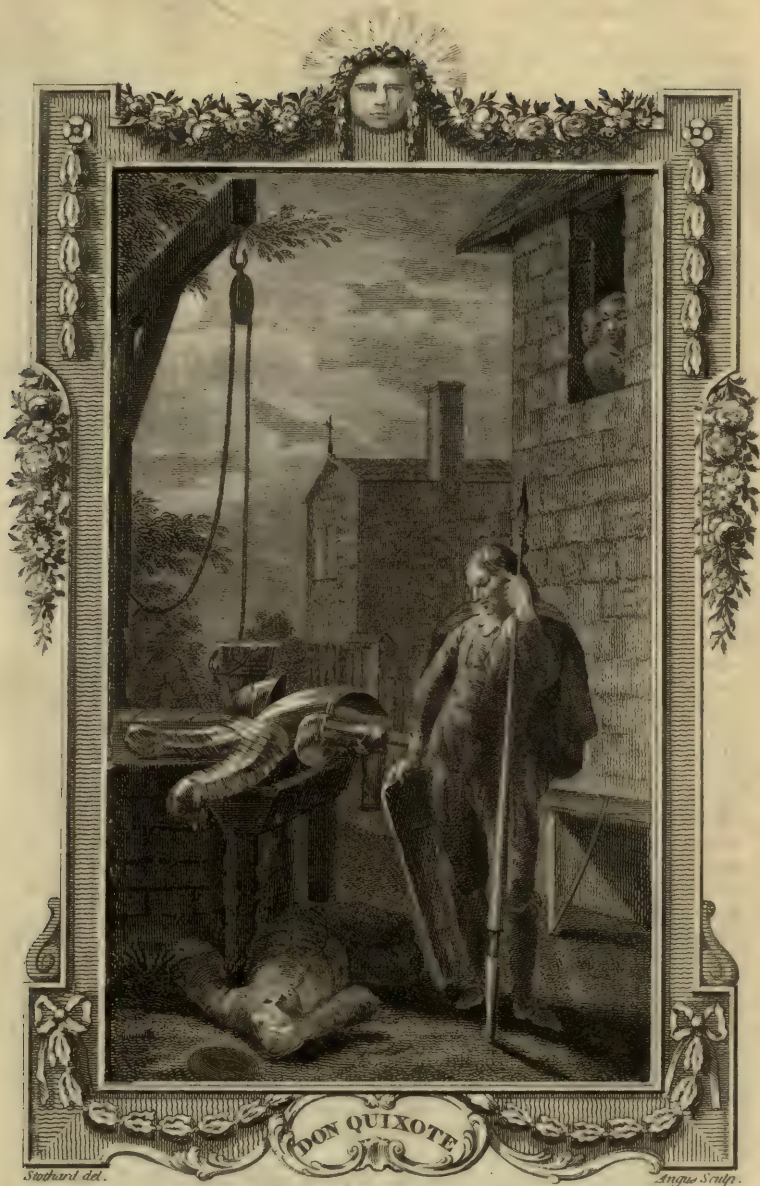
The knight promised to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality; and thereupon received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one side of the inn; where, having gathered the several pieces on a heap, he placed them in a cistern that belonged to the well; then bracing on his target, and grasping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the cistern; beginning this knightly exercise as soon as it was dark*. The roguish landlord having informed every lodger in his house of our hero's frenzy, the watching of his armour, and his expectation of being dubbed a knight; they were astonished at such a peculiar strain of madness, and going out to observe him at a distance, beheld him with silent gesture sometimes stalking along, sometimes leaning on his spear, with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a considerable space of time. Though it was now night, the moon shone with such splendour, as might even vie with the source from which she derived her brightness; so that every motion of our novice was distinctly perceived by all present. At this instant, a carrier, who

lodged in the inn, took it in his head to water his mules; and it being necessary for this purpose to clear the cistern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour; when a loud voice accosted him in these words: 'O thou! whosoever thou art, bold and insolent knight! who presumest to touch the armour of the most valiant errant that ever guided himself with cold iron, consider what thou art about to attempt, and touch it not, unless thou art desirous of yielding thy life as the price of thy temerity.'

The carrier, far from regarding these threats, which, had he regarded his own carcase, he would not have despised, laid hold on the sacred deposit, and threw it piece-meal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this profanation, than lifting up his eyes to Heaven, and addressing himself, in all likelihood, to his Mistress Dulcinea, he said, 'Grant me thy assistance, dear lady of my heart! in this insult offered to thy lowly vassal, and let me not be deprived of thy favourable protection in this my first perilous atchievement.' Having uttered this and some other ejaculation, he quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good-will upon the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually mauled, that had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion to call a surgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour, and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former composure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion, who still lay without sense or motion, arrived, with the same intention of watering his mules, and went straight up to the cistern, in order to remove the armour; when Don Quixote, without speaking a syllable, or asking leave of any living soul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of it's hardness upon the pate of the second carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the

* This custom of watching armour in church or chapel, was a religious duty imposed upon knights, who used to consume the whole night in prayer to some saint, whom they chose as their patron; and this exercise of devotion was performed on the night preceding the said saint's day. The same ceremony was observed by those who were sentenced to the combat-proof.





noise of this encounter, every body in the house, innkeeper, and all, came running to the field; at sight of whom Don Quixote, snatching up his target, and drawing his sword, pronounced aloud, 'O lady, of transcendent beauty! the force and vigour of my enfeebled heart; now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn thy princely eyes on this thy caitif knight, who is on the eve of so mighty an adventure.' So saying, he seemed to have acquired such courage, that had he been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe, he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded, seeing how their friends had been handled, began at a distance to discharge a shower of stones upon the knight; who, as well as he could, sheltered himself under his shield, nor daring to leave the cistern, lest some mischance should happen to his armour. The innkeeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off; for, as he had told them before, the man being mad, would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even though he should put every soul of them to death. At the same time, Don Quixote, in a voice louder still, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the constable of the castle a worthless and base-born knight, for allowing his guest to be treated in such an inhospitable manner; swearing, that if he had received the honour of knighthood, he would make him repent his discourteous behaviour. 'But as for you,' said he, 'ye vile, ill-mannered scum, ye are beneath my notice. Discharge, approach, come forward, and annoy me as much as you can, you shall soon see what reward you will receive for your insolent extravagance.' These words, delivered in a bold and resolute tone, struck terror into the hearts of the assailants; who, partly for this menace, and partly on account of the landlord's persuasion, gave over their attack; while he, on his side, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch, with his former ease and tranquillity.

These pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who resolved to abridge the ceremony, and bestow this unlucky order of knighthood

immediately, before any other mischief should happen. Approaching him, therefore, he disclaimed the insolence with which his guest had been treated by those saucy plebeians, without his knowledge or consent; and observed that they had been justly chastised for their impudence: that, as he had told him before, there was no chapel in the castle, nor indeed, for what was to be done, was it at all necessary; nothing of the ceremony now remaining unperformed, except the cuff on the neck, and the thwack on the shoulders, as they are prescribed in the ceremonial of the order; and that this part might be executed in the middle of a field: he assured him also, that he had punctually complied with every thing that regarded the watching of his armour, which might have been finished in two hours, though he had already remained double the time on that duty. Don Quixote believing every syllable that he spoke, said, he was ready to obey him in all things, and besought him to conclude the matter as soon as possible: for, in case he should be attacked again, after having been knighted, he would not leave a soul alive in the castle, except those whom he should spare at his request.

The constable, alarmed at this declaration, immediately brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and straw that was expended for the use of the carriers, and attended by a boy with a candle's end in his hand, together with the two ladies before mentioned, came to the place where Don Quixote stood; then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up some very devout petition; in the midst of which he lifted up his hand, and gave him an hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own sword, bestowed an handsome application across his shoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation*. This article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with great dexterity and discretion, of which there was no small need to restrain her laughter at each particular of this strange ceremony: but

* The slap on the shoulders, and the box on the ear being bestowed, the godfather pronounced, 'In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight: be worthy, bold, and loyal.'

the effects they had already seen of the knight's disposition, kept their mirth essentially under the rein.

When this good lady had girded on his sword, 'Heaven preserve your worship! adventurous knight,' said she, 'and make you fortunate in all your encounters.' Don Quixote then begged to know her name, that he might thenceforward understand to whom he was obliged for the favour he had received at her hands, and to whom he might ascribe some part of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his invincible arm. She answered with great humility, that her name was Tobosa, daughter of an honest butcher in Toledo, who lived in one of the stalls of Sancho Minaya: that she should always be at his service, and acknowledge him for her lord and master. The knight professed himself extremely obliged to her for her love; and begged she would, for the future, dignify her name by calling herself Donna Tobosa. This request she promised faithfully to comply with; and a dialogue of the same kind passed between him and the other lady who buckled on his spur: when he asked her name, she told him it was Mollinera; and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to ennoble her name with the same title of Donna, loaded her with thanks, and made a tender of his service. These hitherto unseen ceremonies being dispatched, as it were with post-haste, Don Quixote, impatient to see himself on horseback, in quest of adventures, saddled and mounted Rozinante forthwith, and embracing his host, uttered such a strange rhapsody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight, that it is impossible to rehearse the compliment. The landlord, in order to get rid of him the sooner, answered in terms no less eloquent, though something more laconick, and let him march off in a happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

CHAP. IV.

OF WHAT BEFEL OUR KNIGHT,
WHEN HE SALLIED FROM THE
INN.

IT was early in the morning when Don Quixote sallied from the inn, so well satisfied, so sprightly, and so glad

to see himself invested with the order of knighthood, that the very girths of his horse vibrated with joy: but, remembering his landlord's advice, with regard to the necessities he ought to carry along with him, in particular the money and clean shirts, he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself not only with these, but also with a squire. For this office he fixed, in his own mind, upon a poor ploughman who lived in his neighbourhood, maintaining a family of children by his labour; a person in all respects qualified for the lower services of chivalry. With this view he steered his course homeward: and Rozinante, as if he had guessed the knight's intention, began to move with such alacrity and nimbleness, that his hoofs scarce seemed to touch the ground.

He had not travelled far, when from the thickest part of a wood that grew on his right-hand, his ear was saluted with shrill repeated cries, which seemed to issue from the mouth of some creature in grievous distress. No sooner did our hero hear this lamentation, than he exclaimed, 'Heaven be praised for the favour with which it now indulges me, in giving me an opportunity so soon of fulfilling the duties of my profession, and reaping the fruit of my laudable intention! These cries doubtless proceed from some miserable male or female, who stands in need of my immediate aid and protection.' Then turning Rozinante, he rode towards the place whence the complaint seemed to come; and having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tied to one oak, and a lad about fifteen, naked from the waist upwards, made fast to another. This was he who screamed so piteously, and indeed not without reason; for a sturdy peasant was employed in making applications to his carcase with a leathern strap, accompanying each stripe with a word of reproof and advice. Above all things, laying upon him strong injunctions, to use his tongue less, and his eyes more: the young fellow replied, with great fervency, 'I will never do so again, master, so help me God! I won't do so any more; but for the future take more care, and use more dispatch.'

Don Quixote observing what passed, pronounced aloud with great indignation: 'Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to attack one who cannot defend

‘defend himself: mount thy steed, couch thy lance,’ (for there was actually a lance leaning against the tree to which the mare was tied) ‘and I will make thee sensible of the cowardice of the action in which thou art now engaged.’ The peasant seeing this strange figure, buckled in armour, and brandishing a lance over his head, was mortally afraid, and with great humility replied, ‘Sir knight, this lad whom I am chastising, is my own servant hired to keep a flock of sheep, which feed in these fields; but he is so negligent, that every day I lose one of the number, and because I punish him for his carelessness, or knavery, he says that I scourge him out of avarice, rather than pay him his wages; though, upon my conscience, and as I shall answer to God, he tells a lye.’—‘How! a lye, before me, base catif!’ cried Don Quixote; ‘by the sun that enlightens this globe, I have a good mind to thrust this lance through thy body! Pay the young man his wages straight, without reply; or, by the Power that rules us, I will finish and annihilate thee in an instant! unbind him therefore without hesitation.’

The countryman hung his head, and without speaking a syllable, untied his man; who, being asked by the knight how much money was due to him, said his master owed him for three quarters, at the rate of six rials a month. His deliverer having cast it up, found that the whole amounted to sixty-three rials, and ordered the peasant to disburse them instantly, unless he had a mind to perish under his hands. The affrighted farmer affirmed, by the grievous situation in which he was, and the oath he had already taken, though, by the bye, he had taken no oath at all, that the sum did not amount to so much; for that he was to discount and allow for three pair of shoes he had received, and a rial for two bleedings while he was sick. ‘Granting that to be true,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘the shoes and the bleeding shall stand for the stripes you have given him without cause; for, if he has wore out the leather of the shoes that you paid for, you have made as free with the leather of his carcase; and if the barber let out his blood when he was sick, you have blooded him when he was well; he therefore stands acquitted of these debts.’—‘The misfor-

tune, Sir knight,’ said the peasant, ‘is this; I have not coin about me: but if Andrew will go home to my house, I will pay him honestly in ready-money.’—‘Go with you!’ cried the lad; ‘the devil fetch me if I do! No, no, master, I must not think of that; were I to go home with him alone, he would slay me like another Saint Bartholomew.’—‘He won’t do so,’ replied the knight, ‘but shew more regard to my commands; and if he will swear to me by the laws of that order of knighthood which he has received, that he will pay you your wages, I will set him free, and warrant the payment.’—‘Lord, how your worship talks!’ said the boy; ‘this master of mine is no gentleman, nor has he received any order of knighthood, but is known by the name of rich John Haldudo, and lives in the neighbourhood of Quintanar.’—‘No matter,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘there may be knights among the Haldudos, especially as every one is the son of his own works.’—‘True,’ said Andrew; ‘but what works is my master the son of, since he refuses to pay me for my labour, and the sweat of my brows?’—‘I don’t refuse, honest Andrew,’ answered the peasant; ‘thou wilt do me a pleasure in going home with me; and I swear by all the honours of knighthood in the universe, that I will pay thee thy wages, as I said before, in ready-money; nay, you shall have it perfumed into the bargain.’—‘Thank you for your perfumes!’ said the knight; ‘pay him in lawful coin, and I shall be satisfied: and be sure you fulfil the oath you have taken; for, by the same obligation, I swear, that in case you fail, I will return to chastise you, and ferret you out, even though you should be more concealed than a lizard. If you would understand who it is that lays such commands upon you, that you may find yourself under a necessity of performing them with reverence and awe, know, that I am the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, the redresser of wrongs, and scourge of injustice: so farewell. Remember, not to belye your promise and oath, on pain of the penalty prescribed.’ With these words, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was out of sight in a moment.

The countryman followed him with his eyes, till he saw him quite clear of the

the wood; then turning to Andrew, said, 'Come hither, child, I must pay what I owe you, according to the order of that redresser of wrongs.'—'And adad,' said Andrew, 'you had best not neglect the orders of that worthy knight, who (blessings on his heart!) is equally valiant and upright; for odds bobs, if you do not pay me, he will return and be as good as his word.'—'In faith, I am of the same opinion,' replied the peasant; 'but, out of my infinite regard for you, I am desirous of encreasing the debt, that the payment may be doubled.' So saying, he laid hold of his arm, and tying him again to the tree, flogged him so severely, that he had like to have died on the spot. 'Now is the time,' Mr. Andrew, said the executioner, 'to call upon the redresser of grievances, who will find it difficult to redress this, which by the bye I am loth to finish, being very much inclined to justify your fear of being flayed alive.' At length, however, he unbound and left him at liberty to find out his judge, who was to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew sneaked off, not extremely well satisfied; on the contrary, vowing to go in quest of the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, and inform him punctually of every thing that had happened, an account which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman sevenfold.

In spite of this consolation, however, he departed blubbering with pain, while his master remained weeping with laughter. And thus was the grievance redressed by the valiant Don Quixote, who, transported with the success, and the happy and sublime beginning which he imagined his chivalry had been favoured with, jogged on towards his own village, with infinite self-satisfaction, pronouncing with a low voice, 'O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest among the fair! well may'st thou be counted the most fortunate beauty upon earth, seeing it is thy fate to keep in subjection and wholly resigned to thy will and pleasure, such a daring and renowned knight as Don Quixote de La Mancha now is, and always will remain. He who, as all the world knows, but yesterday received the honour of knighthood, and has this day redressed the greatest wrong and griev-

ance that ever injustice hatched, and cruelty committed! To-day he wrestled the lash from the hand of the merciless enemy, who so unjustly scourged the body of that tender infant!' Having uttered this exclamation, he found himself in a road that divided into four paths, and straight his imagination suggested those cross-ways that were wont to perplex knights-errant in their choice; in imitation of whom, he paused a little, and after mature deliberation, threw the reins on Rozinante's neck, leaving the decision to him, who following his first intention, took the path that led directly to his own stable.

Having travelled about two miles farther, Don Quixote descried a number of people, who, as was afterwards known, were six merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks at Mercia, and who travelled with umbrellas, attended by four servants on horseback, and three mule-drivers on foot. Don Quixote no sooner perceived them at a distance, than he imagined them to be some new adventure; and, in order to imitate, as much as in him lay, those scenes he had read in his books of chivalry, he thought this was an occasion expressly ordained for him to execute his proposed achievement.

He therefore, with gallant and resolute deportment, seated himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, braced on his target, and posting himself in the middle of the road, waited the arrival of those knights-errant, for such he judged them to be. When they were near enough to hear him, he pronounced in a loud and arrogant tone: 'Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess, that there is not in the whole universe a more beautiful damsel than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the high and mighty Empress of La Mancha.'

The merchants hearing this declaration, and seeing the strange figure from which it proceeded, were alarmed at both, and halting immediately, at a distance reconnoitred the madness of the author. Curious, however, to know the meaning of that confession which he exacted, one of them, who was a sort of a wag, though at the same time a man of prudence and discretion, accosted him thus: 'Sir Knight, as we have not the honour to know who this worthy lady is, be so good as to produce her; and

and if we find her so beautiful as you proclaim her to be, we will gladly, and without any sort of reward, confess the truth, according to your desire.—‘If I produce her,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘what is the mighty merit of your confessing such a notorious truth? The importance of my demand consists in your believing, acknowledging, affirming upon oath, and defending her beauty, before you have seen it. And this ye shall do, ye insolent and uncivil race, or engage with me in battle forthwith. Come on then, one by one, according to the laws of chivalry, or all together, as the treacherous custom is among such wretches as you; here I expect you with full hope and confidence in the justice of my cause.’—‘Sir knight,’ replied the merchant, ‘I humbly beg, in the name of all these princes here present, that your worship will not oblige us to burden our consciences, by giving testimony to a thing that we have neither seen nor heard, especially as it tends to the prejudice of the queens and princesses of Alcarria and Estremadura; but, if your worship will be pleased to shew us any sort of a picture of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, so as we can judge the clue by the thread, we will be satisfied with this sample, and you shall be obeyed to your heart’s content; for I believe we are already so prepossessed in her favour, that though the portrait should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermillion and brimstone with the other, we will, notwithstanding, in compliance to your worship, say what you desire in her favour.’—‘Here eyes, infamous wretch!’ replied Don Quixote, in a rage, ‘distil not such productions, but teem with amber and rich perfume; neither is there any defect in her sight, or in her body, which is more straight than a Guadarrama spindle; but you shall suffer for the licentious blasphemy you have uttered against the unparalleled beauty of my sovereign mistress.’ So saying, he couched his lance, and attacked the spokesman with such rage and fury, that had not Rozinante luckily stumbled and fallen in the midst of his career, the merchant would have

had no cause to rejoice in his rashness; but when the unhappy steed fell to the ground, the rider was thrown over his head, and pitched at a good distance upon the field, where he found all his endeavours to get up again ineffectual, so much was he encumbered with his lance, target, helmet, and spurs, together with the weight of his ancient armour.

While he thus struggled, but in vain, to rise, he bellowed forth, ‘Fly not, ye cowardly crew; tarry a little, ye base caitiffs: not through any fault of my own, but of my horse, am I thus discomfited.’ One of the mule-drivers, who seems not to have been of a very milky disposition, could not bear this arrogant language of the poor overthrown knight, without making a reply upon his ribs. Going up to him, therefore, he laid hold on his lance, and breaking it, began to thresh him so severely, that, in spite of the resistance of his armour, he was almost beaten into mummy; and though the fellow’s master called to him to forbear, he was so incensed, that he could not leave off the game, until he had exhausted the whole of his choler. Gathering the other pieces of the lance, he reduced them all to shivers, one after another, on the miserable carcase of the Don, who, notwithstanding this storm of blows which descended on him, never closed his mouth, but continued threatening heaven and earth, and those banditti, for such he took the merchants to be.

The driver was tired at length of his exercise, and his masters pursued their journey, carrying with them sufficient food for conversation about this poor battered knight; who no sooner found himself alone, than he made another effort to rise; but if he found this design impracticable when he was safe and sound, much less could he accomplish it now that he was disabled, and as it were wrought into a paste. He did not, however, look upon himself as unhappy, because this misfortune was in his opinion peculiar to knight’s-errant; and, that he was not able to rise on account of the innumerable bruises he had received, he ascribed entirely to the fault of his horse.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH THE STORY OF OUR
KNIGHT'S MISFORTUNE IS CON-
TINUED.

FINDING it therefore impossible to move, he was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read; and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a piece of history that every body knows, that every young man is acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more, believed, by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet: nevertheless, it occurred to him as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. Therefore, with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with a languid voice, exclaim, in the words of the wounded knight of the wood—

- 'Where art thou, lady of my heart,
- 'Regardless of my misery?
- 'Thou little know'st thy lover's smart,
- 'Or faithless art and false pardie !'

In this manner he went on repeating the romance until he came to these lines:

- 'O noble prince of Mantuan plains,
- 'My carnal kinsman, and my lord !'

Before he could repeat the whole couplet, a peasant who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass, in his way from the mill where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman seeing a man lying stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously. Don Quixote doubtless believed that this was his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, and made, no other reply but the continuation of his romance, in which he gave an account of his own misfortune, occasioned by the amour betwixt his wife and the emperor's son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been beaten to pieces by the mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with dust, immediately

knew the unfortunate knight. 'Signior Quixada,' said he, (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober country-gentleman into a knight-errant) 'who has left your worship in such a woeful condition?' But he, without minding the question that was put to him, proceeded, as before, with his romance; which the honest man perceiving, went to work, and took off his back and breast-plates, to see if he had received any wound, but he could perceive neither blood nor scar upon his body. He then raised him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beast, which appeared to him a safer carriage than the knight's steed.

Having gathered up his armour, even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them upon Rozinante, and taking hold of the reins, together with the halter of his own ass, jogged on towards the village, not a little concerned to hear the mad exclamations of Don Quixote, who did not find himself extremely easy; for he was so battered and bruised, that he could not sit upright upon the beast, but from time to time vented such dismal groans, as obliged the peasant to ask again what was the matter with him. Indeed, one would have thought, that the devil had assisted his memory in supplying him with tales accommodated to the circumstances of his own situation; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the story of Abindar-raez the Moor, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, took prisoner, and carried into captivity to the place of his residence; so that when the countryman repeated his desire of knowing where he had been, and what was the matter with him, he answered to the purpose, nay, indeed, in the very words, used by the captive Abencerraje to the said Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be seen in the *Diana* of George Monte-major, which he had read, and so well-adapted for his purpose, that the countryman hearing such a composition of folly, wished them both at the devil.

It was then he discovered that his neighbour was mad; and therefore made all the haste he could to the village, that he might be the sooner rid of his uneasiness at the unaccountable harangue of Don Quixote; who had no sooner finished this exclamation, than he ac-

collected

costed his conductor in these words—
 ‘Know, then, valiant Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this same beautiful Xarifa, whom I have mentioned, is no other than the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have performed, undertake, and will atchieve, the most renowned exploits, that ever were, are, or will be seen on earth.’ To this address the countryman replied with great simplicity—‘How your worship talks! As I am a sinner, I am neither Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbour; nor is your worship either Valdovinos, or Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Signior Quixada.’—‘I know very well who I am,’ replied Don Quixote; and that it is possible for me to be not only those whom I have mentioned, but also the whole Twelve Peers of France, and even the Nine Worthies, seeing that my atchievements will excel not only those of each of them singly, but even the exploits of them all joined together.’

Discourfing in this manner, they arrived at the village about twilight; but the peasant staid till it was quite dark, that the poor rib-roasted knight might not be seen in such a woeful condition. Then he conducted Don Quixote to his own house, which was all in confusion. When he arrived, the curate and the barber of the village, two of his best friends and companions, were present, and his housekeeper was just saying with a woeful countenance, ‘Mr. Licentiate Pero Perez,’ that was the curate’s name, ‘some misfortune must certainly have happened to my master; for six days, both he and his horse, together with the target, lance, and armour, have been missing’: as I am a sinner, it is just come into my head, and it is certainly as true as that every one is born to die, those hellish books of knight-errantry, which he used to read with so much pleasure, have turned his brain; for now I remember to have heard him say to himself more than once, that he longed to be a knight-errant, and stroll about in quest of adventures. May the devil and Barrabas lay hold of such legends,

‘which have perverted one of the soundest understandings in all La Mancha!’

To this remark the niece assented, saying—‘Moreover, you must know, Mr. Nicolas,’ this was the name of the barber, ‘my uncle would frequently, after having been reading in these profane books of misadventures, for two whole days and nights together, start up, throw the book upon the ground, and drawing his sword, fence with the walls till he was quite fatigued, then affirm that he had killed four giants as big as steeples, and swear that the sweat of his brows, occasioned by this violent exercise, was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle; then he would drink of a large pitcher of cold water, and remain quiet and refreshed, saying, that the water was a most precious beverage, with which he was supplied by the sage Isquife, a mighty inchanter and friend of his; but I take the whole blame to myself, for not having informed your worship of my dear uncle’s extravagancies, that some remedy might have been applied before they had proceeded to such excess; and that you might have burnt all those excommunicated books, which deserve the fire as much as if they were crammed with heresy.’

‘I am of the same opinion,’ said the curate; ‘and assure you, before another day shall pass, they shall undergo a severe trial, and be condemned to the flames, that they may not induce other readers to follow the same path which I am afraid my good friend has taken.’ Every syllable of this conversation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide, which last had now no longer any doubt about his neighbour’s infirmity, and therefore pronounced with a loud voice—‘Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great Marquis of Mantua, who comes home wounded from the field together with the Moor Abindarraez, who drags in captivity the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera.’

Alarmed at these words, they came all to the door, and perceiving who it was, the barber and curate went to receive their friend, and the women ran

* The author seems to have committed a small oversight in this paragraph; for the knight had not been gone above two days and one night, which he spent in watching his armour.

to embrace their master and kinsman; who, though he had not as yet alighted, for indeed it was not in his power, proclaimed aloud—‘Let the whole world take notice, that the wounds I have received were owing to the fault of my horse alone; carry me therefore to bed, and send if possible for the sage Urganda*, to search and cure them.’—‘See now, in an evil hour,’ cried the housekeeper, hearing these words, ‘if I did not truly foretel of what leg my master was lame!—Your worship shall understand, in good time, that without the assistance of that same Urganda, we know how to cure the hurts you have received; and cursed, I say, nay, a hundred and a hundred times cursed, be those books of chivalry, which have so disordered your honour’s brain!’ Having carried him to his bed, they began to search for his wounds, but could find none; and he told them that his whole body was one continued bruise, occasioned by the fall of his horse Rozinante, during his engagement with ten of the most insolent and outrageous giants that ever appeared upon the face of the earth. ‘Ah, hah!’ cried the curate, ‘have we got giants too in the dance! Now, by the faith of my function, I will reduce them all to ashes before to-morrow night!’

A thousand questions did they ask of the knight, who made no other answer, but desired them to bring him some food, and leave him to his repose, which indeed was what he had most occasion for. They complied with his request, and the curate informed himself at large of the manner in which he had been found by the countryman, who gave him full satisfaction in that particular, and repeated all the nonsense he had uttered when he first found him, as well as what he afterwards spoke in their way home. This information confirmed the licentiate in his resolution, which was executed next day, when he brought his friend master Nicolas the barber along with him to Don Quixote’s house.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE DIVERTING AND MINUTE SCRUTINY PERFORMED BY THE CURATE AND THE BARBER, IN THE LIBRARY OF OUR SAGACIOUS HERO.

WHILE the knight was asleep, his friends came and demanded of his niece the key of the closet in which those books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept; and she delivering it with great cheerfulness, they went into it in a body, housekeeper and all, and found upwards of a hundred volumes, great and small, extremely well bound; which were no sooner perceived by the governante, than she ran out with great eagerness, and immediately returned with a porringer of holy water, and a sprig of hyssop, saying—‘Here, Master Licentiate, pray take and sprinkle the closet, lest some one of the many inchanters contained in these books should exercise his art upon us, as a punishment for our burning and banishing them from the face of the earth.’

The licentiate, smiling at the old housekeeper’s simplicity, desired the barber to hand him the books one by one, that he might see of what subjects they treated, because they might possibly find some that did not deserve to be purged by fire. ‘There is not one of them,’ replied the niece, ‘which deserves the least mercy, for they are all full of mischief and deceit. You had better, therefore, throw them out of the window into the court-yard, and there set fire to them in a heap: or let them be carried into the back-yard, where the bonfire may be made, and the smoke will offend nobody.’ The housekeeper assented to this proposal, so eager were they both to destroy those innocents; but the curate would by no means encourage such barbarity, without reading first, if possible, the title-pages.

The first that Master Nicolas delivered into his hand, were the four volumes of Amadis de Gaul. ‘There is,’ said

* The name of a good-natured enchantress in Amadis de Gaul. During the age of knight-errantry, it was usual for ladies to study the art of surgery, in order to dress the wounds of those knights who were their servants. One of the heroines of Perce Forest says to Norgal, ‘Fair nephew, methinks your arm is not at ease.’—‘In faith, dear lady,’ answered Norgal, ‘you are in the right; and I beseech you to take it under your care.’ Then she called her daughter Helen, who entertained her cousin with good cheer, and afterwards reduced his arm which was dislocated.

the good man, 'something mysterious in this circumstance; for, as I have heard, that was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, from which all the rest have derived their origin and plan; and therefore, in my opinion, we ought to condemn him to the fire, without hesitation, as the law-giver of such a pernicious sect.'—'By no means,' cried the barber; 'for I have also heard, that this is the best book of the kind that was ever composed; and therefore ought to be pardoned, as an original and model in it's way.'—'Right,' said the curate; 'and for that reason he shall be spared for the present. Let us see that author, who stands next to him.'—'This,' says the barber, 'contains the achievements of Esplandian, the lawful son of Amadis de Gaul.'—'Truly, then,' said the curate, 'the virtues of the father shall not avail the son. Here, Mrs. Housekeeper, open that window, and toss him into the yard, where he shall serve as a foundation for the bonfire we intend to make.'

This task the housekeeper performed with infinite satisfaction; and the worthy Esplandian took his flight into the yard, to wait in patience for the fire with which he was threatened. 'Proceed,' cried the curate. 'This that comes next,' said the barber, 'is Amadis of Greece; and I believe all the authors on this shelf are of the same family.'—'To the yard, then, with all of them,' replied the curate; 'for rather than not burn Queen Piquinistra, and the shepherd Doninel with his eclogues, together with the unintelligible and bedevilled discourses of his author; I would even consume the father who begat me, should he appear in the figure of a knight-errant.'—'I am of your opinion,' said the barber. 'And I,' cried the niece. 'Since that is the case,' said the housekeeper, 'to the yard with them immediately.' Accordingly, they delivered a number into her hands; and she, out of tenderness for the fair case, sent them all out of the window.

'Who may that tun-like author be?' said the curate. 'This here,' answered the barber, 'is Don Olivante de Laura.'—'The very same,' replied the curate, 'who composed the Garden of Flowers; and truly it is hard to determine, which of his two books is the most

true, or rather which of them is least false: all that I know is, that he shall go to the pile for his arrogance and folly.'—'He that follows,' says the barber, 'is Florismarte of Hircania.'—'What, Signior Florismarte?' replied the curate: 'in faith, then he must prepare for his fate; notwithstanding his surprizing birth, and mighty adventures, and the unparalleled stiffness and sterility of his stile.—Down with him, Mistress Housekeeper! and take this other along with you also.'—'With all my heart, dear Sir!' replied the governante; who executed his commands with vast alacrity.

'He that comes next,' said the barber, 'is the knight Platir.'—'That is an old book,' said the clergyman; 'but as I can find nothing in him that deserves the least regard, he must even keep the rest company.' He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther question. The next book they opened was intituled, The Knight of the Cross; which the curate having read, 'The ignorance of this author,' said he, 'might be pardoned, on account of his holy title; but according to the proverb, "The devil skulks behind the cross;" and therefore let him descend into the fire.' Master Nicolas taking up another book, found it was the Mirror of Chivalry. 'Oh, ho!' cried the curate, 'I have the honour to know his worship. Away with Signior Rinaldo de Montalban, with his friends and companions, who were greater thieves than Cacus; not forgetting the Twelve Peers, together with Turpin, their candid historian. Though, truly, in my opinion, their punishment ought not to exceed perpetual banishment, because they contain some part of the invention of the renowned Matteo Boyardo, on which was weaved the ingenious web of the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto; to whom, should I find him here speaking in any other language than his own, I would pay no regard; but, if he talks in his own idiom, I will place him on my head, in token of respect.'—'I have got him at home,' said the barber, 'in Italian, but I don't understand that language.'—'Nor is it necessary you should,' replied the curate: 'and here let us pray Heaven to forgive the captain, who has impos-

verified

‘verished him so much, by translating him into Spanish, and making him a Castilian. And, indeed, the same thing will happen to all those who pretend to translate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in spite of all their care and ability, they will find it impossible to give the translation the same energy which is found in the original. In short, I sentence this book, and all those which we shall find treating of French matters, to be thrown and deposited in a dry well, until we can determine at more leisure what fate they must undergo, except Bernardo del Carpio, and another called Roncesvalles, which if they fall into my hands, shall pass into those of the housekeeper, and thence into the fire, without any mitigation.’

This was approved of as an equitable decision, and accordingly confirmed by the barber, who knew the curate to be such a good Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not be guilty of an equivocation for the whole universe. The next volume he opened was Palmerin D’Oliva; and hard by him stood another, called Palmerin of England; which was no sooner perceived by the licentiate, than he cried, ‘Let that Oliva be hewn in pieces, and burned; so as not so much as a cin-der of him shall remain; but let the English Palmerin be defended, and preserved as an inestimable jewel, and such another casket be made for him as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and destined as a case for the works of Homer. That book, neighbour, is venerable for two reasons, first, because it is in itself excellent; and, secondly, because it is said to have been composed by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are incomparable, and contrived with infinite art; the language perspicuous and elegant, and the characters supported with great propriety of sentiment and decorum. I propose, Mr. Nicolas, saving your better judgment, to exempt this book and Amadis de Gaul from the flames, and let all the rest perish without farther enquiry.’

‘Pardon me, neighbour,’ replied the barber, ‘I have here got in my hand the renowned Don Bellianis.’—‘Even he,’ answered the priest, ‘with the second, third, and fourth parts, stands very much in need of a little rhubarb to purge his excessive choler, and ought to be pruned of that whole Castle of Fame, and other more important impertinences. For which reason, let the sentence be changed into transportation; and, according as he reforms he shall be treated with lenity and justice. In the mean time, friend Nicolas, keep him safe in your house, out of the reach of every reader.’—‘With all my soul!’ answered the barber; and without giving themselves the trouble of reading any more titles, they ordered the housekeeper to dismiss all the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a person who was either doating or deaf, but to one who was much more inclined to perform that office than to compose the largest and finest web that ever was seen. Taking up, therefore, seven or eight at a time, she heaved them out of the window, with incredible dispatch. While she was thus endeavouring to lift a good many together, one of them chanced to fall at the feet of the barber, who being seized with an inclination of knowing the contents, found upon examination, that it was called the History of the famous Knight Tirante the White. ‘Heaven be praised!’ cried the curate, aloud, ‘that we have discovered Tirante the White in this place: pray give it me, neighbour; for in this book I reckon I have found a treasure of satisfaction, and a rich mine of amusement. Here is the famous Godamer-cy* of Mont-alban, and his brother Thomas of Mont-alban, and the knight Fonscca, as also an account of the battle fought between Alano and the valiant Detriante, together with the Witticisms of the Young Lady, Joy of my Life, with the amorous stratagems of the Widow Quiet, and her highness the Empress who was enamoured of her Squire Hippolito. I do assure you, upon my word, Mr. Nicolas, that, in point of style, this is the best book that ever was written. Here the knights eat, sleep, and die,

* In the original, *Quincieson*, from the two Greek words *κύρις* *ἐλεῖν*, signifying, Lord have mercy.

‘ in their beds, after having made their wills, with many circumstances that are wanting in other books of the same kind. Notwithstanding, the author who composed it certainly deserved to be sent to the galleys for life, for having spent his time in writing so much nonsense. Take and read him at home, and you shall find what I say is true.’—‘ Very like,’ replied the barber: ‘ what shall we do with these small books that remain?’

‘ These,’ said the curate, ‘ cannot be books of chivalry, but must be poems.’ Accordingly, opening one, he found it was the *Diana* of George de Montemajor, and taking it for granted that all the rest were of the same kind, said, ‘ These books do not deserve to be burnt with the rest; for they neither are nor ever will be guilty of so much mischief, as those of chivalry have done; being books of entertainment, and no ways prejudicial to religion.’—‘ Pray, Sir,’ said the niece, ‘ be so good as to order these to be burnt with the rest; for my uncle will no sooner be cured of his knight-errantry, than by reading these, he will turn shepherd, and wander about the groves and meadows piping and singing. Nay, what is worse, perhaps turn poet, which they say is an infectious and incurable distemper.’—‘ The young woman is in the right,’ said the curate; ‘ and therefore it won’t be amiss to remove this temptation and stumbling block out of our friend’s way. Since we have therefore begun with the *Diana* of Montemajor, I am of opinion that we should not burn him, but only expunge what relates to the sage Felicia, and the enchanted water, together with all the larger poems, and leave to him, a God’s-name, all the prose, and the honour of being the ringleader of the writers of that class.’

‘ This that follows,’ said the barber, ‘ is called *Diana the Second* of Salmantino, and this other that bears the same name, is written by Gil Polo.’—‘ Let Salmantino,’ replied the curate, ‘ increase the number of those that are already condemned to the yard; but let Gil Polo be preserved as carefully as if it was the production of Apollo himself. Proceed, friend Nicolas, and let us dispatch, for it grows late.’—‘ This here book,’ said the barber, ‘ opening the next, is called the ten books of the *Fortune of Love*, the

production of Antonio Lofrasco, a Sardinian poet.’—‘ By my holy orders,’ cried the curate, ‘ since Phœbus was Apollo; the Muses the daughters of Jove, and bards delighted in poetry, there never was such a pleasant and comical performance composed as this, which is the best and most original of the kind which ever saw the light; and he who has not read it may assure himself, that he has never read any thing of taste: reach it me, neighbour; it gives me more pleasure to have found this, than if I had received a cassock of Florence silk.’

Accordingly, he laid it carefully by with infinite pleasure, and the barber proceeded in his talk, saying; ‘ Those that come next are the *Shepherd of Iberia*, the *Nymphs of Henares*, and the *Undeceptions of Jealousy*.’—‘ Then there is no more to do,’ said the priest, ‘ but to deliver them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and do not ask me why, else we shall never have done.’—‘ Here comes the *Shepherd of Filida*.’—‘ He is no shepherd,’ cried the curate, ‘ but a very elegant courtier, and therefore preserve him as a precious jewel.’ Then the barber laid hold of a very large volume, which was entitled, *The Treasure of Poetry*. ‘ If there was not so much of him, he would be more esteemed,’ said the licentiate, ‘ that book ought to be weeded and cleared of certain meannesses, which have crept into the midst of it’s excellencies: take care of it, for the author is my friend, and deserves regard for some other more heroick and elevated works, which he has composed.’—‘ And this,’ continued the barber, ‘ is a Collection of Songs, by Lopez Maldonado.’—‘ That author is my very good friend also,’ replied the curate; ‘ and his own verses out of his own mouth are the admiration of every body; for he charms them with so sweet a voice, that the hearers are enchanted. His eclogues are indeed a little diffuse, but there cannot be too much of a good thing. Let them be preserved among the elect: but, pray what book is that next to it?’ When the barber told me it was the *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes; ‘ That same Cervantes,’ said he, ‘ has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and is to my certain knowledge more conversant with misfortunes than poetry.’

try. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing: We must wait for the second part, which he promises, and then perhaps his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied: until that happens, let him be close confined in your closet.'

'With all my heart,' replied the barber; 'but here come three more together, the Araucana of Don Alonzo de Ercilla, the Ausriada of Juan Rufo Jurado de Cordova, and the Monseirato of Christoval de Virues, a Valentian poet.'—'These three books,' said the curate, 'are the best epick poems in the Castilian language, and may be compared with the most renowned performances of Italy. Let them be kept as the inestimable pledges of Spanish poetry.' The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the rest, contents unknown, if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica;—'I should have shed tears for my rashness,' said the curate, hearing the name, 'if I had ordered that book to be burned: for it's author was one of the most celebrated poets not only of Spain, but of the whole world; and, in particular, extremely successful in translating some of the Metamorphoses of Ovid.'

CH A P. VII.

THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

WHILE they were busied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, 'This way, this way, ye valiant knights! now is the time to shew the strength of your invincible arms, that the courtiers may not carry off the honour of the tournament.' The scrutiny of the books that remained was deserted by the curate and barber, who hastened to the author of this noisy exclamation, and it is believed that all were committed to the flames, unseen, unheard, not even excepting the Carolea, and Lyon of Spain, together with the exploits of the emperor, composed by Don Louis D'Avila; which were, doubtless, among those committed to the

fire; though, perhaps, had the curate seen them, they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

When they arrived in Don Quixote's chamber, they found him on the floor, proceeding with his rhapsody, and fencing with the walls, as broad awake as if he had never felt the influence of sleep. Laying hold on him, by force they re-conveyed him to his bed; where, after having rested a little, he returned to his ravings, and addressed himself to the curate in these words: 'Certainly, my Lord Archbishop Turpin, we, who are called the Twelve Peers of France, will be greatly disgraced, if we allow the court-knights to win the victory in this tournament, after we, the adventurers, have gained the prize in the three preceding days.'—'Give yourself no trouble about that consideration, my worthy friend,' said the curate; 'for Providence may turn the scale, and what is lost to-day may be retrieved to-morrow. In the mean time, have a reverend care of your health, for you seem to be excessively fatigued, if not wounded grievously.'—'I am not wounded,' replied the knight; 'but that I am battered and bruised, there is no manner of doubt; for the bastard Don Orlando has mauled me to mummy with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he saw that I alone withstood his valour. But may I no longer deserve the name of Reynaldo de Mont-alban, if when I rise from this bed, I do not repay him in his own coin, in spite of all his enchantments! Meanwhile, bring me some food, which is what I chiefly want at present, and let me alone to take vengeance for the injury I have received.'

In compliance with his desire they brought him something to eat, and left him again to his repose, not without admiration of his madness and extravagance. That very night the house-keeper set fire to, and consumed, not only all the books that were in the yard, but also every one she could find in the house; and no doubt many were burned, which deserved to have been kept as perpetual archives. But this their destiny, and the laziness of the inquisitors, would not allow; so that in them was fulfilled the old proverb, *a saint may sometimes suffer for a sinner*. Another remedy which the curate and barber prescribed

prescribed for the distemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that upon his getting up, he should not find them, and the cause being taken away, the effect might cease; and that, upon his inquiry, they should tell him an inchanter had carried them off, closet and all; this resolution was executed with all imaginable dispatch, during the two days that Don Quixote kept his bed.

The first thing he did when he got up, was to go and visit his books, and not finding the apartment where he had left it, he went from one corner of the house to the other in quest of his study. Coming to the place where the door stood, he endeavoured but in vain to get in, and cast his eyes all around without uttering one syllable; but after he had spent some time in this sort of examination, he inquired of his housekeeper whereabouts he might find his book-closet. She being well instructed, readily answered, 'What closet, or what nothing is your worship in search of? There are neither books nor closet in this house; for the devil himself has run away with both.'—'It was not the devil,' cried the niece, 'but an inchanter that conveyed himself hither in a cloud, one night after your worship's departure, and alighting from a dragon on which he was mounted, entered the closet, where I know not what he did, but having staid a very little while, he came flying through the roof, leaving the whole house full of smoke. And when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find books nor closet; only the housekeeper and I can very well remember, that when the old wicked conjurer went away, he cried in a loud voice, that for the hatred he bore to the master of those books and closet, he had done that mischief, which would afterwards appear: he said also, that his name was the sage Munaton.'—'You mean Freston,' said Don Quixote. 'I do not know,' answered the housekeeper, 'whether it was Freston or Friton; but this I am certain of, that his name ended in ton.'—'The case then is plain,' said the knight 'that same sage inchanter is one of my greatest enemies; who bears me a grudge, because he knows, by the mystery of his art, that the time will come when I shall

'fight and vanquish in single battle a certain knight, whom he favours, in spite of all he can do to prevent my success; and for this reason, he endeavours to give me every mortification in his power; but let me tell him he won't find it an easy matter to contradict or evade what Heaven has decreed.'—'Who ever doubted that?' said the niece; 'but what business have you, dear uncle, with these quarrels? Would it not be better to live in peace at home, than to stray up and down the world in search of superfine bread, without considering that many a one goes out for wool, and comes home quite shorn.'—'My dear niece,' replied Don Quixote, 'you are altogether out of your reckoning. Before I be shorn, I will pull and pluck off the beards of all those who pretend to touch a single hair of my mustacho.'

The two women did not chuse to make any farther answer, because they perceived that his cholera was very much inflamed. After this transaction, however, he staid at home fifteen days in great tranquillity, without giving the least sign or inclination to repeat his folly; during which time, many infinitely diverting conversations passed between him and his friends, the curate and the barber: wherein he observed, that the world was in want of nothing so much as of knights-errant, and that in him this honourable order was revived. The clergyman sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes assented to what he said, because, without this artful conduct, he would have had no chance of bringing him to reason.

About this time, too, the knight tampered with a peasant in the neighbourhood, a very honest fellow, if a poor man may deserve that title, but one who had a very small quantity of brains in his skull. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments to persuade, and promised him such mountains of wealth, that this poor simpleton determined to follow and serve him in quality of squire. Among other things, that he might be disposed to engage chearfully, the knight told him that an adventure might one day happen, in which he should win some island in the twinkling of an eye, and appoint him governor of his conquest. Intoxicated with these and other such promises, Sancho Panza (so was the countryman called)

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deserted

deserted his wife and children, and listed himself as his neighbour's squire.

Thus far successful, Don Quixote took measures for supplying himself with money, and what by selling one thing, mortgaging another, and making a great many very bad bargains, he raised a tolerable sum. At the same time accommodating himself with a target, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up the remains of his vizor as well as he could, he advertised his squire Sancho of the day and hour in which he resolved to set out, that he might provide himself with those things which he thought most necessary for the occasion; above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet. Sancho promised to obey his orders, and moreover said he was resolved to carry along with him an excellent ass which he had, as he was not designed by nature to travel far on foot.

With regard to the ass, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect some knight-errant who had entertained a squire mounted on an ass; but as no such instance occurred to his memory, he was nevertheless determined to allow it on this occasion, on a supposition that he should be able to accommodate him with a more honourable carriage, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet with. He also laid in a store of linen, and every thing else in his power, conformable to the advice of the innkeeper.

Every thing being thus settled and fulfilled, Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife; and Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his niece and housekeeper, sallied forth from the village one night, unperceived by any living soul, and travelled so hard, that before dawn they found themselves secure from all search, if any such had been made: Sancho Panza journeying upon his ass like a venerable patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing extremely to see himself settled in the government of that island which was promised to him by his master.

The knight happened to take the same route and follow the same road in which he travelled at his first Sally through the field of Montiel, over which he now passed with much less pain than formerly, because it was now early in

the morning, the rays of the sun were more oblique, consequently he was less disturbed by the heat. It was hereabouts that Sancho first opened his mouth, saying to his master, 'Sir knight-errant, I hope your worship will not forget that same island which you have promised me, and which I warrant myself able to govern; let it be as great as it will.' To this remonstrance Don Quixote replied, 'You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was an established custom among the ancient knights-errant, to invest their squires with the government of such islands and kingdoms as they had laid under their subjection; and I am firmly resolved, that such a grateful practice shall never fail in me, who, on the contrary, mean to improve it by my generosity; for they sometimes, nay generally, waited until their squires turned grey-haired, and then, after they were worn out with service, and had endured many dismal days and doleful nights, bestowed upon them the title of count or marquis, at least of some valley or province, more or less; but if Heaven spares thy life and mine, before six days be at an end, I may chance to acquire such a kingdom as shall have others depending upon it, as if expressly designed for thee to be crowned sovereign in one of them. And thou oughtest not to be surprized, that such incidents and accidents happen to knights-errant, by means never before known or conceived, as will enable me even to exceed my promise.'—'In that case,' replied Sancho Panza, 'if I should ever become a king, by any of those miracles which your worship mentions, my duck Juana Gutierrez would also be a queen, and each of my daughters an infant.'—'Certainly,' said the knight; 'who doubts that?'—'That do I,' said the squire; 'for certain I am, that though it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would sit seemly on the head of Mary Gutierrez *; your worship must know, she is not worth a farthing for a queen; she might do indeed for a countess, with the blessing of God, and good assistance.'—'Recommend the matter to Providence,' replied Don Quixote,

* How comes Juana to be so suddenly metamorphosed into Mary?





‘ which will bestow upon thee what will
 ‘ be best adapted to thy capacity ; but
 ‘ let not thy soul be so far debased, as
 ‘ to content itself with any thing less
 ‘ than a vice-royalty.’—‘ That I will
 ‘ not,’ answered Sancho, ‘ especially
 ‘ as I have a powerful master in your
 ‘ worship, who will load me with as
 ‘ much preferment as I can conveniently
 ‘ bear.’

C H A P. VIII.

OF THE HAPPY SUCCESS OF THE
 VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, AND
 THE DREADFUL AND INCONCEIV-
 ABLE ADVENTURE OF THE WIND-
 MILLS, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS
 WORTHY TO BE RECORDED BY
 THE MOST ABLE HISTORIAN.

IN the midst of this their conversation,
 they discovered thirty or forty wind-
 mills all together on the plain, which
 the knight no sooner perceived, than he
 said to his squire, ‘ Chance has con-
 ‘ ducted our affairs even better than we
 ‘ could either wish or hope for ; look
 ‘ there, friend Sancho, and behold
 ‘ thirty or forty outrageous giants, with
 ‘ whom I intend to engage in battle,
 ‘ and put every soul of them to death,
 ‘ so that we may begin to enrich our-
 ‘ selves with their spoils ; for it is a
 ‘ meritorious warfare, and serviceable
 ‘ both to God and man, to extirpate
 ‘ such a wicked race from the face of
 ‘ the earth.’—‘ What giants do you
 ‘ mean ?’ said Sancho Panza in amaze.
 ‘ Those you see yonder,’ replied his
 ‘ master, ‘ with vast extended arms ;
 ‘ some of which are two leagues long.’
 —‘ I would your worship would take
 ‘ notice,’ replied Sancho, ‘ that those
 ‘ you see yonder are no giants, but
 ‘ wind-mills ; and what seem arms to
 ‘ you, are sails, which being turned
 ‘ with the wind, make the mill stone
 ‘ work.’—‘ It seems very plain,’ said
 ‘ the knight, ‘ that you are but a novice
 ‘ in adventures ; these I affirm to be
 ‘ giants, and if thou art afraid, get out
 ‘ of the reach of danger, and put up
 ‘ thy prayers for me, while I join with
 ‘ them in fierce and unequal combat.’
 So saying, he put spurs to his steed
 Rozinante, without paying the least re-
 gard to the cries of his squire Sancho,
 who assured him, that those he was go-

ing to attack were no giants, but in-
 nocent wind-mills : but he was so much
 possessed with the opinion that they were
 giants, that he neither heard the advice
 of his squire Sancho, nor would use the
 intelligence of his own eyes, though he
 was very near them ; on the contrary,
 when he approached them, he called
 aloud, ‘ Fly not, ye base and cowardly
 ‘ miscreants, for he is but a single
 ‘ knight who now attacks you.’ At
 that instant a breeze of wind springing
 up, the great sails began to turn ; which
 being perceived by Don Quixote, ‘ Tho’
 ‘ you wield,’ said he, ‘ more arms than
 ‘ ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I
 ‘ will make you pay for your insolence.’
 So saying, and heartily recommending
 himself to his Lady Dulcinea, whom he
 implored to succour him in this emer-
 gency, bracing on his target, and set-
 ting his lance in the rest, he put his Ro-
 zinante to full speed, and assailing the
 nearest wind-mill, thrust it into one of
 the sails, which was drove about by the
 wind with so much fury, that the lance
 was shivered to pieces, and both knight
 and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown
 in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass
 could carry him to his assistance ; and
 when he came up, found him unable to
 stir, by reason of the bruises which he
 and Rozinante had received. ‘ Lord
 ‘ have mercy upon us !’ said the squire,
 ‘ did not I tell your worship to consider
 ‘ well what you were about ? Did not
 ‘ I assure you, they were no other than
 ‘ wind-mills ? Indeed, nobody could
 ‘ mistake them for any thing else, but
 ‘ one who has wind-mills in his own
 ‘ head !’—‘ Pr’ythee, hold thy peace,
 ‘ friend Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote ;
 ‘ the affairs of war are more than any
 ‘ thing subject to change. How much
 ‘ more so, as I believe, nay, am cer-
 ‘ tain, that the sage Freston, who stole
 ‘ my closet and books, has converted
 ‘ those giants into mills, in order to rob
 ‘ me of the honour of their overthrow ;
 ‘ such is the enmity he bears me ; but
 ‘ in the end, all his treacherous arts
 ‘ will but little avail against the vigour
 ‘ of my sword.’—‘ God’s will be done !’
 replied Sancho Panza, who helped him
 to rise and mount Rozinante that was al-
 most disjoined.

While they conversed together upon
 what had happened, they followed the
 road that leads to the pass of Lapice ;

for in that, which was a great thoroughfare, as Don Quixote observed, it was impossible but they must meet with many and divers adventures. As he jogged along, a good deal concerned for the loss of his lance, he said to his squire, 'I remember to have read of a Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, who, having broke his sword in battle, tore off a mighty branch or bough from an oak, with which he performed such wonders, and felled so many Moors, that he retained the name of Machuca, or the Feller, and all his descendants from that day forward, have gone by the name of Vargas and Machuca. This circumstance I mention to thee, because, from the first ash or oak that I meet with, I am resolved to rend as large and stout a bough as that, with which I expect, and intend to perform such exploits, as thou shalt think thyself extremely happy in being thought worthy to see, and give testimony to feats otherwise incredible.'—'By God's help,' says Sancho, 'I believe that every thing will happen as your worship says: but pray, Sir, sit a little more upright; for you seem to lean strangely to one side, which must proceed from the bruises you received in your fall.'—'Thou art in the right,' answered Don Quixote; 'and if I do not complain of the pain it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound they receive, even though their bowels should come out of their bodies.'—'If that be the case, I have nothing to reply,' said Sancho, but God knows, I should be glad your worship would complain when any thing gives you pain; this I know, that, for my own part, the smallest prick in the world would make me complain, if that law of not complaining does not reach to the squires as well as the knights.' Don Quixote could not help smiling at the simplicity of his squire, to whom he gave permission to complain as much and as often as he pleased, whether he had cause or no; for, as yet, he had read nothing to the contrary in the history of knight-errantry.

Then Sancho observing that it was dinner-time, his master told him, that for the present he had no occasion for food; but that he, his squire, might go to victuals when he pleased. With this

permission, Sancho adjusted himself as well as he could upon his ass, and taking out the provision with which he had stuffed his wallet, he dropped behind his master a good-way, and kept his jaws agoing as he jogged along, lifting the bottle to his head, from time to time, with so much satisfaction, that the most pampered vintner of Malaga might have envied his situation.

While he travelled in this manner, repeating his agreeable draughts, he never thought of the promise which his master had made to him, nor considered it as a toil, but rather as a diversion, to go in quest of adventures, how dangerous soever they might be: in fine, that night they passed under a tuft of trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch to serve instead of a lance; and fitted to it the iron head he had taken from that which was broken: all night long the knight closed not an eye, but mused upon his Lady Dulcinea, in order to accommodate himself to what he had read of those errants who had passed many sleepless nights in woods and desarts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses.

This was not the case with Sancho Panza, whose belly being well replenished, and that not with plantane-water, made but one nap of the whole night, and even then, would not have waked, unless his master had called to him, notwithstanding the sun-beams that played upon his face, and the singing of the birds, which in great numbers, and joyous melody, saluted the approach of the new day. The first thing he did when he got up, was to visit his bottle, which finding considerably more lank than it was the night before, he was grievously afflicted, because in the road that they pursued, he had no hopes of being able in a little time to supply it's defect. Don Quixote refusing to breakfast, because, as we have already said, he regaled himself with the savoury remembrance of his mistress, they pursued their journey towards the pass; which, after three days travelling, they discovered. 'Here,' cried Don Quixote, 'here, brother Sancho Panza, we shall be able to dip our hands up to the elbows in what is called adventure; but take notice, although thou seest me beset with the most extreme danger, thou must by no means even so much as lay thy hand

hand upon thy sword, with design to defend me, unless I am assaulted by vulgar and low-born antagonists; in which case thou mayest come to my assistance; but if they are knights, thou art by no means permitted or licensed, by the laws of chivalry, to give me the least succour, until thou thyself hast received the honour of knighthood*.'—'As for that matter,' replied Sancho, 'your worship shall be obeyed to a tittle; for I am a very peaceable man, and not at all fond of meddling with riots and quarrels. True, indeed, in the defence of my own person, I shall not pay much regard to the said laws, seeing every one that is aggrieved is permitted to defend himself by all the laws of God and man.'—'I say nothing to the contrary,' replied Don Quixote; 'but in the affair of assisting me against knights, thou must keep thy natural impetuosity under the rein.'—'That will I,' answered Sancho, 'and keep your honour's command as strictly as I keep the Lord's-day.'

While they were engaged in this conversation, there appeared before them two Benedictine monks mounted upon dromedaries, for their mules were not much less, with their travelling spectacles and umbrellas; after them came a coach, accompanied by four or five people on horseback, and two mule-drivers on foot. In this carriage, it was afterwards known, a Biscayan lady was travelling to Seville to her husband, who was bound to the Indies with a rich cargo.

Don Quixote no sooner perceived the friars (who, though they travelled the same road, were not of her company) than he said to his squire, 'If I am not very much mistaken, this will be the most famous adventure that ever was known, for those black apparitions on the road must doubtless be incantations, who are carrying off in that coach some princefs they have stolen; and there is a necessity for my exerting my whole power in redressing

her wrongs.'—'This will be worse than the wind-mills,' cried Sancho; 'for the love of God! Sir, consider that these are Benedictine friars; and those who are in the coach can be no other than common travellers. Mind what I say, and consider what you do, and let not the devil deceive you.'—'I have told thee already, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that with regard to adventures, thou art utterly ignorant: what I say is true, and in a moment thou shalt be convinced.'

So saying, he rode forward, and placed himself in the middle of the highway through which the friars were to pass; and when the thought them near enough to hear what he said, he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'Monstrous and diabolical race! surrender, this instant, those high-born princefses, whom you carry captives in that coach; or prepare to receive immediate death, as a just punishment for your misdeeds.' The friars immediately stopped short, astonished as much at the figure as at the discourse of Don Quixote: to which they replied, 'Sir knight, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but innocent monks of the order of St. Benedict, who are going this way about our own affairs; neither do we know of any princefses that are carried captives in that coach.'—'These fawning speeches,' said Don Quixote, 'shall not impose upon me, who know too well what a treacherous pack ye are.' And without waiting for any other reply, he put spurs to Rozinante; and couching his lance, attacked the first friar with such fury and resolution, that if he had not thrown himself from his mule, he would have come to the ground extremely ill-handled, not without some desperate wound, nay, perhaps stone dead. The second monk, who saw how his companion had been treated, clapped spurs to the flanks of his trusty mule, and flew through the field even swifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza seeing the friar on the ground, leaped from his ass with great

* Here Don Quixote seems to have been too scrupulous: for though no squire was permitted to engage with a knight on horseback, yet they were allowed, and even enjoined, to assist their masters when they were unhorsed or in danger, by mounting them on fresh steeds, supplying them with arms, and warding off the blows that were aimed at them. Davy Gam, at the battle of Agincourt, lost his life in defending Henry V. of England, and Saint Severin met with the same fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

agility, and beginning to uncase him with the utmost dexterity, two of their servants came up, and asked for what reason he stripped their master. The squire replied, that the cloaths belonged to him, as the spoils that Don Quixote, his lord, had won in battle: but the others, who did not understand rallery, nor know any thing of spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a good distance, talking with the ladies in the coach, went to loggerheads with Sancho, whom they soon overthrew; and, without leaving one hair of his beard, mauled him so unmercifully, that he lay stretched upon the ground, without sense or motion. Then, with the utmost dispatch, the friar mounted, as pale as a sheet, and almost frightened to death; and no sooner found himself on horseback, than he galloped towards his companion, who tarried at a good distance, to see the issue of this strange adventure. However, being joined again, without waiting for the conclusion of it, they pursued their journey; making as many crosses as if the devil had been at their backs.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, as we have already observed, was engaged in conversation with the lady in the coach, to whom he expressed himself in this manner: 'Beautiful lady, you may now
' dispose of your own person according
' to your pleasure; for the pride of your
' ravishers lies level with the ground,
' being overthrown by this my invincible arm; and that you may be at no
' difficulty in understanding the name
' of your deliverer, know that I am
' Don Quixote de La Mancha, knight-
' errant, adventurer and captive of the
' unparalleled and beautiful Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: and the only acknowledgment I expect for the benefit you have received, is, that you return to that place, and presenting
' yourself before my mistress, tell her
' what I have performed in behalf of
' your liberty.' This whole address of the knight was overheard by a Biscayan squire, who accompanied the coach, and

who, seeing that he would not allow the carriage to pass forward, but insisted upon their immediate returning to Toboso, rode up to Don Quixote, and laying hold of his lance, spoke to him thus, in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan: 'Get thee gone, cavalier! go
' to the devil, I say! vor, by the God
' that made her, if thou wilt not let the
' coach alone, she will kill thee dead,
' as sure as she was a Biscayan.' The knight, understanding very well what he said, replied with great composure; 'If thou wast a gentleman, as thou art
' not, I would chastise thy insolence
' and rashness, wretched creature.'—'I
' not a gentleman!' replied the Biscayan in great choler; 'by God in heaven,
' thou lyest, as I am a Christian! If
' thou wilt throw away thy lance, and
' draw thy sword, she will soon see
' which be the better man*. Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea,
' gentleman by devil; and thou liest,
' look ye, in thy throat, if thou sayest
' otherwise.'—'Thou shalt see that presently, as Agragis said,' replied Don Quixote; who, throwing his lance upon the ground, unsheating his sword, and bracing on his target, attacked the Biscayan with full resolution to put him to death†.

His antagonist, who saw him approach, fain would have alighted from his mule, (which, being one of the worst that ever was let out for hire, could not much be depended upon;) but he scarce had time to draw his sword; however, being luckily near the coach, he snatched out of it a cushion, which served him as a shield, and then they flew upon each other as two mortal enemies. The rest of the people who were present endeavoured, but in vain, to appease them; for the Biscayan swore, in his uncouth expressions, that if they did not leave him to fight the battle, he would certainly murder his mistress, and every body who should pretend to oppose it. The lady in the coach, surprized and frightened at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little

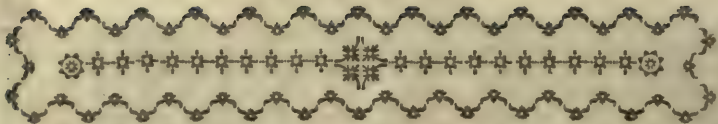
* The literal meaning of the Spanish is, 'Thou shalt soon see who is to carry the cat to the water:' or rather, in the corrupted Biscayan phrase, 'The water how soon thou wilt see, that thou carriest to the cat.'

† The behaviour of Don Quixote was exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry; which, though they hindered a knight from fighting in armour with a squire, did not prevent him from giving satisfaction to an inferior, at sword and target; and every squire who was aggrieved had a right to demand it,

out of the road, to a place from whence she could see at a distance this rigorous engagement. In the course of which, the Biscayan bestowed such a huge stroke upon the shoulder of Don Quixote, that if it had not been for the defence of his buckler, he would have been cleft down to his girdle. The knight feeling the shock of such an unconscionable blow, exclaimed aloud, 'O Dulcinea! lady of my soul, thou rose of beauty, succour thy knight, who, for the satisfaction of thy excessive goodness, is now involved in this dreadful emergency.' To pronounce these words, to raise his sword, to secure himself with his target, and attack the Biscayan, was the work of one instant; for he was determined to risk his all upon a single stroke. His antagonist, who saw him advance, and by this time was convinced of his courage by his resolution, determined to follow his example; and covering himself with his cushion, waited his assault, without being able to turn his mule either on one side or the other; for she was already so jaded, and so little accustomed to such pastime, that she would not move one step out of the way.

Don Quixote, then, as we have said, advanced against the cautious Biscayan, his sword lifted up with an intention to cleave him through the middle: the

Biscayan waited his attack in the same posture, being shielded with his cushion. The frightened bye-standers stood aloof, intent upon the success of those mighty strokes that threatened each of the combatants; and the lady in the coach, with the rest of her attendants, put up a thousand prayers to Heaven, and vowed an offering to every image, and house of devotion in Spain, provided God would deliver the squire and them from the imminent danger in which they were: but the misfortune is, that in this very critical instant, the author of the history has left this battle in suspense, excusing himself, that he could find no other account of Don Quixote's exploits, but what has already been related. True it is, that the second author of this work could not believe that such a curious history was consigned to oblivion; nor, that there could be such a scarcity of curious virtuosi in La Mancha, but that some papers relating to this famous knight should be found in their archives or cabinets: and therefore, possessed of this opinion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delightful history, which indeed he very providentially lighted upon, in the manner which will be related in the second book.



THE
ATC HIEVEMENTS
OF THE SAGACIOUS HIDALGO
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

THE CONCLUSION AND CONSEQUENCE OF THE STUPENDOUS COMBAT BETWEEN THE GALLANT BISCAYAN, AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA.

N the first book of this history we left the valiant Biscayan and renowned Don Quixote with their gleaming swords brandished aloft, about to discharge two such furious strokes, as must (if they had cut sheer) have cleft them both asunder from top to toe, like a couple of pomegranates; and in this dubious and critical conjuncture, the delicious history abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author where or how that which is wanting may be found.

I was not a little concerned at this disappointment; for the pleasure I enjoyed in the little I had read, was changed into disgust, when I reflected on the small prospect I had of finding the greater part of this relishing story, which in my opinion was lost: and yet it seemed impossible, and contrary to every laudable custom, that such an excellent knight should be unprovided with some sage to undertake the history of his un-

heard-of exploits; a convenience which none of those knights-errant, who went in quest of adventures, ever wanted, each of them having been accommodated with one or two necromancers, on purpose to record not only his achievements, but even his most hidden thoughts and amusements. Surely, then, such a compleat errant could not be so unlucky as to want that, which even Platel, and other such second-rate warriors, enjoyed.

I could not therefore prevail upon myself to believe that such a spirited history was left so lame and unfinished, but laid the whole blame on the malignity of time, which wastes and devours all things, and by which, no doubt, this was either consumed or concealed: on the other hand, I considered, that as some books had been found in his library so modern as the Undeceptions of Jealousy, together with the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares; his own history must also be of a modern date, and the circumstances, though not committed to writing, still fresh in the memory of his neighbours and townsmen. This consideration perplexed and inflamed me with the desire of knowing the true and genuine account of the life and wonderful exploits of our Spanish worthy Don Quixote de La Mancha, the sun and mirror of Manchegan chivalry; the first who,

who, in this our age, and these degenerate times, undertook the toil and exercise of errantry and arms, to redress grievances, support the widow, and protect those damsels who stroll about with whip and palfrey, from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, on the strength of their virginity alone: for in times past, unless some libidinous clown with hatchet and morrion, or monstrous giant, forced her to his brutal wishes, a damsel might have lived fourscore years, without ever lying under any other cover than that of heaven, and then gone to her grave as good a maiden as the mother that bore her. I say, therefore, that for these and many other considerations, our gallant Don Quixote merits incessant and immortal praise; and even I myself may claim some share, for my labour and diligence in finding the conclusion of this agreeable history; though I am well aware, that if I had not been favoured by fortune, chance, or Providence, the world would have been deprived of that pleasure and satisfaction which the attentive reader may enjoy for an hour or two, in perusing what follows: the manner of my finding it I will now recount.

While I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy coming up to a certain mercer, offered to sell him a bundle of old papers he had in his hand: now, as I have always a strong propensity to read even those scraps that sometimes fly about the streets, I was led by this my natural curiosity, to turn over some of the leaves; I found them written in Arabick, which not being able to read, though I knew the characters, I looked about for some Portuguese Moor who should understand it; and, indeed, though the language had been both more elegant and ancient, I might easily have found an interpreter. In short, I lighted upon one, to whom expressing my desire, and putting the pamphlet into his hands, he opened it in the middle, and after having read a few lines, began to laugh; when I asked the cause of his laughter, he said it was occasioned by a whimsical annotation in the margin of the book. I begged he would tell me what it was, and he answered, still laughing, 'What I find written in the margin, is to this purpose: "this same dulcinea, so often mentioned in the history, is said to have had the best hand at salting pork of any woman in La Mancha."'

Not a little surprized at hearing Dulcinea del Toboso mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle actually contained the history of Don Quixote. Possessed with this notion, I bade him, with great eagerness, read the title-page, which having perused, he translated it extempore from Arabick to Spanish, in these words: 'The History of Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian author.' No small discretion was requisite to dissemble the satisfaction I felt, when my ears were saluted with the title of these papers, which, snatching from the matter, I immediately bought in the lump for half a rial; though, if the owner had been cunning enough to discover my eagerness to possess them, he might have laid his account with getting twelve times the sum by the bargain.

I then retired with my Moor through the cloisters of the cathedral, and desired him to translate all those papers that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without addition or diminution; offering to pay any thing he should charge for his labour: his demand was limited to two quarters of raisins, and as many bushels of wheat, for which he promised to translate them with great care, conscientiousness, and fidelity: but I, the more to facilitate the business without parting with such a rich prize, conducted him to my own house, where, in little less than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the same manner as shall here be related.

In the first sheet was painted to the life the battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Biscayan, who were represented in the same posture as the history has already described, their swords brandished aloft, one of the antagonists covered with his shield, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so naturally set forth, that you might have known her to have been an hireling; at the distance of a bow-shot. Under the feet of her rider was a label containing these words, 'Don Sancho de Azpetia,' which was doubtless his name; and beneath our knight was another; with the title of 'Don Quixote.' Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated, so long and raw-boned, so lank and meagre, so sharp in the back, and consumptive, that one might easily perceive, with what propriety and penetration the name of Rozinante had been bestowed upon him.

Hard by the steed was Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet was a third libel, inscribed 'Sancho Zancas,' who, in the picture was represented as a person of a short stature, swag belly, and long spindle-shanks: for this reason he ought to be called indiscriminately by the names of Panza* and Zancas; for by both these surnames is he sometimes mentioned in history.

There were divers other minute circumstances to be observed, but all of them of small importance and concern to the truth of the history, though, indeed, nothing that is true can be impertinent: however, if any objection can be started to the truth of this, it can be no other, but that the author was an Arabian, of a nation but too much addicted to falsehood, though, as they are at present our enemies, it may be supposed, that he has rather failed than exceeded in the representation of our hero's exploits; for, in my opinion, when he had frequently opportunities and calls to exercise his pen in the praise of such an illustrious knight, he seems to be indolently silent on the subject; a circumstance very little to his commendation, for all historians ought to be punctual, candid, and dispassionate, that neither interest, rancour, fear, or affection, may mislead them from the road of Truth, whose mother is History, that rival of Time, that repository of great actions, witness of the past, example and pattern of the present, and oracle of future ages. In this, I know, will be found whatsoever can be expected in the most pleasant performance; and if any thing seems imperfect, I assure it must be owing to the fault of the infidel it's author, rather than to any failure of the subject itself: in short, the second book in the translation begins thus—

The flashing swords of the two valiant and incensed combatants, brandished in the air, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell, such was the rage and resolution of those that wielded them; but the first blow was discharged by the choleric Biscayan, who struck with such force and fury, that if the blade had not turned by the way, that single stroke would have been sufficient to have put an end to this dreadful conflict, and all the other adventures of our knight; but

his good genius, which preserved him for mightier things, turned the sword of his antagonist aside, so that though it fell upon his left shoulder, it did no other damage than disarm that whole side, slicing off in it's passage the greatest part of his helmet, with half of his ear, which fell to the ground with hideous ruin, leaving him in a very uncomfortable situation. Good Heavens! where is the man who can worthily express the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he saw himself handled in this manner! I shall only say, his fury was such, that raising himself again in his stirrups, and grasping his sword with both hands, he discharged it so full upon the cushion and head of the Biscayan, which it but ill-defended, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, he began to spout blood from his nostrils, mouth, and ears, and seemed ready to fall from his mule, which would certainly have been the case, if he had not laid hold of the mane: yet, notwithstanding this effort, his feet falling out of the stirrups, and his arms quitting their hold, the mule, which was frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run across the field, and after a few plunges, came with her master to the ground. Don Quixote, who sat observing him with great tranquillity, no sooner perceived him fall, than leaping from his horse, he ran up to him with great agility, and setting the point of his sword to his throat, bade him surrender on pain of having his head cut off. The Biscayan was so confounded by the blow and fall he had sustained, that he could not answer one syllable; and as Don Quixote was blinded by his rage, he would have fared very ill, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto, in great consternation, been spectators of the battle, had not run to the place where he was, and requested, with the most fervent entreaties, that his worship would grant them the favour to spare the life of their squire.

To this petition the knight replied, with great stateliness and gravity, 'Assuredly, most beautiful ladies, I am very ready to do what you desire, but it shall be upon condition and proviso, that this cavalier promise to go straight to Toboso, and present himself in my behalf, before the unparalleled Donna

* Panza, in Castilian, signifies paunch; and zancas, spindle-shanks.

• Dulcinea,

'Dulcinea, that she may use him according to her good pleasure.' The timorous and disconsolate ladies, without entering into the detail of what Don Quixote desired, or enquiring who this Dulcinea was, promised that the squire should obey the knight's commands in every thing. 'Upon the faith of your word, then,' said Don Quixote, 'I will do him no farther damage, though he has richly deserved it at my hand.'

CHAP. II.

OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE BISCAYAN.

ALL this time Sancho Panza having got up, though very roughly handled by the lacquies of the friars, stood very attentively beholding the battle of his master Don Quixote, and put up ejaculatory petitions to heaven, that it would please to grant him the victory, and that he might gain by it some island, of which he himself might be made governor, in consequence of the knight's promise. Seeing therefore the battle ended, and his master returning to mount Rozinante, he went to hold his stirrup, and before he got up, fell on his knees before him, then laying hold of his hand, and kissing it, pronounced with great fervency, 'Sir Don Quixote, will your worship be pleased to bestow on me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful combat; for let it be ever so great, I find I have strength enough to govern it, as well as any he who governs an island in this world.' To this request Don Quixote replied, 'You must know, brother Sancho, that such as these are not adventures of islands, but frays that happen in bye-roads, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loss of an ear; have a little patience, and we shall meet with adventures, which will enable me to make you not only a governor, but something more.' Sancho made him many hearty acknowledgments for his promise, then kissing

his hand again, and his coat of mail, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himself getting upon his ass, followed his master, who set off at a round pace, and without bidding adieu, or speaking one syllable to those in the coach, entered a wood that was in the neighbourhood.

Sancho followed him as hard as his beast would trot; but Rozinante exerted such speed, that seeing himself left behind, he was obliged to call to his master to wait for him. The knight complied with his request, and checked his horse until he was overtaken by his weary squire; who, when he approached him, 'Sir,' said he; 'methinks it would be the wisest course for us to retreat to some church; for as he with whom you fought remains but in a sorry condition, it is odds but they inform the holy brotherhood of the affair*, and have us apprehended; and verily, if they do, before we get out of prison we may chance to sweat for it.'—'Peace, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'where didst thou ever see or hear, that a knight-errant was brought to justice for the greatest homicides he had committed?'—'I know nothing of your honey-seeds,' answered Sancho, 'nor in my life did I ever see one of them; this only I know, that the holy brotherhood commonly looks after those who quarrel and fight up and down the country; and as to the other affair, I have no business to intermeddle in it.'

'Set your heart at ease then, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'for I will deliver you from the hands of the Philistines, much more from the clutches of the brotherhood; but tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valiant knight than me in any country of the known world? Hast thou ever read in story of any other who possesses, or has possessed, more courage in attacking, more breath in persevering, more dexterity in wounding, and more agility in overthrowing his antagonist?'—'The truth is,' answered Sancho, 'I never read a history since I was born; for indeed I can neither read nor write; but what I will make bold to wager upon is, that a more daring matter than your wor-

* Santa Hermandad was a brotherhood or society instituted in Spain in times of confusion, to suppress robbery, and render travelling safe,

‘ship I never served in the days of my life; and I wish to God, that your courage may not meet with that reward I have already mentioned. What I beg of your worship at present is, that you would allow me to dress that ear, which bleeds very much, for I have got some lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet.’— ‘These would have been altogether needless,’ answered the knight, ‘if I had remembered to make a phial of the balsam of Fierabras, one single drop of which would save abundance of time and trouble.’— ‘What sort of a phial and balsam is that?’ said Sancho Panza. ‘It is a balsam,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘the receipt of which I retain in my memory, and he that possesses the valuable composition needs be in no fear of death, nor think of perishing by any wound whatsoever: and therefore, when I shall have made it, and delivered it into thy keeping, thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat cut through the middle, a circumstance that very often happens, but to snatch up that part, of the body which falls to the ground, and before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness; then making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balsam, thou wilt see me, in a twinkling, as whole and as sound as an apple.’

‘If that be the case,’ said Sancho Panza, ‘I henceforth renounce the government of that island you promised me, and desire no other reward for my long and faithful service, but that your worship will give me the receipt of that same most exceeding liquor; for I imagine, that it will sell for two rials an ounce at least, and that will be sufficient to make me spend the rest of my days in credit and ease: but it will be necessary to know if the composition be costly.’— ‘I can make

‘a gallon of it for less than three rials,’ replied the knight. ‘Sinner that I am!’ cried Sancho, ‘what hinders your worship from teaching me to make it this moment?’— ‘Hold thy tongue, friend,’ said the knight, ‘I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and bestow upon thee more considerable rewards than that; but, in the mean time, let us dress my ear, which pains me more than I could wish.’

The squire accordingly took out his lint and ointment; but when his master found that his helmet was quite demolished, he had almost run stark mad; he laid his hand upon his sword, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced aloud, ‘I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four holy evangelists! to lead the life which the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he swore to revenge the death of his cousin Valdovinos; neither to eat food upon a table, nor enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here consider as expressed, until I shall have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury*.’ Sancho hearing this invocation, ‘Sir Don Quixote,’ said he, ‘I hope your worship will consider, that if the knight shall accomplish what he was ordered to do, namely, to present himself before my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done his duty, and certainly deserves no other punishment, unless he commits a new crime.’— ‘Thou hast spoke very much to the purpose, and hit the nail on the head,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘therefore I annul my oath, so far as it regards my revenge, but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until such time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from some other knight; and thou must not think, Sancho, that I am now making a smoke of straw; for I know very well whom I imitate in this affair; the same thing having literally

* These ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, at a public banquet, vowed to God, the holy virgin, the peacock, and the ladies, that he would declare war against the infidels; and a great number of persons who were present, lifted themselves under the same vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it should be accomplished. Some swore they would never lie upon a bed, others renounced the use of a table-cloth, a third set obliged themselves to fast one particular day in the week, a fourth went without one particular piece of armour, a fifth wore his armour night and day, and many confined themselves to shirts of sackcloth and hair.

‘ happened about the helmet of Mambrino, which cost Sacripante so dear *.’

‘ Sir, Sir,’ replied Sancho, with some heat, ‘ I wish your worship would send to the devil all such oaths, which are so mischievous to the health and prejudicial to the conscience; for, tell me now, if we should not find in many days, a man armed with a helmet, what must we do? must we perform this vow, in spite of all the rubs and inconveniences in the way; such as to lie in one’s cloaths, and not to sleep in an inhabited place, with a thousand other penances contained in the oath of that old mad Marquis of Mantua, which your worship now wants to renew? Pray, Sir, consider that there are no armed people in these roads, none but carriers and carters, which far from wearing helmets themselves, perhaps never heard of any such thing during the whole course of their lives.’

—‘ There thou art egregiously mistaken,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ for, before we are two hours in these cross-ways, we shall see armed men more numerous than those that came to Albraca, in order to win Angelica the fair.’—‘ On then, and be it so,’ said Sancho, ‘ and pray God we may succeed, and that the time may come when we shall gain that island which hath cost me so dear, and then I care not how soon I die.’—‘ I have already advised thee, Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘ to give thyself no trouble about that affair; for, should we be disappointed in the expectation of an island, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Sobrediza, which will suit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger, and ought to give thee more joy, because it is situated on Terra Firma; but let us leave these

things to the determination of time, and see if thou hast got any thing in thy wallet; for we must go presently in quest of some castle, where we may procure a night’s lodging, and ingredients to make that same balsam I mentioned; for, I vow to God! my ear gives me infinite pain.’

‘ I have got here in my bags,’ said Sancho, ‘ an onion, a slice of cheese, and a few crusts of bread; but these are eatables which do not suit the palate of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship.’—‘ How little you understand of the matter!’ answered Don Quixote. ‘ Thou must know, Sancho, that it is for the honour of knights-errant, to abtain whole months together from food, and when they do eat, to be contented with what is next at hand; this thou wouldst not have been ignorant of, hadst thou read so many histories as I have perused, in which, numerous as they are, I have never found any account of knights-errant eating, except occasionally, at some sumptuous banquet made on purpose for them; at other times, living upon air; and though it must be taken for granted, that they could not altogether live without eating, or complying with the other necessities of nature, being in effect men as we are; yet we are likewise to consider, that as the greatest part of their lives was spent in travelling through woods and deserts, without any cook or caterer, their ordinary diet was no other than such rustick food as thou hast now got for our present occasions †; therefore, friend Sancho, give thyself no uneasiness, because thou hast got nothing to gratify the palate, nor seek to unhinge or alter the constitution of things.’

* Geoffroi de Ranson, having been injured by the Count de La Marche, swore by the saints that he would wear his buskin like a woman, and never suffer himself to be shaved in the manner of chivalry, until he should be revenged. This oath he scrupulously observed, until he saw his adversary, with his wife and children, kneeling in distress before the king, and imploring his forgiveness; then he called for a stool, adjusted his buskin, and was shaved in presence of his majesty and all the court.

The knight’s forehead was commonly shaved, that in case he should lose his helmet in combat, his antagonist should have no hold by which he might be pulled off his horse.

† We read in Perce Forest, that there were flat stones placed at certain distances in uninhabited parts of the country, for the use of knights-errant; who, having killed a roe-buck, pressed the blood out of it upon one of these tables, by the help of another smooth stone, and then eat it with some salt and spices, which they carried along with them for that purpose. This diet is called in the French romances, *Cbeuraux de presse, nourriture des beuraux*.

—‘ I beg

—‘ I beg your worship’s pardon,’ said Sancho, ‘ for as I can neither read nor write, as I have already observed, I may have mistaken the rules of your knightly profession; but from henceforward, I will store my budget with all sorts of dry fruits for your worship, who are a knight, and for myself who am none, I will provide other more volatile and substantial food *.’—‘ I do not say, Sancho, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except these fruits, but only that their most ordinary sustenance is composed of them and some certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields; a species of knowledge which I myself am no stranger to.’—‘ Surely,’ answered Sancho, ‘ it is a great comfort to know those same herbs; for it comes into my head, we shall one day or another have occasion to make use of the knowledge;’ and taking out the contents of his wallet, they eat together with great harmony and satisfaction; but, being desirous of finding some place for their night’s lodging, they finished their humble repast in a hurry, and mounting their beasts, put on at a good rate, in order to reach some village before it should be dark: but the hope of gratifying that desire failed them with day-light, just when they happened to be near a goatherd’s hut, in which they resolved to pass the night; and in the same proportion that Sancho was disgusted at not being able to reach some village, his master was rejoiced at an opportunity of sleeping under the cope of heaven, because he looked upon every occasion of this kind as an act of possession that strengthened the proof of his knight-errantry.

CHAP. III.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WHILE HE REMAINED WITH THE GOATHERDS.

HE received a very hearty welcome from the goatherds; and Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rozinante and his ass, was attracted by the odour that issued from

some pieces of goat’s flesh that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much at that instant to see if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curiosity, because the landlord took them from the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins upon the ground, set out their rustick table without loss of time; inviting their two guests to a share of their melf, with many expressions of good-will and hospitality. Then those who belonged to the cor, being six in number, seated themselves round the skins, having first, with their boorish ceremony, desired Don Quixote to sit down on a trough, which they had overturned for that purpose.

The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained standing, to administer the cup, which was made of horn; but his master perceiving him in this attitude, ‘ Thou may’st see, Sancho,’ said he, ‘ the benefit which is concentrated in knight errantry; and how near all those who exercise themselves in any sort of ministry belonging to it, are to preferment and esteem of the world,’ ‘ I desire thee to sit down here by my side, in company with these worthy people; and that thou may’st be on an equal footing with me, thy natural lord and master, eating in the same dish, and drinking out of the same cup that I use; for what is said of love may be observed of knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level.’

‘ I give you a thousand thanks,’ said Sancho; ‘ but I must tell your worship that, provided I have plenty, I can eat as much, nay more to my satisfaction, standing on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor; and, if all the truth must be told, I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be upon a bit of bread and an onion, without all your niceties and ceremonies, than eat turkey-cocks at another man’s table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, to abstain from sneezing or coughing, though I should be never so much inclined to either, and from a

* Volatile, in the original, signifies any things that fly; and therefore Sancho may be supposed to mean, he would provide himself with game or poultry; but the blunder which we have made him commit seems to be more in character.

‘ great many other things, which I can
‘ freely do when alone; therefore, Sir
‘ master of mine, I hope these honours
‘ which your worship would put upon
‘ me, as being the servant and abettor
‘ of knight-errantry, which to be sure I
‘ am, while I remain in quality of your
‘ squire, may be converted into other
‘ things of more ease and advantage to
‘ me, than those which, though I hold
‘ them as received in full, I renounce
‘ from henceforth for ever, amen.’—

‘ Thou must nevertheless sit thee down,’
said his master; ‘ for him that is hum-
‘ ble, God will exalt;’ and, seizing him
by the arm, he pulled him down to the
seat on which he himself sat.

The goatherds, who understood not
a word of all this jargon of squire and
knights-errant, did nothing but eat in
silence, and gaze upon their guests;
who, with keen appetite, and infinite
relish, solaced their stomachs, by swal-
lowing pieces as large as their fists.
This service of meat being finished,
they spread upon their skins great quan-
tities of acorns, and half a cheese,
harder than plaister of Paris: all this
time the horn was not idle, but went
round so fast, sometimes full, some-
times empty, like the buckets of a well,
that they soon voided one of the two
skins of wine that hung in view.

Don Quixote having satisfied his ap-
petite, took up an handful of the acorns,
and after looking at them attentively,
delivered himself to this purpose: ‘ Hap-
‘ py age, and happy days were those,
‘ to which the ancients gave the name
‘ of golden; not that gold, which in
‘ these our iron-times is so much esteem-
‘ ed, was to be acquired without trou-
‘ ble, in that fortunate period; but
‘ because people then were ignorant of
‘ those two words *MINE* and *THINE*:
‘ in that sacred age, all things were in
‘ common; no man was necessitated,
‘ in search of his daily food, to under-
‘ go any other trouble than that of
‘ reaching out his hand, and receiving
‘ it from the sturdy oak, that liberally
‘ invited him to pull his sweet and sa-
‘ lutory fruit. The limpid fountains
‘ and murmuring rills afforded him
‘ their savoury and transparent waters
‘ in magnificent abundance. In clefts
‘ of rocks and hollow trees, the prudent
‘ and industrious bees formed their
‘ commonwealths, offering without in-
‘ terest to every hand the fruitful har-

‘ vest of their delicious toil. The stately
‘ cork-trees voluntarily stripped them-
‘ selves of their light extended bark,
‘ with which men began to cover their
‘ rural cottages, supported upon rustick
‘ poles, with a view only to defend
‘ themselves from the inclemencies of
‘ the weather. All was then peace, all
‘ was harmony, and all was friendship.
‘ As yet the ponderous coulter of the
‘ crooked plough had not presumed to
‘ open, or visit the pious entrails of our
‘ first mother, who, without compul-
‘ sion, presented on every part of her
‘ wide and fertile bosom, every thing
‘ that could satisfy, sustain, and de-
‘ light her sons, who then possessed her.
‘ Then did the simple and beautiful
‘ shepherdesses rove from hill to hill, and
‘ dale to dale, bare-headed, in their
‘ braided locks, without any other
‘ cloaths than what were necessary to
‘ cover modestly that which modesty
‘ commands, and always has com-
‘ manded to be covered. Neither were
‘ their ornaments such as are used now-
‘ a-days, enhanced in value by the
‘ Tyrian purple, and the many ways
‘ martyred silk, but composed of verdant
‘ dock-leaves, and ivy interwove to-
‘ gether; with which they appeared,
‘ perhaps, with as great pomp and con-
‘ trivance as the court ladies of our
‘ days, dressed in all the rare and fo-
‘ reign fashions which idle curiosity has
‘ invented. Then were the amorous
‘ dictates of the soul expressed in sen-
‘ sible simplicity, just as they were
‘ conceived, undisguised by the artifi-
‘ cial cloak of specious words. There
‘ was no fraud, no deceit, no malice
‘ intermixed with plain-dealing truth;
‘ justice then kept within her proper
‘ bounds, undisturbed and unbiassed by
‘ interest and favour, which now im-
‘ pair, confound, and persecute her so
‘ much; law was not then centered in
‘ in the arbitrary bosom of the judge,
‘ for, at that time, there was neither
‘ cause nor contest. Damsels and de-
‘ cency, as I have already said, went
‘ about single, and without fear of be-
‘ ing injured by insolence or lust; and
‘ their ruin, when it happened, was the
‘ fruit of their own will and pleasure.
‘ But, now-a-days, in this detestable
‘ age, no maid is secure, though she
‘ was concealed and shut up in such
‘ another labyrinth as was that of Crète;
‘ for, even there, the amorous pesti-
‘ lence,

• lence, with the zeal of mischievous
 • importunity, would enter, either by the
 • help of wings, or by gliding through
 • some chink or other, and all her bar-
 • ricadoed chastity would go to wreck.
 • For the security of this virtue, in pro-
 • cess of time, when mischief grew to a
 • greater head, the order of knight-er-
 • rantry was first instituted to defend
 • damsels, protect widows, and succour
 • the needy and the fatherless. This
 • order, brother goatherds, I profess,
 • and thank you for this kind enter-
 • tainment and reception, which I and
 • my squire have received at your hands:
 • for though, by the law of nature, all
 • mankind are obliged to favour and
 • assist knights-errant, during the whole
 • course of their lives; yet, as you have
 • received and regaled me, before you
 • knew yourselves to be under that obli-
 • gation, I think it my duty to return
 • my most sincere acknowledgment for
 • your hospitality.*

The whole of this tedious harangue, which might very well have been spared, was pronounced by our knight, because the acorns they presented recalled to his memory the golden age: therefore he took it in his head to make these useless reflections to the goatherds; who, without answering one syllable, listened with suspense and astonishment. Sancho was also silent, but kept his teeth employed upon the acorns, and paid many a visit to the second wine-bag; which, that the contents might be the cooler, was hung upon a cork-tree. Don Quixote was less tedious in his discourse than at his meal, which being ended, one of the goatherds said, 'That your worship, knight-errant, may be convinced of our readiness and good-will to give you all the entertainment in our power, you shall have the pleasure and satisfaction of hearing a song from one of our companions, who will soon be here. He is an understanding young fellow, very much in love, who, moreover, can read and write, and play upon the rebeck*, that it will delight you to hear him.' Scarce had the goatherd pronounced these words, when their ears were saluted with a sound of this instrument, and presently after appeared the musician, who was a young fellow of about twenty, or twenty-two years of age, and of a very graceful appear-

ance. His companions asked him if he had supped, and he answering in the affirmative, one of them, who made the offer to the knight, said to him, 'If that be the case, Antonio, you will do us the pleasure to sing a song, that this gentleman, our guest, may see there are some, even among these woods and mountains, who understand musick. We have already informed him of thy uncommon talents, and we desire thou wouldst shew them, in order to justify what we have said in thy praise; I therefore earnestly beseech thee to sit down and sing the ballad of thy love, composed by thy uncle the curate, which is so much commended in our village.'—'With all my heart,' replied the young man; who, without farther intreaty, sat down upon the trunk of an ancient oak, and turning his instrument, began in a very graceful manner to sing and accompany the following song.

I.

YOU love, Olalla, nay, adore me;
 In spite of all your art I know it,
 Although you never smile before me,
 And neither tongue nor eyes avow it.

II.

For, sure to slight a lover's passion.
 So try'd as that which lives this heart in,
 Were but small proof of penetration;
 And that you are no fool is certain.

III.

Sometimes, indeed, and 'tis amazing,
 Tho' prov'd by evidence of twenty,
 You've plainly shewn your soul was brazen,
 And eke your snowy bosom flinty.

IV.

Yet in the midst of maiden shyness,
 Affect'd scorn and decent scolding,
 Kind Hope appear'd with proffer'd spy-glass,
 The border of her robe unfolding.

V.

Then balance in the scales of reason;
 My love unshaken and untainted,
 Unapt to change from truth to treason,
 By frowns impair'd, by smiles augmented.

VI.

If love be courtesy refin'd,
 And you be civil to profusion,
 That you will to my hopes prove kind,
 Is but a natural conclusion.

* A sort of small fiddle of one piece, with three strings, used by shepherds.

VII.

If gratitude that breast can soften,
Which bids to other arts defiance,
The services I've render'd often,
Must melt your soul to kind compliance.

VIII.

For, more than once, had you attended,
You might have seen me wear on Monday,
My best apparel scower'd and mended,
With which I wont to honour Sunday.

IX.

As love delights in finery,
And women oft are won by tightness,
I've still endeavour'd in your eye,
To shine the mirror of politeness.

X.

That I have danc'd the swains among,
To please your pride, what need I mention;
Or with the cock begun my song,
To wake my sleeping fair's attention!

XI.

Or that, enamour'd of your beauty,
I've loudly sounded forth it's praises;
A task which, tho' a lover's duty,
The spite of other women raises!

XII.

For, once, Teresa of the hill,
Beneath all notice would have sunk ye,
'You think Olalla angel still,'
Said she, 'but others scorn the monkey.

XIII.

'Thanks to her beads of glittering glass,
'And her false locks in ringlets curling,
And the false colour of her face,
'Which Love himself might take for
'sterling.'

XIV.

She ly'd, I told her in her throat;
And when her kinsman kept a racket,
You know I made him change his note,
And soundly thresh'd the booby's jacket:

XV.

Your lovely person, not your wealth,
At first engag'd my inclination;
Nor would I now possess by stealth,
The guilty joys of fornication.

XVI.

The church has filken ties in store,
Then yield thy neck to Hymen's fetters;
Behold, I put my own before,
And trust the noose that binds our betters.

XVII.

Else, by each blessed saint I swear,
And Heav'n forbid I prove a liar!
Never to quit this desert drear,
Except in form of hooded friar*!

Thus ended the goatherd's ditty; and though Don Quixote desired him to sing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his consent, being more inclined to take his natural rest than to hear ballads; and therefore, he said to his master, 'Your worship had better consider where you are to lodge this night; for the labour that these honest men undergo in the day, will not suffer them to pass the night in singing.'—'I understand thee, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'it plainly appears that the visits thou hast made to the wine-bag, demand the consolation of sleep, rather than that of musick.'—'They agreed with us all very well,' blessed be God!' replied Sancho. 'I do not deny it,' said the knight; 'and thou mayest bestow thyself in the best manner thou canst; but it is more seemly for those of my profession to watch than to sleep: it would not be amiss, however, Sancho, to dress my ear again; for it gives me more pain than I could wish.' Sancho did as he desired: when one of the goatherds perceiving the wound, bade him give him

* The reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to adapt the versification to the plainness and rusticity of the sentiment, which are preserved through the whole of this ballad; though all the other translators seem to have been bent upon setting the poetry at variance with the pastoral simplicity of the thoughts. For example, who would ever dream of a goatherd's addressing his mistress in these terms?

'With rapture on each charm I dwell,
'And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
'And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
'Though envy swell, or malice blame.'

The original sentiments which this courtly stanza is designed to translate, are literally these:

'I do not mention the praises I have spoke of your beauty, which, though true in fact, are the occasion of my being hated by some other women.'

self no trouble about it, for he would apply a remedy that would heal it in a trice: so saying, he took some leaves of rosemary, which grew in great plenty round the hut, and having chewed and mixed them with a little salt, applied the poultice to his ear; and binding it up carefully, assured him, as it actually happened, that it would need no other plaister.

CHAP. IV.

WHAT WAS RELATED BY A GOAT-HERD, WHO CHANCED TO COME INTO THE HUT.

IN the mean time, another of the lads, who brought them victuals from the village, entering the hut, said, 'Do you know what has happened in our town, comrades?' When one of them answered, 'How should we! Know, then,' continued he, 'that the famous student Chrysostom died this morning; and it is murmured about; that his death was occasioned by his love for that devilish girl Marcella, daughter of William the rich. She that roves about these plains in the habit of a shepherdess.'—'For Marcella, said you!' cried one. 'The same,' answered the goatherd; 'and it is certain, that in his last will, he ordered himself to be buried in the field, like a Moor (God bless us!) at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork-tree spring; for, the report goes, and they say he said so himself, as how the first time he saw her was in that place; and he has also ordained many other such things as the clergy say must not be accomplished; nor is it right they should be accomplished; for, truly, they seem quite heathenish: to all which objections his dear friend, Ambrosio the student, who also dressed himself like a shepherd, to keep him company, replies, that he will perform every thing, without fail, that Chrysostom has ordered; and the whole village is in an uproar about it. But it is believed that every thing, at last, will be done according to the desire of Ambrosio, and all the rest of the shepherds, his friends; and that to-morrow he will be interred with great pomp in the very spot I have mentioned. I am resolved, there-

fore, as it will be a thing well worth seeing, to go thither without fail, even though I thought I should not be able to return to the village that night.'—'We will do so too,' replied the goatherds, 'and cast lots to see which of us must stay and take care of our flocks.'—'You are in the right, Pedro,' said one; 'but there will be no occasion to use that shift, for I myself will stay and take care of the whole; and you must not impute my tarrying to virtue, or the want of curiosity, but to the plaguy thorn that ran into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking.'—'We are obliged to thee, however,' answered Pedro; whom Don Quixote desired to tell him who that same dead shepherd and living shepherdess were.

To this question the goatherd replied, all that he knew of the matter was, that the deceased was the son of a rich farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a village in these mountains; that he had studied in Salamanca many years, at the end of which he had returned to his family with the character of a great scholar: in particular, they said, he was very knowing in the science of the stars, and what passed betwixt the sun and moon, and the heavens; for he had punctually foretold the eclipse of them both! 'The obscuration of those two great luminaries,' said the knight, 'is called the eclipse, and not the eclipse, friend.' But Pedro, without troubling his head with these trifles, proceeded, saying, 'he likewise foresaw when the year would be plentiful or staril.'—'You mean, sterile,' said Don Quixote. 'Sterile, or staril,' replied Pedro, 'comes all to the same purpose; and I say, that his father and his friends, taking his advice, became very rich; for they gave credit to his words, and followed his counsel in all things. When he would say, this year you must sow barley, and no wheat; here you must sow carabances, but no barley; next year there will be a good harvest of oil; but for three years to come there will not be a drop.'—'That science,' replied Don Quixote, 'is called astrology.'—'I know not how it is called,' replied Pedro; 'but this I know, that he knew all this, and much more. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared all of a sudden in
shepherd-

shepherd-weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of sheep, having laid aside the long dress of a student. And he was accompanied by a friend of his in the same habit, whose name was Ambrosio, and who had been his fellow-student at college. I forgot to tell you that Chrysothom the defunct was such a great man at composing couplets, that he made carols for Christmas-eve, and plays for the Lord's-day, which were represented by the young men in our village; and every body said, that they were tip-top. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly clothed like shepherds, they were surprised, and could not guess their reason for such an odd change. About that time the father of this Chrysothom dying, he inherited great riches, that were in moveables and in lands, with no small number of sheep more or less, and a great deal of money: of all which this young man remained desolate lord and master: and truly he deserved it all; for he was an excellent companion, very charitable, a great friend to good folks, and had a most blessed countenance. Afterwards it came to be known, that his reason for changing his garb, was no other than with a view of strolling through the woods and deserts after that same shepherdess Marcella, whose name my friend mentioned just now, and with whom the poor defunct Chrysothom was woundily in love: and I will now tell you, for it is necessary that you should know who this wench is; for, mayhap, nay even without a mayhap, you never heard of such a thing in all the days of your life, though you be older than St. Paul*.—‘Say, Paul’s,’ replied Don Quixote, offended at the goatherd’s perverting the words. ‘Saint Paul was no chicken,’ replied Pedro, ‘and if your worship be resolved to correct my words every moment, we shall not have done in a twelvemonth.’—‘I ask your pardon, friend,’ said the knight; ‘I only mention this, because there is a wide difference between the person of Saint Paul, and a church

that goes by his name: but, however, you made a very sensible reply; for, to be sure, the saint lived long before the church was built: therefore go on with your story, and I promise not to interrupt you again.’

‘Well, then, my good master,’ said the goatherd, ‘there lived in our village a farmer, still richer than Chrysothom’s father; his name was William, and God gave him, over and above great wealth, a daughter, who at her birth was the death of her mother, the most worthy dame in all the country. Methinks I see her now with that face of her’s, which seemed to have the sun on one side, and the moon on the other; she was an excellent housewife, and a great friend to the poor, for which reason I believe her soul is enjoying the presence of God in paradise. Her husband died of grief for the loss of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcella, young and rich, to the care of an uncle, who has got a living in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that she put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share, and yet it was thought it would be surpassed by the daughter’s. It happened accordingly, for when she came to the age of fourteen or fifteen, nobody could behold her without blessing God, for having made so beautiful a creature; and every body almost grew desperately in love with her. Her uncle kept her up with great care; but, for all that, the fame of her exceeding beauty spread in such a manner, that both for her person and her fortune, not only the richest people in our town, but likewise in many leagues about, came to ask her in marriage of her uncle, with much importunity and solicitation. But he, who, to give him his due, was a good christian, although he wanted to dispose of her as soon as she came to the age fit for matrimony, would not give her away without her own consent; neither had he a view in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl’s fortune. And truly I have

* In the original Spanish, the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, says, as old as Sarna, which in that language signifies the itch; but as it is impossible to preserve these mistakes in the translation, I have substituted another in its room, which I apprehend is equally natural and expressive.

'heard this spoken in more companies
 'than one, very much to the praise of
 'the honest priest. For I would have
 'you know, Sir traveller, that in these
 'small towns people intermeddle and
 'grumble about every thing. And
 'this you may take for certain, as I
 'know it to be so, that a clergyman
 'must be excessively good indeed, if
 'he can oblige his flock to speak well
 'of him, especially in country villages.
 '—'You are certainly in the right,' said
 Don Quixote, 'and pray go on, for
 'your story is very entertaining, and
 'you, honest Pedro, relate it with a
 'good grace.'—'May I never want
 'God's grace!' said the shepherd; 'for
 'that is the main chance; and you must
 'know, moreover, that though the
 'uncle proposed to his niece, and de-
 'scribed the good qualities of each in
 'particular who asked her in marriage,
 'desiring her to give her hand to some
 'one or other, and chuse for herself:
 'she never would give him any other
 'answer, but that she did not chuse to
 'marry, for she was too young to bear
 'the burden of matrimony. On ac-
 'count of these excuses, which seemed
 'to have some reason in them, her uncle
 'forbore to importune her, and waited
 'till she should have more years and
 'discernment to make choice of her
 'own company; for he said, and to be
 'sure it was well said, that parents
 'should never dispose of their children
 'against their own inclinations. But
 'behold, when we least thought of it,
 'the timorous Marcella one day ap-
 'peared in the habit of a shepherdess;
 'and without imparting her design to
 'her uncle, or any body in the village,
 'for fear they might have dissuaded her
 'from it, she took to the field with her
 'own flock, in company of the other
 'damsels of the village. As she now
 'appeared in publick, and her beauty
 'was exposed to the eyes of every body,
 'you cannot conceive what a number
 'of rich youths, gentlemen, and far-
 'mers, immediately took the garb of
 'Chrysothom, and went wooing her
 'through the fields. One of these sui-
 'tors, as you have heard, was the de-
 'ceased, who, they say, left off loving
 'to adore her; and you must not think,
 'that because Marcella took to this
 'free and unconfined way of living,
 'she brought the least disparagement
 'upon her chastity and good name; on

'the contrary, such is the vigilance
 'with which she guards her honour,
 'that of all those who serve and solicit
 'her, not one has boasted, nor indeed
 'can boast with any truth, that she has
 'given him the smallest hope of accom-
 'plishing his desire; for though she
 'neither flies, or avoids the company
 'and conversation of the shepherds, but
 'treats them in a courteous and friendly
 'manner, whenever any one of them
 'comes to disclose his intention, let it
 'be ever so just and holy, even marriage
 'itself, she throws him from her like a
 'stone from a sling; and being of this
 'disposition, does more damage in this
 'country, than if a pestilence had seized
 'it; for her affability and beauty al-
 'lures all the hearts of those that con-
 'verse with her to serve and love her,
 'but her coyness and plain-dealing
 'drives them even to the borders of de-
 'spair; therefore they know not what
 'to say, but upbraid her with cruelty
 'and ingratitude, and give her a great
 'many such titles, as plainly shew the
 'nature of her disposition: and if your
 'worship was but to stay here one day,
 'you would hear these hills and dales
 'resound with the lamentations of her
 'rejected followers. Not far from this
 'place there is a tuft of about a dozen
 'of tall beeches, upon every one of
 'which you may read engraved the name
 'of Marcella, and over some a crown
 'cut out in the bark; as if her lover
 'would have declared, that Marcella
 'wears, and deserves to wear, the crown
 'of all earthly beauty. Here one shep-
 'herd sighs, there another complains;
 'in one place you may hear amorous
 'ditties; in another the dirges of de-
 'spair; one lover sits musing through
 'all the hours of the night, at the foot
 'of some tall ash or rugged rock, and
 'there, without having closed his weep-
 'ing eyes, shrunk up as it were, and
 'intranced in his own reflections, he is
 'found by the rising sun; a second,
 'without giving respite or truce to his
 'sighs, exposed to the heat of the most
 'sultry summer's sun, lies stretched
 'upon the burning sand, breathing his
 'complaints to pitying Heaven; and
 'over this and that, and these and those,
 'the free, the unconcerned, the fair
 'Marcella triumphs. We who are ac-
 'quainted with her disposition, wait with
 'impatience to see the end of all this
 'disdain, and long to know what happy

‘man will tame such an unfociable humour, and enjoy such exceeding beauty. As every thing that I have recounted is true to a tittle, I have no reason to doubt the truth of what our comrades said concerning the cause of Chrysofom’s death; and therefore, I advise you, Sir, not to fail being to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth seeing; for Chrysofom had a great many friends, and the spot in which he ordered himself to be buried is not more than half a league from hence.’

‘I will take care to be present,’ said the knight, ‘and thank you heartily for the pleasure you have given me in relating such an interesting story.’— ‘Oh! as for that,’ cried the goatherd, ‘I do not know one half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcella; but to-morrow, perhaps, we may light upon some shepherd on the road, who is better acquainted with them. In the mean time you will do well to go to sleep under some cover, for the cold night air may not agree with the hurt your jaws have received, though the remedy I have applied is such, that you have nothing else to fear.’

Sancho Panza, who wished the goatherd’s loquacity at the devil, earnestly intreated his master to go to sleep in Pedro’s hut. This request the knight complied with, and spent the greatest part of the night in thinking of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella’s lovers; while Sancho Panza, taking up his lodging betwixt Rozinante and his ass, slept soundly, not like a discarded lover, but like one who had been battered and bruised the day before.

CHAP. V.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY
OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELLA,
AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

SCARCE had Aurora disclosed herself through the balconies of the east, when five of the six goatherds arising, went to waken Don Quixote, and told him, that if he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysofom, they would keep him company. The knight, who desired nothing better, arose, and commanded Sancho to saddle his horse and

pannel his ass immediately. This order was executed with great dispatch, and they set out without loss of time. They had not travelled more than a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path, they saw coming towards them six shepherds, clothed in jackets of black sheep-skin, and crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter-bay, each having a club of holly in his hand. Along with them came also two gentlemen on horseback, very well equipped for travel, accompanied by three young men on foot.

When they advanced they saluted one another, and understanding, upon inquiry, that they were all bound to the place of interment, they joined company, and travelled together. One of the horsemen said to his companion, ‘Signior Vivaldo, we shall not have reason to grudge our tarrying to see this famous funeral, which must certainly be very extraordinary, by the strange account we have received from these people, of the dead shepherd, and the murderous shepherds.’— ‘I am of the same opinion,’ answered Vivaldo, ‘and would not only tarry one day, but even four or five, on purpose to see it.’ Don Quixote asking what they had heard of Marcella and Chrysofom, the traveller replied, that early in the morning they had met with these shepherds, of whom inquiring the cause of their being clothed in such melancholy weeds, they had been informed of the coyness and beauty of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the hapless love of many who courted her, together with the death of that same Chrysofom to whose funeral they were going. In short, he recounted every circumstance of what Pedro had told Don Quixote before.

This conversation being ended, another began by Vivaldo’s asking Don Quixote, why he travelled thus in armour in a peaceable country. To this question the knight replied, ‘The exercise of my profession will not permit or allow me to go in any other manner. Revels, feasting, and repose, were invented by effeminate courtiers; but toil, anxiety, and arms, are peculiar to those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which order I, though unworthy, and the least, am one.’ He had no sooner pronounced these words, than all present took him for

for a madman; but, in order to confirm their opinion, and discover what species of madness it was, Vivaldo desired to know what he meant by knight-errant. 'What!' said Don Quixote, 'have you never read the annals and history of England, which treat of the famous exploits of Arthur, who, at present, in our Castilian language, is called King Artus, and of whom there is an ancient tradition, generally believed all over Great Britain, that he did not die, but was, by the art of enchantment, metamorphosed into a raven; and that the time will come when he shall return, and recover his scepter and throne; for which reason it cannot be proved, that from that period to this, any Englishman has killed a raven. In the reign of that excellent king was instituted that famous order of chivalry, called the Knights of the Round Table; and those amours piously happened, which are recounted of Don Lancelot of the Lake, with Queen Ginebra, by the help and mediation of that sage and venerable duenna Quixaniona, from whence that delightful ballad, so much sung in Spain, took its rise:

'For never, sure, was any knight
'So serv'd by damsel, or by dame,
'As Lancelot, that man of might,
'When he at first from Britain came.'

'With the rest of that most relishing and delicious account of his amours and valiant exploits. From that time the order of knight-errantry was extended, as it were, from hand to hand, and spread through divers and sundry parts of the world, producing, among many other worthies celebrated for their achievements, the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews, even to the fifth generation; the courageous Flexiparte of Hicarnia, the never-enough to be commended Tirante the White, and he whom, in this our age, we have as it were seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Belianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what I meant by knight-errant; and such as I have described is the order of chivalry, which, as I have already told you, I, though a sinner, have professed; and the very same which those knights I mentioned professed,

'I profess also. On which account I am found in these deserts and solitudes, in quest of adventures, fully determined to lift my arm, and expose my person, to the greatest danger that my destiny shall decree, in behalf of the needy and oppressed.'

By this declaration, the travellers were convinced that the knight had lost his wits, and easily perceived the species of folly which had taken possession of his brain, and which struck them with the same surprize that always seized those who became acquainted with our knight. Vivaldo, who was a person of discretion and a great deal of archness, in order to travel agreeably the rest of the road which they had to go till they should come to the place of interment, wanted to give him an opportunity of proceeding in his extravagance, and in that view said to him: 'Sir knight-errant, methinks your worship professes one of the strictest orders upon earth; nay, I will affirm, more strict than that of the Carthusian friars.'

'The order of the Carthusians,' answered Don Quixote, 'may be as strict, but, that it is as beneficial to mankind, I am within a hair's breadth of doubting; for, to be plain with you, the soldier who executes his captain's command, is no less valuable than the captain who gave the order. I mean, that the monks pray to God for their fellow-creatures in peace and safety; but we soldiers and knights put in execution that for which they pray, by the valour of our arms, and the edge of our swords; living under no other cover than the cope of heaven; set up in a manner as marks for the intolerable heat of the sun in summer, and the chilly breath of frosty winter; we are therefore God's ministers, and the arms by which he executes his justice upon earth; and as the circumstances of war, and what has the least affinity and concern with it, cannot be accomplished without sweat, anxiety, and fatigue; it follows, that those who profess it, are doubtless more subject to toil, than those who in rest and security implore the favour of God for persons who can do nothing for themselves: not that I would be thought to say or imagine, the condition of a knight-errant is equal to that of a recluse monk; I would only infer from what we suffer, that it is without doubt
'more

more troublesome, more battered, more famished, more miserable, ragged, and lousy; for the knights-errant of past times certainly underwent numberless misfortunes in the course of their lives. And if some of them came to be emperors by the valour of their arms; considering the blood and sweat it cost them, in faith it was a dear purchase; and if those who attained such a supreme station, had been without their sage enchanters to assist them, they might have been defrauded by their desires, and grievously balked of their expectations.'

'I am very much of your opinion,' answered the traveller; 'but there is one thing among you knights-errant; that I cannot approve of, and that is; when any great and dangerous adventure occurs, in which you run a manifest risk of losing your lives, in the instant of an engagement; you never think of recommending your souls to God, as every Christian ought to do on such occasions; but, on the contrary, put up your petitions to your mistresses; with as much fervour and devotion as if they were your deities; a circumstance which, in my opinion, smells strong of paganism.'

'Sir,' replied Don Quixote, 'that practice must in no degree be altered; and woe be to that knight-errant who should do otherwise; for, according to the practice and custom of chivalry, every knight, when he is upon the point of achieving some great feat, must call up the idea of his mistress, and turning his eyes upon her with all the gentleness of love, implore, as it were, by his looks, her favour and protection in the doubtful dilemma in which he is about to involve himself: nay, even though nobody should hear him, he is obliged to mutter between his teeth an ejaculation, by which he heartily and confidently recommends himself to her good wishes: and of this practice we have innumerable examples in history; but I would not have you think, that we are to forbear recommending ourselves to God also; there will be time and opportunity enough for that duty in the course of action.'

'But, nevertheless,' said the traveller, 'I have still one scruple remaining, which is, that I have often read of a dispute between two knights, which

proceeding to rage from one word to another, they have turned about their steeds, to gain ground for a good career; and then, without any more ceremony, returned to the encounter at full gallop, recommending themselves to their mistresses by the way; and the common issue of such an engagement is, that one of them is thrown down by his horse's crupper, stuck through and through with his adversary's lance, while the other, with difficulty, avoids a fall by laying hold of his horse's mane: now, I cannot comprehend how the dead man could have time to recommend himself to God, in the course of so sudden an attack; surely it would have been better for his soul, if, instead of the words he uttered in his career, he had put up a petition to Heaven, according to the duty and obligation of every Christian; especially, as I take it for granted that every knight-errant has not a mistress; for all of them cannot be in love.'— 'That's impossible,' answered Don Quixote. 'I affirm, that there never could be a knight-errant without a mistress; for to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them, as the stars are to the heavens. I am very certain that you never read an history that gives an account of a knight-errant without an amour; for he that has never been in love, would not be held as a legitimate member, but some adulterate brood, who had got into the fortress of chivalry, not through the gate, but over the walls, like a thief in the night.'

'Yet, notwithstanding,' said the traveller, 'I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadis de Gaul, never had any known mistress to whom he could recommend himself; and he was not disregarded, but looked upon as a very valiant and famous knight.'— 'Signior,' answered our hero, Don Quixote, 'one swallow makes not a summer; besides, to my certain knowledge, that knight was privately very much in love; indeed, he made love to every handsome woman who came in his way; for that was his natural disposition, which he by no means could resist: in short, it is very well attested, that he had one mistress, whom he enthroned as sovereign of his hearty and to whom he recommended himself with great caution

tion and privacy, because he piqued himself upon being a secret knight.'

'Since, then, it is essential to every knight to be in love, we may conclude that your worship, being of that profession, is no stranger to that passion; and if you do not value yourself upon being as secret a knight as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in behalf of myself and the rest of the company, to tell us the name, country, station, and qualities of your mistress; who must think herself extremely happy in reflecting, that all the world knows how much she is beloved and adored by so valiant a knight as your worship appears to be.'

Here Don Quixote uttered a grievous sigh, saying, 'I am not positively certain, whether or not that beautiful enemy of mine takes pleasure in the world's knowing I am her slave; this only I can say, in answer to the question you asked with so much civility; that her name is Dulcinea; her native country, a certain part of La Mancha called Toboso; her station must at least be that of a princess, since she is queen and lady of my soul; her beauty supernatural, in that it justifies all those impossible and chimerical attributes of excellence, which the poets bestow upon their nymphs; her hair is of gold, her forehead the Elysian Fields, her eye-brows heavenly arches; her eyes themselves suns, her cheeks roses, her lips of coral, her teeth of pearl, her neck alabaster, her breast marble, her hands ivory, her skin whiter than snow; and those parts which decency conceals from human view are such, according to my belief

and apprehension, as discretion ought to inance above all comparison.'

'I wish we knew her lineage, race, and family,' replied Vivaldo. To this hint the knight answered, 'She is not descended of the ancient Cais, Curtii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of the modern Colonas and Orsini, nor of the Moncades and Requesenes of Catalonia, much less of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; or the Palafaxes, Newcas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes and Gurreas of Arragon; or the Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendozas and Gusmans of Castile; or the Alencastros, Pallas and Menesis of Portugal; but she sprung from the family of Toboso de La Mancha; a lineage which, though modern, may give a noble rise to the most illustrious families of future ages; and let no man contradict what I say, except upon the conditions expressed in that inscription placed by Cerbino under the trophy of Orlando's arms!

"That knight alone these arms shall move,
"Who dares Orlando's prowess prove."

'Although I myself am descended from the Cachopines of Loredot,' said the traveller, 'I won't presume to compare with that of Toboso de La Mancha; though, to be plain with you, I never before heard of any such generation.'—'How, not heard!' replied Don Quixote. The rest of the company jogged on, listening with great attention to this discourse, and all of them, even the goatherds, by this time were convinced, that our knight's judg-

* When a knight challenged the whole world, he wore an emprise, consisting of a gold chain, or some other badge of love and chivalry; and sometimes this emprise was fixed in a publick place, to attract the attention of strangers. When any person accepted the challenge for a trial of chivalry, called the combat of courtesy, he touched this emprise; but, if he tore it away, it was considered as a resolution to fight the owner to extremity or outrance. The combat of courtesy is still practised by our prize-fighters and boxers, who shake hands before the engagement, in token of love.

But no defiance of this kind could be either published or accepted without the permission of the prince at whose court the combatants chanced to be. Accordingly, we are told by Oliver de La Marche, that the lord of Ternant having published a defiance at the court of Burgundy, in the year 1445, Galiot asked the duke's permission to touch the challenger's emprise; which being granted, he advanced and touched it, saying to the bearer, while he bowed very low, 'Noble knight, I touch your emprise; and, with God's permission, will do my utmost to fulfil your desire, either on horseback or on foot.' The lord of Ternant humbly thanked him for his condescension, said he was extremely welcome, and promised to send him that same day a cartel, mentioning the arms they should use.

† Cachopines is the name given to the Europeans by the Indians of Mexico.

ment was grievously impaired. Sancho alone believed that every thing his master said was true, because he knew his family, and had been acquainted with himself from his cradle. The only doubt that he entertained was of this same beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; for never had such a name or such a princess come within the sphere of his observation, although he lived in the neighbourhood of that place:

While they travelled along, conversing in this manner, they perceived about twenty shepherds descend through a cleft made by two high mountains. They were all clad in jackets of black sheep-skin, and each of them crowned with a garland, which was composed, as we afterwards learned, partly of cypress, and partly of yew; six of the foremost carried a bier, upon which they had strewed a variety of branches and flowers. And this was no sooner perceived by one of the goatherds, than he said, 'These are the people who carry the corpse of Chrysothom, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered himself to be interred.'

Upon this information they made haste, and came up just at the time that the bearers having laid down the body, began to dig the grave with pick-axes on one side of a flinty rock. They received our travellers with great courtesy; and Don Quixote, with his company, went towards the bier to look at the dead body, which was covered with flowers, clad in shepherds weeds, and seemingly thirty years old. Notwithstanding he was dead, they could plainly perceive that he had been a man of an engaging aspect, and genteel stature; and could not help wondering at the sight of a great many papers both sealed and loose, that lay round him in the coffin.

While the new-comers were observing this phenomenon, and the shepherds busied in digging a grave, a wonderful and universal silence prevailed, till such time as one of the bearers said to another: 'Consider, Ambrosio, if this be the very spot which Chrysothom mentioned, that his last will may be punctually fulfilled.'—'This,' answered Ambrosio, 'is the very place in which my unhappy friend has often recounted to me the story of his misfortunes. Here it was he first

' beheld that mortal enemy of human race; here also did he first declare his amorous and honourable intention; and here, at last, did Marcella signify her disgust and disdain, which put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life; and in this place, as a monument of his mishap, did he desire to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.'

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote, and the travellers, he thus proceeded: 'This corpse, gentlemen, which you behold with compassionate eyes, was the habitation of a soul which possessed an infinite share of the riches of Heaven: this is the body of Chrysothom, who was a man of unparalleled genius, the pink of courtesy and kindness; in friendship a very phoenix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanness, and in short second to none in every thing that was good, and without second in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhorred; he adored and was disdained; he implored a savage; he importuned a statue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the desert; he was a slave to the most ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his servitude was death, which overtook him in the middle of his career; in short, he perished by the cruelty of a shepherds, whom he has eternized in the memory of all the people in this country; as these papers, which you gaze at would shew, if he had not ordered me to commit them to the flames as soon as his body shall be deposited in the earth.'

'You will use them, then, with more cruelty and rigour,' said Vivaldo, 'than that of the author himself; seeing it is neither just nor convenient to fulfil the will of any man, provided it be unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would have been in the wrong, had he consented to the execution of what the divine Mantuan ordered on his death-bed. Wherefore, Signior Ambrosio, while you commit the body of your friend to the earth, you ought not likewise to consign his writings to oblivion; nor perform indiscreetly what he in his affliction ordained; on the contrary, by publishing these papers, you ought to immortalize the cruelty of Marcella, that it may serve as an example in time to come, and warn young men to shun and avoid

such dangerous precipices; for I, and the rest of this company, already know the history of that enamoured and unhappy friend, the nature of your friendship, the occasion of his death, together with the orders that he left upon his death-bed: from which lamentable story, it is easy to conclude, how excessive must have been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chrysothom, the faith of your friendship, and the check which those receive, who precipitately run through the path exhibited to them by idle and mischievous love. Last night, we understood the death of Chrysothom, who, we are informed, was to be buried in this place; and therefore, out of curiosity and concern, have turned out of our way, resolving to come and see with our eyes, what had affected us so much in the hearing; and in return for that concern, and the desire we felt in remedying it, if it had been in our power, we intreat thee, O discreet Ambrosio! at least, for my own part, I beg of thee, not to burn these papers, but allow me to preserve some of them.

Accordingly, without staying for an answer, he reached out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest him; which Ambrosio perceiving, said, 'Out of civility, Signior, I will consent to your keeping what you have taken up; but to think that I will fail to burn the rest, is a vain supposition.' Vivaldo being desirous of seeing the contents, immediately opened one, intitled, A Song of Despair; which Ambrosio hearing, said, 'That is the last poem my unhappy friend composed; and that you may see, Signior, to what a pass his misfortunes had reduced him, read it aloud, and you'll have time enough to finish it before the grave be made!—' That I will do with all my heart,' said Vivaldo; and every body present being seized with the same desire, they stood around him in a circle, and he read what follows, with an audible voice.

A SONG OF DESPAIR.

I.

SINCE then, thy pleasure, cruel maid!
Is, that thy rigour and disdain
Should be from clime to clime convey'd,
All hell shall aid me to complain!

The torments of my heart to tell,
And thy achievements to record,
My voice shall raise a dreadful yell,
My bowels burst at ev'ry word:
Then listen to the baleful sound
That issues from my throbbing breast,
Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
And yield my madd'ning soul some rest.

II.

Let the snake's hiss and wolf's dire howl,
The bull's harsh note, the lion's roar,
The boding crow and screeching owl,
The tempest rattling on the shore,
The monster's scream, the turtle's moan,
The shrieks of the infernal crew,
Be mingled with my dying groan,
A concert terrible and new!
The hearer's senses to appal,
And Reason from her throne depose;
Such melody will suit the gall
That from my burning liver flows!

III.

Old Tagus with his yellow hair,
And Betis with her olive wreath,
Shall never echo such despair,
Or listen to such notes of death,
As here I'll utter and repeat,
From hill to dale, from rock to cave,
In wilds untrod by human feet,
In dungeons dreary as the grave.
The beasts of prey that scour the plain,
Shall thy more savage nature know,
The spacious earth resound my strain;
Such is the privilege of woe!

IV.

Disdain is death, and doubt o'erturns
The patience of the firmest mind;
But jealousy still fiercer burns,
Like all the flames of hell combin'd!
The horrors of that cursed fiend,
In absence to distraction rage,
And all the succour hope can lend,
The direful pangs will not assuage.
Such agonies will surely kill;
Yet spite of absence, doubts and scorn,
I live a miracle, and still
Those deadly flames within me burn!

V.

Hope's shadow ne'er refresh'd my view,
Despair attends with wakeful strife;
The first let happier swains pursue,
The last my consort is for life.
Can hope and fear at once prevail,
When fear on certainty is fed?
To shut mine eyes will nought avail,
When thunder bursts around my head,
When cold Disdain in native dye
Appears, and Falshood's cunning lore
Perverts the tale of Truth, shall I
Against Despondence shut the door?

VI.

O jealousy! love's tyrant lord,
 And thou, soul-chilling, dire disdain!
 Lend me the dagger and the cord,
 To stab remembrance, strange pain.
 I die bereft of hope in death,
 Yet still those are the freest souls,
 (I'll vouch it with my latest breath)
 Whom love's old tyranny controuls.
 My fatal enemy is fair,
 In body and in mind, I'll say,
 And I have earn'd the woes I bear:
 By rigour love maintains the sway.

VII.

With this opinion let me fall
 A prey to unrelenting scorn;
 No fun'ral pomp shall grace my pall,
 No laurel my pale corpse adorn.
 O thou! whose cruelty and hate
 The tortures of my breast proclaim,
 Behold how willingly to fate
 I offer this devoted frame.
 If thou, when I am past all pain,
 Should'st think my fall deserves a tear,
 Let not one single drop disdain
 Those eyes so killing and so clear.

VIII.

No! rather let thy mirth display
 The joys that in thy bosom flow;
 Ah! need I bid that heart be gay
 Which always triumph'd in my woe.
 Come then for ever barr'd of bliss,
 Ye, who with ceaseless torment dwell,
 And agonizing, howl and hiss
 In the profoundest shades of hell;
 Come, Tantalus, with raging thirst,
 Bring, Sisyphus, thy rolling stone,
 Come, Titius, with thy vulture curst,
 Nor leave Ixion rack'd alone,

IX.

The toiling sisters too shall join,
 And my sad, solemn dirge repeat,
 When to the grave my friends consign
 These limbs deny'd a winding-sheet:
 Fierce Cerberus shall clank his chain,
 In chorus with chimæras dire:
 What other pomp, what other strain
 Should he who dies of love require?
 Be hush'd, my song, complain no more
 Of her whose pleasure gave thee birth;
 But let the sorrows I deplore
 Sleep with me in the silent earth.

This ditty of Chrysofom was approved by all the hearers; but he who read it observed, that it did not seem to agree with the report he had heard of Marcella's virtue and circumspection; inasmuch as the author complained of jealousy, absence, and suspicion, which

tended to the prejudice of her morals and reputation. To this objection, Ambrosio, as one that was acquainted with the most secret sentiments of his friend, answered, 'Signior, for your satisfaction in this point, it is necessary you should know, that the forlorn shepherd composed this song in the absence of Marcella, from whose presence he had gone into voluntary exile, in order to try if he could reap the usual fruits of absence, and forget the cause of his despair; and as one in that situation is apt to be fretted by every circumstance, and invaded by every apprehension, poor Chrysofom was harassed by groundless jealousy and imaginary fears, which tormented him as much as if they had been real; for which reason, this circumstance ought not to invalidate the fame of Marcella's virtue, against which, exclusive of her cruelty, arrogance, and disdain, envy itself hath not been able to lay the least imputation.'

'That may be very true,' replied Vivaldo; who, being about to read another of the papers he had saved from the flames, was diverted from his purpose by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed, that all of a sudden presented itself to their eyes. This was no other than the shepherdess Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock, just above the grave they were digging, so beautiful that she surpassed all report. Those who had never seen her before, gazed with silent admiration; nor were the rest, who had been accustomed to see her, less astonished at her appearance. But no sooner did Ambrosio perceive her, than with indignation in his looks, he cried—

'Comest thou hither, fierce basilisk of these mountains! to see if the wounds of this unhappy youth whom thy cruelty hath slain, will bleed at thy approach? or art thou come to rejoice in the exploits of thy barbarity, and from the top of that mountain, behold, like another Nero, the flames which thy impiety hath kindled? or inhumanly to trample upon this unfortunate corpse, as the unnatural daughter insulted the dead body of her father Tarquin? Tell us at once the cause of thy approach, and deign to signify thy pleasure, that I who know how devoutly Chrysofom

‘ obeyed thee, when alive, may, now
 ‘ that he is dead, dispose his friends to
 ‘ yield the same obedience.’

‘ I come not,’ answered Marcella,
 ‘ for any of the purposes you have men-
 ‘ tioned, Ambrosio; but rather per-
 ‘ sonally to demonstrate how unreason-
 ‘ ably people blame me for their own
 ‘ affliction, as well as for the death and
 ‘ sufferings of Chrysothom. I beg,
 ‘ therefore, that all present will give me
 ‘ the hearing, as it will be unnecessary
 ‘ to spend much time, or waste many
 ‘ words, to convince those that are un-
 ‘ prejudiced of the truth. Heaven, you
 ‘ say, hath given me beauty, nay, such
 ‘ a share of it, as compels you to love
 ‘ me, in spite of your resolutions to
 ‘ the contrary; from whence you draw
 ‘ this inference, and insist upon it, that
 ‘ it is my duty to return your passion.
 ‘ By the help of that small capacity
 ‘ which nature has bestowed upon me, I
 ‘ know that which is beautiful is lovely;
 ‘ but I can by no means conceive, why
 ‘ the object which is beloved for be-
 ‘ ing beautiful, is bound to be ena-
 ‘ moured of it’s admirer; more espe-
 ‘ cially, as it may happen that this same
 ‘ admirer is an object of disgust and
 ‘ abhorrence; in which case would it
 ‘ be reasonable in him to say, “ I love
 ‘ thee because thou art beautiful, and
 ‘ thou must favour my passion, although
 ‘ I am deformed?” But granting the
 ‘ beauty equal on both sides, it does
 ‘ not follow that the desires ought to be
 ‘ mutual; for all sorts of beauty do
 ‘ not equally affect the spectator; some,
 ‘ for example, delighting the eye only,
 ‘ without captivating the heart. And
 ‘ well it is for mankind, that things
 ‘ are thus disposed; otherwise there
 ‘ would be a strange perplexity and con-
 ‘ fusion of desires, without power of
 ‘ distinguishing and chusing particular
 ‘ objects; for beauty being infinitely
 ‘ diversified, the inclination would be
 ‘ infinitely divided: and I have heard,
 ‘ that true love must be undivided and
 ‘ unconstrained; if this be the case, as
 ‘ I believe it is, why should I constrain
 ‘ my inclination, when I am under no
 ‘ other obligation so to do, but your
 ‘ saying that you are in love with me?
 ‘ Otherwise tell me, if Heaven that made
 ‘ me handsome, had created me a mon-
 ‘ ster of deformity, should I have had
 ‘ cause to complain of you for not lov-
 ‘ ing me? Besides, you are to consider,

‘ that I did not chuse the beauty I pos-
 ‘ sels; such as it is, God was pleased
 ‘ of his own free will and favour to
 ‘ bestow it upon me, without any soli-
 ‘ citation on my part. Therefore, as
 ‘ the viper deserves no blame for it’s
 ‘ stinging, although it be mortal, because
 ‘ it is the gift of nature; neither ought
 ‘ I to be reviled for being beautiful:
 ‘ for beauty in a virtuous woman, is
 ‘ like a distant flame and a sharp sword
 ‘ afar off, which prove fatal to none but
 ‘ those who approach too near them.
 ‘ Honour and virtue are the ornaments
 ‘ of the soul; without which the body,
 ‘ though never so handsome, ought to
 ‘ seem ugly. If chastity then be one of
 ‘ the virtues which chiefly adorns and
 ‘ beautifies both body and soul, why
 ‘ should she that is beloved, lose that
 ‘ jewel for which she is chiefly beloved,
 ‘ merely to satisfy the appetite of one,
 ‘ who, for his own selfish enjoyment,
 ‘ employs his whole care and industry
 ‘ to destroy it? I was born free, and
 ‘ to enjoy that freedom, have I chosen
 ‘ the solitude of these fields. The trees
 ‘ on these mountains are my compani-
 ‘ ons; and I have no other mirror than
 ‘ the limpid streams of these crystal
 ‘ brooks. With the trees and the streams
 ‘ I share my contemplation and my beau-
 ‘ ty; I am a distant flame, and a sword
 ‘ afar off; those whom my eyes have
 ‘ captivated, my tongue has undeceived;
 ‘ and if hope be the food of desire, as
 ‘ I gave none to Chrysothom, or to any
 ‘ other person, so neither can his death,
 ‘ nor that of any other of my admirers,
 ‘ be justly imputed to my cruelty, but
 ‘ but rather, to their own obstinate de-
 ‘ spair. To those who observe that his
 ‘ intentions were honourable, and that
 ‘ therefore I was bound to comply with
 ‘ them, I answer, when he declared the
 ‘ honesty of his designs in that very spot
 ‘ where now his grave is digging, I told
 ‘ him, my purpose was to live in perpe-
 ‘ tual solitude, and let the earth alone
 ‘ enjoy the fruits of my retirement, and
 ‘ the spoils of my beauty: wherefore,
 ‘ if he, notwithstanding this my expla-
 ‘ nation, persevered without hope, and
 ‘ sailed against the wind; it is no won-
 ‘ der that he was overwhelmed in the
 ‘ gulph of his rashness. Had I cajoled
 ‘ him, I should have been perfidious;
 ‘ had I gratified his inclination, I should
 ‘ have acted contrary to my own rea-
 ‘ son and resolution. But because he
 ‘ persisted

¶ persisted after I had explained myself,
 ¶ and despaired before he had cause to
 ¶ think I abhorred him, I leave you to
 ¶ judge whether or not it be reasonable
 ¶ to lay his misfortune at my door. Let
 ¶ him whom I have deceived complain,
 ¶ and let him despair to whom I have
 ¶ broke my promise; if I call upon any
 ¶ man, he may depend upon me; if I
 ¶ admit of his addresses, he may re-
 ¶ joice in his success: but why should
 ¶ I be stiled a barbarous homicide by
 ¶ him whom I never soothed, deceived,
 ¶ called, or admitted? Hitherto Heaven
 ¶ has not thought fit that I should love
 ¶ by destiny; and the world must ex-
 ¶ cuse me from loving by election. Let
 ¶ this general declaration serve as an
 ¶ answer to all those who solicit me in
 ¶ particular, and henceforward give
 ¶ them to understand, that whosoever
 ¶ dies for me, perishes not by jealousy
 ¶ or disdain, for she who never gave her
 ¶ love, can never give just cause of jea-
 ¶ lousy; neither ought her plain deal-
 ¶ ing to be interpreted into disdain.
 ¶ Let him who terms me a fierce basilisk,
 ¶ shun me as an evil being; if any man
 ¶ thinks me ungrateful, let him refuse
 ¶ his services when I ask them. If I
 ¶ have disowned any one, let him re-
 ¶ nounce me in his turn; and let him
 ¶ who has found me cruel, abandon
 ¶ me in my distress: this fierce basi-
 ¶ lisk, this ungrateful, cruel, superci-
 ¶ lious wretch, will neither seek, serve,
 ¶ own, nor follow you, in any shape
 ¶ whatever. If Chrysothom perished by
 ¶ the impatience of his own extrava-
 ¶ gant desire, why should my inno-
 ¶ cent reserve be inveighed against? If
 ¶ I have preserved my virginity in these
 ¶ deserts, why should he that loves me,
 ¶ wish to see me lose it among mankind?
 ¶ I have riches of my own, as you all
 ¶ know, and covet no man's wealth. I
 ¶ am free, and will not be subjected; I
 ¶ neither love nor hate any man; I do
 ¶ not cajole this one, nor teaze that, nor
 ¶ do I joke with one, or discourse with
 ¶ another; but amuse myself with the
 ¶ care of my goats, and the innocent
 ¶ conversation of the shepherdesses be-
 ¶ longing to the neighbouring villages.
 ¶ My desires are bounded by these
 ¶ mountains; or if my meditation sur-
 ¶ passes these bounds, it is only to con-
 ¶ template the beauty of the heavens,
 ¶ those steps by which the soul ascends
 ¶ to it's original mansion.' So saying,

without waiting for any reply, she turn-
 ed her back, and vanished into a thicket
 on a neighbouring mountain, leaving
 all that were present equally surprized
 with her beauty and discretion:

Some of the by-standers being wound-
 ed by the powerful shafts that were
 darted from her fair eyes, manifested an
 inclination to follow her, without avail-
 ing themselves of the ingenuous decla-
 ration they had heard; which being
 perceived by Don Quixote, who thought
 this a proper occasion for exercising
 his chivalry in defence of distressed
 damsels, he laid his hand upon the
 hilt of his sword, and in a lofty and
 audible voice, pronounced, ' Let no
 ' person of whatsoever rank or degree,
 ' presume to follow the beautiful Mar-
 ' cella, on pain of incurring my most
 ' furious indignation. She has demon-
 ' strated, by clear and undeniable ar-
 ' guments, how little, if at all, she is
 ' to be blamed for the death of Chry-
 ' sothom; and how averse she is to
 ' comply with the desires of any of her
 ' admirers; for which reason, instead
 ' of being pursued and persecuted, she
 ' ought to be honoured and esteemed by
 ' all virtuous men, as the only person
 ' in the universe, who lives in such a
 ' chaste and laudable intention.' Whe-
 ther it was owing to these menaces of
 the knight, or to the advice of Am-
 brose, who desired them to perform the
 last office to their deceased friend, not
 one of the shepherds attempted to stir
 from the spot, untill the grave being fi-
 nished, and the papers burnt, the body
 of poor Chrysothom was interred, not
 without abundance of tears shed by his
 surviving companions. The grave was
 secured by a large fragment of the rock
 which they rolled upon it, till such time
 as a tomb-stone could be made, under
 the direction of Ambrose, who was re-
 solved to have the following epitaph en-
 graved upon it,

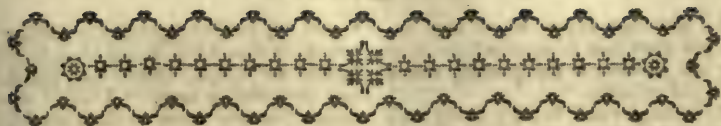
The body of a wretched swain,
 Kill'd by a cruel maid's disdain,
 In this cold bed neglected lies.
 He liv'd, fond hapless youth! to prove,
 Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
 Exerted in Marcella's eyes.

Having strewed the place with a pro-
 fusion of flowers and branches, every
 body present condoled, and took leave
 of the afflicted executor; and Don
 Quixote bade farewell to his kind land-
 lords,

lords, as well as to the travellers, who would have persuaded him to accompany them to Seville, which they said, was a city so well adapted for adventures, that they occurred in every street, nay, at the corner of every blind alley. Our hero thanked them most courteously for their advice, and the inclination they expressed to give him pleasure; but assured them, he neither could nor would set out for Seville, until he should have cleared these desarts of the robbers and banditti, of whom they were reported to be full.

The travellers seeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no farther, but, taking leave of him anew, pursued their journey, during which they did not fail to discuss the story of Marcella and Chrysotom, as well as the madness of Don Quixote; who, on his part resolved to go in quest of the shepherdes, and offer her all the service in his power; but this scheme did not turn out according to his expectation, as will be related in the course of this faithful history, the second book of which is here concluded.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



THE
ATC HIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT KNIGHT

D O N Q U I X O T E
D E L A M A N C H A.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

WHEREIN IS RECOUNTED THE UN-
LUCKY-ADVENTURE WHICH HAP-
PENED TO DON QUIXOTE, IN
MEETING WITH CERTAIN UN-
MERCIFUL YANGUESIANS.



HE sage Cid Hamet Ben-
nengeli relates, that Don
Quixote, having bid adieu
to his entertainers, and to
all who were present at the
funeral of the shepherd
Chrysothom, entered, with his squire,
the same wood to which Marcella had
retreated; where, when they had wan-
dered about upwards of two hours, with-
out seeing her, they chanced to find
themselves in a delightful spot, over-
grown with verdant grass, and watered
by a cool and pleasant stream; which
was so inviting as to induce them to stay
in it during the heat of the day, that
now began to be very sultry; the knight
and squire, therefore, dismounting, and
leaving the ass and Rozinante at plea-
sure to regale themselves with the rich
pasture, emptied their knapsack; and,
without any ceremony, attacked the
contents, which they eat together like
good friends, laying aside all vain dis-
tinction of master and man.

Sancho had been at no pains to tether

Rozinante; secure, as he thought, in
knowing him to be so meek and peace-
able, that all the mares in the meadows
of Cordova could not provoke his con-
cupiscence. Chance, however, or the
devil, who is not often found napping,
ordered it so, as that a drove of Galli-
cian fillies belonging to certain Yan-
guesian carriers, happened, at that very
instant, to be feeding in the same val-
ley; for, it being the custom of these
people to halt and refresh themselves and
their beasts in places where there is plen-
ty of water and grass, they could not
have lighted on a more convenient spot
than that where Don Quixote chanced
to be. It was then that Rozinante,
seized with an inclination to solace him-
self with some of those skittish females,
no sooner had them in the wind, than
deviating from his natural disposition
and accustomed deliberation, without
asking leave of his lord and master, he
went off at a small trot, to communi-
cate his occasions to the objects of his
desire. But they, it seems, more fond
of their pasture than of his addresses,
received him so uncivilly with their
hoofs and teeth, that, in a twinkling,
his girth was broke, his saddle kicked
off, and he himself remained in cuerpo.
But what he chiefly suffered was from
the carriers, who, seeing violence of-
fered to their mares, ran to their assist-
ance

ance with long slaves, which they exercised upon him so unmercifully, that he fell prostrate to the ground, almost battered to death.

The knight and Sancho seeing their steed thus bastinadoed, made all the haste they could to his rescue; the former addressing the latter in this manner; 'I perceive, friend Sancho, that these are no knights, but fellows of low degree and infamous descent: this particular I mention, because thou mayest now assist me in taking just vengeance upon them, for the injury they have done to Rozinante before my face.'— 'What a devil of vengeance can we pretend to take,' answered the squire, 'when they are more than twenty, and we but two? Nay, I believe, if it was put to the trial, no better than one and a half.'— 'I myself am worth an hundred of such vagabonds!' cried Don Quixote: and without uttering another syllable, he unsheathed his sword, and assaulted the Yanguescians, being seconded by Sancho, who suffered himself to be roused and encouraged by the example of his master: and, indeed, the knight lent the first he met with such a hearty stroke, as laid open a leather jacket he wore, together with a large portion of his shoulder.

The carriers seeing themselves thus maltreated by two men only, took the benefit of their numbers, and ran to sustain one another with their staves; then surrounding the two assailants, began to drum upon their carcases with infinite eagerness and dexterity. True it is, at the second application, Sancho fell to the earth; a misfortune that also happened to his master; who, in spite of all his own address, together with the assistance of his good friend, soon found himself stretched at the feet of Rozinante, who had not as yet been able to rise: from whence we may learn what furious execution is often done by packstaves, when managed by the hands of such enraged clowns.

The carriers perceiving the havoc they had made, thought proper to load again with all dispatch, and pursue their journey, leaving our adventurers in miserable plight and doleful dilemma. The first that recovered the use of his senses was Sancho Panza; who, finding himself laid along by the side of his master, pronounced, with a weak and lamentable voice, 'Sir Don Quix-

ote! ah, Sir Don Quixote!'— 'What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho?' replied the knight, in the same feeble and complaining tone, 'I wish,' resumed Sancho, 'your worship would, if it be possible, comfort me with a couple of gulps of that same balsam made by fairy Blas, if you have got any of it about you: perhaps it may be serviceable in bruises and broken bones, as well as in wounds and running sores.'— 'Would to God I had it here, unfortunate wight that I am!' cried Don Quixote; 'but I swear to thee, Sancho, on the faith of a knight-errant, that ere two days pass, if some mischievous accident does not intervene, I will have it in my possession, if my hands do not very much mis-give me.'— 'In how many days does your worship think we shall be able to move our feet?' said the squire. 'With regard to myself,' answered the battered knight, 'I really cannot fix any number of days; but this I know, that I alone am to blame for what has happened, in condescending to use my sword against antagonists who were not dubbed and knighted like myself. I therefore firmly believe, that as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry, the God of battles hath permitted me to receive this disgraceful chastisement; for which reason, brother Sancho, it is proper that thou shouldst be apprized of what I am going to say, as it may be of great importance to the safety of us both: whenever thou shalt see us insulted or aggrieved for the future, by such rascally scum, thou shalt not wait for my drawing upon them, for I will in no shape meddle with such unworthy foes; but lay thy hand upon thy sword, and with thy own arm chastize them to thy heart's content; but should any knights make up to their defence and assistance, then shall I know how to protect thee, and assault them with all my might; and thou art already convinced, by a thousand amazing proofs, how far extends the valour of this my invincible arm.' So arrogant was the poor knight become by his victory over the valiant Biscayan.

This wholesome advice, however, was not so much relished by Sancho, but that he replied, 'Sir, I am a quiet, meek, peaceable man, and can digest any injury, be it never so hard; for I have

‘ have a wife and small children to maintain and bring up: wherefore, let me also apprise, (since I cannot lay my commands upon) your worship, that I will in no shape whatever, use my sword against either knight or knave; and that henceforward, in the sight of God, I forgive all injuries past, present, or to come, which I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any person whatsoever, high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without exception to rank or circumstance.’

His master hearing this declaration, answered, ‘ I wish the grievous pain I feel in this rib would abate a little, so as that I could speak for a few moments with ease, and convince thee of thy damnable error, Panza. Hark ye me, sinner! suppose the gale of fortune, which hath been hitherto so adverse, should change in our favour, and swelling the sails of our desire, conduct us safely, without the least impediment, into the haven of some one of those islands which I have promised thee: what would become of thy wretched affairs, if after I had won and given it into thy possession, thou shouldst frustrate my intention, by thy lack of knighthood, ambition, valour and courage to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government? for I would have thee to know, that in all new-conquered kingdoms or provinces, the friends of their natural masters are never so quiet or reconciled to their new sovereign, as to dispel all fear of some fresh insurrection, to alter the government again, and, as the saying is, try fortune once more: it is therefore requisite that the new possessor should have understanding to govern, resolution to punish, and valour to defend himself, in case of any such accident.’

‘ In this last accident which hath befallen us,’ said Sancho, ‘ I wish the Lord had pleased to give me that same understanding and valour your worship mentions: but I protest, upon the word of a poor sinner, that I am at present more fit for a searchcloth than such conversation. See if your worship can make shift to rise, and then we will give some assistance to Rozinante, though it be more than he deserves; for he was the principal cause

of all this plaguy rib-roasting: never could I believe such a thing of Rozinante, who I always thought was as chaste and sober a person as myself; but this verifies the common remark, that you must keep company a long time with a man before you know him thoroughly; and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who could have thought that those huge back-strokes your worship dealt so heartily to the unlucky traveller, would be followed, as it were post-haste, by such a mighty tempest of blows, as just now discharged itself upon our shoulders.’—‘ Thy carcase, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ was formed for enduring such rough weather; but my limbs were tenderly nursed in soft wool and fine linen; and therefore must feel more sensibly the pain of this discomfiture; and if I did not believe (believe said I) if I were not certain, that all these inconveniencies are inseparably annexed to the exercise of arms, I would lie still where I am, and die with pure vexation.’

To this protestation the squire replied, ‘ Seeing these misfortunes are the natural crops of chivalry, pray good your worship, do they happen at all times of the year, or only fall at an appointed season; because, in my simple conjecture, two such harvests will leave us altogether incapable of reaping a third, if God, of his infinite mercy, will not be pleased to send us extraordinary succour.’—‘ Thou must know, friend Sancho,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ that the life of a knight-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and mishaps; but then he enjoys the self-same chance of being a king or emperor, as experience demonstrates to have been the case of divers and sundry knights, the history of whose lives I am perfectly well acquainted with; and I could now relate, if this pain would give me leave, the fortunes of some, who, by their valour alone, have risen to that supreme degree: and those very persons, both before and after their success, have undergone various calamities and afflictions; witness the valiant Amadis de Gaul, who saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the inchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that while the knight was his prisoner, he caused him to be bound to a pillar in

his court-yard, and gave him two hundred stripes with the reins of his horse's bridle. There is likewise a certain secret author of no small credit, who relates that the knight of the sun was caught in a trap in a certain castle, and falling found himself tied hand and foot in a deep dungeon below ground, where was administered unto him one of those things they call clysters, composed of sand and water, which had well-nigh cost him his life; and if he had not been succoured in that perilous conjuncture by a sage who was his good friend, the poor knight would have fared very ill. Wherefore what hath happened to me, may easily pass unheeded; among those much greater affronts that such worthy people have undergone: besides, I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is never reckoned an affront to be wounded by those instruments which are casually in the hands of our enemies; for it is expressly mentioned in the laws of duelling, that if a shoemaker beats a man with a last he has by accident in his hand, the man cannot properly be said to be cudgelled, although the said last was made of wood. This particular I mention, that thou mayest not suppose us affronted, although we have been mauled in this unlucky fray; for the weapons with which those men threshed us so severely, were no other than their own packstaves; and so far as I can remember, there was neither tuck, poignard, nor sword among them.

'They did not give me time,' answered Sancho, 'to make any such observation: for scarce had I laid my fingers upon my Toledo*, when there rained a shower of cudgels upon my poor shoulders, that banished the light from my eyes, and strength from my feet, and laid me flat upon the spot where I now lie, not so much concerned about thinking whether this drubbing be an affront or not, as about the intolerable pain of the blows, which remain imprinted upon my memory as well as upon my carcass.'—'Notwithstanding all this complaining,' said the knight, 'I aver, brother Sancho, that there is no

remembrance which time does not efface, nor pain that death does not remove.'—'And, pray, what greater misfortune can there be,' answered Sancho, 'than that which nothing but time can remove, or death put a stop to? If this mishap of ours were such as one as might be cured with a couple of snips of searcloth, it would not be altogether so vexatious; but so far as I can see, all the plaister of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us cleverly on our legs again.'

'Truce with thy reflections,' replied Don Quixote, 'and collecting strength out of weakness, as I will endeavour to do, let us rise and examine Rozinante's ease; for, in all appearance, the poor beast hath not suffered the least part of the misfortune.'—'That is not to be wondered at,' said the squire, 'he being a knight-errant also; but what surprizes me most is, that my dapple should get off without paying his score, when we are scored all over.'—'Destiny, when one door is shut, always leaves another open, is a resource in all calamities,' said Don Quixote: 'this I observe, because thy ass will now supply the place of Rozinante, and carry me from hence to some castle, where my wounds may be cured; more especially as such carriage will be no dishonour to chivalry; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, tutor and companion of the jolly god of mirth and wine, entered the city of the hundred gates, lolling at his ease upon a most comely ass.'—'It may be very true, that he rode upon an ass,' replied Sancho; 'but there is some difference, I apprehend, between riding, and lying across the beast like a bag of dirt.' To this observation the knight answered, 'Those wounds which are received in battle, may well give, but can never deprive one of honour: therefore, friend Sancho, do as I bid thee, without farther reply; get up as well as thou canst, and lay me upon dapple just as thou shalt find most convenient, that we may be gone before night comes to surprize us in this unrequented place.'

'And yet,' said Sancho, 'I have

* Tizona, which is the word in the original, is a romantick name given to the sword that belonged to Roderick Dias de Bivar the famous Spanish general against the Moors.

heard your worship remark, that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep upon commons and heaths the greatest part of the year; aye, and to be thankful for their good fortune in being able so to do.—‘Yes,’ said the knight, when they can do no better, or are in love; and this is so true, that there was a knight who lay upon a bare rock, exposed to the sultry noon and midnight damps, with all the inclemencies of the weather, during two whole years, before his mistress knew any thing of the matter: this was no other than Amadis, who, assuming the name of Beltenebros, took up his quarters upon the naked rock, for the space of either eight years, or eight months, I really do not remember which; only that he remained doing penance in that place, for some disgust shewn to him by his dame Oriana; but truce with this conversation, Sancho, and make haste, before such another accident can happen to thy beast, as that which hath already befallen Rozinante.’

‘Odds my life! that would be the devil, indeed!’ cried Sancho, who uttering thirty ah’s and sixty oh’s! together with a hundred and fifty ola’s! and curses upon him who had brought him to that pass, raised himself up, though he could not for his soul stand upright, but in spite of all his efforts, remained bent like a Turkish bow; and and in that attitude, with infinite labour, made shift to equip his ass, which had also gone a little astray, presuming upon the excessive licence of the time; he then lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, would certainly have surpassed both his master and Sancho in lamentation: in short, the squire disposed of Don Quixote upon the ass, to whose tail Rozinante was tied; then taking his own dapple by the halter, jogged on sometimes faster, sometimes slower, towards the place where he conjectured the high road to lie; and, indeed, they had not exceeded a short league, when by good luck, which now seemed to take the management of their affairs, they arrived at the highway, and discovered an inn, which, to Sancho’s great grief, was mistaken for a castle by the joyful knight. This difference of opinion began an obstinate dispute that lasted until they arrived at the place, into

which Sancho immediately conveyed his cargo, without farther expostulation.

CHAP. II.

THE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED
TO THIS SAGACIOUS KNIGHT AT
THE INN, WHICH HE MISTOOK
FOR A CASTLE.

THE innkeeper seeing Don Quixote laid athwart the ass, asked what was the matter? to which interrogation Sancho replied, ‘Nothing but a few bruises which my master has received in a fall from a rock in this neighbourhood.’ The landlady, who differed in disposition from most of your innkeepers wives, being naturally charitable and sympathizing with the calamities of her fellow-creatures, came running to the relief of the battered knight, and brought her daughter, who was a very handsome girl, to assist in taking care of her guest. There was in the same house a servant maid from the Asturias, remarkable for her capacious countenance, beetle-brow’d, flat-nosed, blind of one eye, and bleared in the other: true it is, the gentility of her shape made amends for her other defects; she was something short of seven hands from head to foot, and moreover incumbered so much by her shoulders, that she was obliged to contemplate the dust beneath her feet oftener than she could have wished.

This comely creature, with the assistance of the other damsel, made up a sort of sorry bed for our hero in a garret, which gave evident tokens of having been formerly an hay-loft, and in which at that time a certain carrier had taken up his quarters, in a bed of his own making, a little on one side our knight’s; and though his couch was composed of the pannels and furniture of his mules, it had greatly the advantage over Don Quixote’s, which consisted only of four rough boards, supported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a matras, so thin it might have passed for a quilt, and full of knots so hard as to be mistaken for pebble stones, had not the wool appeared through divers openings; with a couple of sheets made of bull’s hide, and a blanket so bare that you might have counted every thread, without losing one of the reckoning.

In this wretched bed, Don Quixote

having laid himself down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes (that was the Asturian's name) stood hard by holding a light: The landlady, in the course of her application, perceiving the knight's whole body black and blue, observed that those marks seemed rather the effects of drubbing than of a fall; but Sancho affirmed she was mistaken; and that the marks in question were occasioned by the knobs and corners of the rocks among which he fell. 'And now I think of it,' said he, 'pray, Madam, manage matters so as to leave a little of your ointment, for it will be needed, I'll assure you; my own loins are none of the soundest at present.'—'What, did you fall too?' said she. 'I can't say I did,' answered the squire, but I was so infected by seeing my master tumble, that my whole body aches as much as if I had been cudgelled without mercy.'—'That may very easily happen,' cried the daughter: 'I myself have often dreamed that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground; and, upon waking, have felt myself bruised and battered, as if I had actually got a great fall.'—'Ah, mistress!' replied the squire, 'here is the point; I, without dreaming at all, but on the contrary, being as broad awake as I am this precious minute, found almost as many marks upon my own shoulders, as you have observed upon those of my master Don Quixote.'—'What is the name of that knight?' said the Asturian. 'Don Quixote de La Mancha,' answered the squire: 'he is a knight-adventurer, and one of the greatest and most valiant that have been seen in this world for many ages.'—'And what is a knight-adventurer?' resumed the wench. 'Are you such a suckling as not to know that?' cried Sancho; 'well, I'll tell you, mistress of mine, a knight-adventurer is a thing, that before you count a couple, may be kicked and be crowned: to-day he is the most despicable and beggarly wretch upon earth, and to-morrow he will have a brace of kingdoms to bestow upon his squires.'—'Methinks,' said the landlady, 'seeing you apprehend to such a great man, you ought to be a count at least.'—'All in good time,' replied Sancho; 'we have not

been out a month in search of adventures, and have found none worth naming; besides, people sometimes go in quest of one thing, and meet with another: indeed, if my master Don Quixote gets well of this drubbing—fall, I mean, and I myself escape without being crippled, I won't barter my hopes for the best lordship in Spain.'

The knight having listened attentively to this whole conversation, sat up in his bed as well as he could, and taking his landlady by the hand, 'Believe me, beautiful lady,' said he, 'you may account yourself extremely happy in having within your castle my person as your guest; such a guest, that if I praise him not, it is on account of the common saying, that self-commendation is in effect self-dispraise. My squire, however, will intimate who I am; while I content myself with assuring you, that I will, to all eternity, preserve engraven upon the tablets of my memory the benevolence you this day vouchsafed unto me, that I may be grateful for the favour, as long as life shall remain. And, oh! that it pleased you, Heaven supreme, that love had not so vanquished and enslaved my heart to the triumphant eyes of the beautiful ingrate whom I now mention between my teeth, but that the charms of this amiable young lady could be the authors of my freedom.'

The good woman, her daughter, and the gentle Maritornes, were astonished at this rhapsody, which they understood as much as if it had been delivered in Greek; though they could easily comprehend, that the whole of it tended to compliment and proffers of service: as they were therefore altogether unaccustomed to such language, they gazed at him with admiration, as a person of a different species from other men; and having thanked him for his courtesy, in their rapier phrase, left him to his repose; while the Asturian Maritornes administered to Sancho, who had as much need of assistance as his master.

She and the carrier had made an assignation to divert themselves that night; nay, she had given her word that as soon as the company should be quiet, and her master and mistress asleep, she would visit him in the dark, and give him all the satisfaction he desired; and indeed

indeed it is recorded, for the honour of this good creature, that she never failed to perform her promises of that kind punctually, although they had been made in the midst of a heath, and out of the hearing of all evidence: for she valued herself much upon her gentility, and did not look upon it as any affront to be servant at an inn, because, she observed, disappointments and misfortunes had reduced her to that condition.

The bed of Don Quixote, which we have described so hard, so narrow, crazy, and uncomfortable, stood foremost, and exactly in the middle of this ruinous hay-loft; hard by had Sancho taken up his quarters upon a rush-mat, covered with a rug, which seemed to be manufactured of hemp, rather than wool; and last of all was the carrier's couch, composed, as we have already said, of the pannels and furniture of his two best mules; for he had no less than twelve plump, sleek, and notable beasts, being one of the richest carriers in Arevalo, according to the report of the author of this history, who makes particular mention of him, and says he knew him perfectly well; nay, some go so far as to affirm, that he was his distant relation: be this as it will, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a most curious historian, and punctual to admiration, as appears from what hath been related, which, though in itself mean and trivial, he would by no means pass over in silence. This ought to serve as an example to those important and weighty historians, who recount events so succinctly and superficially, that the reader can scarce get a smack of them; while the most substantial circumstances are left, as it were, in the inkhorn, through carelessness, ignorance, and malice. A thousand times blessed be the authors of *Tablante* and *Ricamonte*, and he that compiled that other book, in which are recounted the achievements of Count Tomillas! How punctually have they described the most minute particular!—But, to return to our story.

The carrier having visited his cattle, and given them their night's allowance, stretched himself upon his pannels, in expectation of the most faithful Maritornes; while Sancho, plastered all over, and huddled up in his kennel, endeavoured with all his might to sleep; but the aching of his ribs would by no means allow him to enjoy that satisfac-

tion; and Don Quixote, for the same uncomfortable reason, lay like a hare, with his eyes wide open. A profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp stuck up in the passage; and this wonderful quiet, together with those reflections which always occurred to our knight, relating to the events continually recorded in the books of chivalry, that first disordered his understanding; I say, those reflections suggested to his fancy one of the strangest whims that ever entered a man's imagination. This was no other than a full persuasion that he was arrived at some famous castle; for, as we have before observed, all the inns he lodged at seemed castles to him; and that the landlord's daughter was the governor's only child, who, captivated by his genteel appearance, was become deeply enamoured of him, and had actually promised to come, without the knowledge of her parents; and pass the best part of the knight in bed with him. Believing, therefore, this chimera (which was the work of his own brain) to be a firm and undoubted fact, he began to reflect with extreme anxiety upon the dangerous dilemma into which his virtue was like to be drawn; and resolved in his heart to commit no treason against his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso; even though Queen Ginebra herself, and the Lady Quintaniona should make him a tender of their favours.

While his mind was engrossed by these extravagant fancies, the hour of assignation arrived, and an unlucky hour it was for him, when the kind Asturian, barefoot and in her smock, having her hair tucked up under a fustian night-cap, entered the apartment in which the three guests were lodged, and with silence and caution directed her steps towards the nest of her beloved carrier. But scarce had she got within the door, when her approach was perceived by our knight, who, sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plasters and the aching of his ribs, stretched forth his arms to receive this beautiful young lady, who, on her part holding in her breath, moved softly on her tiptoes, groping her way with her hands before her.

While she thus crept along, in quest of her lover, she chanced to come within arms-length of Don Quixote, who laid fast hold of her by the wrist, and without her daring to speak a syllable, pulled

pulled her towards him, and made her sit down upon his bed; he then felt her smock, which, though made of the coarsest canvas, to him seemed a shift of the finest and softest lawn; the string of glass beads she wore about her wrist, in his apprehension, outshone the brightest oriental pearl: her hair, which bore some resemblance to a horse's mane, he mistook for threads of pure Arabian gold, that even eclipsed the splendor of the sun; and her breath, which doubtless smelt strong of broken meat and garlick, his fancy converted into an aromatick flavour, proceeding from her delicate mouth: in short, his imagination represented her in the same form and situation with that of a certain princess, recorded in one of his books, who came to visit a wounded knight of whom she was enamoured; with all the other embellishments there described. Nay, such was the infatuation of this poor gentleman that he was not to be undeceived, either by the touch, the breath, or any other circumstance of this honest wench, though they were powerful enough to discompose the stomach of any body but a rampant carrier.

But our knight believed he folded in his arms the goddess of beauty, straining her in his embrace, began to pronounce, in a soft and amorous tone, 'Would to Heaven! I were so circumstanced, beautiful and high-born lady! as to be able to repay the transcendent favour bestowed upon me, in the contemplation of your amazing charms; but it hath pleased fortune, that never ceases to persecute the virtuous, to lay me upon this bed, so bruised and battered, that even if it was my desire to gratify yours, I should find it utterly impossible; how much more so, when that impossibility is linked to another still greater? I mean, the plighted faith I have vowed to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts: did not that consideration interpose, I should not be such a simple knight, as to let slip this happy occasion which your benevolence hath tendered to my choice.'

Maritornes, sweating with vexation to find herself thus pinioned, as it were, by the knight, whose discourse she neither heeded nor understood; endeavoured without answering a syllable, to disengage herself from his embrace: while the honest carrier, whose lewd desires

kept him awake, and made him perceive his doxy from the moment she entered, listened attentively to every thing that Don Quixote said; and being jealous that the Asturian had broke her promise to him, in order to keep it with another, crept nearer the bed of his rival, to wait the issue of this rhapsody, the meaning of which he could not comprehend: observing, however, that the wench struggled to get loose, and that the knight endeavoured to detain her, he could not relish the joke, but lifting his arm on high, discharged such a terrible blow on the lanthorn-jaws of the enamoured Don, as bathed his whole countenance in blood; and not satisfied with this application, jumped upon his ribs, and travelled over his whole carcase, at a pace somewhat exceeding that of a brisk trot, until the bed, which was none of the strongest, either in materials or foundation, unable to sustain the additional weight, sunk to the ground with both; and made such a hideous noise in it's fall, as waked the inn-keeper, who immediately concluded that Maritornes was concerned in the adventure, because she made no answer when he called.

On this supposition he arose, and lighting a candle, went directly to the place where he had heard the scuffle: meanwhile, the poor wench, confused and affrighted at the approach of her master, who was a fellow of a most savage disposition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza, who slept in spite of all this din, and nestling in beside him, wound herself up like a ball, and lay snug. The landlord now entered the apartment, and crying with a loud voice, 'Where have you got, strumpet? to be sure these must be your jade's tricks, with a vengeance.' Sancho started, and feeling a prodigious weight upon him, thought he was labouring under the night-mare; and beginning to lay about him on all sides, chanced, in course of his efforts, to bestow divers cuffs on Maritornes, who feeling herself thus belaboured, forgot the care of her reputation, and returned the squire's compliments so heartily, that sleep forsook him whether he would or not: without knowing the person who treated him so roughly, he raised himself up, as well as he could, and going to loggerheads with Maritornes, a most furious and diverting skirmish ensued.

By this time, the carrier perceiving, by the light the situation of his mistress, ran to her assistance; and the landlord followed the same course, though with a very different intention, namely, to chastise the maid; being fully persuaded, that she was the sole cause of all this uproar; and so, as the saying is, the cat to the rat, the rat to the rope, the rope to the gallows. The carrier drummed upon Sancho, Sancho struck at the maid, the maid pummeled him, the inn-keeper disciplined her; all of them exerting themselves with such eagerness that there was not one moment's pause. But, to crown the joke, the landlord's candle went out, and the combatants being left in the dark, such a circulation of blows ensued, that wheresoever the fist fell, there the patient was disabled.

There chanced to lodge at the inn that night, a trooper belonging to the ancient holy brotherhood of Toledo, who also hearing the strange noise of this fray, arose, and seizing his tipstaff, together with the tin-box that contained his commission, entered the apartment in the dark, calling aloud, 'Keep the peace, in the king's name; keep the peace, in the name of the holy brotherhood.' The first he encountered was the forlorn Don Quixote, who lay insensible on his demolished bed; with his face uppermost; so that groping about, he happened to lay hold of his beard, and cried, 'Assist, I charge you, the officers of justice:' but perceiving that the person he held, neither stirred nor spoke, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within were the assassins. In this persuasion he raised his voice, crying, 'Shut the gates of the inn, that none may escape, for here is a man murdered.' The exclamation, which astonished them all, was no sooner heard, than every one quitted his share in the battle; the landlord retreated to his own chamber, the carrier sneaked to his panners, and the damsel to her straw: while the unfortunate knight and squire were left on the spot, unable to move from the places where they lay. The trooper letting go the beard of Don Quixote, went out for a light to search for and apprehend the delinquents; but in this design he was disappointed; the landlord having purposely extinguished the lamp, when he retired to his apart-

ment: so that he was obliged to have recourse to the embers, at which, with great industry and time, he made shift to light another candle.

CHAP. III.

CONTAINING THE SEQUEL OF THOSE INCREDIBLE GRIEVANCES WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, AND HIS TRUSTY SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA, UNDERWENT AT THE INN, WHICH, FOR THEIR MISFORTUNE, THE KNIGHT MISTOOK FOR A CASTLE.

ABOUT this time, Don Quixote recovering the use of his tongue, began to call in the same feeble tone with which he spoke the preceding day, when he lay stretched in the pack-staff valley, 'Art thou asleep, friend Sancho?' 'cho?' friend Sancho, art thou asleep?' — 'God's my life!' replied Sancho, full of peevishness and pain, 'how should I be asleep, seeing all the devils in hell have been upon me this whole night?' — 'That thou mayest assure thyself of,' answered the knight: 'for either I understand nothing at all, or this castle is enchanted. Thou must know, Sancho, (but what I am going to disclose to thee, thou shalt swear to keep secret till after my death.)' — 'I do swear,' said Sancho. 'This secrecy I insist upon,' replied his master, 'because I would by no means take away the reputation of any person.' — 'Well then,' cried the squire, 'I swear to keep it secret till the days of your worship be past and gone; and God grant that I may be at liberty to reveal it to-morrow.' — 'Have I done you so much mischief, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that you wish to see me dead so soon?' — 'It is not for that,' replied the squire, 'but because I am an enemy to all secrets, and would not have any thing rot in my keeping.' — 'Be that as it may,' said the knight, 'I will trust greater things to thy love and fidelity. Know, therefore, that this very night I have been engaged in a most rare and wonderful adventure; which, that I may briefly relate, take notice, that a little while ago, I was visited by the constable's daughter, than whom a more beautiful and gracious young lady is scarce

‘ scarce to be found on this terraqueous globe. How shall I paint to thee the comeliness of her person? how delineate the acuteness of her understanding? or, how shall I describe those mysterious charms, which, that I may preserve the fealty I have sworn to my own sovereign mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, I must pass over in sacred silence? I shall only tell thee, that Heaven itself was jealous of the happiness which fortune had put into my power; or, perhaps, which is more probable, this castle, as I have already observed, is enchanted: for, while I was engaged with her in a most delightful and amorous conversation, an unseen hand, belonging, doubtless, to the arm of some monstrous giant, descended, I know not whence, upon my jaws, leaving my whole face bathed in gore; and afterwards bruised me in such a manner, that I am infinitely worse than I was yesterday, when the carriers maltreated us, as thou knowest, for the excesses of Rozinante; from whence I conjecture, that the treasure of this fair damsel’s beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not destined for my possession.’— ‘ Nor for mine neither,’ cried Sancho; ‘ for I have been drubbed by five hundred Moors so unmercifully, that the pack-stave threshing was but cakes and gingerbread to what I now feel: so that I see no great cause you have to brag of that rare adventure, which has left us in this comfortable pickle. Indeed, your worship was not so badly off, because you had that same incomparable beauty in your arms; but what had I, except the hardest knocks, which, I hope, I shall ever feel in my born days? Cursed am I, and the mother that bore me; for though I neither am knight-errant, nor ever design to be one, the greatest part of the mischief that betides us for ever falls to my share.’— ‘ It seems, then, thou hast suffered too,’ said Don Quixote. ‘ Woe be unto me and my whole pedigree!’ cried Sancho; ‘ have I not been telling you so all this time?’— ‘ Give thyself no concern about that matter,’ answered the knight, ‘ for now I am determined to prepare that precious balsam, which will cure us both in the twinkling of an eye.’

About this time the officer of the holy brotherhood, having made shift to light his candle, came back to examine the person whom he supposed murdered; and Sancho, seeing him approach in his shirt and woollen night-cap, with a very unfavourable aspect, and a light in his hand, said to his master, ‘ Pray, Sir, is that the enchanted Moor returned to spend the last drop of his vengeance upon us?’— ‘ That cannot be the Moor,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ for enchanters never suffer themselves to be seen.’— ‘ If they won’t allow themselves to be seen,’ cried the squire, ‘ they make no bones of letting themselves be felt; that my shoulders can testify.’— ‘ And mine too,’ said the knight; ‘ but we have no sufficient reason to believe, that he whom we now see is the enchanted Moor.’

Meanwhile, the trooper drawing near, and hearing them talk so deliberately, remained some time in suspense; then observing Don Quixote, who still lay on his back, unable to stir, on account of his bruises and plaisters, he went up to him, saying, ‘ How do’st do, honest friend?’— ‘ I would speak more submissively,’ answered the knight, ‘ were I such a plebeian as you. Is that the language used in this country to knights-errant, you blockhead?’ The officer, finding himself treated with so little ceremony, by such a miserable wight, could not bear the reproach, but lifting up his lamp, oil and all, discharged it upon Don Quixote’s pate, which suffered greatly in the encounter; and the light being again extinguished, slipped away in the dark. Things being in this situation, ‘ Sir,’ said Sancho Panza, ‘ without doubt, that was the enchanted Moor, who keeps the treasure for other people, and the fifty-cuffs and lamp-leavings for us.’— ‘ It must be so,’ replied the knight; ‘ but we must not mind those affairs of enchantment so much, as to let them ruffle or inflame us; because, they being invisible and fantastical, do what we can we shall never be able to take vengeance upon the authors of them: get up, therefore, Sancho, if thou canst, and desire the constable of this castle to supply me with some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary; that I may prepare the salutiferous balsam, which,

* Literally, what is left in the bottom of his inkhorn.

‘ really,

‘really, I believe, I stand in great need of at present, for the wound which the phantom hath given me bleeds apace.’

Accordingly the squire made shift to rise, notwithstanding the intolerable aching of his bones; and creeping in the dark towards the innkeeper’s bed-chamber, happened to meet with the trooper, who stood listening, to know the intention of his adversary. ‘Signior,’ cried he, ‘whosoever you are, do us the benefit and favour to assist us with some rosemary, salt, wine, and oil; in order to cure one of the most mighty knights-errant upon earth, who lies in that bed, desperately wounded by the hands of an enchanted Moor that frequents this inn.’ The officer, hearing such an address, concluded that the man had lost his senses; and it being by this time dawn, opened the inn-gate, and calling to the landlord, told him what this honest man wanted. The innkeeper having provided Sancho with the ingredients, he immediately carried them to his master; who lay holding his head between his two hands, and complaining very much of the effect of the lamp; which, however, had done no farther damage than that of raising a couple of large tumours upon his pate; that which he took for blood being no other than sweat forced out by the anguish and pain he had undergone. In short, he made a composition, by mixing the materials together, and boiling them a good while, until he found he had brought the whole to a due consistence: then he asked for a phial to contain the balsam; but as there was none in the house, he resolved to cork it up in a tin oil-flask, of which the landlord made him a present. Which being done, he repeated over it more than fourscore pater-nosters, with the like number of ave-maria’s, salve’s and credo’s, accompanying every word with the sign of the cross, by way of benediction: and this whole ceremony was performed in presence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and officer; the carrier having very quietly gone to take care of his beasts.

This precious balsam being thus composed, the knight was determined to make instant trial of the efficacy with which he imagined it endued; and accordingly swallowed about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot; after the oil-flask was full; which had scarce got

down his throat, when he began to vomit in such a manner, as left nothing in his stomach; and a most copious sweat breaking out upon him; in consequence of the violent operation, he desired they would wrap him up warm, and leave him to his repose. They complied with his request, and he fell into a profound sleep that lasted three hours; at the end of which awaking, he found himself exceedingly refreshed, and so well recovered of his bruises, that he seemed perfectly well; and implicitly believed that he had now made sure of the balsam of Fierabras; which, while he possessed, he might, with the utmost confidence and safety, engage in the most perilous quarrels, combats, and havock, that could possibly happen.

Sancho Panza seeing his master recovered to a miracle, begged he would bestow upon him the sediment of the pot, which was no small quantity: and his request being granted, he laid hold of it with both hands, and setting it to his head, drank off, with strong faith and eager inclination, almost as much as his master had swallowed before. But the poor squire’s stomach chanced to be not quite so delicate as that of the knight; and therefore, before he could discharge a drop, he suffered such pangs and reachings, such qualms and cold sweats, that he verily believed his last hour was come; and in the midst of his wamblings and affliction cursed the balsam and the miscreant that made it. Don Quixote perceiving his situation, said, ‘I believe that all this mischief happens to thee, Sancho, because thou art not a knight; for I am persuaded, that this liquor will be of service to none but such as are of the order of knighthood.’—‘If your worship knew so much,’ cried Sancho, ‘woe be unto me and my whole generation! why did you allow me to taste it?’

At this instant the potion began to operate, and the poor squire to unload at both ends with such fury, that the mat upon which he had thrown himself, and the sheet that covered him, were soon in a woeful pickle: he sweated and shivered with such violent motions and fits, that not only he himself, but every body present, thought he would have given up the ghost.

This tempest of evacuation lasted near two hours; at the expiration of which, he found himself far from being relieved

like his master, but, on the contrary, so much fatigued that he was not able to stand. The knight, as we have already observed, finding himself in good health and excellent spirits, longed fervently to depart in quest of adventures, thinking every minute he spent in that place was an injury to the world in general, and to those miserable objects who wanted his favour and protection; especially as he was now in possession of the certain means of safety and confidence, in that efficacious balsam he had made. Prompted by these suggestions, he himself saddled Rozinante, and with his own hands put the pannel upon the beast of the squire, whom he also assisted in getting on his cloaths, and mounting his ass. He then bestrode his own steed; and laying hold of a pitchfork that stood in the corner of the yard, appropriated it to the use of a lance; while all the people in the house, exceeding twenty persons, beheld him with admiration: the landlord's daughter being among the spectators, he fixed his eyes upon her, and from time to time uttered a profound sigh, which seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his bowels; and which, in the opinion of all those who had seen him anointed over night, was occasioned by the aching of his bones.

He and his squire being by this time mounted, he halted at the gate, and calling to the innkeeper, pronounced, in a grave and solemn tone, 'Numerous and mighty are the favours, Sir Constable, which I have received in this castle of yours; and I shall think myself under the highest obligation to retain a grateful remembrance of your courtesy all the days of my life. If I can make you any return, in taking vengeance on some insolent adversary, who hath, perhaps, aggrieved you; know, that it is my pro-

vince and profession to assist the helpless, avenge the injured, and chastise the false: recollect, therefore; and if you have any boon of that sort to ask, speak the word; I promise, by the order of knighthood which I have received, that you shall be righted and redressed to your heart's content.'

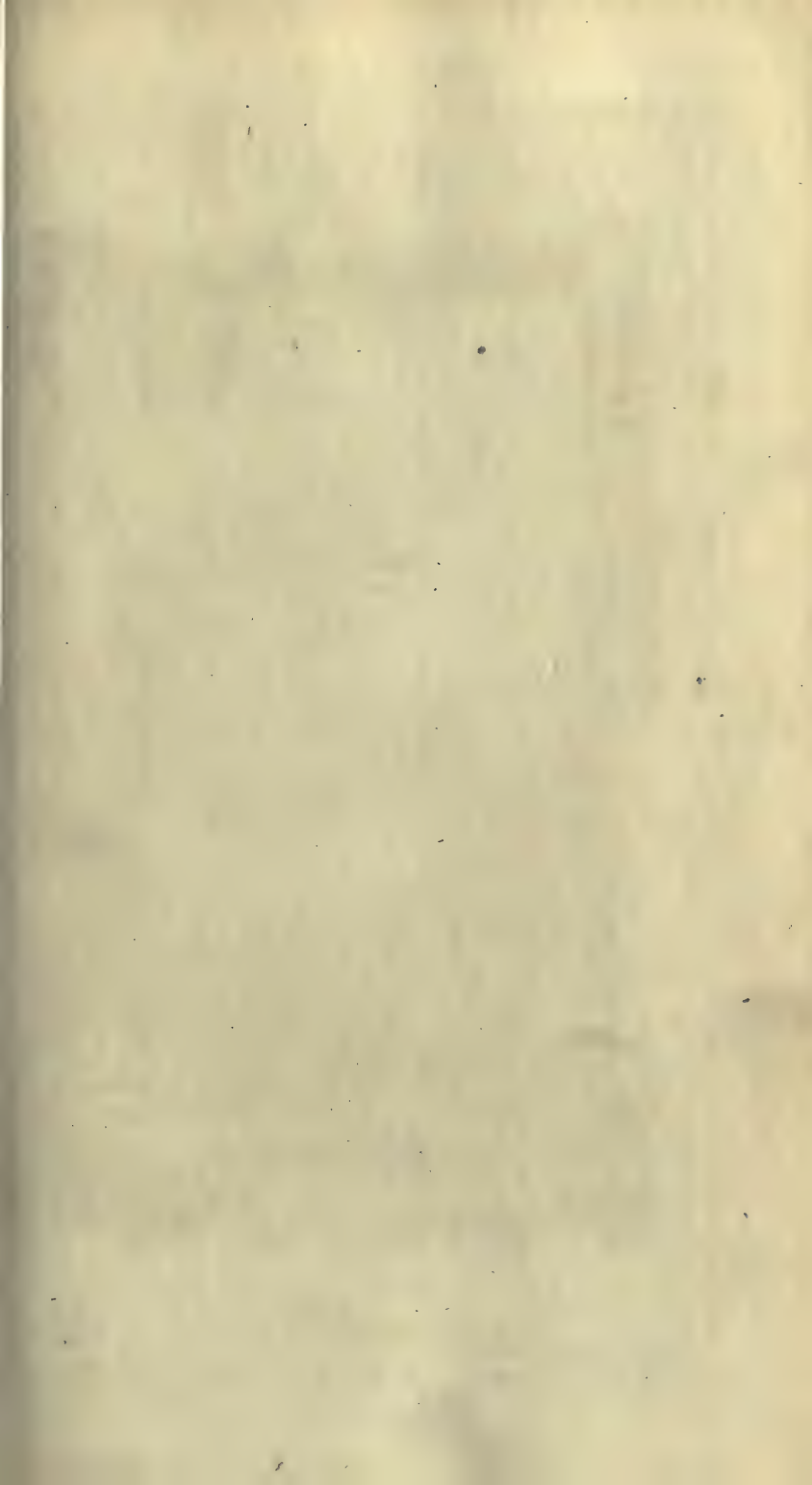
— 'Sir knight,' replied the innkeeper, with the same deliberation, 'I have no occasion for your worship's assistance, to redress any grievance of mine; for I know how to revenge my own wrongs when I suffer any: all I desire is, that you will pay the score you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourself and servant.' — 'It seems, then, this is an inn,' answered the knight. 'Aye, and a well-respected one,' said the landlord. 'I have been in a mistake all this time,' resumed Don Quixote, 'for I really thought it was a castle; and that none of the meanest neither: but since it is no other than a house of publick entertainment, you have nothing to do but excuse me from paying a farthing; for I can by no means transgress the custom of knights-errant, who, I am sure, as having read nothing to the contrary*, never paid for lodging nor any thing else, in any inn or house whatsoever, because they had a right and title to the best of entertainment, in recompence for the intolerable sufferings they underwent, in seeking adventures by night and by day, in winter as well as summer, on foot and on horseback, exposed to hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, and to all the inclemencies of heaven, as well as the inconveniencies of earth.' — 'All this is nothing to my purpose,' said the innkeeper; 'pay me what you owe, and save all your idle tales of knight-errantry for those who will be

* Don Quixote seems in this place to have forgot one adventure of his great pattern, Orlando, who, while he accompanied Angelica in her flight from Albracca, happened to intrude upon the king of the Lestrignons, as he sat at dinner in a valley; and being in great want of victuals, accorded his most savage majesty in these words, recorded by Boyardo, or rather Berni, in his poem intituled Orlando Innamorato.

*Poichè fortuna a quest'ora ne mena
Da voi, vi prego, che non vi dispiaccia,
O pe' nostri dan-ri o in corezza,
Che noi cenium con voi di compagna.*

Thus humbly requesting, that he would either for love or money give them a bone to pick.

amused





‘amused with them; for my own part, I mind no tale but that of the money I take.’—‘You are a saucy publican, and a blockhead to boot,’ cried Don Quixote; who, putting spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his pitchfork, sallied out of the inn without opposition; and was a good way off before he looked behind to see if he was followed by his squire.

The landlord, seeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to seize Sancho; who told him, that since his master had refused to discharge the bill, he must not expect any money from him, who being the squire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his master, bound by the same laws to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this answer, threatened, if he would not pay him, to indemnify himself in a manner that should not be so much to the squire’s liking: but Panza swore by the laws of chivalry his master professed, that he would not pay a doit, though it should cost him his life; for he was resolved that the honourable and ancient customs of knight-errantry should not be lost through his misbehaviour; neither should those squires, who were to come into the world after him, have occasion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of so just a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho’s evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night in the house, four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great square of Cordova, and a couple of shopkeepers from the market-place of Seville; all of them brisk jolly fellows, and mischievous wags. These companions, as if they had been inspired and instigated by the same spirit, came up to the squire, and pulled him from his ass; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord’s bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting up their eyes, perceived the roof was too low for their purpose; therefore determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other ceiling than the sky: there placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him on high, and divert themselves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries uttered by this miserable vaulter, were so piercing as to reach the ears of his master, who halting to listen the more

attentively, believed that some new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognized the shrieks of his squire; he immediately turned his horse, and with infinite straining, made shift to gallop back to the inn; but finding the gate shut, rode round in search of some other entrance; and when he approached the yard-wall, which was not very high, perceived the disagreeable joke they were practising upon his squire, who rose in the air, and sunk again with such grace and celerity, that if his indignation would have allowed him, I verily believe the knight himself would have laughed at the occasion. He attempted to step from his horse upon the wall, but was so bruised and battered, that he could not move from his seat; and therefore, situated as he was, began to vent such a torrent of reproachful and opprobrious language against Sancho’s executioners, that it is impossible to repeat the half of what he said. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diversion, nor gave the least truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatened by turns, as he flew. Indeed, nothing of this sort either could or did avail him, until leaving off, out of pure weariness, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great coat, and set him on his ass again. The compassionate Maritornes seeing him so much fatigued, thought he would be the better for a draught of water, which, that it might be the cooler, she fetched from the well; and Sancho had just put the mug to his lips, when his draught was retarded by the voice of his master, who cried aloud, ‘Son Sancho, drink not water, drink not that which will be the occasion of thy death, my son; behold this most sacred balsam,’ holding up the cruse of potion in his hand, ‘two drops of which will effectually cure thee.’ At these words the squire eyed him, as it were, askance, and in a tone still more vociferous, replied, ‘Perchance your worship has forgot that I am no knight; or may be, you want to see me vomit up all the entrails I have left, after last night’s quandary. Keep your liquor for yourself, and may all the devils in hell give you joy of it; and leave me to my own discretion!’ He had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to swallow; and perceiving at the first draught, that the cordial was no other than wa-

ter, he did not chuse to repeat it; but desired Maritornés to bring him some wine. This request she complied with very cheerfully, and paid for it with her own money; for it was reported of her, that although she was reduced to that low degree in life, she actually retained some faint sketches and shadows of the Christian.

Sancho having finished his draught, clapped heels to his ass, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, sallied forth very well satisfied with having got off without paying any thing, although he had succeeded at the expence of his shoulders, which were indeed his usual sorities. True it is, the landlord had detained his bags for the reckoning; but these Sancho did not miss in the confusion of his retreat. As soon as he was clear of the house, the innkeeper would have barricadoed the gate, had he not been prevented by the blanket companions, who were of that sort of people, who would not have valued Don Quixote a farthing, even if he had been actually one of the knights of the round-table.

CHAP. VI.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHE PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE; WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WORTHY OF RECORD.

SANCHE made shift to overtake his master, so haggard and dismayed, that he was scarce able to manage his beast: and when the knight perceived his melancholy situation, 'Honest Sancho,' said he, 'I am now convinced beyond all doubt, that this castle or inn is enchanted; for those who made such a barbarous pastime of thy sufferings, could be no other than phantoms and beings belonging to the other world. I am confirmed in this opinion, from having found, that while I was by the wall of the yard, a spectator of the acts of thy mournful tragedy, I could neither climb over to thy assistance, nor in-

deed move from Rozinante, but was fixed in the saddle by the power of enchantment; for I swear to thee, by the faith of my character! if I could have alighted from my steed, and surmounted the wall, I would have revenged thy wrongs in such a manner, that those idle miscreants should have remembered the jeff to their dying day: although I know, that in so doing, I should have transgressed the laws of chivalry, which, I have often told thee, do not allow a knight to lift his arm against any person of an inferior degree, except in defence of his own life and limbs, or in cases of the most pressing necessity.'—'So would I have revenged myself,' said Sancho, 'knighted or not knighted; but it was not in my power; though I am very well satisfied that those who diverted themselves at my cost were no phantoms, nor enchanted beings, as your worship imagines, but men made of flesh and bones, as we are, and all of them have Christian names, which I heard repeated, while they tossed me in the blanket; one, for example, is called Pedro Martinez, another Tenoño Hernandez, and the innkeeper goes by the name of Juan Palameque the left-handed; and therefore, Signior, your being disabled from alighting and getting over the wall, must have been owing to something else than enchantment. What I can clearly discern from the whole is, that these adventures we go in search of, will, at the long run, bring us into such misventures, that we shall not know our right hands from our left; and therefore, in my small judgment, the best and wholesomest thing we can do, will be to jog back again to our own habitation now, while the harvest is going on, to take care of our crops, and leave off sauntering from post to pillar*, and falling out of the frying-pan into the fire, as the saying is.'

'How little art thou acquainted, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'with the pretensions of chivalry! hold thy tongue and have patience; for the day will soon arrive on which thy own eyes shall judge what an honourable profession it is: pray, tell me, now,

* In the original, from Ceca to Mecca; a phrase derived from the customs of the Moors, who used to go in pilgrimage to these two places. Ceca was in the city of Cordova.

‘ what greater satisfaction can there be in this world, or what pleasure can equal that of a conqueror, who triumphs over his adversary in battle? None, sure!’—‘ That may be,’ answered the squire, ‘ though I know nothing of the matter. This only I know, that since we have taken up the trade of knights-errant, your worship I mean, for as to my own part I have no manner of title to be reckoned in such an honourable list, we have not gained one battle, except that with the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear, and the loss of one side of your helmet: from that day to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling, pummelling upon pummelling; except the advantage I have had over your worship, in being tossed in a blanket by enchanted Moors, whom I cannot be revenged of, in order to know how pleasant a pastime it is to overcome one’s enemy, as your worship observes.’—‘ That is the very grievance, Sancho, under which both you and I labour,’ said Don Quixote: ‘ but, for the future, I will endeavour to procure a sword tempered with such masterly skill, that he who wears it shall be subject to no kind of enchantment; and who knows but accident may furnish me with that which Amadis possessed, when he stiled himself the knight of the flaming sword; and truly it was one of the most excellent blades that ever a warrior unsheathed; for, besides that sovereign virtue it contained, it cut keen as a razor, and no armour, though ever so strong or enchanted, could stand before it’s edge.’—‘ I am so devilishly lucky,’ said Sancho, ‘ that if the case was really so, and your worship should light on that same sword, it would, like the precious balsam, be of no service or security to any but your true knights; and we that are squires might sing for sorrow.’—‘ Thou must not be afraid of that,’ replied the knight; ‘ Heaven will surely deal more mercifully with thee.’

In such conversation, Don Quixote and his squire jogged along, when the former descriing on the road in which they travelled, a large and thick cloud of dust rolling towards them, turned to Sancho, saying, ‘ This, O Sancho, is

‘ the day that shall manifest the great things which fortune hath in store for me! This, I say, is the day on which the valour of this arm shall be displayed as much as upon any other occasion; and on which I am resolved to perform deeds that shall remain engraven on the leaves of fame to all posterity! Seest thou that cloud of dust before us? The whole of it is raised by a vast army, composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching this way.’—‘ By that way of reckoning, there must be two,’ said Sancho, ‘ for right over against it there is just such another.’ Don Quixote immediately turned his eyes, and perceiving Sancho’s information to be true, was rejoiced beyond measure; firmly believing that what he saw were two armies in full march to attack each other, and engage in the middle of that spacious plain; for every hour and minute of the day his imagination was engrossed by those battles, enchantments, dreadful accidents, extravagant amours, and rhodomontades, which are recorded in books of chivalry; and indeed every thing he thought, said, or did, had a tendency that way.

As for the dust he now saw, it was raised by two flocks of sheep which chanced to be driven from different parts into the same road, and were so much involved in this cloud of their own making, that it was impossible to discern them until they were very near. The knight affirmed they were armies with such assurance, that Sancho actually believed it, and said to his master, ‘ And pray now, good your worship, what must we do?’—‘ What,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ but assist and support that side which is weak and discomfited? Thou must know, Sancho, that yonder host which fronts us, is led and commanded by the mighty Emperor Alifanfaron, sovereign of the great island of Trapoban; and that other behind us belongs to his mortal enemy the king of the Garamanteans, known by the name Penrapolin with the naked arm, because he always goes to battle with the sleeve of his right-arm tucked up.’—‘ But why are those chieftains so mischievously inclined towards each other?’ said Sancho. ‘ The cause of their enmity,’ replied the knight, ‘ is this: Alifanfaron, who is a most outrage-

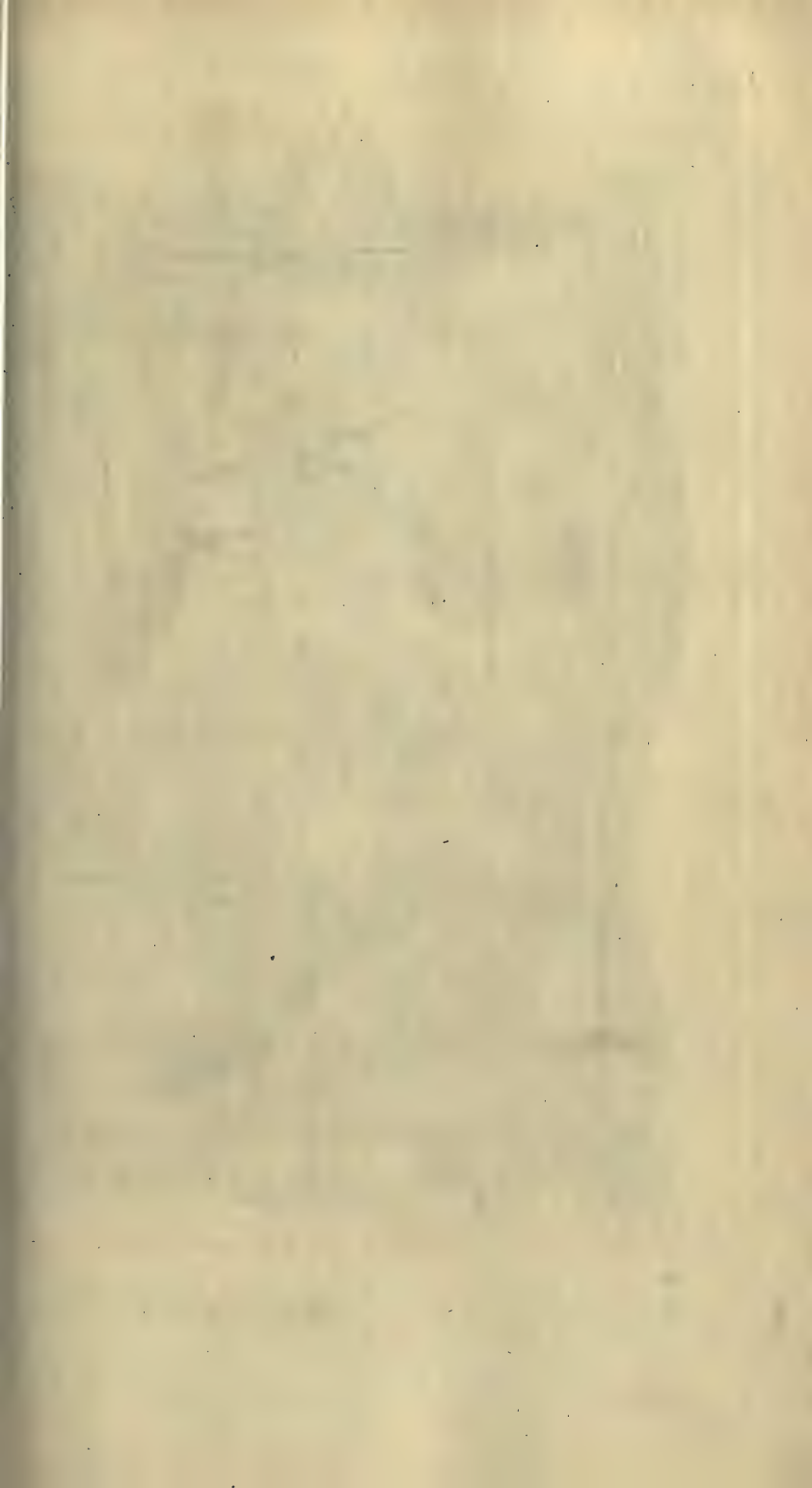
ous Pagan, is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, a most beautiful and courteous lady, who being a Christian, her father will by no means betroth her to the infidel prince, unless he shall first renounce the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and become a convert to the true faith.—'Now, by my whiskers!' cried Sancho, 'King Pentapolin is an honest man, and I am resolved to give him all the assistance in my power.'—'In so doing thou wilt perform thy duty, Sancho,' said his master; 'for to engage in such battles as these, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight.'—'That I can easily comprehend,' replied the other; 'but where shall we secure the ass, that we may be sure of finding him after the fray is over; for I believe it is not the fashion now-a-days, to go to battle on such a beast.'—'True,' said the knight, 'and I think the best way will be to leave him to his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of steeds, when once we have gained the victory, that Rozinante himself will run some risk of being exchanged for another: but observe and listen attentively; I will now give thee a detail of the principal knights that serve in these two armies; and that thou may'st see and mark them the better, let us retire to yon rising ground, from whence we can distinctly view the line of battle in both.' They accordingly placed themselves upon a hillock, whence they could easily have discerned the two flocks of sheep which Don Quixote metamorphosied into armies, had not the dust they raised confounded and obscured the view; but nevertheless, beholding in his imagination that which could not otherwise be seen, because it did not exist, he began to pronounce with an audible voice—

'That knight whom thou seest with yellow armour, bearing in his shield a lion crowned and crouching at the feet of a young lady, is the gallant Laucalco, lord of the silver bridge; that other beside him, who wears armour powdered with flowers of gold, and bears for his device three crowns argent in a field azure, is the amorous Micocolembo, Grand Duke of Quiracia; and he upon his right hand, with those gigantick limbs, is the ne-

ver to be daunted Brandabarbaran de Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabias, who comes armed with a serpent's skin, and, instead of a shield, brandishes a huge gate, which, it is said, belonged to the temple that Samson overthrew, when he avenged himself of his enemies at his death; but turn thine eyes, and behold in the front of this other army, the ever-conquering and never-conquered Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New-Biscay, whose arms are quartered azure, vert, argent, and or; and the device in his shield, a cat or, in a field gules, with the letters Miau, which constitute the beginning of his lady's name; and she, they say, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of Alfeniquen, Duke of Algarve; the other who loads and oppresses the loins of that fiery Arabian steed, with armour white as snow, and a shield without a device, is a novice knight of the French nation, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique; the third, who strikes his iron rowels into the flanks of that spotted nimble zebra*, is the potent Duke of Nerbia, esparta-filardo of the wood, who bears in his shield for a device, a bunch of asparagus, with an inscription signifying, "By destiny I am dogged."

In this manner did he invent names for a great many knights in either army, to all of whom also he gave arms, colours, mottos, and devices, without the least hesitation, being incredibly inspired by the fumes of a distempered fancy; nay, he proceeded without any pause, saying, 'That squadron forming in our front is composed of people of divers nations: there be those who drink the delicious waters of the celebrated Xanthus, with the mountaineers who tread the Masilican plains; and those who sift the purest golden ore of Arabia Felix; there also may be seen the people who sport upon the cool and famous banks of the translucent Thermodontes; and those who conduct the yellow Pactolus in many a winding stream; the promise-breaking Numidians; the Persians for their archery renowned; the Parthians and the Medes who combat as they fly; the Arabians famed for shifting habitations; the Scythians cruel as they are

* Zebra is a beautiful creature, native of Arabia, vulgarly called the wild ass.





fair; the thick-lipped race of Ethiopia; and an infinite variety of other nations, whose looks I know, and can discern, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron march those men who live in the crystal current of the olive-bearing Betis; those whose visages are cleaned and polished with the limpid wave of the ever rich and golden Tagus; those who delight in the salutiferous draughts of Genil the divine; those who scour the Tartesian fields that with fat pasture teem; those who make merry in the Elysian meads of Herezan; the rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy ears of corn; those clothed in steel the bold remains of ancient Gothick blood; those who bathe in Pisuerga, famous for its gentle current; those who feed their flocks upon the spacious meads of the meandring Guadiana, celebrated for its secret course; those who shiver with the chill blasts of the woody Pyrenees; and those who feel the snowy flakes of lofty Appenine: in fine, whatever nation Europe imbofoms and contains.'

Heaven preserve us! what provinces did he mention! what nations did he name! bestowing, with wonderful facility, those attributes that belonged to each; being all the while absorbed, and, as it were, immersed in the contents of his deceitful books. Sancho Panza listened attentively to his master, without uttering one syllable; and from time to time turned his eyes from one side to another to see if he could discern those knights and giants who were thus described: but not being able to discover one of them, 'Sir,' said he, 'your worship may say what you please, but the devil a man, giant, or knight, that you have mentioned, is there; at least I can see none: perhaps, indeed, the whole is enchantment, like the phantoms of last night.'—'How say'st thou?' replied Don Quixote, 'dost thou not hear the neighing of steeds, the sound of clarions, and noise of drums?'—'I hear nothing,' answered Sancho, 'but abundance of bleating of ewes and lambs.' And truly that was the case; for by this time the two flocks were pretty near them. 'Thy fear,' said Don Quixote, 'hinders thee from seeing and hearing aright: for one effect of terror is to disturb the senses, and make objects appear otherwise than they are:

if thou art therefore under such consternation, retire on one side, and leave me alone; for I myself am sufficient to bestow victory on that cause which I espouse.' So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and putting his lance in the rest, darted down from the hillock like lightning. In vain did Sancho bellow forth, 'Turn, Signior Don Quixote: good your worship, turn! so help me God, those are ewes and lambs you are going to attack! Woe be to the father that begot me! Will you not turn? What madness possesses you! Consider, here are no giants, nor knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered or whole, nor inverted azures, and the devils know what: was there ever such distraction? sinner that I am!'

The knight, however, did not regard this exclamation: on the contrary, he rode on, bawling aloud, 'So ho, knights! you that attend and serve under the banners of the valiant Emperor Pantapolin, with the naked arm, follow me in a body, and you shall behold how easily I will avenge him, on his adversary Alifanfaron, of Trapoban.' Having uttered these words, he rushed into the thickest of the squadron of sheep, and began to lay about him, with as much eagerness and fury, as if he had been actually engaged with his mortal enemies. The herdsmen and shepherds who were driving the flock, called to him to forbear; but finding their admonition had no effect, they ungirded their slings, and began to salute his ears with stones, the least of which was as large as an ordinary fist; but he, far from minding their missiles, rode about the field, crying, 'Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? face me if thou darest; I am but a single knight, who want to prove thy prowess hand to hand, and sacrifice thy life for the injury thou hast done to Pentapolin Garamanta.' Just as he pronounced these words, he received a pebble on his side, that seemed to have buried a couple of his ribs in his belly; and gave him such a rude shock, that he believed himself either dead or desperately wounded; then remembering his specifick, he pulled out the cruse, and setting it to his mouth, began to swallow the balsam; but before he had drank what he thought a sufficient dose, there came another such almond, so plump upon his hand and cruse,

cruse, that after having shivered the pot to pieces, it carried off in it's way three or four of his grinders, and shattered two of his fingers in a grievous manner : in short, so irresistible were both the applications, that the poor knight could not help tumbling from his horse. The shepherds immediately came up, and believing him actually dead, gathered together their flock with all imaginable dispatch ; and taking their dead, which might be about seven in number, upon their shoulders, made off without any farther inquiry.

All this time Sancho remained upon the hill, beholding, with amazement, the madness of his master, tearing his beard, and cursing the hour and minute on which it was his fate to know him : and now seeing him fallen, and the shepherds gone, he descended to his assistance, when finding him still sensible, though in a miserable situation, ' Did not I warn you, Signior Don Quixote,' said he, ' to turn; and assure you that those you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep?' — ' How strangely can that miscreant enchanter, who is my enemy, trans-mography things to thwart me? Know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for necromancers to make us assume what shapes they please; and the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, hath doubtless metamorphosed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep : but thou shalt do one thing, I intreat thee, Sancho, in order to be undeceived and convinced of the truth; mount thy ass, and follow them fair and softly ; and when they are at a convenient distance from hence, thou wilt see them return to their former shapes, and ceasing to be sheep, become men again, right and tight as I at first described them; but do not go at present, for I have occasion for thy service and assistance: come hither, and see how many teeth I have lost; methinks there is not one left in my whole jaw.'

Sancho accordingly approached so near as to thrust his eyes into his master's mouth, just at the time when the balsam began to operate in his stomach, which, with the force of a culverin, discharged it's contents full in the beard of the compassionate squire. ' Holy Virgin!' cried Sancho, ' what is this that hath befallen me? Without doubt,

' this poor sinner is mortally wounded, since he vomits blood.' But considering the case more maturely, he found by the colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam he had seen him drink : and such was the loathing he conceived at this recognition, that his stomach turned, and he emptied his bowels upon his master ; so that both of them remained in a handsome pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, for a towel to clean them, and some application for his master's hurt ; but when he missed his bags, he had well-nigh lost his senses; he cursed his fate again, and determined with himself to leave the knight, and return to his habitation, even though he should lose his wages for the time he had already served, as well as his hopes of governing the Island of Promise.

At this juncture Don Quixote arose, and clapping his left-hand to his cheek, in order to prevent his teeth from falling out, with the right laid hold of the bridle of Rozinante; who, like a faithful and affectionate servant, had never stirred from his master's side; and went up to the place where his squire stood, leaning upon his ass, with one hand applied to his jaw, in the posture of a person who is exceedingly pensive ; the knight perceiving him in this situation, with manifest signs of melancholy in his countenance, ' Know, Sancho,' said he, ' that one man is no more than another, unless he can do more than another. All those hurricanes that have happened to us prognosticate that we soon shall have fair weather, and that every thing will succeed to our wish: for it is impossible that either good or bad fortune should be eternal; and therefore it follows, that our adversity having lasted so long, our prosperity must be now at hand. Be not grieved then, at the misfortunes that happen to me, since no part of them falls to thy share.' — ' Not to my share!' answered Sancho; ' mayhap, then, he whom they tossed in the blanket yesterday was not the son of my father; and the bags that are lost to-day, with all the goods in them, belonged to some other person.' — ' What, hast thou lost the bags, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote. ' Yes, sure,' said the other. ' At that rate, then, we have no victuals to eat?' resumed the knight. ' That would certainly be the case,' answered the

the squire, 'if the meadows did not furnish those herbs you say you know with which unfortunate knights like your worship are wont to make up such losses.'—'Yes, but for all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I could at present relish a luncheon of brown bread, or a loaf, with a couple of red herrings, better than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with the annotations of Doctor Laguna; but, nevertheless, mount thy beast, honest Sancho, and follow me. God, who provides all things, will not be wanting to us; more especially as we are employed in his immediate service: he faileth not to provide for the gnats of the air, the insects of the earth, the spawn of the sea; and is so beneficent, as to cause the sun to shine upon the good and bad, and sendeth rain to the wicked as well as the righteous.'—'Your worship,' said Sancho, 'is more fit to be a preacher than a knight-errant.'—'Knights-errant,' replied his master, 'ever had, and ought to have, some knowledge of everything; nay, some there have been in times past, who would stop to make a sermon or discourse upon the highway, with as much eloquence as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from whence it may be inferred, that the lance was never blunted by the pen, nor the quill impeded by the lance.'—'What your worship observes may be very true,' said Sancho; 'but, in the mean time, let us leave this place, and endeavour to get a night's lodging in some house or other, where, God grant there may be neither blankets nor blanketéers, nor phantoms, nor enchanted Moors; else, may the devil confound both hook and crook!'—'Implore the protection of God, my son,' answered the knight, 'and lead me where thou wilt: for this once, I leave our lodging to thy care; but reach hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger how many teeth I have lost on this right side of my upper jaw, which is the place that gives me the greatest pain.' Sancho introduced his fingers, and having carefully examined his gums, 'How many teeth,' said he, 'was your worship wont to have in this place?'—'Four, besides the dog-

'tooth,' answered Don Quixote, 'all of them sound and whole.'—'Consider what your worship says,' replied Sancho. 'I say, four, if not five,' resumed the knight; 'for, in all my life, I never lost tooth or fang, either by worm, rheum, or scurvy.'—'At present,' said the squire, 'in that part of the lower jaw, your worship has but two grinders and a half; and above, neither half nor whole; all is smooth as the palm of my hand.'—'Cruel fortune!' cried Don Quixote, hearing this melancholy piece of news; 'would they had rather demolished a limb, so it had not been the sword-arm: for I would have thee to know,' Sancho, that a mouth without grinders, is like a mill without a millstone; and a tooth is worth a treasure*; but such mischances always attend us who profess the strict order of chivalry. Get up, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow at thy own pace.' Sancho complied with his desire, and took the way that seemed most likely to lead to some accommodation, without quitting the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. While they jogged on softly, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not suffer him to be quiet, or exert himself in pushing forward, Sancho being desirous of entertaining and diverting him with his discourse, said, among other things, what will be rehearsed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SAGE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHE AND HIS MASTER—THE SUCCEEDING ADVENTURE OF THE CORPSE—WITH OTHER REMARKABLE EVENTS.

IN my opinion, my good master, all the misventures, which have this day happened to us, are designed as a punishment for the sins committed by your worship, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, not to eat off a table-cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen; together with all the rest that follows, which your worship

* I have endeavoured to preserve an alliteration in tooth and treasure, after the example of Cervantes, who seems to have intended it, in the words *diente* and *diamante*.

'swore to observe, until such time as you could carry off that helmet of Malandrino, or how d'ye call the Moor? for I don't remember his right name.'—'Thou art very much in the right,' said Don Quixote: 'to deal ingeniously with thee, Sancho, that affair had actually slipped out of my remembrance; and thou mayest depend upon it, that affair of the blanketing happened to thee, for the fault thou wast guilty of, in omitting to put me in mind of it in time: but I will make an atonement; for there are methods for compounding every thing, in the order of chivalry.'—'Did I swear any thing?' replied Sancho. 'Your not having sworn is of no importance,' said Don Quixote; 'it is enough that I know you to be concerned as an accessory; and whether that be the case or not, it will not be amiss to provide a remedy.'—'Well, then,' replied the squire, 'I hope your worship will not forget this, as you did the oath: perhaps the phantoms may take it in their heads again to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they find you obstinate.'

In this and other such discourse, night overtook them in the midst of their journey, before they could light on or discover any house where they could procure lodging; and what was worse, they were almost famished; for in their days they had lost their whole buttery and provision: nay, to crown their misfortune, an adventure happened to them, that, without any exaggeration, might have actually passed for something preternatural. Though the night shut in very dark, they continued travelling; Sancho believing, that, as they were in the king's highway, they should probably find an inn at the distance of a league or two.

Jogging on, therefore, under cloud of night, the squire exceeding hungry, and the master very well disposed to eat, they descried upon the road before them a vast number of lights, that seemed like moving stars, approaching them. Sancho was confounded at the sight, the meaning of which even Don Quixote could not comprehend: the one checked his ass, the other pulled in his horse's bridle, and both halted, in order to gaze attentively at the apparition of the lights, which seemed to increase the nearer they

came. This being perceived by the squire, he began to quake like quicksilver; and the hair bristled up on Don Quixote's head: nevertheless, recollecting himself a little, 'Without doubt,' Sancho, said he, 'this must be a vast and perilous adventure in which I shall be obliged to exert my whole strength and prowess.'—'Woe is me!' cried Sancho, 'if perchance this should be an adventure of phantoms, as I am afraid it is, where shall I find ribs for the occasion?'—'Phantoms or not phantoms,' said the knight, 'I will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy cloaths: if they made merry at thy expence before, it was owing to my incapacity to climb over the yard wall; but at present we are in an open field, where I can manage my sword as I please.'—'But if they should benumb and bewitch you, as they did in the morning,' said the squire, 'what benefit shall I receive from being in the open field?'—'Be that as it will,' replied Don Quixote, 'I beseech thee, Sancho, be of good courage, and thou shalt soon know by experience how much I am master of that virtue.' Sancho accordingly promised to do his best, with God's assistance. Then they both stepped to one side of the road, and began to gaze again with great attention. While they were thus endeavouring to discern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great number of persons in white; which dreadful vision entirely extinguished the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague; and this agitation and chattering increased, when they saw them more distinctly; for, first and foremost appeared about twenty persons on horseback, all of them clothed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand; muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them came a litter covered with black, followed by six mounted cavaliers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of their mules, which were easily distinguished from horses by the slowness of their pace.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in such a desert place, was surely sufficient to smite the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an impression upon his master; and this would have been the case, had he been any other

other than Don Quixote; as for the squire, his whole stock of resolution went to wreck. It was not so with his master, whose imagination clearly represented to him, that this was exactly an adventure of the same kind with those he had read in books of chivalry; that the close litter was a bier, in which was carried some dead or wounded knight, the revenge of whose wrongs was reserved for him alone: wherefore, without canvassing the matter any farther, he set his lance in the rest, fixed himself in his seat, and with the most genteel and gallant deportment, placing himself in the middle of the road, through which they were indispensibly obliged to pass, he raised his voice, and called to them as they approached—

‘Halt, knights, whosoever ye are, and give an account of yourselves: whence come ye? whither go ye? and what are you carrying off in that bier? for, in all appearance, you have either done or received an injury; and it is necessary and convenient that I should know it, in order to chastise you for what you are now doing, or revenge the wrong you have already done.’—
‘We are at present in a hurry,’ replied one of the phantoms in white; ‘the inn we intend to lodge at is far off, and we cannot stay to give such a tedious account as you desire.’ So saying, he spurred on his mule; while Don Quixote, mightily incensed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, saying, ‘Stand, and answer the questions I have asked, with more civility; otherwise I will give battle to you all.’

The mule being skittish, was frightened in such a manner, at being seized by the bridle, that rearing on her hind feet, she fell backward upon her rider; and a servant on foot, seeing his master fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choleric being already provoked, he couched his lance, and without hesitation attacked one of the mourners, who soon fell to the ground, most miserably mangled; then wheeling about upon the rest, it was surprizing to see with what dispatch he assaulted and put them to the rout! while Rozinante acted with such agility and fury, that one would have sworn, at that instant, a pair of wings had sprung from his back. All the squadron arrayed in white, was composed of timorous and unarmed people, who were fain to get out of the fray as

soon as possible, and began to fly across the plain, with their lighted torches like so many maskers in carnival time. The mourners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not stir out of the way; so that Don Quixote, without running any risk, drubbed them all round, and obliged them at length to quit the field, much against their inclination; for they actually believed he was no man, but a devil incarnate, who lay in wait to carry off the dead body that was in the litter.

All this while Sancho stood beholding with admiration the courage and intrepidity of the knight; saying within himself, ‘This master of mine is certainly as strong and valiant as he pretends to be.’

Meanwhile, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving the first whom the mule overthrew, rode up to him, and clapping the point of his lance to the poor man’s throat, commanded him to yield, otherwise he would put him to death. To this declaration the other answered, ‘Methinks I am already sufficiently quiet; for one of my legs is broke, so that I cannot stir; I beseech your worship, therefore, if you be a Christian, not to kill me, as in so doing you will commit the horrid sin of sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders.’—‘If you are an ecclesiastick, what the devil brought you here?’ cried Don Quixote. ‘The devil, indeed, I think it was,’ answered the overthrown priest. ‘You will have to do with worse than the devil,’ said the knight, ‘if you refuse the satisfaction I at first demanded.’—‘That is easily granted,’ replied the other; ‘and in the first place your worship must know, that though I just now called myself a licentiate, I am no more than a bachelor: my name is Alonzo Lopez; I was born at Alcovendas; and now come from the city of Baeça, in company with eleven other priests, who are those who fled with the torches; we are conveying to Segovia that litter which contains the corpse of a gentleman who died at Baeça, where it was deposited till now, (as I was saying) that we are carrying his bones to be interred at Segovia, which was the place of his nativity.’—‘And who killed him?’ said Don Quixote. ‘God himself,’ replied the bachelor, ‘by

' means of a pestilential calenture that seized him! —' At that rate,' resumed the knight, ' the Lord hath saved me the trouble of avenging his death, as I would have done, had he been slain by any mortal arm; but, considering how he died, there is nothing to be done, except to shrug up our shoulders in silence, for this is all that could happen, even if I myself should fall by the same hand; and I desire your reverence would take notice, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, whose office and exercise is to travel through the world, redressing grievances and righting wrongs*.' — ' I do not know how you can call this behaviour righting wrongs,' said the batchelor: ' I am sure you have changed my right into wrong, by breaking my leg, which will never be set to rights again so long as I live; and the grievances you have redressed for me, have been to aggrive me in such a manner, as that I shall never cease to grieve at my misventure, in meeting with you, while you was in search of adventures.' — ' All things do not equally succeed,' observed the knight; ' it was the misfortune of you and your companions, Mr. Batchelor Alonzo Lopez, to travel in the night, with these surplices and lighted flambeaus, singing all the way, before people clad in deep mourning, so that you seemed a company of ghosts broke from the other world, therefore I could not help performing my duty in attacking you; and I would have behaved in the same manner, had I actually known you to be really and truly the inhabitants of hell; for such indeed I thought you were.' — ' Since my hard fate would have it so,' said the batchelor, ' I entreat your worship, Sir knight-errant, who have been the cause of an unlucky errand to me, to help me from getting under the mule, which keeps one of my legs fast jammed between the stirrup and the saddle.' — ' I might have talked on till morning,' said the knight; ' why did not you inform me of your distress sooner?'

He then called aloud to Sancho, who was in no hurry to hear him, but busy

in rummaging a sumpter-mule which those honest priests brought along with them, well furnished with provisions. Having made a bag of his great coat, into which he crammed as much of their victuals as it would hold, he loaded his ass with the bundle, and then running up to his master, helped to free Mr. Batchelor from the oppression of his mule, on which having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote advised him to follow the route of his companions; and desired him to beg their pardon in his name, for the injury he had done them, as it was not in his power to avoid it. Sancho, likewise interposing, said, ' If in case the gentleman should want to know who the valiant hero is who put them to flight, your worship may tell them, that he is the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise surnamed the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

Thus dismissed, the batchelor pursued his way; and the knight asked what had induced Sancho, now, rather than at any other time, to stile him the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. ' Truly,' answered Sancho, ' I have been looking at you some time by the light of that torch the unfortunate traveller held in his hand; and in good faith, your worship cuts the most dismal figure I have almost ever seen; and it must certainly be occasioned either by the fatigue you have undergone in this battle, or by the want of your teeth.' — ' That is not the case,' replied his master; ' but the sage who is destined to write the history of my exploits, hath thought proper that I should assume some appellation, by the example of former knights, one of whom took the title of the Flaming Sword; another of the Unicorn; a third of the Ladies; a fourth of the Phoenix; a fifth of the Griffin; a sixth called himself the Knight of Death; and by these epithets and symbols they were known all over the face of the earth; and therefore I say, that the forementioned sage hath now put it into thy thoughts, and directed thy tongue to call me the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; an appellation that henceforward I adopt: and

* Knights engaged themselves, by oath, to protect the widow and the orphan, to redress all injuries; and, in a special manner, to defend the characters of ladies by force of arms.

‘that it may suit me the better, I am resolved to have a most woeful figure painted upon my shield, with the first opportunity.’—‘There is no occasion,’ said Sancho, ‘to throw away time and money on such a device; your worship has nothing more to do but uncover your face; and I’ll warrant those who behold it will call it a rueful one, without your having recourse to pictures and shields to explain your meaning; and you may believe I tell you nothing but the truth, when I maintain, though it be but in jest, that hunger and want of teeth makes your worship look so ill-favouredly, that we may very well save the expence of a rueful picture.’

Don Quixote could not help laughing at the pleasantry of Sancho, though he actually determined to assume that name, and have his shield and target painted according to his fancy, ‘I know, Sancho,’ said he, ‘that I have incurred the sentence of excommunication, for having laid violent hands on consecrated things, according to the canon; *“Si quis suadente diabolo, &c.”* yet you know I touched them not with my hands, but with my lance; and even then never dreamed of injuring priests, or of giving the smallest offence to the church, which I respect and adore, like a faithful catholick and Christian as I am; but, on the contrary, took them for phantoms and beings of another world: but the case being as it is, I remember what happened to the Cid Ruy Diaz, who broke to pieces the chair of a certain king’s ambassador, in presence of his holiness the pope; for which outrage he was excommunicated; and that very day the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar behaved like a valiant and honourable knight.’

The batchelor being gone, as we have observed, without answering one word, Don Quixote expressed a desire of examining the litter, to see if it really contained a corpse; but Sancho would by no means consent to this enquiry, saying, ‘Your worship has already finished this perilous adventure with less damage to yourself than I have seen you receive in any other; but the people whom you have conquered and overthrown, may chance to recollect that they were vanquished by a single man, and be so much ashamed and confounded at their own cowardice as to

rally, and if they find us, give us our belly-full. Dapple is at present very comfortably furnished; there is an uninhabited mountain hard by, hunger is craving, we have nothing to do but retreat thither at a gentle trot; and, as the saying is, “The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer.” With these words he took the lead with his ass, and the knight thinking there was a good deal of reason in what he said, followed him very peaceably, without making any reply.

When they had travelled a little way between two hills, they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted; Sancho unloaded the ass, they sat down on the green turf, and with hunger for their sauce, dispatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon’s luncheon, and supper, at one meal; solacing their stomachs out of more than one basket, which the ecclesiastical attendants of the defunct, who seldom neglect these things, had brought along with them on their sumpter-mule: but another misfortune befel them, which, in Sancho’s opinion, was the worst that could happen: they had not one drop of wine to drink, nor indeed of water to cool their throats, so that they were parched with thirst; then the squire, perceiving the meadow where they sat was overgrown with green and tender grass, made the proposal which may be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE UNSEEN AND UNHEARD OF ADVENTURE ATCHIEVED BY THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, WITH LESS HAZARD THAN EVER ATTENDED ANY EXPLOIT PERFORMED BY THE MOST RENOWNED KNIGHT ON EARTH.

‘THIS grass, my good master, proves beyond all contradiction, that there must be some spring or rivulet hereabouts by which it is watered; and therefore we had better proceed a little farther, until we find wherewith to allay this terrible thirst, which is more painful and fatiguing than hunger alone.’ This advice appearing rational to Don Quixote, he took hold of Rozinante’s bridle, and Sancho leading Dapple by the hal-
ter,

ter, after he had loaded him again with the fragments of their supper, they began to move farther into the meadow, at a venture; for the night was so dark, they could not distinguish one object from another: but they had not gone two hundred paces, when their ears were saluted with a prodigious noise of water, that seemed to rush down from some huge and lofty rocks; they were infinitely rejoiced at the sound, when halting to listen, that they might know whence it came, they were all of a sudden surprized with another kind of noise, that soon damped the pleasure occasioned by the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and faint-hearted; I say they heard the sound of regular strokes, accompanied with strange clanking of iron chains, which, added to the dreadful din of the cataract, would have smote the heart of any other but Don Quixote with fear and consternation.

The night, as we have already observed, was dark; our travellers happened at this time to be in a grove of tall trees, whose leaves, moving gently by the wind, yielded a sort of dreary whisper: so that the solitude of the place, the darkness of the night, the noise of the water, and rustling of the leaves, concurred to inspire them with horror and dismay; the more so, as the strokes were continued, the wind sighed on, and the morning was far off; and all these circumstances were aggravated by their ignorance of the place in which they were. But Don Quixote, encouraged by his own intrepid heart, mounted Rozinante, braced his shield, and brandishing his lance, 'Friend Sancho,' cried he, 'know that I was born by Heaven's appointment in these iron times to revive the age of gold, or, as it is usually called, the golden age. I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved! I am he, I say, ordained to re-establish the Knights of the Round-table, the Twelve Peers of France, with the Nine Worthies! He whose feats shall bury in oblivion the Platirs, Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Febuses and Belianises, together with the whole tribe of knights-errant who lived in former times; performing such mighty and amazing deeds of arms, as will eclipse their most renowned acts! Consider well,

'thou true and loyal squire, the darkness and the solemn stillness of this night, the indistinct and hollow whispering of these trees, the dreadful din of that water we came to seek, which seems to rush and rumble down from the lofty mountains of the moon; together with these incessant strokes that strike and wound our ears: all those circumstances united, or each singly by itself, is sufficient to infuse fear, terror, and dismay, into the breast of Mars himself; much more in him who is altogether unaccustomed to such adventures and events. Yet all I have described are only incentives that awaken my courage, and already cause my heart to rebound within my breast, with desire to achieve this adventure, howsoever difficult it may appear to be! Therefore straiten Rozinante's girth, recommend thyself to God, and wait for me in this place, three days at farthest; within which time, if I come not back, thou mayest return to our village; and, as the last favour and service done to me, go from thence to Toboso, and inform my incomparable mistress, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died in attempting things that might render him worthy to be called her lover.'

When Sancho heard these last words of his master, he began to blubber with incredible tenderness. 'I cannot conceive, said he, 'why your worship should attempt such a terrible adventure: it is now dark, and nobody sees us; therefore we may turn out of this road and avoid the danger, though we should not taste liquor these three days; and if nobody sees us, we run no risk of being accused of cowardice; besides, I have heard the curate of our town, whom your worship knows very well, remark in his preaching, "He that seeketh danger perisheth therein;" therefore it must be a sin to tempt God by engaging in this rash exploit, from whence there is no escaping without a miracle; and Heaven hath wrought enow of them already, in preserving you from being blanketed as I was, and bringing you off conqueror, and sound wind and limb, from the midst of so many adversaries as accompanied the dead man; and if all this will not move you, nor soften your rugged heart, sure you will relent, when you consider and
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are assured that your worship will be scarce gone from hence, when I shall through pure fear yield my life to any thing that may chuse to take it. I left my habitation, wife and children, to come and serve your worship, believing it would be the better, not the worse for me so to do; but as greediness bursts the bag, so is the bag of my hopes bursten; for when they are at the highest pitch, in expectation of that cursed unlucky island your worship has promised me so often, I find in lieu of that, you want to make me amends by leaving me in this desert, removed from all human footsteps: for the love of God, dear master, do me not such wrong; or if your worship is resolved to attempt this achievement at any rate, at least delay it till morning, which, according to the signs I learned when I was a shepherd, will appear in less than three hours; for the muzzle of the bear is at the top of his head*, and shews midnight in the line of the left paw.

How canst thou perceive, said Don Quixote, that line, or head, or muzzle, thou talkest of, when the night is so dark that there is not a star to be seen? — It is so, answered Sancho; but fear hath many eyes; and I can at present behold things that are hid within the bowels of the earth; much more those that appear in the firmament above: a man of sound judgment, like me, can easily forget that it will soon be day. — Let it come when it will, answered Don Quixote, it shall not be said of me, either now or at any other time, that I was diverted by tears and intreaties from doing what I owed to the customs of chivalry; I therefore beseech thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace; for God, who hath put it in my heart to attempt this dreadful and unseen adventure, will doubtless take care of my safety, and comfort thee in thy affliction: thy business at present is to gird fast Rozinante, and remain in this place, for dead or alive I will soon return.

Sancho finding this was the final resolution of his master, and how little all his tears, advice, and intreaties availed, determined, to make use of stratagem to detain the knight, if possible, till morning:

with this purpose, under pretence of adjusting the girth of Rozinante, he fair and softly, without being perceived, tied two of the horse's feet together with the halter of his ass, in such a manner, that when Don Quixote attempted to depart, he found it impossible, because his steed could move no otherwise than by leaps. The squire perceiving the success of his invention, 'Sir,' said he, 'you may see that Heaven, melted by my tears and prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante shall not stir; and if you obstinately persist in spurring and driving him on, you will only give offence to Providence, and, as the saying is, "Kick against the pricks."'

The knight actually despaired of making him go forward, because the more he goaded his horse, the less was he inclined to stir; and therefore, without guessing a tittle of the ligature, thought proper to submit and wait with patience, either till morning, or such time as Rozinante should recover the use of his limbs; believing for certain, that his disappointment was owing to another cause than the craft of his squire, to whom he said, 'Since Rozinante is incapable of moving, I am content to wait for the dawn, though I cannot help lamenting its delay.' — 'You shall have no cause for lamentation,' answered Sancho; 'I will entertain your worship with telling stories till day, unless you chuse to alight, and take a nap on the soft grass, according to the custom of knights-errant, that you may find yourself refreshed when day breaks, and ready to undertake the unconscionable adventure that awaits you.' — 'Talk not to me of alighting or sleeping,' said Don Quixote; 'dost thou imagine me to be one of those knights who seek their repose in times of danger? Sleep thou who wast born to sleep, or follow thy own inclinations; for my own part, I will behave as becomes a person of my pretensions.' — 'Let not your worship be offended; for that was not my intention when I spoke,' answered Sancho; who coming close to him, laid hold of the saddle before and behind, and stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir a finger's breadth from the spot; such was his consternation, in-

* In Castilian, *bocina* signifies a cornet, or hunting-horn, to which the Spaniards suppose the constellation of Ursa Minor bears some resemblance.

spired by the strokes, which all this time sounded alternately in his ears.

Then Don Quixote claiming his promise of entertaining him with some story; 'I would with all my heart,' said Sancho, 'if the dread of what I hear would allow me; but nevertheless I will try to force out one story, which if I hit it aright, without letting it slip through my hands, is the best tale that ever was told; therefore I would have your worship be attentive, for thus I begin.'

'There was, so there was; the good that shall fall, betide us all; and he that seeks evil, may he meet with the devil. Your worship may take notice, that the beginning of ancient tales is not just what came into the head of the teller: no, they always began with some saying of Cato the censor of Rome, like this of, "He that seeks evil, may he meet with the devil."

And truly it comes as pat to the purpose as the ring to my finger, in order to persuade your worship to remain where you are, without going in search of evil in any manner of way; or else to turn into another road, since we are not bound to follow this in which we have been surprized with fear and terror.'—'Follow thy story, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'and as to the road we have to follow, leave the care of that to me.'—'To proceed, then,' said Sancho: 'in a certain village of Estremadura there lived a certain goat-shepherd; I mean, one that kept goats; and this shepherd or goatherd, as the story goes, was called Lope Ruyz; and it came to pass, that this Lope Ruyz fell in love with a shepherdess whose name was Torralva; which shepherdess, whose name was Torralva, was the daughter of a rich herdsman; and this rich herdsman—'

'If thou tellest thy tale in this manner,' cried Don Quixote, 'repeating every circumstance twice over, it will not be finished these two days: proceed therefore connectedly, and rehearse it like a man of understanding; otherwise thou hadst better hold thy tongue.'—'In my country,' answered Sancho, 'all the old stories are told in this manner; neither can I tell it in any other; nor is it civil in your worship to desire I should change the custom.'—'Take thy own way,' said the knight; 'and since it is the will of fate that I should hear thee, pray go on.'

'Well, then, good master of mine,' proceeded Sancho, 'that same shepherd, as I have already remarked, fell in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a thick, brawny wench, a little coy, and somewhat masculine; for she wore a sort of mustachios: methinks I see her now for all the world.'—'Then thou knewest her?' said the knight. 'Not I,' answered the squire; 'but the person who told me the story, said it was so true and certain, that if ever I should chance to tell it again, I might affirm upon oath that I had seen it with my own eyes—And so, in process of time, the devil, who never sleeps, but wants to have a finger in every pye, managed matters in such a manner, that the shepherd's love for the shepherdess was turned into malice and deadly hate: and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of small jealousies she gave him, exceeding all bounds of measure. And such was the abhorrence the shepherd conceived for her, from that good day forward, that, in order to avoid the sight of her, he resolved to absent himself from his own country, and go where he should never set eyes on her again. Torralva, finding herself despised by Lope, began to love him more than ever.'—'That is the natural disposition of the sex,' said Don Quixote, 'to disdain those who adore them, and love those by whom they are abhorred: but proceed, Sancho.'

'It so fell out,' said Sancho, 'that the shepherd put his resolution in practice, and driving his goats before him, travelled through the plains of Estremadura, towards the kingdom of Portugal. Torralva, having got an inkling of his design, was soon at his heels, following him on foot, aye, and barefoot too, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wallet at her back, in which, as the report goes, she carried a bit of a looking-glass, a broken comb, and a kind of phial of wash for her complexion: but howsoever, whether she carried these things or not, I shall not at present take upon me to aver; but only say what is recorded, that the shepherd came with his flock to the river Guadiana, which at that time was very high, having almost forsaken its channel; and finding at the place neither boat nor bark to carry himself and his flock to the other

other side, he was very much in the dumps, because he saw Torralva behind him, and knew what he must suffer from her tears and complaints: but looking about, he at last perceived hard by him a fisherman in a boat, that was so small as to contain only one person and one goat: nevertheless, they struck up a bargain, by which the man was to ferry over the shepherd with his three hundred goats. Accordingly the fisherman took one goat into the boat, and carried it over; then he returned and carried over another, then he returned again to fetch another. Pray, good your worship, keep an exact account of the goats, as the fisherman ferried them over; for, if one only should be lost in the reckoning, the story will break off, and it will be impossible for me to relate one word more. To be short, then, I say, the landing-place on the other side being full of mud and slippery, was a great hindrance to the fisherman in his going and coming; but however he returned for the other goat, and then for some more, and then for another.'

'Suppose them all passed over at once,' said Don Quixote, 'for if thou goest backwards and forwards in this manner, thou wilt not have them all ferried over in a year.'—'How many have already passed?' said the squire. 'How the devil should I know?' answered the knight. 'Did not I tell you to keep a good account?' said Sancho; 'now, before God, the tale is ended, and it is impossible to proceed!'—'How can that be?' replied Don Quixote; 'is it so essential to the story to know the number of goats as they passed, so precisely, that if I misreckon one, thou canst not proceed?'—'Certainly, Sir,' said Sancho, 'I can proceed in no manner of way: for when I desired your worship to tell me what number of goats had passed, and you answered you did not know; at that instant the whole of the story that remained untold, vanished from my remembrance; and, upon my conscience! it was very curious and entertaining.'

—'At that rate, then, the story is at an end?' said Don Quixote. 'As much at an end,' replied the squire, 'as the mother that bore me.'

'In good sooth,' resumed the knight, 'thou hast related the strangest fable,

tale, or story, that ever was invented; and finished thy relation in such a manner as never was or will be heard again in this world; but nothing else was to be expected from thy sound judgment; and indeed it is a matter of no admiration with me, because I take it for granted, that these incessant strokes have disordered thy understanding.'—'Not unlikely,' said Sancho; but this I know, that there is no more to be said of the tale, which ended in that place where the mistake began about the passage of the goats.'—'In good time end it according to thy own pleasure,' replied the knight, 'and now let us see if Rozinante will move.' So saying, he began again to spur, and the horse to leap, without moving from his station, so effectually had Sancho fettered him.

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolness of the morning that approached, or to his having supped upon something that was laxative; or, which is more probable, to the operation of nature; Sancho was seized with an inclination and desire of doing that which could not be performed by proxy; but such was the terror that had taken possession of his soul, that he durst not move the breadth of a nail-pairing from his master's side; at the same time it was as impossible for him to resist the motion of his bowels; and therefore, to compromise the matter, he slipped his right hand from the hinder part of the saddle, and without any noise softly undid the slip-knot by which his breeches were kept up; upon which they of themselves fell down to his heels, where they remained like a pair of shackles; he then gathered up his shirt behind as well as he could, and exposed his posteriors, which were none of the smallest, to the open air: this being done, and he imagined it was the chief step he could take to deliver himself from the pressing occasion and dilemma in which he was, another difficulty still greater occurred, namely, that he should not be able to disincumber himself without noise; he therefore began to fix his teeth close, shrug up his shoulders, and hold in his breath with all his might. But, notwithstanding these precautions, he was so unlucky in the issue, as to produce a rumbling sound very different from that which had terrified him so much. It did not escape the ears of

Don Quixote, who immediately cried, 'What noise is that, Sancho?'—'I know not, Sir,' said the squire; 'it must be some new affair, for adventures and misventures never begin with trifles.' He tried his fortune a second time; and, without any more noise or disorder, freed himself from the load which had given him so much uneasiness. But as Don Quixote's sense of smelling was altogether as acute as that of his hearing, and Sancho stood so close to him that the vapours ascended towards him almost in a direct line, he could not exclude some of them from paying a visit to his nose. No sooner was he sensible of the first salutation, than, in his own defence, he pressed his nose between his finger and thumb, and, in a snuffling tone, pronounced, 'Sancho, thou seemest to be in great fear.'—'I am so,' answered the squire; 'but how comes your worship to perceive my fears now more than ever?'—'Because at present thou smell'st more than ever, and that not of amber,' replied the knight. 'That may be,' said Sancho; 'but I am not so much to blame as your worship, who drags me at such unreasonable hours into these uninhabited places.'—'Retire three or four steps farther off, friends,' resumed Don Quixote, stopping his nose all the time, 'and henceforth take more heed of thy own person, and remember what thou owest to mine; for I find the frequent conversation I maintain with thee, hath engendered this disrespect.'—'I'll lay a wager,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship thinks I have been doing something I ought not to have done.'—'The more you stir it, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'the more it will stink.'

In this and other such discourse, the master and his squire passed the night; but Sancho perceiving the day began to break apace, with great care and secrecy unbound Rozinante; and tied up his breeches. The beast, which was naturally none of the briskest, seemed to rejoice at his freedom, and began to paw the ground; for as to curvetting, with his leave be it spoken, he knew nothing of the matter. Don Quixote, finding him so mettlesome, conceived a good omen from his eagerness, believing it a certain presage of his success in the dreadful adventure he was about to

achieve. Aurora now disclosed herself, and objects appearing distinctly, Don Quixote found himself in a grove of tall chestnut trees, which formed a very thick shade. The strokes still continuing, though he could not conceive the meaning of them, he, without farther delay, made Rozinante feel the spur; then turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait three days at farthest, as he had directed before; and if he should not return before that time was expired, he might take it for granted that God had been pleased to put a period to his life in that perilous adventure; he again recommended to him the embassy and message he should carry from him to his mistress Dulcinea, and bade him give himself no uneasiness about his wages; for he had made a will before he quitted his family, in which he should find his services repaid; by a salary proportioned to the time of his attendance: but if Heaven should be pleased to bring him off from that danger, safe, sound, and free, he might, beyond all question, lay his account with the government of the island he had promised him. Sancho, hearing these dismal expressions of his worthy master repeated, began to blubber afresh, and resolved not to leave him until the last circumstance and issue of the affair.

From these tears, and this honourable determination of Sancho Panza, the author of this history concludes, that he must have been a gentleman born, or an old Christian at least. His master himself was melted a little at this testimony of his affection, but not so much as to discover the least weakness: on the contrary, disguising his sentiments, he rode forward towards the place from whence the noise of the strokes and water seemed to come; Sancho followed on foot, and according to custom, leading by the halter his ass, which was the constant companion of his good and evil fortune. Having travelled a good way among those shady chestnut-trees, they arrived in a small meadow lying at the foot of a huge rock, over which a stream of water rushed down with vast impetuosity. Below appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houses; and they observed that from them proceeded the horrible din of the strokes, which had not yet ceased.

Rozinante

Rozinante being startled at the dreadful noise of the strokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to soothe him, and advanced by little and little towards the huts, recommending himself in the most earnest manner to his mistress, whose favour he implored in the achievement of that fearful enterprise: neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never stirred from his side, thrust his neck as far as he could between the legs of Rozinante, in order to discover the objects that kept him in such terror and suspense; and when they had proceeded about a hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, stood fully disclosed to view the very individual and undoubted cause of this tremendous sound and terrible noise, which had filled them with such doubts and consternation all night long.

This was no other; (be not offended, gentle reader) than six fulling-hammers, which, by their alternate strokes, produced that amazing din. Don Quixote was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breast, and other manifest signs of his being out of countenance. The knight, in his turn, looked at the squire, and saw his mouth shut, his cheeks puffed up, with other symptoms of his being ready to burst with laughing. This comical situation of the squire, in spite of all his own melancholy, obliged the master to begin; and Sancho no sooner beheld the severity of the knight's features relaxed, than he opened the flood-gates of his mirth, which broke forth with such violence, that he was under the necessity of supporting his sides with both fists, that they might not be rent to pieces by the convulsion. Four times did he exhaust, and as often renew the laugh with the same impetuosity as at first; for which Don Quixote already wished him at the devil, more especially when he heard him pronounce, by way of sneer, 'Know, friend Sancho, that I was born by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times, to revive the age of gold, or the Golden Age! I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved!' And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all, or the greater part of the knight's exclamation, when they first heard the terrible noise.

Don Quixote finding that Sancho made

a jest of him, was so much ashamed and provoked, that, lifting up his lance, he bestowed upon him two or three thwacks, which, had they fallen upon his head, as they lighted on his shoulders, would have saved his master the trouble of paying his salary, unless it might be to his heirs. Sancho feeling his joke turned into such disagreeable earnest, which he was afraid might not be as yet over, addressed himself to his master with great humility, saying, 'Good your worship, forbear; before God, I was only in jest.'—'Though you was in jest,' answered Don Quixote, 'I was not quite so merrily disposed: come hither, Mr. Joker; don't you think, that if, instead of fulling-hammers, these had been some very dangerous adventure, I have shewn courage enough to undertake and achieve it? Am I, who am a knight, obliged, forsooth, to distinguish sounds, and know which proceed from fulling-mills, and which do not? especially as it may be the case, and it really is so, that I never saw one before; though it is otherwise with thee, base plebeian as thou art, who was born and bred up among them; but see if thou canst metamorphose these six hammers into so many giants, and bring them within arm's length of me, one by one, or all together; and if I don't make them lie with their heels uppermost, make a jest of me as much as you please.'

'Enough, dear master,' replied Sancho, 'I confess I have exceeded a little in my pleasantry; but, pray tell me now, that we are at peace again, as God shall deliver your worship from all succeeding adventures as safe and sound as you have been extricated from this, is not the terror with which we were seized, a thing to be laughed at and repeated? I mean, my own terror; for, as to your worship, I know you are an utter stranger to terror and dismay!'—'I do not deny,' answered Don Quixote, 'that what hath happened to us is ridiculous enough; but, nevertheless, it ought not to be repeated; because every body has not discretion to take things by the right handle.'—'I am sure,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship knows how to handle your lance, with which, while you wanted to handle my head, you happened to salute my shoulders; thanks be to

God, and my own activity, in avoiding the blow: but all that, when it is dry, will rub out; and I have often heard it said, "He that loves thee well, will often make thee cry." Nay, it is a common thing for your gentry, when they have said a harsh thing to a servant, to make it up with him by giving him a pair of cast breeches; though I don't know what they used to give after having beaten him, unless it be the practice of knights-errant, after blows, to give islands, or kingdoms on the main land."

'Who knows,' said Don Quixote, 'but the dice may run that way, and all that thou hast mentioned come to pass. I ask pardon for what is past, since you are resolved to be more discreet for the future; and as the first emotions are not in a man's own power, I must apprise thee henceforward to be more reserved, and abstain from speaking so freely to me; for in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are almost infinite, I never found that any squire talked so much to his master as thou hast talked to thine: and really both you and I are very much to blame; thou, in regarding me so little; and I, in not making myself regarded more. Was not Gandalin, squire of Amadis de Gaul, count of the Firm Island? and yet we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, with an inclination of his head, and his body bent in the Turkish manner. What need I mention Gafabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so reserved, that, in order to express the excellence of his surprising silence, his name is mentioned but once in the whole course of that equally vast and true history. From what I have said, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a necessity for maintaining some distinction between the master and his man, the gentleman and his servant, and the knight and his squire: wherefore, from this day forward, we are to be treated with more respect and less provocation; for if ever I am incensed by you again, in any shape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all. The favours and benefits I have promised will come in due time; and if they should fail, your wages at least will

be forthcoming, as I have already informed you.'

'All that your worship observes is very just,' said Sancho; 'but I should be glad to know, since if the benefits come not in time, I must be fain to put up with the wages, what was the hire of a knight-errant's squire in those days; and whether they agreed by the month or the day, like common labourers?'—'I don't believe,' answered Don Quixote, 'that they were retained for hire, but depended altogether on favour; and though I have bequeathed a sum to thee in my will, which I have left signed and sealed at home, it was done in case of the worst; for one does not know how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times; and I would not have my soul punished in the other world for so small a matter; forget me tell thee, Sancho, in this there is not a more dangerous course than that of adventures.'—'That I know to be true,' answered the squire, 'since the noise of a falling-mill could daunt and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship: but this I assure you of, that from this good hour, my lips shall never give umbrage to your worship in touching your affairs to jest again; but, on the contrary, honour you as my natural lord and master.'—'In so doing,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou shalt live long upon the face of the earth; for, after your father and mother, you ought to respect your master as another parent.'

CHAP. VII.

OF THE SUBLIME ADVENTURE AND SHINING ACQUISITION OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET—WITH OTHER ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED TO OUR INVINCIBLE KNIGHT.

ABOUT this time some rain beginning to fall, Sancho proposed that they should shelter themselves in the falling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such an aversion for it on account of what was past, that he would by no means set foot within its walls; wherefore, turning to the right-hand, they chanced to fall in with a road different from that in which they had travelled.

welled the day before: they had not gone far, when the knight discovered a man riding with something on his head, that glittered like polished gold; and scarce had he descried this phenomenon, when turning to Sancho, 'I find,' said he, 'that every proverb is strictly true; indeed all of them are apothegms dictated by Experience herself, the mother of all science; more especially that which says, "Shut one door, and another will soon open:" this I mention, because if last night Fortune shut against us the door we sought to enter, by deceiving us with the fulling-hammers; to-day another stands wide open, in promising to us another greater and more certain adventure, by which if I fail to enter, it shall be my own fault, and not imputed to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or the darkness of the night. This I take upon me to say, because, if I am not egregiously mistaken, the person who comes towards us, wears upon his head the very helmet of Mambrino, about which I swore the oath which thou mayest remember.'

'Consider well what your worship says, and better still what you do!' said Sancho. 'I should not chuse to meet with more fulling-mills to mill us and maul us altogether out of our senses.'—'The devil take the fellow,' cried Don Quixote, 'what affinity is there 'tween a fulling-mill and a helmet?'—'Truly, I know not,' answered the squire; 'but in good faith, if I were permitted to speak freely, as usual, I could perhaps give such reasons as would convince your worship, that you are mistaken in what you say.'—'How can I be mistaken, scrupulous traitor?' replied Don Quixote: 'seest thou not yonder knight who rides this way upon a dapple steed with a golden helmet on his head?'—'What I perceive and discern,' said Sancho, 'is no other than a man upon a grey ass, like my own, with something that glitters on his head.'—'And that is the very helmet of Mambrino,' replied the knight: 'stand aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without speaking a syllable, in order to spare time, this adventure will be concluded by my ac-

'quisition of the helmet I have longed for so much.'—'Yes, I will take care to get out of the way,' answered Sancho; 'and God grant,' cried he, as he went off, 'that this may turn out a melon rather than a millling*.'—'I have already warned thee, brother,' said the knight, 'not to mention, nor even so much as think of the mill again; else, by Heaven! I'll lay no more, but mill the soul out of thy body.'

Sancho was fain to hold his tongue, dreading the performance of his master's oath, which had already struck him all of a heap. The whole affair of the helmet, steed, and knight, which Don Quixote saw, was no more than this: in that neighbourhood were two villages, one of them so poor and small, that it had neither shop nor barber: for which reason, the trimmer of the larger that was hard by, served the lesser also; in which, at that time, there was a sick person to be blooded, and another to be shaved; so that this barber was going thither with his brass basin under his arm; but, as it chanced to rain while he was on the road, that he might not spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he sheltered his head under the basin, which being clean scoured, made a flaming appearance, at the distance of half a league; and, as Sancho had observed, he rode upon a grey ass, which gave occasion to Don Quixote to believe he was some knight with a helmet of gold, mounted upon a dapple steed; for he accommodated every thing he saw, with incredible facility, to the extravagant ravings of his disordered judgment. When he, therefore, saw this unlucky knight approach, without the least expostulation, he put Rozinante to full speed, and couching his lance in the rest, resolved to run him through the body at once; but, when he was almost up with him, without checking the impetuosity of his career, he cried aloud; 'Defend thyself, wretched carter, or voluntarily yield what is justly belongs to me.'

The poor barber, who neither dreaded nor dreamed of any such demand, seeing this phantom coming full speed upon him, could find no other means to defend himself from the stroke of the

* *Oregano*, in the original, signifies sweet majoram; as if Sancho had wished his master might find a nosegay, rather than a bloody nose.

lance, than to throw himself down over the buttocks of his ass: then getting up, before he had scarce touched the ground, with the nimbleness of a stag, he began to fly across the plain so swift, that the wind itself could not overtake him: but he left his bason upon the spot, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying, 'The pagan hath acted with discretion, in imitating the beaver, which, seeing itself chased by the hunters, tears off with it's teeth, by natural instinct, those parts for which it is pursued.' Then, he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, which the squire having examined all round, 'Egad!' said he, 'it is a special good bason, well worth a piece of eight, if it be worth a farthing!' and gave it to his master, who putting it on his head, and turning it round and round, without being able to find the vizor, said, 'Without doubt, the pagan for whom this renowned helmet was first forged, must have had a most capacious head: but the worst of it is, that one half is wanting.'

When Sancho heard him call the bason a helmet, he could not refrain from laughing; but, remembering the indignation of his master, checked his mirth all of a sudden; and when Don Quixote asked what he laughed at, replied, 'I cannot help laughing when I think of the huge head of the pagan who owned that helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's bason.'—'Why, truly Sancho,' said he, 'I imagine that this very individual enchanted helmet, by some strange accident or other, must have fallen into the hands of somebody who did not know it's inestimable value, but seeing it was made of the purest gold, melted down one half of it for sale, and left the other in this shape, resembling, as thou sayest, a barber's bason: but be that as it may, since I am satisfied of it's real worth and identity, the transmutation is of small consequence; for I will order it to be repaired in the first village where we can find a blacksmith, in such a manner as to be unexcelled, nay even unequalled by that which Vulcan forged and finished for the god of war; meanwhile, I will wear it in this manner, for it is still better than nothing at all, and will be sufficient

to defend me from any shower of stones that may chance to fall.'

'Yes, if they come not out of slings, as was the case in the skirmish between the two armies, when they demolished your worship's grinders, and broke the cruse which contained that blessed balsam; which made me vomit up my liver and lights!—That loss gives me not much uneasiness,' answered the knight; 'because thou knowest, Sancho, I retain the receipt of it in my memory.'—'So do I,' replied the squire. 'But, Lord, let me never stir from the place where I now stand, if ever I either make or meddle with it for the future; especially as I hope I never shall have occasion for it again, being resolved, with the assistance of my five senses, to avoid being hurt myself, and also to refrain from hurting any person whatsoever. As to another bout of blanketing, I have little to say: such misfortunes are not easily prevented; but when they happen, there is nothing else to be done, but to shrug up our shoulders, hold in our breath, shut our eyes, and leave ourselves to the determination of chance and the blanket.'

'Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, when he heard these words; 'for once you receive an injury, you never forget it; but know it is peculiar to noble and generous minds to overlook such trifles: hast thou got a leg lamed, a rib fractured, or thy head broke in the prosecution of that jest, that thou canst not forget it? for the affair, when duly considered, was no more than jest and pastime; had I not understood it so, I should have returned ere now, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel, than the Grecians did for the rape of Helen; who, if she had lived in this age, or if my Dulcinea had flourished in her time, would not have been so renowned for beauty.' Here he fetched a profound sigh, and sent it to the clouds. 'Let it pass, then, for a joke,' said Sancho, 'since there is no likelihood of it's being revenged in earnest: but I know what sort of jokes and earnestness those are; and I believe they will scarce slip out of my memory, while they remain engraven on my shoulders. But, setting this aside, I wish your worship would tell me what

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‘I shall do with this dapple steed so like a grey ass, which was abandoned by that caitiff, whom your worship overthrew; for by the swiftness of his heels, when he ran away, he seems to have no thoughts of returning; and by my whiskers ’tis an excellent beast!’

‘It is never my custom,’ said Don Quixote, ‘to plunder those I overcome; neither is it according to the laws of chivalry, to take them from their horses and leave them on foot, unless the conqueror hath lost his own during the engagement; in which case we are allowed to take the horse of the vanquished as the lawful spoils of war: wherefore, Sancho, leave that horse or ass, or what thou wilt, where he now stands, and perhaps his master, perceiving we are gone, will return and find him.’—‘God is my witness,’ answered Sancho, ‘I should be glad to carry him off, or at least exchange him for my own, which seems to be the worst of the two: truly the laws of chivalry are too confined; and since they do not extend to the exchange of one ass for another, I would fain know if they allow me to change the furniture of the one for that of the other?’—‘I am not quite clear in that particular,’ replied the knight; ‘and in such a dubious case, till such time as we can get better information, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity for so doing be extreme.’—‘It is so extreme,’ said Sancho, ‘that if it were for my own particular wearing, I could not want it more.’ Thus provided with a licence, he made the exchange of caparisons, and equipped his beast with such finery, that he looked ten per cent. the better.

This exploit being performed, they went to breakfast on the remains of what they had plundered from the sumpter-mule, and quenched their thirst with the water from the fulling-mills; without turning their heads that way, so much did they abhor them on account of the dread which they had inspired. The rage of hunger and anxiety being thus appeased, they mounted, and without following any determined course, (for it is the practice of true knights-errant to keep no certain road) they left the choice of their route to the will and pleasure of Rozinante, which was always a rule to his master, as well as

to the ass, that followed whithersoever he led, like a trusty friend and companion. In consequence, therefore, of his determination, they returned into the high-road, in which they travelled at random without any particular scheme.

While they thus jogged on, ‘Sir,’ said Sancho to his master, ‘I wish your worship would allow me to confer a little with you; for, since you imposed that severe command of silence upon me, divers things have perished in my stomach; and this moment I have somewhat at my tongue’s end, which I would not for the world have miscarry.’—‘Speak then,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and be concise in thy discourse; for nothing that is prolix can relish well.’—‘I say, Sir,’ answered Sancho, ‘that for some days past I have been considering how little is to be got and saved by going in quest of those adventures your worship hunts after, through these cross-paths and deserts, where, though you conquer and achieve the most perilous exploits, there is nobody present to be witness of your prowess; so that it may remain in everlasting silence, contrary to the intention, and prejudicial to the merits of your worship; wherefore, in my opinion, with submission to your better judgment, our wisest course would be to go into the service of some emperor or great prince, who hath a war upon his hands, in whose service your worship may have occasion to shew your personal valour, your great strength, and greater understanding; which being perceived by the king we serve, he cannot chuse but reward each of us according to his deserts; neither will there be wanting some person to write the history of your worship’s exploits, for a perpetual memorial: I shall not mention my own, because they cannot exceed the bounds of a squire’s province; though this I will venture to say, that if it was customary in chivalry to recount the achievements of our fraternity, I don’t think but mine might be inserted between the lines of the book.’

‘Thou art not much in the wrong,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘but before it comes to that issue, a knight must travel up and down the world as a probationer in quest of adventures, until by his repeated achievements he shall

shall have acquired a sufficient stock of fame; so that when he arrives at the court of some mighty monarch, he may be immediately known by his works. In that case, as soon as he shall be seen to enter the gates of the city, all the boys will surround and follow him, shouting and crying, "Behold the knight of the sun," or the serpent, or of any other badge under which he hath performed his great exploits. "Behold," they will say, "the man who vanquished in single combat the mighty giant Boscarrubon, and delivered the great Mamaluke of Persia from the strange enchantment that prevailed over him for the space of nine hundred years." Thus shall they proceed, recounting his exploits from mouth to mouth; until, surprized at the noise of the children and populace, the king of that country shall appear at one of the palace-windows; and no sooner behold the knight, than knowing him immediately by his armour, or the device upon his shield, he will certainly exclaim, "So ho, therel let all the knights belonging to my court go forth and receive the flower of chivalry that comes yonder."

At this command all of them will come out, and the king himself advance to meet him on the middle of the stair-case, where he will embrace him most affectionately, giving him the kiss of friendship and welcome; then taking him by the hand, will he conduct him to the queen's closet, where he will find her majesty with the princess her daughter, who is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies that ever was seen in the known world. In this interview she will immediately fix her eyes upon the knight, who at that instant shall be gazing at her, and each will appear to the other something supernatural; without knowing how or wherefore, they will find themselves presently caught and intangled in the inextricable net of love, and be infinitely concerned because they have no opportunity of conversing together, and of discharging the reciprocal anxiety of their thoughts. After this audience, he will, doubtless, be carried to some apartment of the palace richly furnished, where, after they shall have taken off his armour, they will clothe

him in a rich scarlet robe brought for the purpose; and if he make a fine appearance in armour, he will look infinitely more genteel in his doubler. At night he will sup at the same table with the king, queen, and infants, upon whom he will fix his eyes as often as he can, without being perceived by the by-standers; while she will practise the same expedient with equal sagacity: for, as I have already observed, the must be a young lady of vast discretion.

The table being uncovered, there will enter at midnight through the hall-door, a little deformed dwarf, followed by a beautiful lady, guarded by two giants; and he will propose a certain adventure, contrived by a most ancient sage, which whosoever shall finish, will be deemed the most valiant knight in the whole world; then the king will order every warrior in waiting to attempt it; but all of them shall fail except the strange knight, who will perform and accomplish it very much to his own credit, as well as to the satisfaction of the princess, who will think herself extremely happy, and well requited, for having placed her affections so worthily. What is better still, this king or prince, or whatever he is, being at that time engaged in a most obstinate war with a potentate of equal strength, his guest, after having staid a few days at court, begs leave to go and serve him in the field; and the king granting his request with pleasure, the knight most politely kisses his hand for the great honour he hath done him; that same night he goes to take his leave of his mistress the infant, through the rails of a garden adjoining to the chamber in which she lies; where they have already at different times enjoyed each other's conversation, by the means of a damsel, who being the infant's confidante, is privy to the whole amour: on this occasion he will sigh most piteously, she will actually faint away; the damsel will run for water, and the knight will be extremely concerned, because the day begins to break, and he would not for the world be discovered to the prejudice of the lady's reputation. In fine, the princess recovers, and reaches her fair hand through the rails to the knight, who kisses it a thousand

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times, and bathes it with his tears; then is concerted between them some method by which he is to inform her of his good or bad success, and the infanta intreats him to return as soon as possible: he swears solemnly to comply with her request, kisses her hand again, and bids her farewell with such affliction as well-nigh deprives him of life: from thence he retreats to his chamber, throws himself upon the bed, but cannot sleep, so grieved is he at parting; he rises early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen, and infanta; their majesties accordingly bid him farewell, after having informed him that the princess is indisposed, and cannot see company; the knight imputing her disorder to her sorrow for his departure, is pierced to the soul, and well-nigh betrays his own anxiety. The confidante being present all the while, takes notice of every circumstance, which she imparts to her lady, who listens with tears in her eyes, and observes that nothing gives so much uneasiness as her ignorance of the knight's pedigree, and her impatience to know whether or not he is of royal extraction: the damsel assures her, that so much politeness, gentility, and valour as he possessed, could never be united except in a dignified and royal disposition; the afflicted infanta consoles herself with this observation, and endeavouring to regain her serenity, that she may not give cause of suspicion to her parents, in two days appears again in publick.

The knight having set out for the army, comes to battle, overcomes the king's adversary, takes many towns, makes divers conquests, returns to court, visits his mistress in the usual manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage, as the reward of his service; her father refuses to grant the boon, on pretence of not knowing who this hero is: but, nevertheless, either by stealth, or some other way, the infanta becomes his wife; and at last the king is overjoyed at his good fortune, when this knight proves to be the son of a

valiant monarch of some unknown country, for I suppose it could not be found in the map. The father dies, the infanta succeeds, and in two words the knight becomes king; this, then, is the time to reward his squire, and all those who helped him to ascend the throne. The squire accordingly is married to a damsel belonging to the infanta, who doubtless must be she that was privy to her amour, and daughter of some powerful duke.'

'This is what I want,' cried Sancho, and what with fair play I shall obtain; for all that you have mentioned will exactly happen to your worship, under the title of The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'—'Never doubt it,' Sancho, replied Don Quixote; 'for in the same manner, and by the same steps I have recounted, knights-errant rise, and have risen to the rank of kings and emperors. Our only business now is to look out for some Christian or Pagan king who is at war, and hath a beautiful daughter; but there will be time to think of that, since, as I have already told thee, renown must be acquired elsewhere, before we repair to court; nay, another difficulty occurs, namely, that though we should find a king at war who has a beautiful daughter, after I shall have acquired incredible glory through the whole universe; I do not know how it can be proved that I am of royal extraction, or even second cousin to an emperor; and no king will grant his daughter to me in marriage, until he is first thoroughly satisfied in that particular, though my famous exploits should merit a much more valuable reward; wherefore, on account of this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which the prowess of my arm may well deserve. True it is, I am a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, not without property, possession, and a title to the revenge of the five hundred sueldos*; and it is not impossible, that the sage ordained to write my history, may furnish up my parentage and pedigree in such a manner, as to prove me descended in the fifteenth or sixteenth

* The Spaniards of old paid a tribute of five hundred sueldos, or pieces of coin, to the Moors, until they were delivered from this imposition by the gallantry of the gentlemen or people of rank, from which exploit a Castilian of family used to express the nobility and worth of his extraction, by saying he was of the revenge of the sueldos.

generation from a king; for I must tell thee, Sancho, there are two sorts of pedigree in the world, one that brings and derives it's original from princes and monarchs, which time hath defaced by little and little, till at last it ends in a point like a pyramid; the other owes it's beginning to people of mean degree, and increases gradually to nobility and power; so that the difference is, the one was once something, but is now nothing; and the other was once nothing, but is now something! perhaps, therefore, I may be one of the first mentioned division; and my origin, upon enquiry, be found high and mighty; a circumstance that ought to satisfy the king, who is to be my father-in-law; and if it should not have that effect, the infanta will be so enamoured of me, that in spite of her father, she will receive me as her lord and husband, even though she were certain of my being the son of a porter; but should she be shy, then is the time to carry her away by force, to any corner of the earth I shall chuse for my residence, until time or death shall put an end to the resentment of her parents.'

'And here,' cried Sancho, 'nothing can be more pat to the purpose, than what some of your unconscionable fellows often say, "Who would beg a benison, that for the taking may have venison?" though it would still be more proper, if they had said, "Better thief than griever!"' This I observe, that in case the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not prevail upon himself to give you the infanta his daughter; you may, as your worship says, steal and convey her off by main force; but the misfortune is, that while the peace is on the anvil, and before you come to the peaceable enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor squire may chew his cud in expectation of his recompence, unless that confidente damsel, who is to be his spouse, should make her escape with the princess, and be con-

tent to join her evil fortune to his, until such time as Heaven shall ordain it otherwise; for I believe his master may very safely give her away in lawful marriage.—'That thou mayest depend upon,' said Don Quixote. 'Since it is so, then,' answered Sancho, 'we have nothing to do but recommend ourselves to God, and let fortune take it's own course.'—'The Lord conduct it,' replied the knight, 'according to my desires and my necessity; and small be his grace, who counts himself base.'—'A God's name be it so,' said Sancho; 'for my own part I am an old Christian, and therefore fit to be a lord.'—'Aye, to be greater than a lord,' answered Don Quixote; 'and even if thou wast not so well qualified, it would be of no signification†, because I being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expence of purchasing, or of subjecting thyself to any kind of servitude; for, in creating thee an earl, behold thou art a gentleman at once; and let people say what they will, in good faith, they must call thee your lordship, if it should maketheir heartsache.'—'And do you reckon that I should not know how to give authority to the portent?' said the squire. 'Patent, thou wouldst say, and not portent,' replied the knight. 'It may be so,' answered Sancho; 'but I insist upon it, that I should demean myself very decently; for once in my life-time I was beadle of a corporation, and the gown became me so well, that every body said I had the presence of a warden: then what shall I be when I am clothed in a ducal-robe, all glittering with pearls like a foreign count? Upon my conscience, I believe people will come a hundred leagues on purpose to see me.'—'You will make a very good appearance,' said Don Quixote; 'but thou must take care to keep thy beard close shaved; for it is so thick, matted, and unseemly, that unless thou hast recourse to the razor, every second day at least, they will see what

* Literally, 'Never beg when you can take.'

† In the original, 'A snatch from behind a bush is better than the prayer of good men.'

‡ This seems to have been intended as a stroke of satire against those princes who sell nobility to the highest bidder, without any regard to the merit of the purchaser.

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‘thou art a gun-shot off.’—‘What else have I to do,’ said the squire, ‘but to hire a barber, and keep him constantly in the house; and if I find occasion for it, even make him follow me as a master of the horse follows one of your grandees.’

‘How do’st thou know,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that our grandees are attended by their masters of horse?’—‘That you shall be satisfied in,’ answered the squire: ‘heretofore I was a whole month at court, where I saw a very little gentleman, who they told me was a very great lord, passing to and fro, and a man following him a horseback, turning ever and anon as he turned, as if he had been the nobleman’s own tail: when I asked why the man did not overtake the other, but always kept behind him; they answered, that he was his master of horse; and that it was a fashion among the great, for each to be attended by an officer of that name. Ever since that time I have remembered their office so distinctly, that I believe I shall never forget it.’—‘I think thou art much in the right,’ said Don Quixote, ‘in resolving to carry thy barber along with thee; for customs come not all together, because they were not invented all at once; therefore thou mayest be the first earl that ever went attended by a shaver; and truly it is an office of greater confidence to trim the beard than to saddle the horse.’—‘Leave that affair of the barber to my management,’ said Sancho, ‘and be it your care to make yourself a king, and me an earl, with all convenient speed.’—‘That shall be done,’ replied the knight; who lifting up his eyes, perceived that which shall be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

DON QUIXOTE SETS AT LIBERTY A NUMBER OF UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE, WHO, MUCH AGAINST THEIR WILLS, WERE GOING A JOURNEY THAT WAS NOT AT ALL TO THEIR LIKING.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this solemn, sublime, minute, pleasant, and fanciful history, that the con-

versation between the renowned Don Quixote, and his squire Sancho Panza, as related in the foregoing chapter, was no sooner concluded, than the knight lifting up his eyes, beheld upon the road before him about twelve men on foot, strung together like beads, with a great iron chain fastened to their necks, and he perceived shackles upon the arms of each. They were conducted by two men on horseback, and the like number on foot: the horsemen armed with firelocks, and the foot with javelins and swords. Sancho seeing them advance, ‘That,’ said he, ‘is the chain of slaves compelled by the king to work in the galleys.’—‘How, compelled!’ cried the knight; ‘is it possible the king compels people into his service?’—‘I don’t say so,’ answered Sancho; ‘those people are condemned for their crimes to serve in the king’s galleys on compulsion.’—‘In short,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘be that as it will, they go not voluntarily, but are driven by force.’—‘Certainly,’ said Sancho. ‘Since that is the case,’ resumed his master, ‘here the execution of my office is concerned, to annul force, and bring succour to the miserable.’—‘Pray, good your worship, take notice that justice, which is the king himself, never uses violence nor severity to such people, except as a punishment for their crimes.’

By this time the chain of galley-slaves being come up, Don Quixote, with much courtesy, desired the guards would be pleased to inform him of the cause or causes for which those people were treated in that manner: one of the horsemen replied, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty going to the galleys, and that was all he could say, or the enquirer had occasion to know of the matter. ‘Nevertheless,’ resumed the knight, ‘I am desirous of knowing from each in particular the occasion of his misfortune.’ To these he added other such courteous entreaties to induce them to satisfy his desire, that the other man on horseback said, ‘Though we have got along with us the register and certificate of the sentence of each of those malefactors, we have no time at present to take it out and give you the reading of it; but if you have a mind to go and question themselves, they will answer every thing you ask, to the best of their knowledge; for they are a set of miscreants, who delight in

recounting as well as in acting their roguery.

With this permission, which he would have taken if they had not granted it, Don Quixote approached the chain, and asked of the foremost, for what offence he travelled in that equipage. 'Only for being in love,' answered the criminal. 'For that only!' replied the knight. 'If they condemn people for being in love, I might have been tugging in the galleys long ago.'—'But my love,' answered the slave, 'was quite different from what your worship imagines. I fell deeply in love with a basket crammed full of white linen, and locked it so fast in my embrace, that if justice had not tore it from my arms by force, I should not have quitted it willingly to this good hour: the thing being flagrant, there was no room for putting me to the torture, and therefore the cause was soon discussed; my shoulders were accommodated with a cool hundred, I was advised to divert myself three years in the *gurapas*, and so the business ended.'—'Pray what are the *gurapas*?' said Don Quixote. 'The *gurapas* are the galleys,' answered the thief; who was a young fellow, about twenty years of age, and said he was a native of *Piedrahita*.

The knight put the same question to the second, who seemed so overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, that he could not answer one word; but the first saved him the trouble, by saying, 'This man, Sir, goes to the galleys for being a canary bird; I mean, for his skill in vocal musick.'—'What!' said the knight, 'are people sentenced to the galleys for their skill in musick.'—'Yes, Sir,' answered the other, 'for nothing is worse than to sing in the heart-ache.'—'On the contrary,' said Don Quixote, 'I have always heard it observed, that musick and play will fright sorrow away.'—'But here,' replied the slave, 'the case is quite different; for he that sings but once will have cause to weep for ever.' Don Quixote saying he could not comprehend his meaning, one of the guards explained it. 'Sir,' said he, 'to sing in the heart-ache, is a term used by these miscreants to express a criminal who con-

fesses under the torture; and it hath been applied to that delinquent, he owned his crime, which was horse-stealing; accordingly, having received two hundred lashes, he was condemned for six years to the galleys, and he appears always pensive and sad, because his brother-rogues who keep him company, continually maltreat, upbraid, despise, and scoff at him, for having confessed out of pure pusillanimity. 'For,' say they, "No contains as many letters as *Ay*: an offender is very lucky, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon the evidence of witnesses;" and truly I think they are not far mistaken.'

'I am of the same opinion,' said Don Quixote; and passing on, repeated his former question to the third, who, with great readiness and alacrity, answered, 'I am going to pay a visit of five years to Lady *Gurapa*, for having wanted ten ducats.'—'I will give twenty with all my soul,' replied the knight, 'to ease you of your misfortune.'—'That,' resumed the slave, 'is like giving money to a man perishing with hunger at sea, where there is no food to be bought. I say this, because had I been master in time of those twenty ducats your worship now offers, I would have anointed the secretary's pen, and quickened my lawyer's invention with them, to so good purpose, that I should be now standing at liberty in the square of *Zoco-dover* in *Toledo*, and not dragging like a hound to the galleys; but Heaven is above—Patience and—that is enough.'

Don Quixote then advanced to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a long white beard hanging down to his girdle; and he no sooner heard the knight ask the cause of his being in that situation, than he began to weep bitterly, without answering one word; but the fifth criminal lent him his tongue, saying, 'That honourable gentleman is going to the galleys for four years, after having made his publick appearance on horseback with great solemnity.'—'That is, I suppose,' said Sancho, 'after having been exposed to publick shame.'—'Even

* A crime that is punished by the pillory in England, is in Spain expiated by the convict's being mounted upon an ass, in a particular dress, and led through the streets by a crier, who proclaims the transgression.

‘so,’ replied the slave, ‘and that punishment was inflicted upon him for being an ear-broker, or rather a broker for the whole body: to be plain with you, the gentleman was convicted of pimping, and giving himself out for a conjurer.’—‘Were it not for the addition of his conjuring scheme,’ said Don Quixote, ‘he is so far from deserving to row in the galleys for pure pimping, that it rather intitles him to the command of them’, as general in chief; for if the office of a pander was well regulated, it would be a most honourable and necessary employment in a well-ordered commonwealth, reserved for people of birth and talents, and like the other places of trust, laid under the inspection of proper comptrollers, and limited to a certain number, like the brokers of merchandize: such a regulation would prevent many mischiefs, which are now occasioned by that employment’s being in the hands of idiots or simple wretches, such as silly women, pages, and buffoons, without either age or experience; who, upon the most urgent occasions, when there is need of the most important contrivance, let the morsel freeze between the dish and the mouth, and can scarce distinguish betwixt their right-hands and their left. I could proceed and advance many arguments to prove how advantageous it would be in a commonwealth to make proper distinctions in the choice of those who exercise such a necessary employment; but this is no place to settle that affair in; and one day I may chance to recommend it to the consideration of those who can both discern and provide a suitable remedy for this defect. I shall only at present observe, that the compassion I feel at sight of these grey hairs, and that venerable countenance in distress for having been a pander, is extinguished by the additional crime of sorcery; though I am well apprized there are no conjurers in the world, who can force or alter the will, as some weak-minded people imagine: for the inclination is free, and not to be enslaved by any incantation whatsoever.’ The practice of some simple women, and knavish impostors, is to

‘compose poisonous mixtures, to deprive people of their senses, under pretence of causing them to be beloved; it being a thing impossible, as I have said, to compel the will.’—‘What your honour says, is very true,’ replied the good old man; ‘and really, Sir, as to the affair of conjuring, I am not guilty; though I cannot deny that I have been a pimp; but I never thought I was to blame in that capacity, because my whole intention was, that all the world should enjoy themselves, and live in peace and quiet without quarrels and anxiety. Yet the uprightness of my intention was of no service in preventing my being sent to a place from which I shall never return, oppressed as I am with years and a violent strangury, that will not allow me a moment’s rest.’ So saying, he began to weep again, as before; and his tears raised the pity of Sancho to such a degree, that he took a rial out of his bosom, and gave it in charity to the distressed senior.

Then Don Quixote addressed himself to the next, who answered his question, not with less, but infinitely more vivacity than that of the former; saying, ‘I trudge in this manner, for having jested a little extravagantly with two of my female cousins; and with two more, who, though not related to me, were in the same degree of blood to each other: in short, I jested with them so long, that in the end there was such an intricate increase of kindred as no casuist could unravel. Every thing was proved against me, I had neither interest nor money, and ran some risk of having my windpipe stopped; but they only condemned me for six years to the galleys; I submitted to the sentence, as the punishment of my crime: youth is on my side, life may be long, and time brings every thing to bear; if your worship, Sir knight, will part with any small matter for the comfort of poor wretches like us, God will requite you in heaven, and we upon earth will take care to petition him for long life and health to your worship, that you may be as happy as by your goodly appearance you deserve to be.’ The person who spoke in this manner appeared in

the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he was a great orator and excellent Latin scholar.

After all these came a man of a good mien, about thirty years of age, who squinted so horribly, that his eyes seemed to look at each other: he was equipped in a very different manner from the rest; his foot being loaded with a huge chain that went round his whole body, and his neck adorned with two iron rings, to one of which the chain was fastened; and the other was called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot; from which descended to his middle a couple of iron bolts fitted with a pair of manacles for his arms, secured by a large padlock, in such a fashion, as to hinder him from lifting up his hands to his mouth, and to disable him from bending his head to his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why that man was more fettered than all the rest, one of the guard answered, 'Because he is a greater rogue than all the rest put together, and so daring a villain, that although he is shackled in that manner, we are under some apprehension that he will give us the slip.'—'What crime has he committed,' said the knight, 'that deserves no greater punishment than that of going to the galleys?'—'He goes for ten years,' replied the guard, 'which is a kind of civil death; but you need not enquire any farther, when you know that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Genifello de Parapilla.'—'Softly, Mr. Commissary,' said the slave, hearing these words, 'don't transimography names and surnames in that manner. Gines is my name, and not Ginesello, and Passamonte the title of my family; not Parapilla, as your worship says: let every body turn about and look at home, and he will have business enough.'—'Speak with less insolence, Mr. Thief above sterling,' replied the commissary, 'or else I shall make you hold your peace with a vengeance.'—'It appears by this oppression,' answered the galley slave, 'that God's will must be done; but one day somebody shall know whether or not my name is Ginesello de Parapilla.'—'An't you called so, you lying vagabond?' said the guard. 'Yes, yes, I am so called,' answered Gines; 'but I will make them change that name, or their

skins shall pay for it, if ever I meet them in a place I don't chuse at present to name.—Sir knight, if you have any thing to bestow, pray let us have it, and the Lord be with you, for you only tire us with enquiring about other people's affairs; if you want to be informed of my history, know, I am that Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these ten fingers.'

'He tells nothing but the truth,' said the commissary; 'for he has actually written his own history, as well as could be desired, and pawned the manuscript in gaol for two hundred rials.'—'Aye, and I shall redeem it,' said Gines, 'if it were for as many ducats.'—'What! is it so entertaining?' said Don Quixote. 'Yes,' answered Gines, 'it is so entertaining, that woe be unto Lazarillo de Tormes, and all who have written or shall write in that manner.' What I can affirm of mine is, that it contains truths, and such ingenious and favourable truths, as no fiction can equal.'

—'And what is the title of your book?' said the knight. 'The Life of Gines de Passamonte,' replied the other. 'Is it finished?' said Don Quixote. 'How can it be finished,' answered the author, 'when my natural life is not yet concluded? I have already written my whole history from my birth till the last time I was sent to the galleys.'—'You have visited them before now then?' said the knight. 'For the service of God, and the good of my country, I have already served in them, during the space of four years, and know the difference between the biscuit and the bull's pizzle,' answered the thief; 'and my journey to them now gives me no great pain, for there I shall have time to finish my book, and set down a great many things I have to say: there being spare time enough in the galleys of Spain for that purpose, which does not require much leisure, as I have every circumstance by heart.'—'You seem to be an ingenious fellow,' said Don Quixote. 'And unfortunate,' answered Gines; 'for genius is always attended by evil fortune.'—'Evil fortune ought to attend villains like you,' said the guard. 'I have already desired you, Mr. Commissary, to proceed fair and softly,' answered Passamonte; 'your superiors did not give you that rod

rod to maltreat us poor wretches, but to conduct and carry us to the place of our destination, according to his majesty's command; and by the life of—but 'tis no matter. The spots we received in the inn, may one day be rubbed out in washing. Mum's the word. Let us live while we can, speak while we may, and at present pursue our journey; for this joke has already lasted too long.

The commissary lifted up his rod, in order to give a proper reply to the threats of Passamonte; but Don Quixote interposing, begged he would not chastise him; because it was not to be wondered at, if one whose limbs were so shackled, should take such liberties with his tongue: then addressing himself to the prisoners, 'From all that you have told me, dear brethren,' said he, 'I clearly perceive, that although you ought to be chastised for your crimes, the punishment you are going to suffer is not much to your liking; on the contrary, you make this journey very much against your inclination; and perhaps, the pusillanimity of one of you under the torture, this man's want of money, and that others scarcity of friends, and last of all, the partiality of the judge, may have been the cause of your perdition, in depriving you of that justice your several cases entitled you to.' Which consideration now operates within me, suggesting, persuading, and even compelling me to shew in your behalf, the end and aim for which Heaven sent me into this world, and made me profess the order of knight-errantry, by which I am bound by oath, to succour the needy and oppressed; but because I know, that one maxim of prudence is, not to do that by foul means which can be accomplished by fair, I beseech Mr. Commissary and the guards to unchain and let you depart in peace. The king will not want people to serve him on better occasions; and I think it is very hard to enslave those whom God and nature have made free. Besides, gentlemen soldiers,' added the knight, 'those poor people have committed no offence against you: and every body hath sins to answer for. There is a God in heaven, who will take care to chastise the wicked and reward the righteous: and it is not seemly, that ho-

nest men should be the executioners of their fellow-creatures, on account of matters with which they have no concern. This favour I entreat in a mild and peaceable manner; and if you grant my request, will thank you heartily: whereas, if you refuse to do quietly what I desire, this lance and sword, with the valour of my invincible arm, shall make you do it on compulsion.'

'A fine joke, truly!' replied the commissary; 'he has brought his harangue to a very merry conclusion; desiring us to set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to grant, or he to demand, their discharge. I wish your worship would go about your business, and set to rights that bason on your skull, without going in quest of a cat with three feet.'—'You are a cat, and a rat, and a scoundrel to boot!' replied the knight, attacking him with such wonderful dispatch, that he had not time to put himself in a posture of defence, so was thrown from his horse, dangerously wounded by a thrust of the knight's lance. And it happened luckily that this was one of the two who had firelocks. The rest of the guard were at first astonished and confounded at this unexpected assault; but they soon recollected themselves, and the horsemen drawing their swords, while those on foot handled their javelins, set upon Don Quixote in their turn, who waited for them with vast composure; and doubtless he would have fared ill, if the galley-slaves, seeing a fair occasion offered of gaining their liberty, had not made shift to obtain it, by breaking the chain with which they were fettered. Such was the confusion, that the guards, between their endeavours to detain the slaves that were unbound, and their efforts against Don Quixote who assaulted them, could do nothing at all effectual. Sancho, for his part, assisted in disengaging Gines de Passamonte, who being the first that leaped free and disencumbered on the plain, attacked the wounded commissary, and robbed him of his sword and musket, with which pointing at one, and taking aim at another, without firing, however, in a trice there was not one of the guards to be seen; for they made the best of their way, not only from Passamonte's firelock, but also from the shower of stones.

stones which was rained upon them by the rest of the slaves, who had by this time disengaged themselves.

Sancho was infinitely grieved at this event, representing to himself, that those who fled would instantly give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, which, upon the tolling of a bell, would immediately sally forth in search of the delinquents. This supposition he suggested to his master, whom he entreated to depart forthwith, and conceal himself somewhere in the neighbouring mountain. 'That may be a very good expedient,' said the knight; 'but I know what is proper for me to do at present.' He then called to the slaves, who were all in confusion, and after they had plundered and stripped the commissary to the skin, they assembled round him in a circle in order to receive his commands, and he accosted them in this manner: 'It is the duty of honest men to be thankful for benefits received: and one of the sins that gives the greatest offence to God, is ingratitude. This truth I observe, gentlemen, because you must be sensible, by manifest experience, of that which you have received from me; as an acknowledgment for which, it is my will and pleasure, that you set out immediately, loaded with that chain from which I have delivered your neck, and repairing to the city of Toboso; there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her Knight of the Rueful Countenance hath sent you to her, with his hearty commendations. You shall also punctually recount to her every circumstance of this famous adventure, even to the granting you that liberty you so ardently wished for: and this duty being performed, you may go a God's name whithersoever ye list.'

To this command Gines de Passamonte, in the name of all the rest, answered, 'What your worship commands, most worthy deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to fulfil. For we must by no means travel in a body, but single and divided, and each by himself endeavour to abscond within the bowels of the earth, in order to avoid the holy bro-

therhood, which will doubtless come out in search of us. But your worship may, and it is but justice you should, change that service and tribute intended for my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of Ave maria's and Credo's, which we will say for your prosperity; and this is a duty we can fulfil by night as well as by day, in motion and at rest, and in peace as well as in war: but to suppose that we will now return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean, to the carriage of our chain, and take the road to Toboso, is to suppose that it is now midnight, though it wants little more than two hours of noon; and indeed, to expect this condensation of us, is like expecting pears from an elm.'

'Then, by heavens!' said Don Quixote in a rage, 'Don Son of a Whore, Don Ginesello de Parapilla, or whatsoever is thy name, you shall go alone, with your tail between your legs, and carry the whole chain upon your own shoulders.' Passamonte, who was none of the most passive people in the world, having already smacked the knight's weak side, from the mad action he had committed in giving them their freedom, and finding himself treated by him in this haughty manner, tipped the wink to his companions; who retiring with him at a little distance, began to shower forth such a number of stones upon their deliverer, that he could not contrive how to cover himself with his shield; and poor Rozinante minded the spur no more than if he had been made of brass. Sancho retired behind his ass, which sheltered him from the storm of hail that descended on them both; but his master could not screen himself so well, as to avoid an infinite number of pebble-shot which took place upon different parts of his body. Some of them with such force, that he came tumbling to the ground; and no sooner was he fallen, than the student set upon him, and snatching the bason from his head, made a most furious application of it to the knight's shoulders, and then dashed it upon the ground with such force, that it went into a thousand pieces. They likewise stripped him of a jacket* he

* It was the custom of knights to wear a coat of arms made of some rich stuff figured in a particular manner. The Duke of Brabant being called in a hurry to the battle of Agincourt, took a trumpeter's banner, and making a hole through the middle, put it over his head, and wore it as his coat of arms.

wore above his armour; and would even have taken his hose, had not his greaves been in the way: they plundered Sancho of his great coat, leaving him in his doublet and hose; and dividing the spoils of the battle among them, each took his own separate route, more anxious to escape the holy brotherhood, which they dreaded, than to load themselves with the chain again, and go to present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were the only persons remaining on the field. Dapple, with his head hanging down in a pensive attitude, and every now and then shaking his ears, as if he imagined the hurricane of stones that whizzed about them was not yet over; Rozinante lying stretched upon the ground, to which, like his master, he was humbled by a pebble: Sancho, in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote excessively out of humour, at seeing himself so ill requited by those people whom he had served in such an essential manner.

CHAP. IX.

OF WHAT BEFEL THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN; BEING ONE OF THE MOST SURPRIZING ADVENTURES WHICH IS RECOUNTED IN THIS TRUE HISTORY.

DON Quixote, finding himself so devil entreated, said to his squire, 'I have always heard it observed, Sancho, that benefits conferred on baseminded people are like drops of water thrown into the sea. Had I taken thy advice, I might have avoided this vexation: but, now the affair is over, we must have recourse to patience, and take warning for the future.'—'Yes,' replied Sancho, 'your worship will take warning as sure as I am a Turk; but, since you allow, that if you had taken my advice, you would have avoided this misfortune, take my advice now, and you avoid a greater still! for I give you notice, that all your errantry will stand you in little stead against the holy brotherhood, who don't value all the knights errant in the universe three

farthings: and, in faith, this minute methinks I hear their arrows buzzing about my ears.'—'Thou art naturally a coward, Sancho,' said the knight; 'but that thou mayest have no reason to say I am obstinate, and never follow thy counsel, for once thou shalt prevail; I will retreat from the danger thou dredest so much; but it shall be on condition, that thou shalt never, either in life or death, hint to any person whatsoever, that I retired and avoided this peril through fear, but merely in compliance with thy earnest request; for to say otherwise would be to propagate falsehood; and from this hour to that, and from that hour to this, I give thee the lye, and affirm thou lyest, and wilt lye as often as thou shalt say or think any such thing: make no reply, therefore; the very thought of my being supposed to abscond, or retreat from danger, especially from this, as it implies some sort of shadow of fear, inspires me with such courage, that here am I alone, ready to remain, and expect not only the holy brotherhood, which thou hast mentioned with fear and trembling, but also the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, those of the seven Maccabees, with Castor and Pollux, and all the brethren and brotherhoods in the universe.'—'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'to retreat is not to fly; nor is it prudent to tarry when the danger overbalances the hope, and it is always the practice of wise people, to reserve something for to-morrow, without venturing all upon one cast; and you must know, that though I be a rustick and a clown, I have all my life-time had a small share of what is called good conduct; wherefore you need not repent of having taken my advice, but mount Rozinante, if you can; if not, I will lend you my assistance, and follow me; for this noddle of mine tells me, that, at present, we have more need of heels than of hands.'

Don Quixote accordingly mounted, without the least reply; and Sancho leading the way upon his ass, they took refuge in that part of the brown mountain which was nearest, the squire intending to go quite across to Viso or Almodavar del Campo, after they should have lurked for some days amongst the rocks, that they might not be found,

in case the holy brotherhood should come in search of them: he was encouraged to this resolution, by seeing, that in the scuffle with the galley slaves, the provisions his ass carried had escaped untouched*; a circumstance that, in his opinion, amounted to a miracle, considering what the thieves had taken, and how narrowly they had searched.

That evening they arrived in the very heart of the Sierra Morena†, where Sancho proposed to spend the night, and even to pass a few days, at least to stay as long as their store should last: accordingly they took up their lodging between two rocks in the midst of a great number of cork-trees; but fate, which, according to the opinion of those who do not enjoy the light of the true faith, guides, conducts, and disposes all things after it's own way, ordained that Gines de Passamonte, that famous robber and cheat, who had been delivered from the chain by the valour and madness of Don Quixote; I say, fate ordained that he, impelled by the fear of the holy brotherhood, which he did not dread without good reason, happened likewise to take refuge in those mountains; and even to be carried by this fear to the same place whither the same principle had directed Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, just time enough to know who they were, notwithstanding their being gone to sleep. As the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity puts them to their shifts, and the present convenience overcomes the prospect of future quiet; Gines, who was neither grateful nor good-natured, resolved to steal Sancho's ass, undervaluing Rozinante, as a subject that he could neither pawn nor sell: accordingly, while the squire was asleep, he stole Dapple; and, before morning, was gone far enough to elude all pursuit.

The appearance of Aurora that rejoices the earth, had a quite contrary effect upon Sancho Panza; who, missing his Dapple, and searching for him in vain, began to utter the most woeful lamentation that ever was heard; and

Don Quixote, waked by the noise, heard him exclaiming in this manner: 'O son of my bowels! born in my house, the play fellow of my children, the delight of my spouse, the envy of my neighbours, and comforter of my cares! in short, the half of my sustenance: for with six and twenty maravedis, which thou hast daily earned, did I defray one half of my family-expence! Don Quixote hearing this complaint, and being informed of the cause, consoled Sancho with all the arguments in his power; and, begging him to have patience, promised to give him a bill of exchange, on sight of which he should receive three asses out of five, which the knight had left at home. Sancho being comforted with this declaration, dried up his tears, moderated his sighs, and returned a thousand thanks to Don Quixote for his generosity. As they wandered among the rocks, the knight's heart was rejoiced to see places so well adapted to those adventures he was in quest of; for they recalled to his remembrance those wonderful events which had happened to knights-errant among such rocks and solitudes: he went on, musing on these subjects, and indeed so wrapped up and engrossed by them, that he minded nothing else; while Sancho's only care, now that he thought he travelled in safety, was to satisfy his appetite with what remained of the spoils of the clergy; he therefore jogged on leisurely after his master, sitting side-ways on his ass, and replenishing his own bags out of that which contained the provision; and while he was thus employed, would not have given a farthing for the best adventure that could happen.

Chancing, however, to lift up his eyes, he perceived his master had stopped, and was endeavouring, with the point of his lance to raise some bundle that lay upon the ground; he therefore hastened up to him, in order to lend his assistance, should it be found necessary; and arrived just as the knight had turned up with his lance, a pillion with a

* This is an oversight of the author, who seems to have forgot that Sancho lost his wallet at the inn, and was robbed by the galley-slaves of the great coat or cloak, in which he carried the remains of that provision he had taken from those who attended the dead body towards Segovia.

† A chain of dusky mountains that divide Castile from Andalusia.

† Here Cervantes hath been caught napping by the critics; who observe, that Sancho could not be mounted on the ass, which was but just now stolen by Gines de Passamonte.



Sawthard del.

Heath Sculp.

DON QUIXOTE



portmanteau fixed to it, all rotted and consumed by the weather; but so heavy, that Sancho was obliged to alight, in order to take them up. His master having ordered him to examine the contents of the portmanteau, he obeyed with great alacrity, and though it was shut with a chain and padlock, there were so many holes in it, that he soon reached the inside, where he found four shirts of fine holland, with other provision of linen, equally fashionable and clean, together with a pretty large heap of crowns of gold, wrapped up in a rag; which he no sooner perceived, than he cried in a rapture, 'Blessed be Heaven for granting us one advantageous adventure!' then continuing his search, he found a pocket-book richly garnished, which Don Quixote desired to have, bidding him keep the money for his own use. Sancho kissed his hand for the favour, and taking the linen out of the portmanteau, crammed it into the bag that held their provision.

The knight having considered the whole affair, 'Sancho,' said he, 'I am of opinion, and I cannot possibly be mistaken, that some bewildered traveller, in his passage over these mountains, has been set upon by robbers, who having slain him, must have dragged his body to be buried in this unfrequented place.'—'That cannot be the case,' answered the squire; 'for if they had been robbers, they would not have left the money behind them.'—'Thou art in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'and I cannot guess nor conceive what the matter can have been. Let us see if there be any thing written in this pocket-book, by which we may trace out and come to the certainty of what we want to know.' He opened it accordingly, and the first thing he found was the rough draught, though very legible, of a sonnet, which he read aloud for the benefit of Sancho, in these words.

I.

LOVE either cruel is or blind;
Or still unequal to the cause,
Is this distemper of the mind,
That with infernal torture gnaws.

II.

But Love's a god, and cruelty
In heavenly breasts can never dwell:
Then say by what authority,
I'm doom'd to feel the pains of hell?

III.

Of all my sufferings and my woe,
Is Chloe then the fatal source?
Sure ill from good can never flow,
Nor so much beauty gild a curse.

IV.

With hopeless misery weigh'd down,
I'll seek for quiet in the grave;
For when the malady's unknown,
A miracle alone can save.

'From such rhyme,' said Sancho, 'there is no information to be got, unless by that Clue we could come to the bottom of the affair*.'—'What clue dost thou mean?' said the knight. 'The Clue your worship mentioned just now in the sonnet,' answered the squire. 'I mentioned no clue,' replied Don Quixote, 'but Chloe, which is without doubt the name of the lady of whom the author of these verses complains; and really he must have been a very ingenious poet, or else I know very little of the art.'—'Then your worship understands crambo?' said the squire. 'Better than you imagine,' answered the knight, 'as you will see when you carry from me a letter to my mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from top to bottom; for thou must know, Sancho, that all, or the greatest part of the knights-errant who lived in former ages, were very much addicted to poetry and musick; these two qualities, or rather gifts of nature, being annexed to all errants in love; though the truth is, their couplets were rather sprightly than elegant.'—'I wish your worship would read on,' said Sancho; 'perhaps you may find something more to our satisfaction.' Accordingly the knight having turned over the leaf, 'Here is prose,' said he; 'and seems to be a letter.' Sancho asking if it was upon business, his master replied, 'In the beginning there was no

* As it is impossible to preserve the original blunders of Sancho, who mistakes Fil for Phillis, for Hilo, that signifies a thread, we are obliged to substitute another, by changing Phillis into Chloe, which Sancho, in English, might have as naturally mistaken for a clue; and by this expedient the sense of the passage is not hurt, and but very little altered.

‘thing but love.’—‘Pray, Sir,’ cried Sancho, ‘read it aloud; for I am highly delighted with matters of love.’—‘With all my heart,’ answered Don Quixote; who raising his voice, in compliance with the squire’s request, read what follows:

‘Thy false promises, together with the certainty of my misfortune, have exiled me to a corner of the world, from whence thou wilt hear an account of my death, before this my complaint shall reach thine ears. Thou hast cast me off, ungrateful as thou art, in favour of one who, though he is richer, is not a more deserving lover than me; for if virtue were the wealth that is most esteemed, I should have no cause to envy the happiness of others, or to bewail my own mishap. What thy beauty had raised, thy behaviour has overthrown: by the first I mistook thee for an angel; by the last I discovered thee to be a woman. Mayest thou live in peace, fair authoress of my misfortunes; and Heaven grant that the deceit of thy husband may never be disclosed, that thou mayest never repent of what thou hast done, nor I enjoy the revenge I do not desire!’

Don Quixote having read this letter, observed that nothing else could be inferred either from it, or the verses, but that the author was some despairing lover. Then perusing the rest of the book, he found more verses and letters, some legible, and others not intelligible; but the substance of them all was composed of complaints, lamentations, suspicions, desires, disgusts, favours, and disdain, some of which were extolled, and others deplored. While Don Quixote examined the book, Sancho rummaged the portmanteau, without leaving a corner in that of the pillion which he did not search, pry into, and overhaul; no seam was left unripped, no lock of wool unpicked, that nothing might be lost through negligence and want of care; so much was his cupidity awakened, by finding the money, which amounted to more than a hundred crowns; and though he reaped no other fruit from his industry, he thought himself abundantly requited for his capers in the blanket, his vomit of the balsam, the benediction of the pack-staves,

the fifty-cuffs of the carrier, the loss of his bags, the robbery of his great coat, with all the hunger, thirst, and fatigue he had undergone in the service of his worthy master, who had made him more than amends by his generous present of this windfall.

The knight of the rueful countenance was impatient to know the owner of the portmanteau; conjecturing by the sonnet, the letter, the gold, and the fine linen, that he must be some lover of quality, whom the disdain and barbarity of his mistress had driven to some desperate end; but, as in that uninhabited and rocky place, there was nobody who could give him the information he wanted, he resolved to penetrate still farther into the mountain, without taking any other road than what Rozinante should chuse for his own conveniency, still confident of meeting with some strange adventure among these briars and brambles.

As he went on, entertaining himself with these reflections, he perceived upon the top of a hill right before him, a man skipping from bush to bush, and rock to rock, with wonderful agility; his body seemed naked, his beard black and bushy, his hair long and matted, his feet unshod, his legs bare, and his thighs covered with breeches, which to all appearance were of crimson, but so ragged, that his skin appeared through many different holes, while his head was without any sort of covering. Notwithstanding the nimbleness with which he passed, all these minute circumstances were seen and remarked by the knight of the rueful countenance, who in vain attempted to follow him; those rough roads being quite unpassable by the feeble Rozinante, who was naturally phlegmatick and tender-footed. However, Don Quixote concluded that this must be the owner of the pillion and portmanteau, and determined within himself to find him out, although he should travel a whole year through the mountains for that very purpose. With this view he ordered Sancho to alight, and take a short cut over one part of the mountain, while he should go round the other; and by this expedient they might come up with the man who had so suddenly vanished from their sight. ‘That proposal I can be no means comply with,’ answered the squire, ‘for if I stir but an inch from your worship, fear instantly lays hold on me,’

me, and assaults me in a thousand horrid shapes and visions; and let this serve to apprise you, that henceforward, I will not budge a finger's breadth from your presence.'—'Be it so,' said he of the rueful countenance; 'and I am very glad that thou canst avail thyself of my courage, which shall never fail thee, even if thy soul should fail thy body; follow me, therefore, step by step, or at thy own leisure; and use thine eyes like two spy-glasses; we will take a compass round this little mountain, and perhaps we may meet again with that man, who is certainly no other than the owner of what we found.'

To this observation Sancho replied, 'Methinks we may save ourselves that trouble; for if, upon finding him, he should prove to be the owner of the money, I must of course make restitution; therefore we had better spare all this fruitless search; and keep it *bona fide*, until the true owner appear of himself, without all this intricate enquiry; and before that happens, perhaps I shall have spent the whole, and then I shall be discharged by law.'—'In that notion thou art mistaken, Sancho,' resumed the knight; 'for as we have already good grounds to believe he is the owner, it is our duty to find him out, and restore what we have taken; and though we should not find him, the strong reason we have to believe that it belongs to him will make us equally guilty in detaining it, as we should be if it really did. Wherefore, friend Sancho, do not give thyself any uneasiness about the enquiry; because if we find him, I shall be freed from a great deal of anxiety.' So saying, he put spurs to Rozinante, and Sancho followed him in his usual manner. Having surrounded part of the mountain, they found in a brook that watered the foot of it, a dead mule saddled and bridled, and half consumed by the dogs and crows; another circumstance which confirmed them in the opinion, that he who fled from them was master both of the mule and portmanteau.

While they were looking at this ob-

ject, they heard a shepherd's whistle, and presently on the left appeared a good number of goats, and behind them, on the top of the mountain, they descried the goatherd, who seemed to be a man in years. Don Quixote calling aloud, entreated him to come down; and he, in the same tone, asked what had brought them to that place, which was seldom trodden, except by the feet of goats, wolves, and other wild beasts that harboured thereabouts? Sancho bade him come down, and they would tell him what had brought them thither; upon which the goatherd descended, and coming up to Don Quixote, 'I will wager,' said he, 'that you are looking at the hireling mule, which lies dead in that bottom, where in good sooth it hath lain full six months. Pray, have you met with it's matter?'—'We have met with nothing,' answered the knight, 'but a pillion and portmanteau, which we found not far from hence.'—'I have often seen the same things,' replied the goatherd, 'but would never touch nor go near them, being afraid of some misfortune, or of being questioned for theft; for the devil is very cunning, and raises blocks under our feet, over which we stumble, and very often fall, without knowing how or wherefore.'—'That is the very thing I say,' answered Sancho, 'though I saw them also, I would not go within a stone's throw of them; there I left them, and there they remain as they were; for I don't chuse to steal a dog with a collar about his neck*.'—'Pr'ythee, honest friend,' said Quixote, 'dost thou know who the owner of these things is?'—'All that I can say of the matter,' answered the goatherd, 'is, that it may be about six months, more or less, since there came to our hut, which is about three leagues from hence, a very genteel young man of a comely appearance, riding upon that very mule that now lies dead, with the same pillion and portmanteau which you say you found. He asked what part of the mountain was the most woody and concealed, and we told him, that it was this very spot where we now are; and it is so, for if you go half a league farther

* Methinks it is inconsistent with the character of the knight, to allow Sancho to tell such a fraudulent untruth in his hearing; nor is Panza's behaviour on this occasion much for the honour of his simplicity.

into the mountain, you will perhaps find it a very difficult matter to return: and I marvel much how you have got so far, for there is neither high-road nor by-path that leads to this place. But as I was saying, the young man hearing our reply, turned his mule, and rode towards the place to which we had directed him, leaving us all very much pleased with his appearance, though not a little surprized at his question, and the speed with which we saw him ride back into the heart of the mountain: from that time we saw no more of him, till a few days after; when he sprung upon one of our shepherds on the road; and, without saying why or wherefore, beat and bruised him unmercifully; after which he went to the sumpter-ass, and carrying off all the bread and cheese that was on his back, with surprizing nimbleness, ran back again to the thicket. As soon as we understood this particular, several of us goatherds went in search of him, through the most wild and unfrequented part of the mountain, for the space of two days, at the end of which we found him lying in the hollow of a large cork-tree. He came out to us in a very civil manner, with his cloaths all torn, and his face so tanned and disfigured by the sun, that we should scarce have known him, had not his cloaths, tattered as they were, which we had before taken particular notice of, assured us that he was the person we went in search of. He saluted us very courteously, and in a few words, though very well chosen, bade us not wonder at seeing him in that condition; for he was obliged in that manner to do penance, which had been enjoined him, on account of his manifold sins and transgressions. We earnestly begged to know who he was; but that he never could be prevailed upon to tell: we desired him also, whenever he should have occasion for food, without which he could not live, to tell us where we should find him, and we would bring it to him with great care and affection; or if that was not to his liking, we desired him to ask it civilly, without taking it by force. He thanked us kindly for our tenders of service, begged pardon for the assaults he had committed, and promised for the future, to ask it for God's sake, without

giving offence to any person whatsoever. With regard to the place of his habitation, he said, he had no other than that which chance presented every night when it grew dark; and concluded his discourse with such piteous lamentation, that our hearts must have been made of flint, if we could have heard it without shedding tears, considering the woeful change he had undergone since we saw him at first; for as I have already observed, he was a genteel, comely youth, and by his courteous, and polite discourse, shewed himself to be a person of good birth and excellent breeding; and though we who heard him were only home-bred country people, the gentility of his carriage was easily perceived by our clownish ignorance. In the midst of this conversation that passed between him and us, he grew silent all of a sudden, and nailed, as it were, his eyes to the ground, for a considerable space of time, during which we remained in suspense and no small concern, to see the effect of this stupefaction; for by his staring at the ground for a good while, without moving his eye-lids, then shutting them close and biting his lips, and then drawing up the skin of his forehead, we could easily perceive that he was seized with some fit of madness; and he soon confirmed the truth of our opinion, for he sprung up with surprizing force from the ground on which he had thrown himself, and attacked the person who was next to him with such rage and resolution, that if we had not taken him off, he would have beaten and bit him to death; crying aloud all the time, "Ha, treacherous Fernando! now shalt thou pay for the injury thou hast done me. These hands shall tear out thy heart, in which all kinds of wickedness, particularly fraud and deceit, are harboured and dwell!" To these he added other expressions, tending to reproach that Fernando with treachery and baseness. When we had got our friend out of his clutches, with no small trouble, he went off without speaking another word, and ran at full speed among these shrubs and brambles, so as that it was impossible for us to follow him. From these things we conjectured that his madness came upon him by fits, and that

some

some person of the name of Fernan-
do must have done him some deadly
wrong, which hath driven him to
distracted. Indeed, this conjecture
has been since confirmed by his differ-
ent behaviour on divers occasions,
when he hath met with our shepherds,
from whom he hath sometimes beg-
ged part of their provision, and at
other times hath taken it by force;
for when the fit of lunacy is upon
him, though they offer it of their own
free will, he will not accept of it
peaceably, without coming to blows;
but when he is in his right senses, he
begs it for God's sake, in a very
courteous and civil manner, and re-
turns many thanks for the favour, ac-
companied with abundance of tears.
And truly, gentlemen, added the goat-
herd, 'I and four more country lads,
'two of them my own servants, and
'the other two friends of mine, yester-
'day resolved to go in search of him,
'and after having found him, to carry
'him, either by force or fair means, to
'the city of Almodavar, which is about
'eight leagues from hence, and there
'have him cured, if he be curable; or
'learn of him, when he is in his
'senses, who he is, or whether or not
'he has any relations to whom we may
'give an account of his misfortune.
'This, gentlemen, is all I can say, in
'answer to the questions you asked;
'and you may take it for granted, that
'the owner of the goods you found, is
'the very same person whom you saw
'skip about half-naked, with such agi-
'lity: for Don Quixote had said that
'they had seen a man in that condition,
leaping from rock to rock.

The knight was very much surprized
at this information of the goatherd,
which making him still more impatient
to know who this unfortunate lunatick
was, he determined with himself to put
his former design in execution, and
go in quest of him, through the whole
mountain, without leaving a cave or
corner unsearched until he should find
him. But accident was more his friend
on this occasion than he could either
imagine or expect; for at that instant,
the young man of himself appeared
in the cleft of a rock hard by the
place where they stood, and came to-
wards them, muttering something to
himself, which they could not have un-
derstood had he been near, much less

as he was at some distance from them.
His equipage was just as it has been
described; but, as he approached, Don
Quixote perceived that his buff doublet,
though torn to rags, still retained the
perfume: from whence he concluded,
that the person who wore such dress,
could not be a man of the lowest rank.
When he came up, he saluted them very
politely, though with a hoarse, mistuned
voice; and the salutation was returned
with no less courtesy by Don Quixote,
who alighting from Rozinante, with
genteel and graceful deportment, went
and embraced the stranger, whom he
strained within his arms a good while,
as if he had been a very old acquaint-
ance. The other, who might have been
called the tatterdemalion of the distract-
ed, as Don Quixote was styled the
knight of the rueful countenance, after
having submitted to this embrace, step-
ped back, and laying his hands on the
shoulders of the knight, stood looking
attentively in his face; in order to re-
collect him; no less astonished, perhaps,
at the figure, mien, and armour of Don
Quixote; than this last was surprized
at his forlorn appearance. At length,
the first who broke silence after the em-
brace, was the ragged youth, who spoke
what you may read in the following
chapter.

CHAP. X.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE AD- VENTURE IN THE SIERRA MO- RENA.

THE history relates, that Don
Quixote listened with vast atten-
tion, to the shabby knight of the moun-
tain, who began the conversation thus:
'Assuredly, Signior, though I have not
'the honour to know who you are,
'I thank you heartily for those ex-
'pressions of kindness with which you
'treat me; and wish I were in such a
'situation as would enable me to repay
'this courteous reception with something
'more than mere good-will: but my
'hapless fortune affords me nothing to
'offer in return for the civilities that
'are shewn me, except a hearty ineli-
'nation to make a more adequate satis-
'faction.'—'My will and desire,' an-
swered Don Quixote, 'to serve you is
'so strong, that I was determined not
'to

' to quit these mountains until I had
 ' found you, and learned of yourself
 ' whether or not the grief you manifest
 ' in this strange course of life, could be
 ' alleviated by any kind of remedy, for
 ' which, had need required, I would
 ' have searched with all possible dili-
 ' gence; and had your misfortune been
 ' such as shut up all the avenues to ad-
 ' vice and redress, I was resolved to
 ' join your lamentations, and bemoan
 ' your misery to the utmost of my power:
 ' for, in all misfortunes, the great-
 ' est consolation is a sympathizing friend;
 ' and if this my friendly intention de-
 ' serves the least return of civility, I
 ' entreat you, Signior, by that courtesy
 ' which I see you so eminently possess,
 ' and moreover conjure you by that
 ' object, which of all others in this life
 ' you have most loved, or are most in
 ' love with, to tell me who you are,
 ' and inform me of the cause that
 ' brings you to live and die in this soli-
 ' tude, like the brute beasts among
 ' which you dwell, so different from
 ' that rank and situation to which your
 ' appearance and person declare you are
 ' entitled. And I swear by the order
 ' of chivalry which I have received, un-
 ' worthy sinner that I am! and by the
 ' profession of a knight-errant, that if
 ' you comply with this my request, I will
 ' serve you with that earnestness which
 ' my duty obliges me to express; either
 ' in remedying your mishap, if it ad-
 ' mits of remedy, or in condoling with
 ' you, as I have already promised.'

The knight of the wood, hearing him
 of the rueful countenance talk in this
 manner, could do nothing for some
 time but gaze, and stare, and survey
 him from head to foot; at length,
 having examined him thoroughly, he
 said, ' If you have got any food, for
 ' God's sake spare me a little; and af-
 ' ter I shall have eaten it, I will do as
 ' you desire, in return for the civility
 ' you now shew me.'

Sancho immediately pulled from his
 bag, and the goatherd from his scrip,
 some victuals to appease the hunger of
 the tattered maulion, who swallowed what
 they gave him like a frantick person,
 with such hurry, that he left not the
 interval of an instant between one mouth-
 ful and another, but seemed to devour
 rather than eat, without either speaking
 or being spoke to by the spectators. His
 repast being ended, he beckoned them

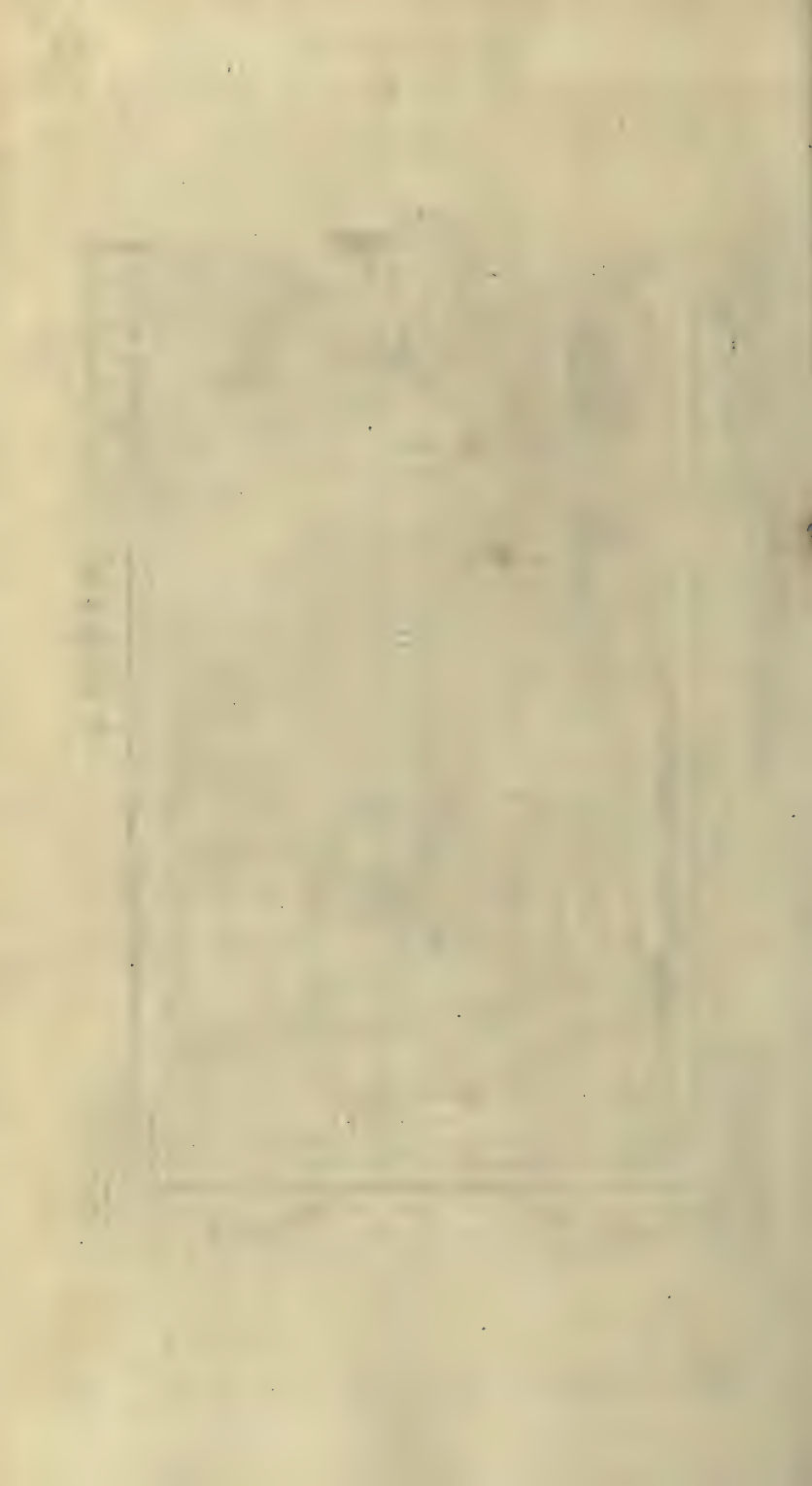
to follow, and conducted them to a
 verdant spot of grass, at the turning of
 a rock, a little way from the place where
 they were; and sitting down on the
 green turf, they followed his example;
 not a word being spoke all the time, un-
 til the ragged knight, after having ad-
 justed himself in his seat, began in this
 manner. ' If you desire, gentlemen,
 ' that I should, in a few words, inform
 ' you of the immensity of my misfor-
 ' tunes, you must give me your pro-
 ' mise that you will not by any ques-
 ' tion, or otherwise, interrupt the thread
 ' of my doleful story; for if you should,
 ' that instant I will break off the nar-
 ' ration.' This warning recalled to the
 knight's memory the story recounted by
 his squire, which still remained unin-
 fished, because he had not kept an ex-
 act account of the goats, as they passed
 the river. But, to return to the tattered
 knight: ' I give you this precaution,'
 added he, ' because I would briefly pass
 ' over the detail of my misfortunes,
 ' the remembrance of which brings
 ' fresh addition to my woe; and the
 ' fewer questions you ask, the sooner
 ' shall I have finished the relation; al-
 ' though, in order to satisfy your cu-
 ' riosity to the full, I will not fail to
 ' mention every material circumstance.'

Don Quixote promised, in behalf of
 himself and the company, to avoid all
 manner of interruption; and the stranger,
 thus assured, began in these words:

' My name is Cardenio, the place of
 ' my nativity one of the best cities in
 ' this province of Andalusia, my family
 ' noble, my parents rich, and my mis-
 ' fortunes so great, that no doubt they
 ' have been lamented by them, and even
 ' felt through my whole kindred, though
 ' all their wealth would not alleviate
 ' my woe; for the goods of fortune are
 ' but of little service against those ills
 ' inflicted by the hand of Heaven. In
 ' the same country lived, shall I call her,
 ' a paradise, which love had adorned
 ' with all the charms I could desire to
 ' possess; such was the beauty of Lu-
 ' cinda, a young lady as well-born
 ' and rich as I, though more fortunate
 ' and endowed with less constancy than
 ' what was due to my honourable in-
 ' tentions. This Lucinda did I admire,
 ' love, and adore, even from my most
 ' tender years; and she made me all the
 ' returns of love and inclination that I
 ' could expect from her infant age.

' Our





Our parents were not ignorant of our mutual affection, which gave them no offence, because they foresaw that if it should increase with our years, it could have no other issue than marriage; an union which the equality of our age and fortune seemed to point out. Meanwhile, our passion growing up with our age, Lucinda's father thought himself obliged to forbid me his house; imitating, in that particular, the parents of Thisbe, whom the poets have celebrated so much. This prohibition added flame to flame, and wish to wish; for though our tongues were restrained, they could not silence our pens, which commonly express the sentiments of the heart with more liberty, because the presence of the beloved object often confounds the most determined intention, and puts to silence the most undaunted tongue.

Good Heaven! what letters did I write! what chaste endearing answers did I receive! what songs did I compose, inspired by love that displayed the soul unmasked; inflamed each soft desire, regaled the fancy, and indulged the wish! in fine, my patience being exhausted, and my heart almost consumed with the desire of seeing her, I resolved to execute the scheme which seemed most favourable for my love and pretensions; and this I put in practice, by demanding her in marriage of her father, who thanked me for the honour I intended him, by this proposal of marrying into his family; but said, as my own father was alive, it was properly his business to make the demand; for, unless his consent and inclination were obtained, Lucinda was not a person either to be given or taken in marriage by stealth. I thanked him, in my turn, for his politeness, and thinking there was a great deal of reason in what he said, assured myself that my father would readily agree to the proposal whenever I should make it. I therefore flew instantly to disclose my sentiments to him on that subject, and entering the closet where he was, found him reading a letter, which, before I could speak a syllable, he put into my hands, saying, "By this letter, Cardenio, you will see how much Duke Ricardo is inclined to do you service." This Duke Ricardo, as you must know, gentlemen, is a grandee of Spain, whose estate lies

in the best part of this province. I took and read the letter, which was so extremely kind, that I myself should have blamed my father, had he refused to comply with what he requested in it: this was, to send me immediately to his house, he being desirous that I should live as the companion, not the servant, of his eldest son; and he would take care of my fortune in such a manner as should manifest the esteem he had for me. Having read the letter, I was struck dumb at knowing the contents; especially when I heard my father pronounce, "Two days hence, Cardenio, you shall set out, according to the pleasure of the duke; and you ought to thank God for having opened an avenue, through which you may arrive at that fortune I know you deserve." To this declaration he added other advices, as became a prudent father; and I, the night before I departed, finding means to speak with Lucinda, told her what had happened; nay, I even imparted it to her father, entreating him to wait a few days, without disposing of her to any other, until I should know in what manner Ricardo wanted to employ me. He gave me his promise accordingly, and she confirmed it by a thousand vows and anxious sighs.

I at length arrived at the seat of Duke Ricardo, by whom I was so well received and kindly entertained, that Envy presently began to do her office, possessing the old servants with the opinion, that every expression of favour I received from the duke was prejudicial to their interest. But he who was most rejoiced at my residing there, was the duke's second son, Fernando, a gay, genteel, liberal, and amorous youth, who, in a short time, was pleased to honour me with such intimacy of friendship as became the subject of every body's discourse; and though the elder brother loved and favoured me also, he did not carry his favour and affection to such a pitch. Now, as all secrets are communicated between friends, and the confidence in which I lived with Fernando was soon changed into friendship, he imparted to me his most secret thoughts, and among other things, a love-affair that gave him a good deal of disquiet. In short, he had an inclination for a country-maid, who was his father's

' vassal; her parents were very rich, and
 ' she herself so beautiful, reserved, mo-
 ' dest, and discreet, that nobody who
 ' knew her could determine in which of
 ' these qualifications she most excelled.
 ' These accomplishments of this fair
 ' maiden inflamed the desires of Don
 ' Fernando to such a pitch, that he re-
 ' solved, as the easiest conquest over her
 ' virtue, to promise he would marry her;
 ' for he found it impossible to gratify
 ' his wish in any other way. I, prompt-
 ' ed and bound by my friendship, en-
 ' deavoured to dissuade and divert him
 ' from his purpose, by the strongest ar-
 ' guments and most lively examples I
 ' could produce; but finding them all
 ' ineffectual, I resolved to communi-
 ' cate the whole affair to his father Duke
 ' Ricardo.

' Don Fernando having abundance of
 ' cunning and discernment, suspected
 ' my intension; and was afraid, that
 ' the obligation he saw I was under,
 ' as a faithful servant, would not al-
 ' low me to conceal an affair so preju-
 ' dicial to the honour of the duke my
 ' master: he therefore, in order to di-
 ' vert and deceive me, observed, that
 ' he could find no better remedy to re-
 ' move the beauty that enslaved him
 ' from his remembrance, than that of
 ' absence for a few months; and there-
 ' fore desired that we should go to my
 ' father's house, upon pretence, as he
 ' would tell the duke, of seeing and
 ' purchasing some fine horses in our
 ' town, which produces the best in the
 ' world. Scarce had he uttered this
 ' proposal, when prompted by my love,
 ' exclusive of his prudent intension, I
 ' approved of it, as one of the best con-
 ' certed schemes that could be imagin-
 ' ed; and was rejoiced at meeting with
 ' such a fair conjuncture and occasion of
 ' returning to my dear Lucinda. In-
 ' duced by this motive and desire, I ap-
 ' plauded his pretence, and enforced his
 ' proposal, advising him to execute his
 ' plan with all speed; for absence would
 ' certainly do it's office, in spite of the
 ' most established inclination. At that
 ' very time, as I afterwards understood,
 ' he had enjoyed the country-maid, un-
 ' der the title of her husband, and wait-
 ' ed for an opportunity of owning it
 ' with safety to himself, being afraid of
 ' the duke's resentment, in case he should
 ' discover his folly. It happened af-
 ' terwards, that as love in young peo-

' ple is, for the most part, nothing but
 ' appetite, whose only aim is pleasure,
 ' and this being enjoyed, what seemed
 ' love vanishes, because it cannot ex-
 ' ceed the bounds of nature; whereas
 ' real love is bounded by no such li-
 ' mits: I say, as soon as Don Fernando
 ' enjoyed the country-girl, his desires
 ' were appeased, and his raptures abat-
 ' ed; and if at first he pretended to seek
 ' a cure for them in absence, he now
 ' earnestly desired to be absent, that he
 ' might avoid any farther gratification.

' The duke having given him leave,
 ' and ordered me to attend him, we ar-
 ' rived at our habitation, where he was
 ' received by my father in a manner
 ' suitable to his rank and family. I
 ' went instantly to visit Lucinda, whose
 ' presence, in a moment, rekindled all
 ' my desires, which indeed were neither
 ' dead nor decayed within me: and, to
 ' my infinite misfortune, I made Don
 ' Fernando acquainted with my love,
 ' because I thought by the laws of that
 ' intimate friendship with which he ho-
 ' noured me, I ought to conceal nothing
 ' from him. I therefore praised the beau-
 ' ty, grace, and discretion of Lucinda,
 ' in such a manner, as excited his cu-
 ' riosity to see such an accomplished
 ' young lady. Prompted by my evil
 ' genius, I gratified his desire, shewing
 ' her to him one night, by the light of
 ' a taper, at the window from which I
 ' used to converse with her. At sight
 ' of her he absolutely forgot all the
 ' beauties he had formerly seen; he
 ' was struck dumb with wonder; he
 ' seemed to lose all sense, became ab-
 ' sent and pensive; and, in short, ena-
 ' moured of her to that degree, which
 ' you will perceive in the course of my
 ' unhappy story: and the more to in-
 ' flame his desire, which he concealed
 ' from me, and disclosed to Heaven
 ' alone, he happened one day to find a
 ' letter which she had written, desiring
 ' me to ask her in marriage of her fa-
 ' ther, so prudent, modest, and tender,
 ' that upon perusing it, he said, "In
 ' Lucinda alone are concentrated all the
 ' charms of beauty and understanding,
 ' which are divided among the rest of
 ' her sex." True it is, and I will now
 ' confess it, that although I knew how
 ' justly Fernando applauded Lucinda,
 ' I was vexed at hearing these praises
 ' proceed from his mouth, and began
 ' to dread and suspect his inclination;
 ' for

for he was eternally talking of her, and always turned the discourse upon her, even when he was obliged to bring her in by the head and shoulders; a circumstance that waked a sort of jealousy within me; not that I imagined aught could alter the faith and affection of Lucinda; yet, notwithstanding, my destiny made me dread the very thing that confidence insured. Don Fernando always contrived means to read the letters I sent to Lucinda, together with her answers, on pretence of being highly pleased with the good sense they contained; and it once happened, that she having desired me to lend her a book of knight-errantry, in which she took great delight, called *Amadis de Gaul*—

Don Quixote no sooner heard him mention this book, than he said, ‘Had you told me, in the beginning of your story, that your mistress Lucinda was an admirer of books of chivalry, you would have had no occasion to use any other argument to convince me of her sublime understanding; which I should not have deemed quite so extraordinary as you have represented it, had she wanted relish for that sort of reading: wherefore you need not spend any more words with me, in extolling her beauty, virtue, and good sense; for, upon the knowledge of her taste only, I pronounce her to be the most beautiful and discreet lady in the universe. I wish, however, that you had sent along with *Amadis de Gaul*, the worthy Don Rugel of Greece; for I know your mistress Lucinda would have been greatly pleased with Darrayra and Garaya, together with the judicious sayings of the shepherd Darinel, and those admiral verses of his eclogues, sung and represented by him with such grace, spirit, and discretion; but the time will come when that omission may be rectified; indeed, the fault may be repaired as soon as you shall please to accompany me to the place of my habitation, where I can supply you with more than three hundred books, which are the feast of my soul, and entertainment of my life; though now I recollect, not one of them remains in my possession; thanks

to the malice of wicked and envious inchanters. But I hope you will be so good as to forgive me for having contradicted my promise of not interrupting your story; for when the subject turns upon chivalry or knights-errant, I can no more forbear interposing, than the rays of the sun can cease to warm, or those of the moon to wet: but I ask pardon; pray proceed with your story; for that is most to the purpose at present.’

While Don Quixote was talking in this manner, Cardenio hung his head, and fell into a profound reverie; and though the knight repeated his request, would neither lift up his head, nor answer one word. At length, after a long pause, looking up, ‘You cannot,’ said he, ‘beat it out of my thoughts; nor is there any person upon earth, who can persuade me to the contrary; and he must be a blockhead, who imagines or believes otherwise, than that the villain, Master Elisabat, carried on a criminal correspondence with Queen Madafima.’—‘By Heaven,’ ’tis false,’ cried Don Quixote, with great indignation and impetuosity, as usual; ‘that report is the effect of malice, or rather mere wantonness. Queen Madafima was a most royal dame, and it is not to be presumed, that a princess of her rank would confer favours upon a mere quack doctor. Whosoever thinks otherwise, lyes like a very great scoundrel; and I will prove him such either on horseback or a foot, armed or disarmed, by night or by day, as will most suit his inclination.’ Cardenio stood all the while looking attentively at him, and being by this time seized with the paroxysm of his madness, could not proceed with his story; neither, if he had proceeded, would Don Quixote have listened to it, for he was offended at what he had heard to the prejudice of Queen Madafima*, whose reputation interested him as much as if she had been actually his own mistress: such wonderful impression had those profane books made on his imagination!

I say, then, Cardenio being by this time under the influence of his distraction, and hearing himself called lyar and scoundrel, with other terms of reproach, could not relish the joke; but,

* Queen Madafima, a lady in *Amadis de Gaul*, attended by one Elisabat, a surgeon, with whom she travels, and lies in woods and deserts.

snatching up a large pebble that lay near him, aimed it so successfully at Don Quixote's breast, that he fell fairly on his back with the blow. Sancho Panza seeing his master treated in this manner, attacked the madman with his clenched fist; but the lunatic received him with such a blow, as knocked him down to the ground at once, and then getting upon him, mauled his carcase to his heart's content; while the goatherd, who attempted to defend him, met with the same fate. Having thus mastered and pummelled them all round, he left off, and, with great composure, retreated to the thickets from whence he came. Sancho then arose; and, enraged to find himself handled in this manner for nothing, ran to take vengeance on the goatherd, saying that he was to blame for the whole, because he had not informed him, that the man had intervals of madness; which, had they known, they might have guarded against them. The goatherd affirmed, that he had apprized them of what might happen; and if they had not heard him, it was no fault of his. The squire replied; the goatherd retorted; and, in conclusion, they went by the ears together, and pulled each other's beards with such fury, that there would not have been a single hair left on either chin, had not Don Quixote interposed. Sancho, grappling stoutly with his adversary, cried, 'Give me leave, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance; this is no armed knight, but a plebeian like myself, of whom I can securely take satisfaction for the injury he has done me, by fighting with him hand to hand, like a man of honour.'—'True,' said Don Quixote; 'but the cause of what hath happened, cannot be justly imputed to him.' Peace accordingly ensued, and the knight asked the goatherd again, if there was a possibility of finding Cardenio; for he was extremely desirous of hearing the conclusion of his story. The goatherd repeated what he had said before, that he did not certainly know whereabouts he resided; but, if they should stay long in these parts, they could not fail of finding him either mad or sober.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURES
THAT HAPPENED TO THE VA-

LIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA,
IN THE SIERRA MORENA, WHERE
HE DID PENANCE, IN IMITATION
OF BELTENEBROS.

DON Quixote having taking leave of the goatherd, and mounted Rozinante again, commanded Sancho to follow him; and the squire bestriding his ass, obeyed with great reluctance. As they advanced at leisure, into the most rocky part of the mountain, Sancho longed to death for an opportunity of talking, and waited impatiently till his master should begin, that he might not transgress his orders; but, being utterly unable to keep silence any longer, 'Sir Don Quixote,' said he, 'be pleased to give me your blessing, and grant me leave to return immediately to my wife and children, with whom, at least, I can talk and prattle my fill; for in commanding me to travel with you, through these deserts, night and day, without opening my lips when I am disposed to speak, your worship buries me alive; if it were the will of Heaven, that beasts spoke as they did in the days of Hyslop, I should be the less uneasy, because I would converse with my ass at pleasure; and that would be some comfort to me in my misfortunes; but, it is a very hard case, and what I cannot bear with patience, to travel in search of adventures all my life, and find nought but rib-roakings, blankettings, robberies, and fifty-cuffs; and after all, be obliged to sew up our mouths, without daring to bring up what lies upon our stomachs, more than if we were dumb.'

'I understand thee, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'thou art impatient until I take off the interdiction I have laid upon thy tongue. I take it off, then; say what you please, on condition that this repeal shall last no longer than our stay in this mountain.'—'Be it so,' said Sancho; 'to day I will speak, to morrow God's will be done; and the first use I make of this safe-conduct, is to ask why your worship was in such a passion about that Queen Maginasta, or how d'ye call her? or of what signification was it to you, whether that same Abat was her sweetheart or not? Had your worship overlooked that circumstance, that you had no concern in, I firmly believe the madman would have gone on

on with his story, and you would have saved yourself the pebble-shot, with more than half a dozen kicks and cuffs.'

'In faith, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'if thou knewest, as I do, what an honourable and princely lady that Queen Madafima was, thou wouldst say, I had great patience in forbearing to demolish the mouth from whence such blasphemy proceeded; for sure, 'tis no less to say, or even think, that a queen should take a surgeon to her bed. The truth of the story is, that Master Elisabat, whom the lunatick mentioned, was a man of prudence and discernment, and served the queen in quality of tutor and physician; but, to suppose that there was any indecent familiarity between them, is a piece of folly that deserves to be severely chastised: and to convince thee that Cardenio knew not what he said, thou mayest remember he was deprived of his senses, when he took notice of that circumstance.'—'This I'll venture to say,' replied the squire, 'that the words of a madman are not to be minded; for, if fortune had not stood your worship's friend, and directed to your breast the pebble that was aimed at your head, we should have been in a fine condition, for your having quarrelled about that lady, whom Heaven confound! you may depend upon it, Cardenio would have been acquitted on account of his madness.'

'Every knight-errant,' said Don Quixote, 'is obliged to quarrel with those who are out of their senses, as well as those who are in them, if they asperse the honour of women, whatsoever they might be. How much more, then, in behalf of princesses of such high quality and accomplishments as adorned Queen Madafima, for whom I have a particular affection, on account of her admirable qualifications; for, over and above her beauty, she had a great share of prudence and resignation in her calamities, which were manifold: and the advice and company of Master Elisabat were of great service in encouraging her to bear her afflictions with patience and equanimity. From hence, the ignorant and malicious vulgar took occasion to say and suppose, that

she admitted of his caresses; but they lye. I say again, all those who either say or think so, lye in their throats, and I will tell them so two hundred times over.'—'As for my own part,' said Sancho, 'I neither say nor think any such thing; those that do may dine upon it: if they were too familiar, by this time they have answered for it to God. I prune my own vine, and know nothing about thine. I never meddle with other people's concerns. He that buys and denies, his own purse belyes,' as the saying is. Bare I was born, and bare I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. If he did lie with her that is no matter of mine. Many people hunt the hare without ever finding the scut; for, Till you hedge in the sky, the starlings will fly. And evil tongues will not refrain from God himself.'

'Good Heaven,' cried Don Quixote, 'what fooleries art thou stringing together, Sancho? Pray, what relation have these old saws to the subject of our conversation? I charge thee to hold thy peace, and henceforth entertain thyself with spurring up thy ass, and leave off talking of things which do not concern thee; or, let thy whole five senses be convinced, that every thing I have done, am doing, or will do, is highly reasonable, and in exact conformity with the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than any knight that ever professed the order.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied Sancho, 'to be sure it is an excellent law of chivalry, to stroll about bewildered in these mountains, where there is neither high road nor bye-path, in search of a madman, who, after we have found him, will perhaps take it in his head to finish what he left undone; not of his story, but of your worship's pate and my ribs, which he may chance to break in a thousand shivers.'

'I say again, Sancho,' resumed the knight, 'hold thy peace; for I would have thee know, that I am not detained in this place, so much by the desire of finding the lunatick, as of performing in it an exploit by which I shall acquire everlasting renown throughout the whole known world; and put the stamp of perfection upon the wonderful efforts of knight-errantry.'—'And will this exploit be attended with much danger?' said Sancho.

cho. 'No,' answered he of the rueful countenance, 'though the dice may run so as to produce bad instead of good fortune; but the whole will depend upon thy diligence.'—'Upon my diligence!' cried the squire. 'Without doubt,' answered his master; 'for, if thou wilt return speedily, from the place to which thou must be sent, my affliction will soon be at an end, and my glory will speedily begin: and, that I may no longer keep thee in suspense about the meaning of my words, know, Sancho, that the celebrated Amadis de Gaul was one of the most perfect knights-errant; one of them, said I? he alone was the only, single, chief, and superior of all his cotemporaries. Contempt and shame upon Bellianis, and all those who say he equalled him in any one particular; for, by this light, they are all egregiously deceived! I say, moreover, when a painter desires to become famous in his art, he endeavours to imitate the originals painted by the most noted artists; and the same maxim holds in every other science and exercise that adorns a commonwealth: therefore, he who wants to attain the virtues of prudence and equanimity, must endeavour to imitate the character of Ulysses, in whose person and sufferings Homer has drawn an excellent picture of wisdom and patience, as Virgil, in the person of Æneas, represents the piety of an affectionate son, and the sagacity of a wise and valiant general; not that they are described and set forth exactly as they were, but as they ought to have been, as examples of virtue to posterity. In the same manner, Amadis shone like the north-star, the Lucifer and sun of all valiant and amorous knights; and therefore must be imitated as a pattern, by all those who serve under the banners of love and chivalry. Now, this being the case, friend Sancho, I find that the knight-errant who approaches the nearest to this great original, will bid fairest for attaining the perfection of chivalry: and one of the circumstances in which that knight gave the highest proofs of his worth, prudence, valour, patience, constancy,

and love, was his retiring to the poor rock, when he was in disgrace with his mistress Oriana, there to do penance under the feigned name Bel-tenebros*; an appellation certainly very significant and proper to the way of life he had voluntarily chosen. As it is therefore more easy for me to imitate him in this, than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying dragons, overthrowing armies, scattering navies, and dissolving enchantments; and as this solitude is so well adapted to such designs, I am resolved to seize occasion by the forelock, which she now so complaisantly presents.'

'In reality,' said Sancho, 'what is your worship resolved to do in this remote place?'—'Have I not already told thee,' replied the knight, 'that I am determined to imitate Amadis, in acting the desperado, the lunatick, and madman; to copy also after the valiant Don Roldan, when he discovered, in a fountain, certain marks by which he was convinced that Angelica the fair had committed uncleanness with Medoro. A piece of information attended with such grief and anxiety, that he ran mad, tore up the trees by the roots, sullied the waters of the transparent springs, slew shepherds, destroyed flocks, set fire to cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares along the ground, and performed a thousand other insolent feats worthy to be inserted in Fame's eternal record: and because I do not propose to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Roto-lando, for he went by all these names, literally in all the extravagancies he thought, said, and did, I will copy his outlines as well as I can, in the most essential parts of his character; nay, perhaps, I may content myself with the sole imitation of Amadis, who, by his tears and sighs alone, acquired as much fame as the other with all the mischief he did.'—'If I apprehend the matter aright, said Sancho, 'the knights who played such mad pranks were provoked, and had some reason to act these fooleries and penance: but what cause hath your worship to turn madman? With what lady are you in disgrace? or by what

* The Beautiful Obscure.

“ signs are you given to understand that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been playing the rogue either with Moor or Christian!”—“ This is the point,” answered Don Quixote, “ and refinement of my design; a knight who turns madman, because he cannot help it, can claim no merit from his misfortune; but the great matter is, to run distracted without cause, and give my lady reason to conceive what I could do were I moistened, when I can do so much being dry. More especially, as I have sufficient cause in the long absence to which I am doomed by my ever-darling mistress Dulcinea del Toboso; for, according to the words of the shepherd Matias Ambrosio, which thou mayest have heard,

“ In absence of my charming fair,
“ I suffer all those ills I fear.”

“ Wherefore, friend Sancho, you need not throw away your time unprofitably, in advising me to refrain from an imitation at once so admirable, rare, and happy: mad I am, and mad I shall be until thou returnest with the answer of a letter which I propose to send by thee to my Lady Dulcinea; and if it be such as I am intitled to by my love and fidelity, my distraction and penance will end; but, should it be otherwise, I shall run mad in earnest, and consequently be insensible of my misfortune: wherefore, let her answer be as it may, it will extricate me from the doubts and affliction in which thou leavest me; because, if it be favourable, I shall enjoy it in my right senses; and if it be unfavourable, my frenzy will not feel it.

“ But tell me, Sancho, hast thou taken care of Mambrino’s helmet, which I saw thee take up, after that ungrateful vagabond endeavoured in vain to break it in pieces; a circumstance that proves the excellency of its temper?” To this exclamation, Sancho replied, “ Fore God! Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I cannot suffer nor bear with patience, some things which your worship says; for they make me imagine, that all you have mentioned about chivalry, and acquiring kingdoms and empires, and

giving away islands, with other favours and presents, according to the practice of knights-errant, is nothing but puffs of falsehood, and the mere effect of piction or fiction, or what do you call it: for who that hears your worship call a barber’s bason the helmet of Mambrino, and sees you continue in that error so many days, but will believe, that he who affirms such nonsense, must be very much crazed in his understanding? The bason, which is all bruised and battered, I have put up in my bag, in order to be mended at home, and used for the service of my own beard, if ever, by the grace of God, I come to see my wife and family.”—“ Heark ye, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ by the same oath you swore, I swear again, that thou hast the most slender understanding that any squire in this world does or ever did possess! Is it possible, that after all thy travelling in my company, thou art not convinced that every thing belonging to knights-errant, appears chimera, folly, and distraction, being metamorphosed into the reverse of what it is, by the power of a tribe of enchanters who attend us, changing, converting, and restoring each particular, according to their pleasure, and the inclination they have to favour or annoy us: for which reason, what seems a barber’s bason to thee, I can easily discern to be the helmet of Mambrino, and perhaps to a third, it will assume a quite different appearance; and I cannot but admire the providence of the sage who is my friend, in making that which is really and truly Mambrino’s helmet, appear a bason to the rest of mankind, because it is of such inestimable value, that if it was known, the whole world would combine to ravish it from me; but, as it appears to them no more than a barber’s bason, they never attempt to obtain it. This was plainly the case with the villain, who, having endeavoured to break it in pieces, left it on the ground, when he went off; whereas, had he known what it was, in good faith, he would not have quitted it so easily. Keep it therefore with care, my friend, for at present there is no occasion for it; on the contrary, I shall strip off all my armour, and remain naked as I was

born;

born, in case I be inclined to imitate the penance of Roldan, rather than that of Amadis.'

Conversing in this manner, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain that stood alone, as if it had been cut out from the rest that surrounded it. A gentle rill murmured by the skirts of it, winding along a meadow, so green and fertile, that it ravished the spectator's eye; while a number of forest trees that grew around, together with some delicious herbs and flowers, conspired to make the place enchanting. This was the scene in which the knight of the rueful countenance chose to do penance; and therefore he no sooner perceived it, than he began to exclaim aloud, as if he had actually lost his senses, 'This is the spot, ye heavens! which I chuse and appoint my residence, while I bewail that misfortune to which you yourselves have reduced me. This is the place where the tears from these eyes will increase the waters of that little brook; and where my profound and interrupted sighs, will incessantly move the leaves of these mountain-oaks, in witness and testimony of the pangs which my tormented heart endures. O ye rural deities, whosoever ye are, who take up your mansion in this uninhabited place, give ear to the complaints of an unhappy lover, whom a tedious absence and imaginary doubts have brought to lament among these craggy hills, and bemoan the cruel disposition of that ungrateful fair, who is the end and perfection of all human beauty? O ye nymphs and dryads, who are wont to inhabit the hills and groves (so may no nimble and lascivious satyrs, by whom you are beloved, though loved in vain, disturb your sweet repose) help me to bewail my mishap: or at least disdain not to hear my moan! O Dulcinea del Toboso! light of my darkness! glory of my affliction! north-star of my inclinations! and planet of my fortune! as Heaven shall pour upon you the blessings which you ask; consider the place and condition to which your absence hath exiled me, and put such a period to my woe, as my fidelity shall seem to deserve! O ye solitary trees, who henceforth are to bear

me company in this retreat, convince me, by the gentle waving of your boughs, that my presence gives you no disgust: and thou, my squire, the agreeable companion of my good and evil fortune, faithfully retain in thy remembrance what thou shalt see me do, that thou mayest recount and rehearse every circumstance to the lovely cause of all my distraction!' So saying, he alighted, and taking off the bridle and saddle from Rozinante, gave him a slap on the buttocks, pronouncing these words: 'He who is a slave himself, bestows freedom upon thee, O steed, as excellent in thy qualities as unlucky in thy fate! go wheresoever thou wilt; thou bearest engraven on thy forehead, that thou wast never equalled in swiftness, either by Astolpho's Hypogriff, or the renowned Frontino that cost Bradamante so dear.'

Sancho hearing this apostrophe, 'My blessing,' cried he, 'be upon him, whose industry now saves us the trouble of taking the halter from the head of Dapple*, who, in good faith, should not want slaps on the buttocks, nor abundance of fine things said in his praise; but, if he was here, I would not consent to his being turned loose, there being no reason for so doing; for he was never acquainted with love and despair, no more than I, who was his master, while it pleased God I should be so: and truly, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, if this departure of mine, and distraction of your worship, are really to take place, you had better saddle Rozinante again, to supply the want of Dapple; by which means a great deal of time will be saved in my going and coming; whereas, if I make the journey on foot, I know not when it will be performed; for, in short, I am a very sorry walker.'—'I say, be it so, then, Sancho,' answered Don Quixote: 'I approve of thy proposal; and assure thee, that thou shalt set out in three days, during which I would have thee take notice of what I shall do for her sake, that thou mayest be able to give her a full account of my behaviour.'—'What more can I see,' said Sancho, 'than I have seen already?'—'You are pretty

* Lo! Sancho's ass hath disappeared again.

‘perfect in your story,’ answered the knight; but, as yet, I have not torn my cloaths, scattered my armour, and dashed my head against the rocks, nor performed many other things of this sort, which thou wilt behold with admiration.’—‘For the love of God, Sir!’ cried Sancho, ‘take care how you dash your head against the rocks; for you may chance to meet with such a one as will, at the first push, put the finishing stroke to this whole scheme of penance; and I should think, that as knocks of the head are absolutely necessary to compleat the work, your worship might content yourself, seeing the whole affair is a sham, a counterfeit, and a joke; I say, your worship might content yourself with ramming your skull against water, or some soft thing, like a cotton bag; and leave it to my care to tell my lady, that your worship went to loggerheads with the point of a rock a thousand times harder than adamant.’—‘Friend Sancho,’ replied the knight, ‘I am obliged to thee, for thy kind intention; but, thou must know, that what I do is not a sham, but a very serious matter; for, to behave otherwise, were to transgress the orders of chivalry, which forbid us to lye, under pain of being degraded; and you know, that to substitute one thing instead of another, is downright telling a lye: wherefore, my knocks on the head must be real, hard, and effectual, and not sophisticated or imaginary; and it will be necessary to leave me some lint for my wounds, since it was the will of fate that we should lose the balsam.’

‘It was a much greater misfortune,’ said the squire, ‘to lose the ass, and with him the lint and all; but I beseech your worship, not to talk of that accursed drench, the sole mention of which not only turns my stomach, but even my very soul; and I beseech you, moreover, to suppose we have passed those three days, which you have appointed for shewing me your mad pranks; for I take them all for granted, and will tell wonders of them to my lady. Write the letter, therefore, and dispatch me forthwith: because I am impatient till I return and deliver your worship from that purgatory in which I leave you,—

‘Purgatory! call you it, Sancho?’ replied Don Quixote: ‘it rather deserves the name of hell, or something worse, if worse can be.’—‘I have heard,’ said the squire, ‘that from hell there is no retention.’—‘I know not,’ replied the knight, ‘what you mean by retention.’—‘Retention,’ answered Sancho, ‘signifies, that whosoever goeth to hell, neither will nor can come back again. The contrary of which shall happen to your worship, or my feet will misgive me, provided I carry spurs to quicken Rozinante: and set me once face to face before my Lady Dulcinea, at Toboso, I will tell her such stories of the folly and madness, for they are both the same thing, which your worship has committed, and will then be committing, that though I should find her harder than a cork-tree, I will make her as pliant as a glove; and, with her sweet and honied answer, return through the air, like a witch, and deliver your worship from this purgatory, that appears like hell, though it be not really so, because there are some hopes of getting out of it; whereas those who are actually in hell can have no such expectation; and I dare say, your worship will not advance any thing to the contrary.’

‘That is all very true,’ said he of the rueful countenance; ‘but how shall we make shift to write this letter?’—‘Aye, and the bill for the colts?’ added Sancho. ‘That shall be inserted in the letter,’ answered his master; ‘and I think, as there is no paper to be had in this place, the best thing we can do, will be to write in the manner of the ancients, on the leaf of a tree, or on waxen tables; though, I believe, those will be as difficult to be found as the paper. But, now I remember what will do well, and excellently well, for our purpose: I will write it in the pocket-book which belonged to Cardenio, and thou shalt take care to have it fairly transcribed in the first place where thou canst find a school-master or a parish clerk to copy it. But, by no means employ a scrivener, who may write it in such an unintelligible court-hand, that Satan himself could not understand it.’—‘But what is to be done about the signing of it?’ said Sancho. ‘Love-letters are never signed,’ replied Don

Quixote. 'True,' resumed the squire; 'but all bills must be subscribed: and if this of yours were to be copied, they would say the subscription was counterfeit, and I might go whistle for my colts.'—'The bill shall be subscribed with my own hand in the pocket-book; which my niece shall no sooner see, than she will comply with the order, without any farther objection: and with regard to the letter, instead of my subscription, thou shalt cause to be inserted, "Yours, till death; the Knight of the Rueful Countenance."' And though it be written by another hand, it is of small importance, because, now I remember, Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor ever set eyes on any writing or letter of mine: for our mutual love has been altogether platonick, without extending farther than a modest glance; and even that so seldom, that I can safely swear, in twelve years, during which I have loved her more than the light of these eyes, which will one day be closed in dust, I have not seen her more than four times, and even in these four times, perhaps, she hath not perceived me looking at her more than once. Such is the restraint and reserve in which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up!

'Ah, ha!' cried Sancho, 'is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, whose other name is Aldonza Lorenza, the same with the Lady Dulcinea?'—'Yes,' answered the knight; 'and she deserves to be lady of the whole universe.'—'I know her perfectly well,' said Sancho; 'and this will venture to say in her behalf, that she will pitch the bar as well as e'er a lusty young fellow in the village. Bless the squire! she is a strapper, tall, and hale wind and limb; and can lift out of the mire any squire or knight-errant, who shall chuse her for his sweetheart. Ah! the whore's chick! what a pair of lungs and voice has she got! I heard her one day halloo from the belfray to some young fellows of her acquaintance, who were at work in a corn-field of her father's; and, though it was at the distance of half a league, they heard her as plain as if they had been right under the steeple; and what is better still, she is not at all coy,

but behaves herself civilly; and jokes and romps, and plays the rogue with any body. Now, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I say that your worship not only has cause to run mad for her, but even to despair and hang yourself; and I am sure nobody that heard it, but would say you had done extremely well; even though the devil should run away with you; and truly, I wish I were now upon my way, merely to see her; for I have not beheld her these many days: and, surely, she must be greatly altered; for the sun and weather does very much damage to the face of a woman who is always at work in the field. To tell you the truth, Sir Don Quixote, I have hitherto lived in great ignorance with respect to my Lady Dulcinea, whom I verily belived to be some princess, that your worship was in love with; or a person of such rank as to deserve the rich presents you sent to her; namely, the Biscayan and galley-slaves, with many others whom you conquered in the course of your numberless victories, both before and since I have been your squire. But, when one considers the affair, what benefits can my Lady Aldonza Lorenzo—I mean, my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, reap from your worship's sending, or having sent those whom you overcome in battle, to fall upon their knees before her? especially as they might chance to come at a time when she is busy, carding flax and threshing corn; in which case, they would be ashamed to see her, and she laugh and be out of humour at their arrival.'—'I have frequently observed before now, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that thou art an everlasting babler; and, though of a shallow understanding, thy bluntness borders often on severity; but, to convince thee of thy own ignorance and my discretion, thou shalt give ear to a short story which I will relate.

'Know, then, that once upon a time a certain handsome widow, young, free, wealthy, and, above all, good-humoured, fell in love with a thick, squat, brawny, lay-brother, belonging to a neighbouring convent; the superior of which being informed of the affair, said to the widow, one day, by way of brotherly reproof, "I am amazed, Madam, and not with-

out cause, that a lady of your rank, beauty, and fortune, should bestow your affection upon such a low, simple, clownish fellow; when there are so many masters, graduates, and divines, in the convent, among whom your ladyship may chuse, as one picks pears, saying, "This I like, that I loath." The lady answered, with great freedom and vivacity, Signior, you are very much deceived, and very old-fashioned in your opinion, if you think I have made a bad choice in that fellow who seems so simple: for, in that particular which I admire, he is as much of a philosopher, nay, more than Aristotele himself." In like manner, Sancho, Dulcinea-del Toboso is as proper for my occasions as the highest princess upon earth. All the poets, who have celebrated ladies, under names which they invented at pleasure, had not really such mistresses as they describe. Dost thou imagine, that all the Amaryllis's, Silvia's, Phillis's, Diana's, Galatea's, Alida's, and other names so often met with in romances, poems, barbers shops, and on the stage, actually belonging to ladies of flesh and blood, who were adored by those who sing, and have sung their praises? No, surely; but, on the contrary, are, for the most part, feigned and adopted as the subjects of verse, that the poets may be thought men of amorous and gallant dispositions. Wherefore, let it suffice, that I imagine and believe the worthy Aldonza Lorenzo to be beautiful and modest: and, as to her pedigree, it is a matter of small importance; there is no necessity for taking information on that head, as if she were to be invested with some order of knighthood; and I take it for granted, that she is the noblest princess in the universe; for, thou must know, Sancho, if it be a thing of which thou art ignorant, that the two qualities, which, above all others, inspire love, are beauty and reputation: and these two is Dulcinea in consummate possession of; for in beauty she excels all women, and is equalled by very few in point of reputation. And, to conclude, I imagine that all I have said is true, without exaggeration or diminution. I paint her in my fancy according to my wish, as well in beauty as in rank;

unexcelled by Helen, unrivalled by Lucretia, or any other heroine of ages past, whether Grecian, Roman, or Barbarian; and let people say what they will, if I am blamed by the ignorant, I shall be acquitted by the most rigid of those who are proper judges of the case. — "I say," answered Sancho, "that your worship is very much in the right, and I am no better than an ass: but I know not why I should mention the word ass; for one ought not to talk of halters in the house of a man who was hanged. But give me the letter, and farewell till I return."

Don Quixote pulled out the memorandum-book, and, stepping aside, with great composure, began to write the letter; which, when he had finished, he called to Sancho, saying he wanted to read it to him, that he might retain it in his memory, in case he should lose it by the way; for every thing was to be feared from his evil fortune. "Your worship," answered Sancho, "may write it down two or three times in the book, and I will take special care to convey it safely; but it is folly to suppose that I can retain it in my memory, which is so bad, that I have many a time forgot my own name; but, notwithstanding, pray, Sir, read it to me; I shall be hugely rejoiced to hear it; for it must certainly be curiously penned." — "Listen then, and I will read it," said Don Quixote; who began as follows.

Don Quixote's Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso.

"SOVEREIGN AND SUBLIME
PRINCESS,

HE who is wounded by the edge of absence, and whose heart is stuck full of the darts of affliction, most divine Dulcinea del Toboso! wishes thee that health which he is not doomed to enjoy. If I am scorched by thy beauty, if thy virtue affords me no relief, if thy disdain compleats my misfortune; albeit, I am inured to suffering, I can ill support the misery I bear; which hath not only been excessive, but also of long duration. My trusty squire Sancho will give thee an ample relation, O ungrateful beauty and lovely foe! of the situation in which I remain on thy account.

‘ if it be thy will to succour me, I am thy slave: if not, use thy pleasure; for the end of my life will satisfy thy cruelty and my desire. Thine till death,

‘ THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL
‘ COUNTEenance.’

‘ By my father’s soul!’ cried Sancho, ‘ this is the highest thing I ever heard. Odds-niggers! how your worship writes whatsoever you please, and how curiously you conclude, “ The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.” I verily believe your worship is the devil himself, and knows every thing.’— ‘ All that knowledge,’ replied the knight, ‘ is necessary for the employment I profess.’— ‘ Why, then,’ said the squire, ‘ be so good as to write on the other leaf the order for the three colts, and be sure to subscribe distinctly, that when it is presented, your hand-writing may be known.’— ‘ With all my heart!’ said Don Quixote, who having written the order, read it aloud in these terms.

‘ DEAR NIECE,

‘ PLEASE deliver to Sancho Panza, my squire, or order, at sight of this my first bill of colts, three of the five which I left at home in your custody; which three colts I order you to pay, in return for the like number received of him: and this bill, together with his receipt, shall be a sufficient acquittance to you.

‘ Given in the heart of the brown mountain, the twentieth and second of August, this present year.’

Sancho liked the form, and desired his master to sign it. ‘ There is no occasion for my signing it,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ with any thing but my cypher, which is sufficient not only for three, but three hundred asses.’— ‘ As to that,’ I will take your worship’s word; and now give me leave to go and saddle Rozinante, which when I have done, and received your blessing, I intend forthwith to depart, without staying to see you play any foolish tricks, though I will affirm, I have beheld you perform so many, that she will desire to hear no more of the matter.’— ‘ At least, Sancho,

said the knight, ‘ I would have thee, because there is a necessity for it, stay and see me strip, and perform a dozen or two of mad pranks, which I can easily finish in half an hour; for, when thine eyes shall have been, witnesses of some things I will act, thou mayest safely swear to what additions thou shalt make in thy report; and I assure thee, thou wilt not relate the half of what I intend to achieve.’— ‘ For the love of God, dear Sir!’ cried Sancho, ‘ let me not see your worship naked; for it will give me so much uneasiness, that I shall not be able to refrain from weeping; and my head aches already with the sorrow I felt last night about Dapple; so that I cannot bear to be set a mourning again; wherefore, if it be your worship’s pleasure that I should see some of your mad actions, pray dispatch them in your cloaths; and let them be such as will stand you in most stead: for my own part, I think there is no occasion for any such thing; and if you dispense with them, it will save time, and send me back the sooner with such news as your worship desires and deserves. For, if my Lady Dulcinea is not prepared to send a reasonable answer, I solemnly protest, I will extract a favourable reply out of her maw, by kicking and cuffing. What! is it to be borne, that such a renowned knight-errant as your worship, should run mad without why or wherefore, on account of a — I would not have her ladyship compel me to speak; or, egad, I shall blab things by the dozen, even though they should spoil the market. I am a rare fellow at that sport. I find she knows little of my temper, otherwise I faith! she would take care to give me no offence.’— ‘ In good faith, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ thou seemest to be as mad as myself.’— ‘ Not quite so mad,’ replied the squire, ‘ but a little more cholerick; but enough of that. What eatables has your worship got to live upon till my return? will you go to the high-road, and rob the shepherds, like Cardenio?’— ‘ Let not that give thee any concern,’ answered the knight; ‘ though I had store of provisions by me, I should eat nothing but the herbs and fruits which this meadow and these trees afford; the perfection of my design consisting in abstaining from food,’ and

and in encountering other hardships.' — 'Your worship must know,' said Sancho, 'that I am afraid I shall not find my way back again to this concealed and unfrequented place, in which I leave your worship.' — 'Take good notice of the marks,' answered the knight, and I shall endeavour to remain always near this very spot: nay, I will take care to ascend the highest rocks hereabouts, that I may have a chance of descriing thee afar off, in thy return. But, the best scheme for preventing thy being bewildered, will be, to cut down some of the furze that grows here in great plenty, and drop bunches of it, at small distances on the way, until thou shalt reach the flat country: and they will serve as land-marks to guide thee hither on thy return, like the clue of Theseus, in the labyrinth of Crete.'

'I will take your advice,' said Sancho; who accordingly cutting a large bundle, begged his master's blessing, and took his leave, not without many tears on both sides. Then mounting Rozinante, whom Don Quixote strongly recommended to his care, commanding him to pay as much regard to the steed as he would shew for his own person; he set out for the plain, scattering, by the way, the furze he had cut, according to the direction of his master. In this manner, then, did he begin his journey, notwithstanding the incessant importunities of Don Quixote, who solicited him to stay and see some of his extravagancies: but, he had not travelled above an hundred yards, when he returned, saying, 'I confess your worship was in the right, when you observed, that, in order to my swearing with a safe conscience that I have seen you perform mad pranks, it would be necessary for you to play some in my presence; although, in my opinion, I have seen a pretty good sample already in your staying here by yourself.' — 'Did not I tell thee so, Sancho?' said Don Quixote: 'wait a little, and I will finish them in a twinkling.' So saying, he stripped off his breeches in a great hurry, leaving his posteriors covered by the tail of his shirt alone, and without farther ceremony, cut a couple of capers, and a like number of tumbles, with his head down and his heels up, disclosing particulars, which shocked the modesty of Sancho

so much, that in order to avoid the sight of them a second time, he turned Rozinante, fully satisfied and pleased, that he might now honestly swear he had left his matter distracted. We will therefore let him pursue his journey, till his return, which was more speedy than could be expected.

C H A P. XII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE REFINEMENTS IN LOVE, PRACTISED BY DON QUIXOTE IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN.

BUT, to return to the account of what the Knight of the Rueful Countenance executed when he found himself alone: The history relates, that, having performed the capers and the tumbles, naked, from the waist downward, and perceived that Sancho was gone, without waiting to see more of his extravagancies, he climbed to the top of a high rock, and there revolved what he had often reflected upon without coming to any conclusion; namely, whether it was better and more fit for his purpose, to imitate Orlando in his outrageous, or Amadis in his melancholy madness. 'It is not to be wondered at,' said he within himself, 'if Orlando was such a stout and valiant knight as he is represented; for he was actually enchanted, and invulnerable by every weapon but the point of a pin, thrust into his foot, upon which he always wore a shoe with seven soles of iron: though that precaution did not avail him against Bernardo del Carpio, who being informed of the contrivance, strangled him in his arms at the battle of Roncesvalles: but the circumstance of his valour apart, let us consider that of his losing his senses, which actually happened, when he found the tokens in the fountain, and received the information of the shepherd, by which he learned that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Mordero, the little Moor with curled locks, who was Agramante's page; and, truly, if he was convinced in his own mind, that his mistress had misbehaved in that manner, it was no great feat to run mad upon the discovery. But, why should I imitate him

him in his madness, when the occasion is not similar; for, my Dulcinea del Toboso, I dare swear, never in all the days of her life, beheld one Moor in his own likeness; and is this day as much a virgin as the mother that bore her; I should therefore do her a manifest injury, in imagining otherwise, and adopting that kind of madness which possessed Orlando Furioso. On the other hand, I am sensible that Amadis de Gaul, without losing his senses, or acting the madman, acquired as much, or more fame than he, in the character of a lover; for, according to the history, all that he did, when he found himself in disgrace with his mistress Oriana, who banished him from her presence during pleasure, was to retire, in company of a hermit to the poor rock, where he contented himself with bemoaning his misfortune, until Heaven sent him succour, in the midst of his great necessity and affliction. If this circumstance, therefore, be true, as I know it is, why should I now take the trouble of stripping myself naked, or give umbrage to these trees, which have done me no harm! or what reason have I to defile the pure stream of these rivulets, which, when I want it, will yield me pleasant drink! Flourish, then, the memory of Amadis! and let him be imitated as much as possible, by Don Quixote de La Mancha, of whom may be said, that which is recorded of another*, "If he did not achieve great things, at least he died in attempting." And, though I am not banished nor disdained by my Dulcinea, let it suffice, as I have already said, that I am absent from her. Come, then, let us begin: recur to my remembrance, ye feats of Amadis, and initiate me in the imitation of your fame. I know his chief exercise was prayer, and in that too will I follow his example." So saying, he composed a rosary of the large galls of a cork-tree, which he strung together instead of beads; but, he found an unmountable difficulty in the want of an hermit to confess and console him: wherefore, he entertained

himself in strolling about the meadow, writing and engraving verses on the barks of trees, and the smooth sand; all of them on the subject of his own melancholy, or in praise of his mistress Dulcinea; but, after he was found in this place, none, except the following, remained intelligible and entire.

I.

YE trees and herbs, so green and tall,
That shade this meadow, and adorn,
If you rejoice not at my thrall,
Give ear unto a wretch forlorn;
Nor let my grief, though loud, invade
Your peace; but, by Don Quixote, be a
Self-offer'd tax of sorrow, paid
In absence of his Dulcinea
del Toboso.

II.

These are the rocks to which he's driven
By her who seems not much to care for
The truest lover under heaven:
And yet he knows not why nor wherefore,
By love tofs'd like a tennis-ball,
A cask of tears will not defray a
Whole day's expence of grief and gall,
In absence of his Dulcinea
del Toboso.

III.

Among these craggy rocks and brambles,
He hangs, alas! on sorrow's tenters;
Or curses, as alone he rambles,
The cruel cause of his misventures.
Unpitied love about his ears,
With scourge severe began to play a
Most dreadful game, that made his tears
Flow for his absent Dulcinea
del Toboso.

These verses, with the addition of del Toboso, to the name of Dulcinea, afforded infinite diversion to those who found them: for, they concluded Don Quixote had imagined, that, if he named her without this title, the stanza could not possibly be understood; and this was really the case, as he afterwards owned: Many other ditties did he compose; but, as we have already observed, none but these three stanzas could be decyphered and read. In this amusement, in sighing, invoking the fauns and sylphs of those woods, the nymphs of the brooks, with

* Probably alluding to the epitaph of Phaeton.

*Hic situs est Phaeton, currus auriga paterni,
Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

the damp and doleful echo to hear, console, and rebound his complaints; and, in culling plants to sustain nature, he employed himself till the return of Sancho, who, had he stayed three weeks, instead of three days, the knight of the rueful countenance would have been so emaciated and disfigured, that he could not have been known by the mother who bore him.

However, it will not be amiss to leave him, engrossed by his sighs and poetry; in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza, in the execution of his embassy. Having reached the highway, this trusty messenger took the road to Toboso, and next day arrived at the very inn where he had met with the disgraceful adventure of the blanketting. He no sooner perceived the unlucky house, than he fancied himself cutting capers in the air again; and was very lothe to enter, although it was then dinner time, and he was very much instigated by the desire of tasting something hot, as he had lived for a great many days past on cold victuals only. This inclination compelled him to ride close up to the inn, where, while he was sitting in suspense, and hesitating whether or not he should enter, two persons happened to come to the door, and knowing him immediately, the one said to the other, 'Pray, Mr. Licentiate, is not that man on horseback our neighbour Sancho Panza; who, as the housekeeper told us, went out with our adventurer in quality of squire?'—'The very same,' answered the licentiate, 'and that is the individual horse of our friend Don Quixote.' And no wonder they should know him so easily; for they were no other than the curate and barber of the knight's town, by whom the scrutiny and trial of his books were held. Having therefore recognized Sancho Panza and Rozinante, and being impatient to hear news of Don Quixote, they ran up to the squire, and the curate called him by name, saying, 'Friend Sancho, where is your master?' Sancho, who recollected them also, resolved to conceal the place and condition in which he had left his master; and therefore answered, that the knight was in a certain place, employed about a certain affair of the utmost importance, which he durst not disclose for the eyes that stood in his head. 'That pretence will not do, Sancho,' said the barber; 'if

'you refuse to tell where he is, we shall imagine, as indeed we do, that you have robbed and murdered him, and taken possession of his horse; so, that in good sooth, you must either produce him, or in this very spot, we will——' 'You have no occasion,' cried Sancho, interrupting him, 'to threaten people in this manner; I am not the man to rob and murder any person; every man must fall by his own fortune, or by the will of God that created him: my master is sound and safe, doing penance in the midst of that mountain, to his heart's content.' He then, without pausing, in a breath informed them of the condition in which he left him, recounted all the adventures which had happened to him, and told them of the letter he was carrying to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was no other than Lorenzo Corchuelo's daughter, with whom his master was up to his ears in love.

They were astonished at what the squire related, and though well acquainted with the particular species of Don Quixote's madness, this instance afforded fresh admiration: they desired Sancho to shew them the letter for the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and he told them it was only a rough draught, written on the leaf of a pocket-book; and that his master had ordered him to get it transcribed on a sheet of paper, with the first convenient opportunity. The curate promised to transcribe it in a fair legible hand, and again desiring a sight of it, Sancho put his hand in his bosom, in search of the book, which, however, he could not find; and indeed, had he fumbled till this time, it would have been to no purpose; for he had left it with Don Quixote, who had forgot to give, as he to ask it of him, before he set out. Sancho missing his charge, grew pale as death, and searching again his whole body with great eagerness, could find nothing; upon which, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands, and plucked one half of it from his chin; then, with vast dispatch and precipitation, belaboured his face and nose in such a manner, as left the whole covered with blood. The curate and barber seeing him make so free with his own person, asked what had happened to him, that made him handle himself so roughly. 'What has happened to me?' cried the squire, 'I have

‘ I have lost and let slip through my fingers in an instant, three ass colts, each of which was as tall as a tower.’ — ‘ By what means ? ’ resumed the barber. ‘ I have lost,’ answered Sancho, ‘ the pocket-book, in which was written the letter for Dulcinea, together with an order, signed by my master’s own hand, desiring his niece to deliver to me three colts out of four or five which he has at home.’ At the same time, he told them how he had lost Dapple. The curate comforted him, by saying, that when he returned, his master would renew the order, and give him a bill upon paper, as the custom is, for those written in pocket books are never accepted or paid.

With this assurance Sancho consoled himself, observing, since that was the case, he should not give himself much uneasiness about the loss of the letter, which, as he retained it by heart, he could cause to be transcribed where and when he pleased. The barber desired him to repeat it, telling him they would transcribe it; upon which Sancho began to scratch his head, in order to recollect it, standing sometimes on one foot, sometimes on the other. One while he fixed his eyes upon the ground, then lifted them up to Heaven; at last, after a most tedious pause, during which he gnawed off the half of one of his nails, and kept his hearers in the most impatient suspense; ‘ Fore God, Mr. Licentiate,’ said he, ‘ I believe the devil has run away with every word that I remembered of this letter; though I am positive it began with subterrene and sublime princess!’ — ‘ It could not be subterrene,’ said the barber, ‘ but superterrene or sovereign.’ — ‘ You are in the right,’ resumed Sancho; then, if my memory does not fail me, it went on with the smitten, the sleepless, and the sore, kisses your hands, most ungrateful and unregarded beauty; and something or other of health and distemper which he wished her; running on at this rate, till he concluded with, ‘ yours, till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.’

The hearers were not a little diverted with this specimen of Sancho’s memory, which they applauded very much; desiring him to repeat the letter again, twice over, that they might retain it, until they could have an opportunity of transcribing it. He accordingly renewed his

efforts, repeated it three times; and as often recited three thousand other absurdities. He likewise gave them an account of every thing which had befallen his master; but mentioned not a syllable of the blanketing that had happened to himself, in that very inn which he refused to enter; nay, he gave them to understand that his master, as soon as he could bring him a favourable dispatch from my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, would put himself in the way of becoming an emperor or monarch at least, according to the plan settled between them. This he represented as a very easy matter; considering the valour of his person, and strength of his arm; and told them, that this design would be no sooner accomplished, than the knight would bestow upon him in marriage; (for by that time, he must of necessity be a widower) one of the maids of honour to the empress; a fine young lady, and heiress of a vast and wealthy estate upon the main land, without any oilands, or islands, which he did not much care for.

Sancho uttered this piece of wrong-headed information with such composure, wiping his nose from time to time, that his townsmen could not help admiring anew the madness of Don Quixote; which, like a whirlpool, had sucked in and swept along with it the understanding of this poor simpleton. They did not chuse to fatigue themselves with endeavours to convince him of his error; but, as they believed it was not prejudicial to his conscience, resolved, for their amusement, to encourage him in his folly; with this view they advised him to pray to God for long life and health to his master; and observed, that it was a thing both likely and feasible that he should, in process of time become an emperor, at least an archbishop, or attain some station of equal dignity. To this encouragement Sancho replied, ‘ Gentlemen, if fortune should bring matters about, so as that my master should incline to be an archbishop rather than an emperor, I should be glad to know what archbishops-errant bestow upon their squires?’ The curate told him, that they commonly gave them some simple benefice, curacy, or the office of sacristan, with a good yearly income, besides the fees of the altar, which are usually reckoned at as much more.

‘In order to fill an employment of that kind,’ answered Sancho, ‘the squire must be unmarried, and at least capable of assisting at masts; and if that be the case, what will become of me, who have not only the misfortune to be married, but am also ignorant of the first letter of the A, B, C; should my master take it in his head to be an archbishop, rather than an emperor, according to the custom of knights-errant?’—‘Don’t make yourself uneasy about that matter, friend Sancho,’ said the barber; ‘for we will intreat and advise your master, nay, even make it an affair of conscience, for him to become an emperor rather than archbishop, as a station more suited to his disposition, which is more warlike than studious.’—‘I was of the same opinion,’ resumed Sancho; ‘but now, I’ll venture to say, he has a capacity for every thing: and what I intend to do, is to beseech our Lord to direct his choice to that station which will be most for his own honour and my advantage.’—‘You speak like a sensible man,’ said the curate; ‘and in so doing will act the part of a good Christian; but, our present business is to think on some means of putting an end to this useless penance your master has imposed upon himself; and in the mean time go in to dinner.’ Sancho desired them to enter, saying he would wait for them at the door, and afterwards tell them why he did not go in, and wherefore it was not proper for him so to do; but begged they would be so good as to bring out something hot for himself, and some barley for Rozinante. They accordingly went in, and in a little time the barber brought him out a mess of hot victuals. After they had both maturely deliberated about the means of accomplishing their design, the curate fell upon a scheme, extremely well-adapted to the taste of the knight, as well as to their purpose. He proposed to clothe himself in the dress of a lady-errant, and that the barber should disguise himself as well as he could, in the likeness of a squire; which being done, they should go to the place where Don Quixote was, and the priest, on pretence of being a damsel in distress, should beg a boon, which he, as a valiant knight-errant, could not help granting. This boon should be a request, that he would

accompany her to a certain place whither she would conduct him, there to redress an injury she had received from a discourteous knight; and the boon should be attended with an humble supplication, that he would not desire her to take off her mask, nor ask any question about her affairs, until he should have done her justice upon her adversary. And as he firmly believed that Don Quixote would comply with any request made in that stile, he hoped, by these means, to withdraw him from the mountain, and conduct him to his own habitation, where they would endeavour to find some remedy for his strange disorder.

CHAP. XIII.

HOW THE CURATE AND BARBER SET OUT ON THE EXECUTION OF THEIR PLAN; WITH OTHER EVENTS WORTHY TO BE RECORDED IN THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

THIS scheme of the curate was so well relished by the barber, that they began to put it in execution immediately; by borrowing of the landlady a petticoat and tucker, for which the priest left a new cassock in pawn; while the barber made an artificial beard of the tail of a pied ox, in which the innkeeper used to stick his comb. When the hostess asked what occasion they had for these things, the curate gave her a brief account of Don Quixote’s madness, and explained the use to which they intended to put the disguise, in order to disengage him from the mountain where he then was. The innkeeper and his wife immediately discovered that this lunatick was no other than their quondam guest, who was author of the balsam, and master of the blanketed squire; and recounted to the curate everything that had happened, not even forgetting the circumstance which Sancho was at such pains to conceal. In short, the landlady dressed up the curate in a most curious manner; she put upon him a cloth petticoat flounced and furbelowed, with a broad border of black velvet, and a close jerkin of green velvet, garnished with robings of white sattin, which, together with the petticoat, seemed to have been made in

the reign of King Bamba*; he would not suffer himself to be coifed, but covered his head with a quilted linen night-cap, which he always carried about with him; and bound his forehead with a garter of black taffety, making a sort of mask with the other, which effectually concealed his countenance and beard. Over all, he flapped his beaver, which was so broad that it might have served for an umbrella; and, wrapping himself up in his cloak, mounted his mule, sitting sideways like a woman; while the barber beltrid his own beast, with his beard flowing down to his girdle, of a white and red colour, being made as we have before observed, of a pied ox's tail.

Thus equipped, they took leave of every body present, even the kind Maritornes, who promised, though a sinner, to mumble a whole rosary over in prayers to God, for the good success of that arduous and Christian design they had undertaken; but scarce had they sallied from the inn, when the curate began to think he was to blame for disguising himself; it being, in his opinion, indecent for a priest to appear in such a manner, how much soever depended upon their success. He therefore proposed that he should exchange characters with the barber, who might act the part of the damsel in distress, while he took that of the squire, which he thought did not so much profane the dignity of the cloth; and unless his neighbour would agree to this proposal, he assured him that he was resolved to go no farther, even if the devil himself should carry off Don Quixote. At that instant Sancho chanced to come up, and seeing them in such a garb, could not refrain from laughing; in short, the barber assented to every thing the other proposed; and the plan being thus altered, the curate began to instruct him touching his behaviour and speech to Don Quixote, in order to move and induce him to accompany them, and quit that place he had chosen for the scene of his vain and extravagant penance. The

barber told him, that without his lessons, new very well how to demean himself in the character; and as he did not chuse to put on the dress till they should

be near Don Quixote, he folded it up with great care; the priest adjusted his beard; and both together proceeded on their journey, under the direction of Sancho Panza, who by the way related to them what happened between his master and the madman whom they met with in the Brown Mountain; concealing, nevertheless, the circumstance of the portmanteau, and its contents; for, notwithstanding his simplicity, our youth was as covetous as wiser people.

Next day they came to the broom boughs, which Sancho had strewed, in order to ascertain the place where he had left his master: he no sooner, therefore, perceived his marks, than he told them that was the entrance into the mountain; and desired them to put on their dresses, if they were necessary towards the deliverance of his master: for they had already assured him, that their travelling in such disguise was of the utmost importance, in disengaging the knight from that disagreeable course of life he had chosen: and they charged him not to tell his master that he knew who they were; and if he should ask, as doubtless he would, whether or not he had delivered the letter to Dulcinea, they advised him to answer in the affirmative, and tell him, that as she could not read it, she had sent her answer by word of mouth, commanding him, on pain of her displeasure, to appear in her presence with all convenient speed, on an affair of the utmost consequence to him: for, with this answer, and other speeches they intended to make, they did not at all doubt of reconciling him to a better way of life, and prevail upon him immediately to begin his career towards being an emperor or king; and as to the office of archbishop, Sancho had nothing to fear. The squire listened to these directions, which he carefully deposited in his memory, thanking them heartily for their intention to advise his master to accept of an emperor's crown, rather than an archbishop's mitre; as he was very sensible that emperors could do more for their squires than archbishops-errant. He also proposed to go before, in search of his master, and impart to him this answer of his lady, which, he assured them,

* Bamba, or Wamba, king of the Visigoths in Spain, mounted the throne in the year 672, and was famous for his success against the Arabians, as well as for his attachment to the Christian religion, as a proof of which he retired into a monastery, and resigned the kingdom to Ervig.

would be sufficient to bring him out of the mountain, without their being put to any farther trouble. They approved of his opinion, and resolved to stay where they were until he should return with the news of his having found Don Quixote: accordingly, Sancho proceeded towards the heart of the mountain, leaving them in a spot watered by a small purling brook, and shaded in a most cool and agreeable manner by some rocks and trees that grew round it.

It being then the month of August, when the heat in those parts is excessive, and three in the afternoon, which is the hottest time of the day, they were the more charmed with the situation, which was so inviting, that they chose it for the place of their residence, until Sancho should return. While they lay at their ease, under the covert of this shade, their ears were saluted with the sound of a voice, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sung so sweet and melodiously, that they were struck with astonishment; little expecting to meet with such a delicious warbler in that unfrequented place; for though it is usually said, that the woods and mountains abound with shepherds, who sing most inchantingly, that report is rather the fiction of poets than the voice of truth: besides, the verses which they heard were not composed in the rustick phrase of clowns, but in a polite and courtly strain; as may be perceived by the song itself, which follows:

I.

Ah! what inspires my woeful strain?
Unkind disdain!

Ah! what augments my misery?
Fell jealousy!

Or say, what hath my patience worn?
An absent lover's scorn.

The torments, then, that I endure,
No mortal remedy can cure:
For every languid hope is slain,
By absence, jealousy, disdain!

II.

From Love, my unrelenting foe,
These sorrows flow!

My infant glory's overthrown,
By Fortune's frown;

Confirm'd in this my wretched state,
By the decrees of Fate,

In Death alone I hope release
From this compounded, dire disease;
Whose cruel pangs to aggravate,
Fortune and Love conspire with Fate!

III.

Ah, what will mitigate my doom?

The silent tomb!

Ah! what retrieve departed joy?

Inconstancy!

Or say, can aught but frenzy, bear
This tempest of despair?

All other efforts, then, are vain,
To cure this soul-tormenting pain,
That owns no other remedy
Than madness, death, inconstancy.

The hour, the season, and the solitude, conspired with the agreeable voice of the singer, to increase the wonder and satisfaction of the hearers, who listened for some time in expectation of something else; but the silence having continued a good while, they resolved to go in quest of the person who sung so inchantingly, and were just going to set out on this design, when they were arrested by the same voice, which again saluted their ears with this other song:

I.

O sacred Friendship! mild and gay,
Who to the regions of the bleis'd
Hath soar'd, and left mankind a prey
To fraud, in thy resemblance dress'd:

II.

Auspicious hear, and hither send
Thy sister Truth, with radiant eyes,
To brand the false professing friend,
Detected in the fair disguise.

III.

Or come thyself, and re-inspire
The purpose candid and humane;
Else Peace and Order will retire,
While Horror and Confusion reign.

This sonnet was concluded with a most profound sigh, and the curate and barber began again to listen for more; but, finding the musick converted into mournful sobs and interjections, they were determined to know who this melancholy person was, who sung so well, and groaned so piteously. They had not gone many paces with this intent, when turning the point of a rock, they perceived a man of the same make and appearance that Sancho described, when he related the story of Cardenio: he did not seem surprized at sight of them, but stood with his head reclining upon his breast, in a very pensive posture, without lifting his eyes to look at them, after their first sudden appearance. The

curate, who was a well-spoken man, concluding, from the description, that this must be he whose misfortune he had been apprized of, went up, and in a short, but pathetick address, exhorted and entreated him to quit that miserable course of life, which was the greatest of all misfortunes, and altogether perverted the end of his being. Cardenio being at that time in one of his lucid intervals, entirely free of that frantick paroxysm which used so utterly to deprive him of his senses, and seeing two people so differently dressed from those he commonly met with in that solitude, could not help being somewhat surprized; especially, when he heard him talk of his misfortune as a circumstance with which they were well acquainted; for the curate had mentioned it in the course of his expostulation: and therefore he answered in this manner: ‘I plainly perceive, gentlemen, that Heaven, which is careful in succouring the good, and sometimes even the bad, hath sent, though I little deserve such favour and condescension, divers people into this unfrequented solitude, so remote from all commerce and society, in order to convince me by just and various arguments, how unreasonable I act in leading this kind of life, which they have endeavoured to make me exchange for a better; and, as they know not the reasons I have to think that, in quitting this situation, I shall be plunged into a worse; they have perhaps looked upon me as a person of very shallow understanding, or, which is still a conjecture more unfavourable, a downright madman: and truly, it is not to be wondered at, if that was really the case; for I can easily conceive, that my misfortunes operate so intensely upon my imagination, and impair my faculties so much, that sometimes, in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary, I become, like that rock, void of all sentiment and knowledge; and am convinced of my infirmity too late, when people shew me the marks of what I have done, while I was under the influence of that terrible transport: then, all that I can do, is to bewail my distemper; curse my lot in vain; and, in excuse of my madness,

‘relate my sufferings to all who express the least desire of hearing them; that those of sounder judgment, knowing the cause, may not wonder at the effects; and, if they cannot prevent, at least pardon my frenzy; converting their indignation at my extravagance into compassion for my woes; and if you, gentlemen, are come with that intention, which hath brought others to this place, before you proceed with your prudent admonitions, I intreat you to hear the detail of my misfortunes, which you do not yet know, and then, perhaps, you will save yourselves the trouble which you might otherwise take, in consoling an affliction that admits of no consolation.’

The two friends, who desired nothing else than to hear from his own mouth the cause of his misfortune, earnestly begged he would recount it, and promised to attempt nothing contrary to his own inclination in the way of remedy or comfort. Thus assured, the melancholy gentleman began his distressful story, nearly in the same words and circumstances which he had used a few days before, to Don Quixote and the goatherd, when he was interrupted in the affair of Mr. Elisabat, by the knight’s punctuality in asserting the decorum of chivalry, as the particulars of that quarrel have been already related: but now he remained fortunately free from his paroxysm, and of consequence, had time to finish the narration, which was imperfect before. When he therefore came to the circumstances of the letter which Don Fernando had found between the leaves of *Amadis de Gaul**, he said he remembered the contents, and accordingly repeated them in these terms.

“LUCINDA TO CARDENIO.

“I Every day discover new qualities in Cardenio, which oblige and compel me to esteem him the more. If you are inclined to extricate me out of all suspense, you may effectuate your purpose, without the least prejudice to my honour; for my father, who is well acquainted with your virtues, loves me dearly, and far from tyrannizing over my affections, will cheer-

* There is no such letter mentioned in his conversation with Don Quixote.

“ fully grant that which is so justly your
 “ due, if your passion is such as I wish
 “ and believe it to be.”

“ I resolved, as I have already told
 “ you, to demand Lucinda in marriage,
 “ upon the receipt of this letter, which
 “ not only confirmed Don Fernando’s
 “ high opinion of her prudence and vir-
 “ tue, but also inflamed him with the
 “ desire of ruining my hopes, before I
 “ should be able to bring them to matu-
 “ rity. I told this faithless friend, Lu-
 “ cinda’s father expected that mine
 “ should propose the match; and that
 “ I durst not communicate my desire to
 “ him, lest he should refuse to comply
 “ with it: not that he was ignorant of
 “ Lucinda’s rank, virtue, beauty, and
 “ qualifications, which were sufficient
 “ to ennoble any other family in Spain;
 “ but, because I understood he was
 “ averse to my being married, until he
 “ should see what Duke Ricardo would
 “ do in my behalf; in short, I told him
 “ that I would not venture to propose it,
 “ being afraid not only of this ill-con-
 “ sequence, but also of many others
 “ which I could not foresee; although I
 “ had a strong impression upon my
 “ mind, that my wishes would never
 “ be completed. In answer to this de-
 “ claration, Don Fernando undertook
 “ to manage the affair, and prevail upon
 “ my father to propose the match to Lu-
 “ cinda’s parents.—O villain! more
 “ ambitious than Marius, more cruel
 “ than Catiline, more savage than Sylla,
 “ more fraudulent than Galalon, more
 “ treacherous than Vellido*, more venge-
 “ ful than Julian, and more covetous
 “ than Judas! cruel, false, vindictive
 “ traitor! what injuries hadst thou suf-
 “ fered from this poor credulous wretch,
 “ who with such confidence disclosed to
 “ thee the most secret recesses of his soul!
 “ What offence had he given? what
 “ words had he uttered, or what ad-
 “ vice had he offered, that did not di-
 “ rectly tend to thy honour and advan-
 “ tage?—But, unhappy that I am!
 “ wherefore should I complain? seeing
 “ it is a thing certain, that when once
 “ the tide of misfortune, heaped up by
 “ one’s malignant stars, begins to de-
 “ scend with violence and fury, no earth-
 “ ly mound can oppose, nor human in-

“ dustry divert it’s course. Who could
 “ imagine, that such an illustrious, ac-
 “ complished young gentleman, as Don
 “ Fernando, who lay under obligations
 “ for the services I had done him, and
 “ was powerful enough to obtain the
 “ gratification of his wish, whitherso-
 “ ever his amorous inclination pointed,
 “ should plague himself, as I may
 “ say, in attempts to rob me of my
 “ single lamb, even before I had posses-
 “ sed it?

“ But, let us lay aside these vain and
 “ unprofitable reflections, and rejoin the
 “ broken thread of my unfortunate sto-
 “ ry. Well, then, Don Fernando, per-
 “ ceiving that my presence would be an
 “ obstruction to the execution of his
 “ false and perfidious design, resolved
 “ to send me back to his elder brother,
 “ on pretence of getting money to pay
 “ for six horses, which he purposely
 “ bought that very day he undertook to
 “ speak to my father, in order to have
 “ an excuse for sending me away, that
 “ he might, in my absence, the more
 “ easily succeed in his villainous inten-
 “ tion. Was it possible for me to pre-
 “ vent this treachery, or indeed conceive
 “ his design! No, surely. On the con-
 “ trary, I offered, with the utmost ala-
 “ crity, to set out forthwith, so pleased
 “ was I with the purchase he had made.
 “ That very night I had a private con-
 “ versation with Lucinda, in which I
 “ told her the scheme I had concerted
 “ with Don Fernando, and bade her rest
 “ assured in the hope that our just and
 “ honourable desires would soon be gra-
 “ tified. She, as little suspicious of
 “ Don Fernando’s perfidy as I was, en-
 “ treated me to return with speed, be-
 “ lieving that our wishes would be com-
 “ pleted, as soon as my father should
 “ mention the affair to her’s. I don’t
 “ know upon what account, her eyes
 “ were filled with tears when she pro-
 “ nounced these words; and something
 “ that seemed to swell in her throat,
 “ prevented her from uttering another
 “ syllable, though she looked as if she
 “ had something more to say. I was
 “ confounded at this new circumstance,
 “ which had never happened before: in
 “ all our former conversations, which
 “ my good fortune offered, or my dili-
 “ gence effected, there had been nothing

* Who murdered Sancho I. king of Castile, while he was engaged in the siege of Zamora.

but joy and satisfaction, without any mixture of tears, sighs, jealousy, dread, or suspicion; all my discourse used to consist of acknowledgments to Heaven, for having bestowed upon me such a mistress, whose beauty I extolled, and whose virtue and good sense I admired; while she returned the compliment, by praising those qualities in me, which she, in the partiality of her fondness, deemed worthy of applause; besides, we used to entertain each other with an account of a thousand trifling accidents that happened among our neighbours and acquaintance: and the height of my vivacity never amounted to more than the seizing of one of her delicate white hands, and pressing it to my lips, through the narrow distance betwixt the rails that divided us. But, on that night, which preceded the fatal day of my departure, she wept, sighed, and sobbed, and left me filled with confusion and surprize, and terrified at such unusual and melancholy marks of grief and affliction in my Lucinda. But I was flattered by my hopes, which ascribed the whole to the strength of her passion, and that sorrow which is commonly produced by the absence of a beloved object. In fine, I set out, pensive and sad, my imagination tortured with suspicions and doubts, which my reflection could neither digest nor explain: a sure presage of the melancholy fate that awaited me.

I arrived at the place of my destination, and delivered my letters to Don Fernando's brother, who received me kindly; but, far from dispatching me immediately, desired me, to my infinite regret, to wait eight whole days in a place where his father should not see me, because his brother had writ to him to send the money without the knowledge of the duke. But this was altogether an invention of the false Fernando, whose brother had money enough, and could have sent me back the very same day

on which I arrived. This was such an order as I was scarce able to obey, for I thought it impossible to support life for so many days in the absence of Lucinda, considering the sorrow in which I had left her. Yet, notwithstanding, I resolved to do my duty like a faithful servant, though I very well foresaw that my obedience must be at the expence of my peace. Four days of the eight were not yet elapsed, when a man came in search of me, and gave me a letter, the superscription of which I no sooner beheld, than I knew it to be written by Lucinda's own hand. I opened it with fear and trembling, believing that there must be something very extraordinary in the case, which induced her to write to me in my absence; considering that while I was present, she had been so sparing of her pen. But, before I read a syllable, I asked the messenger, who had put it into his hands, and how long he had been upon his journey? He answered, that passing through a certain street, about noon, he was stopped by a very beautiful young lady, who called to him from a window, saying, with great earnestness, while the tears trickled from her eyes, "Brother, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, I entreat you, for God's sake, to carry this letter to the place and person for whom it is directed; they are both well known; and in so doing, you will render a piece of service acceptable to the Lord. That you may not want conveniencies upon the road, here is something to defray the expence of your journey." So saying, she threw down a handkerchief, in which were tied a hundred rials, this gold ring, and the letter I have delivered. Then, without waiting for a reply, she went from the window, after having seen me take up the handkerchief and the letter, and make signs that I would do as she desired. Accordingly, finding myself so well paid for the trouble I should be at, and seeing, by the di-

* The original *pues presente pocas vezes lo baxia*, signifies, 'Since while I was present she did it very seldom.' This at first sight appears a solecism, and the petulant critic will exclaim, 'What occasion had she to write to her lover who was present, unless she had lost the faculty of speech?' But the seeming absurdity will vanish, when we reflect that by *present*, he means, in the same city with his mistress; to whom, however, according to the custom of Spain, he had little or no access but by a literary correspondence.

"recession, that you was the person to whom it was sent, (and I know you perfectly well;) induced, moreover, by the tears of that beautiful young lady, I resolved to trust no other messenger, but come and deliver it with my own hand; and, in sixteen hours, which are past since I received it, I have travelled to this place, which, as you know, is about eighteen leagues from our town." While I listened attentively to the information of this grateful and extraordinary courier, my legs shook under me in such a manner, that I could scarce stand upright. At length, however, I ventured to read the letter, which contained these words.

"THE promise which Don Fernando made, to prevail upon your father to propose a match to mine, hath been performed more to his inclination than your advantage. Know, Cardenio, that your pretended friend asked me in marriage for himself; and my father, swayed by the advantage which he thinks Don Fernando has over you in point of fortune, hath given his consent so much in earnest, that two days hence the nuptials are to be celebrated so privately, that none but Heaven, and some people in the family, are to be present at the marriage. My situation you may guess. If it be in your power, return with all speed, and the event of this affair will shew whether I love you tenderly or not. Heaven grant that this may come to your hand, before mine shall be presented to him who so ill performs the duty of a friend!"

"This, which was the sum of what the letter contained, made me set out immediately, without waiting for any answer, or the money for which I had come. For, by that time, I plainly perceived that it was not the purchase of the horses, but his own treacherous intention, which had induced Don Fernando to send me out of the way. The indignation I conceived against him, together with the fear of losing the jewel which I had acquired, and treasured up with such unwearied services and care, added wings to my speed, and conveyed me to the place of my habitation, just at the hour and

minute proper for my going to visit Lucinda. I entered the town privately, and leaving my mule at the house of the honest man who brought the letter, I went to the rail, which was the constant witness of our love, and there was so far favoured by fortune as to find Lucinda.—We knew each other presently; though not as we ought to have known each other. But, who is he who can arrogate praise to himself, for having fathomed and discerned the capricious sentiments and fickle disposition of woman? Surely no man on earth.—But this apart, Lucinda perceiving me, "Cardenio," said she, "I am now in my bridal dress, and this moment expected in the hall by the traitor Don Fernando, my covetous father, and some other people, who shall bear witness to my death sooner than to my marriage. Be not confounded, my friend, but endeavour to be present at the sacrifice, which, if I cannot prevent by my declaration, I wear a dagger concealed, which can obstruct a more vigorous determination; and, by putting an end to my life, begin to convince thee of the sincere passion I have always entertained, and still retain for my Cardenio." Afraid I should want time to answer her, I replied with great hurry and confusion, "Let your words be verified by your deeds, Madam. If you have a dagger to assert your love, I wear a sword to defend it; or, should fortune prove our foe, to rid myself of life." I believe she did not hear all that I said, because she was called away in a hurry, to the bridegroom, who waited for her.

"Thus deepened the night of my distress; thus set the sun of my happiness! I remained without light to my eyes, or reflection to my mind, for some time; I could neither resolve to enter her father's house, nor remove to any other place; at length, however, considering of what consequence my presence might be, in case any thing extraordinary should happen, I recollected myself, as well as I could, and went in, without being perceived, as I was well acquainted with all the passages and corners of the house, and was favoured by the confusion which then prevailed in it on account of the nuptials. Thus entering,

entering, unseen, I found means to conceal myself in the hollow of a window in the hall, that was covered by the meeting of two pieces of tapestry, from behind which I could, without being perceived, observe every thing that happened.

How shall I describe the throbbings and palpitations of my heart, the images that occurred to my fancy, the reflections that I made while I remained in that situation! they were such as I neither can nor ought to describe. Let it suffice to say, the bridegroom came into the hall, without any other ornaments than his usual dress, attended by a first cousin of Lucinda, in quality of bridesman, no other person being present, except some servants of the family. A little while after Lucinda came in from her closet, accompanied by her mother and two waiting-women; and as richly dressed and adorned as her rank and beauty deserved, or as the perfection of gaiety and gallantry could invent. The suspense and transport of my soul would not allow me to observe and mark the particulars of her dress; I could only take notice of the colours, which were carnation and white; and the blaze of jewels that adorned her, which was even excelled by the singular beauty of her golden locks, that struck the eye with more splendor than all the precious stones, together with the light of four torches that burned in the hall.—O memory! thou mortal enemy of my repose! to what purpose dost thou now represent to my fancy the unparalleled beauty of that adorable foe? Cruel remembrance! rather recal to my view the particulars of what then happened, that, incensed by such a manifest injury, I may take vengeance, if not upon her, at least upon my own life. But you, gentlemen, must be tired with these digressions; though my misfortune is such as neither can, nor ought to be superficially or succinctly related; because every circumstance, in my opinion, requires a full discussion. The curate answered, that far from being tired, they were very much entertained by those minute particulars, which he thought deserved as much attention as the principal events of the story.

‘I say, then,’ resumed Cardenio,

that the parties being assembled in the hall, the curate of the parish entered, and taking them both by the hands, in order to perform his function, he said, “Madam Lucinda, are you willing to take Don Fernando here present for your lawful spouse, as holy mother church ordains?” At this question, I thrust out my whole head and neck from behind the tapestry, and, with the utmost attention and disorder of soul, listened to Lucinda’s answer, which I expected, as either the sentence of my death or confirmation of my life.—O that I had boldly advanced, and called aloud, “Ah Lucinda! Lucinda! take care what you do; reflect upon your duty to me, remember you are mine, and can never belong to any other husband. Consider, that my life must end the moment you answer yes.—Ha! treacherous Don Fernando! robber of my glory! death of my life! what are thy intentions! What wouldst thou have! remember that, as a Christian, thou canst not fulfil thy desires; for I am Lucinda’s husband, and she is my lawful wife!”—Fool that I am! now, when I am absent, and far removed from the danger, I can reflect upon what I ought to have done. Now that I am robbed of all that was dear to my soul! accursed be the robber, on whom I might have taken vengeance, had my heart supplied me with courage, as it now affords inclination to complain. In fine, as I then acted like a booby and a coward, it is but reasonable that I should now die of madness, sorrow, and shame. The priest waited for the reply of Lucinda, who declined it a good while; and when I expected she would either unsheath her dagger to vindicate her love, employ her tongue in the cause of truth, or utter some ingenious fraud that should tend to my advantage, I heard her pronounce with a weak and faltering voice. “Yes, I will.” Don Fernando repeated the same words, and the ring being put upon her finger, they were united in the indissoluble bond of marriage; then he embraced his new-married spouse, who, laying her hand on her heart, fainted away in the arms of her mother. It now remains to describe my own situation, when I heard and saw my hopes

hopes thus baffled by Lucinda's breach of promise; and found myself rendered incapable of ever retrieving the happiness I had that instant lost. I remained without sense or reflection, abandoned, as I thought, by Heaven, and a declared enemy to that earth on which I lived. The air refused breath for my sighs, the water denied moisture for my tears, fire alone increased within me, to such a degree, that I was scorched with jealousy and rage! Lucinda's swooning threw the whole company into confusion, and her mother opening her breast to give her air, found in it a folded paper, which Don Fernando taking, read by the light of one of the torches, and then sat down in a chair, and leaned one side of his head upon his hand, in a pensive attitude, without minding the remedies they were applying for the recovery of his spouse.

I, seeing the whole family in confusion, ventured to come out, cost what it would; resolving, should I be seen, to do some desperate action that would convince the whole world of my just indignation, in chastising the false Don Fernando, and the fickle, fainting traitress. But fate, that reserved me, if possible, for greater misfortunes, ordained that I should then abound in reflection, which hath since failed me; and resolve rather than take vengeance upon my greatest enemies, who, as they had no suspicion of me, were then at my mercy, to turn upon myself that resentment which they so justly deserved to feel; and, perhaps, with more rigour than I should have exercised upon them, had I at that time sacrificed them to my rage, because sudden death is infinitely more easy than that which is lengthened out by lingering torments. In short, I quitted the house, and went to the place where I had left my mule, which being saddled, I mounted her, and without taking leave of my host, sallied out of town, dreading, like another Lot, to look behind me. When I found myself alone in the open field, shrouded by the darkness of the night, and invited by the silence to complain, without caution or fear of being overheard or known, I raised my voice, and gave a loose to my indignation, in venting curses upon Lucinda and Don Fernando, as if those vain ex-

clamations could have atoned for the injury they had done me. I bestowed upon her the epithets of cruel, false, perfidious, and ungrateful; but, above all, avaricious; since the wealth of my rival had shut the eyes of her love, detached her from me, and swayed her inclination towards him, to whom fortune had shewn herself more kind and liberal. Yet, in the midst of these reproaches and invectives, I could not help excusing her, observing, it was no wonder, that a damsel educated under restraint, in the house of her parents, bred up, and always accustomed to obey them, should comply with their will and pleasure, in marrying a young gentleman of such wealth, rank, and qualifications, that her refusal might have been thought to proceed either from want of sense, or a passion for some other man, which would have been a suspicion equally prejudicial to her virtue and reputation: then I argued on the other side of the question, saying, had she owned that I was her husband, her parents would have seen she had not committed an unpardonable crime in making such a choice; since, before the offer of Don Fernando, they themselves could not have desired, had their desires been bounded by reason, a better match than me for their daughter; and consequently, before she complied with that compulsive injunction of giving her hand to another, she might have told them, that she had already given it to me; in which case, I would have appeared and confirmed the truth of every thing she should have feigned for the occasion; in fine, I concluded, that superficial love, slender understanding, vast ambition, and thirst after grandeur, had obliterated in her memory those professions by which I had been deceived, cherished, and supported, in the unshaken hope of my honourable desires.

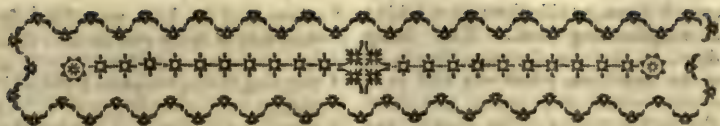
In this exclamation and anxiety I travelled all night; and in the morning found myself in one of the passages to this mountain, in which I proceeded three days more, without high-road, or bye-path, till I stopped at a small meadow, that lies either on the right or left of these rocks; there I enquired of some goatherds whereabouts the most craggy part of the mountain was; and, according to

' their directions, thither I rode, re-
 ' solving to put an end to my life.
 ' When I arrived among those ragged
 ' rocks, my mule fell down dead of
 ' weariness and hunger; or, as I ra-
 ' ther believe, to disencumber herself
 ' of such a useless load as then bur-
 ' dened her; and I remained on foot,
 ' quite spent and famished, without
 ' having or desiring any support. In
 ' this situation, I know not how long I
 ' continued stretched upon the ground;
 ' but, at length, I got up without feel-
 ' ing any cravings of hunger, and found
 ' myself in the midst of some shep-
 ' herds, who, doubtless, had relieved
 ' my necessity. Indeed, they told me in
 ' what condition I had been found, ut-
 ' tering such incoherent and extrava-
 ' gant expressions, as clearly demon-
 ' strated that I had lost my senses.
 ' Since that time, I have frequently
 ' perceived my intellects so crazy and
 ' unsound, that I perform a thousand
 ' mad actions, tearing my cloaths, bel-
 ' lowing through these unfrequented
 ' places, cursing my fate, and repeating
 ' in vain the beloved name of my fair
 ' enemy, without any connected sen-
 ' tences, or indeed any other intent
 ' than that of putting an end to my
 ' life by violent outcries; and when I
 ' recover the use of my senses, I find
 ' myself so weak and exhausted, that I
 ' scarce can move. My usual habita-
 ' tion is the hollow of a cork-tree, large
 ' enough to contain this miserable car-
 ' case; the cow and goatherds who
 ' frequent these mountains, maintain me
 ' out of charity, by leaving food upon
 ' the road, or rocks, on which they
 ' think I may chance to find it; and,
 ' even while I am deprived of my un-
 ' derstanding, natural instinct teaches
 ' me to distinguish this necessary nou-
 ' rishment, awakening my appetite and
 ' desire of seizing it for my use. They
 ' tell me, too, when they meet with me
 ' in one of my lucid intervals, that at
 ' other times, I sally out upon the high-
 ' way, and take it by force from the
 ' shepherds, as they are bringing it
 ' from their cots, although they offer it

' of their own accord. In this man-
 ' ner I lead my woeful and wretched
 ' life, until Heaven shall be pleased to
 ' put a period to it, or give me grace
 ' to forget the beauty and falshood of
 ' Lucinda, together with the wrong I
 ' have suffered from Don Fernando.
 ' If this shall happen before I die, my
 ' intellects will return into their right
 ' channel; otherwise there is nothing
 ' to be done, but to supplicate Heaven
 ' to have mercy on my soul; for I find
 ' I have neither virtue nor strength to
 ' extricate myself out of this extremity
 ' into which I was voluntarily plunged.

' This, gentlemen, is the bitter story
 ' of my misfortune; tell me, if you
 ' think it could have been rehearsed
 ' with less concern than I have shewn;
 ' and pray give yourselves no trouble
 ' in offering to me such persuasions and
 ' advice, as your reason prompts you to
 ' think will do me service; for they can
 ' have no other effect upon me, than the
 ' prescription of a celebrated physician,
 ' upon a patient who will not receive
 ' it. I will have no health without
 ' Lucinda; and since she who is, or
 ' ought to be mine, hath attached her-
 ' self to another, I, who might have
 ' been the child of happiness, am now
 ' the willing votary of woe. She, by
 ' her inconstancy, wants to fix my per-
 ' dition, and I welcome it, in order to
 ' gratify her desire, and be an example
 ' to posterity, of one who wanted that
 ' consolation, which almost all the
 ' wretched use! namely, the impossi-
 ' bility of receiving comfort; a confi-
 ' deration that increases my misery,
 ' which, I fear, will not end even with
 ' death.'

Thus did Cardenio wind up the long
 thread of his amorous and unfortunate
 story, and just as the curate was about to
 give him his best advice and consolation,
 he was prevented by a voice that saluted
 his ears, and in mournful accents pro-
 nounced what will be rehearsed in the
 fourth book of this narration; for, in
 this place, the third is concluded by the
 sage and attentive historian Cid Hamet
 Benengeli.



THE
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK IV.

VOLUME II.

CHAP. I.

OF THE NEW AND AGREEABLE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO THE CURATE AND BARBER, IN THE BROWN MOUNTAIN.



THrice happy and fortunate was that age which produced the most audacious knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, in consequence of whose honour-

able resolution to restore and revive the lost, and, as it were, buried order of knight-errantry, we of these times, barren and unfruitful of sprightly amusements, enjoy the agreeable entertainment, not only of his own true and delightful adventures, but also the intervening episodes, which are no less real, artful, and delicious, than the main history itself, the twitted, reeled, and ravelled thread of which is continued thus!

Just as the curate was ready to offer some consolation to Cardenio, he was prevented by a voice that saluted his ears in these mournful accents, 'Would to God! I could find a place to serve as a private tomb for this wearisome burden of life, which I bear so much against my inclination! this very spot will yield me what I ask, if I can

' trust the solitary appearance of these mountains. Alas! how much more agreeable is the company of these rocks and thickets, which give me opportunities of complaining to Heaven, than that of faithless man! since nature hath not created one of whom I could reasonably expect advice in difficulty, comfort in affliction, or remedy in distress!'

This exclamation was distinctly overheard by the priest and his company, who, concluding that the person who spoke must be hard by, arose to make farther enquiry, and had not gone twenty paces, when behind the fragment of a rock they perceived a boy sitting under an ash-tree, in the habit of a peasant, whose face, as he stooped, in order to wash his feet in a brook that murmured by him, they could not then survey. Their approach they managed with softness and silence, while his whole attention was employed in bathing his legs, that seemed two chrysal pillars, which had been produced among the pebbles in the rill. They were surprized at the whiteness and beauty of his feet, which they could not believe had been formed to tread the clods, and follow the cattle or plough, as his dress would have seemed to intimate; and the curate, who went foremost, finding himself still unperceived by the youth, made signs to the rest to

crouch down, or hide themselves behind a neighbouring rock. This being done, all three stood gazing attentively at the apparition, which was clad in a double-skirted grey jacket, girt about the middle with a white napkin, and wore breeches and hose of the same cloth, with a grey hunting-cap upon his head; the hose being pulled up to the middle of his leg, which actually seemed of white alabaster. Having washed his delicate feet, he wiped them with a handkerchief, which he took out of his cap, and in so doing, lifted up his head, shewing to the by-standers, a face of such exquisite beauty, that Cardenio said in a whisper, to the curate, 'Since that is not Lucinda, it can be no earthly, but some celestial being!' The youth taking off his cap, and shaking his head, a large quantity of hair, that Apollo himself might envy, flowed down upon his shoulders, and discovered to the spectators, that the supposed peasant was no other than a woman, the most delicate and handsome that the curate and barber had ever beheld; or even Cardenio, had he not seen and been acquainted with Lucinda, who alone, as he afterwards owned, could contend with her in beauty. Her golden locks fell down in such length and quantity, as not only covered her shoulders, but also concealed every other part of her body except her feet: and, instead of a comb, she made use of her hands, which, if her feet looked like crystal in the brook, appeared among her hair like moulds of drifted snow. All these circumstances increasing the desire of the by-standers, to know who she was, they resolved to shew themselves, and at the stir they made in advancing, the beauteous phantom raised her head, and parting her locks with both hands, to see what occasioned the noise she heard, no sooner perceived them than she started up, and, without staying to put on her shoes, or tie up her hair, seized a bundle that lay by her, and betook herself to flight, full of consternation and surprize: but she had not run six yards, when her delicate feet, unable to bear the roughness of the stones, failed under her, and she fell to the ground. This accident being perceived by the other three, they ran to her assistance, and the curate approaching her first, 'Stay, Madam,' said he, 'whosoever you are; those

whom you see have no other design than that of doing you service: therefore, there is no necessity for your attempting such a precipitate flight, which neither your own feet nor our inclination will allow.' To this address she made no reply, being quite astonished and confused; but the priest taking her by the hand, proceeded in this manner: 'Madam, though your dress concealed, your hair hath discovered manifest signs, that it must be no slight cause which hath shrouded your beauty in such unworthy disguise, and brought you to this solitude, where it is our fortune to find you; and to offer, if not a certain remedy for your misfortune, at least our best advice; for no grievance can harass or drive the afflicted to such extremity, while life remains, as to make them shut their ears against that counsel which is given with the most humane and benevolent intention. Wherefore, Madam, or Sir, or what you please to be, recollect yourself from the confusion in which the sight of us hath thrown you, and tell us the particulars of your good or evil-fortune, in full assurance of finding us all together, or each by himself, disposed to sympathize with your affliction.'

While the curate pronounced these words, the disguised damsel stood wrapt in attention, gazing at them all round, without moving her lips, or uttering one syllable, like a country villager gaping at rarities which he had never seen before: but the priest enforcing what he had said, with other arguments to the same effect, she heaved a profound sigh, and broke silence, saying, 'Since these solitary mountains have not been able to conceal me, and my loose dishevelled hair allows me not to disguise the truth, it would be in vain for me to feign such things as your reason could not believe, though your courtesy might excuse them. On that supposition, I thank you, gentlemen, for your humane offer, which lays me under the obligation of giving you all the satisfaction you desire; though I am afraid, that the relation I shall make of my misfortunes, will, instead of compassion, excite your disgust, for you will find it impossible either to cure my woes, or teach me to bear them with fortitude; but, nevertheless, that my reputation may not suf-

fer

fer in your opinion, as you have discovered me to be a woman, and a young one, alone, and in this disguise; circumstances which, considered either together or apart, might prejudice my good name in this world, I will freely disclose to you those things, which, if possible, I would have willingly concealed.'

All this preamble was uttered in a breath by the beautiful apparition, with such volubility of tongue, and sweetness of voice, that they admired her good sense as much as her beauty; and repeating their proffers of service, as well as their intreaties that she would perform her promise; she, without farther importunity, put on her shoes with great modesty, adjusted her hair, and sat down in the midst of her three hearers, upon a seat in the rock, where, after having endeavoured to repress a few tears that started in her eyes, she, with a clear and deliberate voice, began the story of her life, in this manner.

'In this province of Andaloufia, there is a place, from whence a certain duke, one of those who are called grandeens of Spain, derives his title: he hath two sons, the eldest of whom is heir to his estate, and, in all appearance, to his good qualities; but the younger inherits nothing that I know, but the treachery of Vellido and falshood of Galalon. To this nobleman my parents are vassals; and though low in pedigree, so considerable in wealth, that if their descent was equal to their fortune, they would have had nothing more to desire, nor I the mortification of seeing myself in this distress; for, I believe, my misfortunes proceed from their defect in point of birth, which though not so mean as to make them ashamed of their origin, is not splendid enough to overthrow my conjecture about the source of my affliction: in short, they are farmers, of a plain honest family, without the least intermixture of Moorish blood; but, as the saying is, old, rusty Christians; aye, and so rusty, that by their riches and opulent way of living, they are gradually acquiring the title of gentlefolks, nay, of quality too; though what they prized above all riches and title, was their happiness in having me for their daughter; and therefore, as they had

no other child to inherit their estate, and were naturally the most affectionate of parents, I was beloved and indulged by them, with the utmost degree of parental fondness. I was the mirror in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their age, and shared with Heaven their whole attention and desires, with which, as they were pure and unblemished, my own perfectly corresponded; and therefore, I was mistress of their affection as well as their wealth. By my advice, they received and dismissed their servants; the tale and account of what was both sowed and reaped, passed through my hands: I managed the oil-mills, the vineyards, the herds and the flocks, the bee-hives, and every thing that such a rich farmer as my father may be supposed to possess; in short, I was steward and mistress, and acted with such care and economy, that I should not find it easy to exaggerate the pleasure and satisfaction which my parents enjoyed. Those parts of the day that remained, after I had given all due attention to the herdsmen, overseers, and other day-labourers, I employed in exercises equally decent and necessary for young women, such as lace-making, needlework, and spinning; and, if at any time, I interrupted these employments, in order to recreate the mind, I entertained myself with some religious book, or diversified my amusement with the harp; being convinced by experience, that musick lulls the disordered thoughts, and elevates the dejected spirits. Such was the life I led in my father's house; and if I have described it too minutely, it is not through ostentation, in order to display our riches, but with a view of manifesting how innocently I forfeited that happy situation, and incurred the misery of my present state. While I passed my time in these occupations, my retirement was such as almost equalled that of a nunery, being seen by nobody, as I thought, but the servants of the family; for, I went to mass early in the morning, accompanied by my mother and the maids, and veiled with such reserve, that my eyes scarce beheld the ground on which I trod; yet, nevertheless, I was perceived by those of love, or rather libertinism,

which

‘ which even exceeds the lynx in penetration, and then possessed the faculties of Don Fernando, younger son of the duke whom I have already mentioned.’

She no sooner mentioned the name of Don Fernando, than Cardenio changed colour, and began to sweat with such agitation, that the curate and barber, perceiving it, were afraid he would be seized with one of those fits of distraction which, as they had heard, assailed him from time to time; but, after some drops of sweat had burst out upon his skin, he remained quiet, and looking earnestly at the farmer’s fair daughter, immediately guessed who she was; while she, without observing the emotions of Cardenio, went on with her story, in these words: ‘ And he no sooner beheld me, than, as he afterwards protested, he deeply felt the power of love, which indeed his behaviour clearly evinced; but, to shorten the account of my misfortune, which is lengthened beyond all comfort, I will pass over in silence the industrious schemes that Don Fernando planned, for opportunities of declaring his passion. He bribed every servant in the family, and even made presents and proffers of service to my relations: there was nothing but gaiety and rejoicing all day long in our street; and all night, it was impossible to sleep for serenades. The letters which, through an unknown channel, came to my hand, were without number, filled with the most amorous flights and professions, and vows and promises in every line; but all these efforts, far from soothing, hardened me against him, as much as if he had been my mortal foe; and all the stratagems he practised, in order to subdue my coyness, had a quite contrary effect: not that I was disgusted at the gallantry of Don Fernando, or enraged at his importunities, for I felt a certain kind of pleasure in being courted and beloved by such a noble cavalier; neither did I take umbrage at seeing myself praised in his letters; for, it is my opinion, that all women, let them be never so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for beauty; but, to all these artifices, I opposed my own virtue, together with the repeated advices of my parents, who plainly perceived the passion of Don Fernan-

do, because he himself took no care to conceal it from the world. They assured me, that in my virtue and prudence alone, they confided and deposited their own honour and reputation: they bade me consider the inequality between Don Fernando and me, which was a convincing proof that his love, though he himself asserted the contrary, tended more to his own gratification than my advantage; and said, if I could throw any obstruction in his way, to make him quit his unjust pretensions, I should be married immediately, according to my own choice, either to one of the principal persons of our own town, or to some gentleman in the neighbourhood, as I had abundance of lovers, attracted by their wealth, and my reputation. With these assurances, the truth of which I could not doubt, I fortified my integrity, and would never send any reply to Don Fernando, that could in the most distant manner, flatter him with the hope of accomplishing his wish: but, all my reserve, which he ought to have looked upon as the effect of disdain, served only to whet his libidinous appetite, which is the true name of the passion he professed; for, had it been genuine love, you would not now be listening to my story, which I should have had no occasion to recount.

‘ In fine, Don Fernando got notice that my parents intended to bestow me in marriage, that they might deprive him of all hope of possessing me, or, at least, provide me with more guards to protect my virtue; and this piece of news alarmed him so much, that he put in practice an expedient to retard the dreaded match. One night, while I sat in my apartment, attended by my maid only, the doors being all fast locked, that through negligence my virtue might not be in danger, without knowing or comprehending the means of his conveyance, he appeared before me, in the midst of this reserve, precaution, solitude, silence, and retreat! At sight of him, I was so much confounded, that the light forsook my eyes, and my tongue denied it’s office; so that being deprived of the power of utterance, I could not cry for help, neither, I believe, would he have suffered me to exclaim; for he instantly

“stantly seized me in his arms, my confusion being such, that I had not strength to defend myself, and began to pour forth such protestations, that I cannot conceive how falsehood is able to ape truth so exactly. The traitor’s tears gave credit to his words, and his sighs confirmed the honesty of his intention. I, being a poor young creature by myself, altogether unexperienced in those affairs, began, I know not how, to believe his false professions; but, not so as to be moved to weak compassion, either by his vows or artful sorrow; on the contrary, my first surprize being over, I recollected my dissipated spirits, and with more courage than I thought myself possessed of, said to him, “Signior, if, instead of being within your arms, as I now am, I was in the paws of a fierce lion, and my deliverance entirely depended upon my doing or saying any thing prejudicial to my virtue, it would be as impossible for me to comply with these terms, as it is impossible for that which is, to lose its existence; wherefore, though you keep my body confined within your arms, I am in full possession of my soul, with all her chaste desires, which are entirely opposite to yours, as you will plainly perceive, if you resolve to proceed in gratifying your wishes by force. I am your vassal, but not your slave; the nobility of your blood neither has, nor ought to have, the power of dishonouring or despising the lowliness of mine; and my character is as precious to me, though I am but a plebeian farmer’s daughter, as yours can be to you, who are a nobleman and cavalier. All your strength shall not effect your purpose; neither am I to be influenced by your riches, deceived by your words, or melted by your sighs and tears. Any of these expressions in a man, to whom my parents should give me in marriage, would gain my consent and reciprocal inclination; nay, if my honour were safe, I could sacrifice my satisfaction, and voluntarily yield what you, Signior, now attempt to obtain by force; this I observe, that you may rest assured, I will never grant any favour to him who is not my lawful spouse.”

“If that be your sole objection, charming Dorothea,” (for that is the name of this wretched creature) said the perfidious cavalier, “behold I here present my hand, in pledge, of being yours for ever; and may Heaven, from which nothing is concealed, together with that image of the blessed Virgin, bear witness to the sincerity and truth of this declaration!” Cardenio, when she called herself Dorothea, was surprized anew, and confirmed in his first conjecture; but, unwilling to interrupt the story in which he expected to hear the issue of what he already knew, he only said, “Is your name Dorothea, Madam? I have heard of one of that name, to whose misfortunes yours bear a great resemblance: but pray proceed; the time will come when I shall tell you such things as will equally excite you terror and affliction.” Dorothea, surprized at the discourse of Cardenio, as well as at his strange and ragged attire, intreated him, if he knew any thing of her affairs, to communicate it immediately; saying, that if fortune had left her any thing of value, it was the courage to endure any disaster that might befall her; though she was almost certain, that what she had already suffered could admit of no addition. “Madam,” replied Cardenio, “I would not be the means of impairing that fortitude, by telling you what I know, if my conjecture be right; neither is there any opportunity lost, nor is it of any consequence to you, whether you hear it or not.”—“Be that as it will,” answered Dorothea, “I will go on with the sequel of my story.—Don Fernando addressing himself to the image he found in my apartment, invoked the blessed Virgin to bear witness to our nuptials, and avowed himself my husband with the most binding and solemn oaths; though before he proceeded so far, I desired him to reflect upon what he was going to do, and consider how much his father might be incensed at his conduct, when he should find him married to the daughter of his own farmer and vassal. I cautioned him against being blinded by my beauty, such as it was, telling him it would be far from being a sufficient excuse for his error; and begged, if he had any love and regard for me, he would manifest it, in

in leaving me to a fate more adequate to my rank and circumstances; observing that such unequal matches were seldom blessed with a long duration of those raptures with which they begin.

All these reflections I repeated to him, with many more which I do not remember; but they had no effect in diverting him from the prosecution of his purpose; for he was like a man, who, in making a bargain, never boggles at the price of the commodity, because he never intends to pay it. At the same time, I held a short conference with my own breast, saying within myself, "Neither shall I be the first, who, by marriage, has risen from a low station to rank and grandeur; nor will Don Fernando be the first nobleman whom beauty, or rather blind affection, hath induced to share his greatness with a partner of unequal birth. Since, therefore, I neither make a new world nor a new custom, it is but reasonable in me to embrace this honour that fortune throws in my way; and although the affection he professes should not survive the accomplishment of his wish, I shall nevertheless, in the sight of God, remain his true and lawful wife. Besides, should I treat him with disdain, I see he is determined to transgress the bounds of duty, and avail himself of force; in which case, I shall be dishonoured and inexcusable in the opinion of those who do not know how innocently I have incurred their censure; for, where shall I find arguments to persuade my parents, that this cavalier entered my apartment without my knowledge and consent?"

All these reflections, which my imagination revolved in an instant, began to sway me towards that which (though I little thought so) proved my ruin; especially when aided and enforced by the oaths of Don Fernando; the powers he called to witness, the tears he shed, and, in short, by his genteel carriage and agreeable disposition, accompanied by such marks of real passion, as might have melted any other heart as soft and unexperienced as mine. I called my maid to be a joint evidence with the powers of heaven: Don Fernando re-

peated and confirmed his oaths; took other saints to witness his integrity; imprecated a thousand curses on his head, in case he should fail to fulfil his promise; had recourse to sighs and tears again, straining me still closer in his arms, from which he had never released me. By these means, and the departure of my maid, I forfeited that name, and he became a false and finished traitor.

The morning that succeeded this night of my misfortune, did not arrive so soon, I believe, as Don Fernando could have wished; for, when once a man hath satisfied his rage of appetite, his chief inclination is to quit the scene of his success. This I observe, because Don Fernando seemed impatient to be gone; and, by the industry of my maid, who had conducted him to my chamber, found himself in the street before day; when he took his leave, he told me, though not with such violence of rapture as he expressed on his first coming, that I might depend upon his honour, and the sincerity of the oaths he had sworn, as a farther confirmation of which, he took a ring of value from his finger, and put it upon mine: in short, he vanished, leaving me in a situation which I can neither call joyful nor sad. This I know, that I remained in a state of confusion and perplexity, and, as it were, beside myself, on account of what had happened; but I either wanted courage or memory to quarrel with my maid for the perfidy she had been guilty of, in conducting Don Fernando to my apartment; indeed, I could not as yet determine, whether the adventure would redound to my advantage or misfortune. I told him, at parting, that now I was his wife, he might see me any night, by the same means he had used to procure this first interview, until he should think proper to make our marriage publick: but, except the following night, I could never set eyes on him, either in the street or at church, during a whole month, which I spent in the utmost anxiety of expectation; although I knew he was in town, and almost every day employed in the chase, an exercise to which he was greatly addicted. Those were doleful and distracting hours and days

to me; for then I began to doubt, and afterwards to disbelieve the faith of Don Fernando; then was my maid exposed to those rebukes for her presumption, which she had never heard before; then was I obliged to husband my tears, and wear compo- sure on my countenance, that I might not give occasion to my parents to ask the cause of my discontent, and be put to the trouble of inventing falsehoods to deceive them. But all this constraint was banished by an event, the knowledge of which trod down all other respects, put an end to all my prudent measures, and by destroying my patience, published my misfortune to the world. This was no other than a report that soon after prevailed in our town, by which I learned that Don Fernando was married, in a neighbouring city, to a young lady of exceeding beauty, and distinguished birth, though her parents could not give her a portion suitable to such a noble alliance. I understood her name was Lucinda, and that several surprizing accidents had happened at their nuptials.'

Cardenio hearing Lucinda's name, though he said nothing, shrugged up his shoulders, bit his lips, contracted the skin of his forehead and discharged from his eyes two fountains of tears; but, notwithstanding, Dorothea continued her story, saying, 'This melancholy piece of news no sooner reached my ears; than, instead of freezing, it inflamed my heart with such rage and fury, that I had well-nigh run out into the streets, and published aloud the falsehood and treachery he had practised upon me: but my rage was restrained for that time, by a plan which I conceived, and actually put in execution that very night. I dressed myself in this garb, which I received from one of the swains belonging to the house, to whom I disclosed my whole misfortune, intreating him to attend me to the city, where I understood my adversary was. After having disapproved of the attempt, and blamed my resolution, seeing me determined, he offered to keep me company, as he said, to the world's end: that moment I packed up my woman's dress in a pillow-case, together with some jewels and money, as a resource in time of need; and in

the dead of that very night, without giving the least hint to my perfidious maid, left my father's house, and accompanied by my servant, and a thousand strange imaginations, set out for that city on foot, winged with the desire of finding Don Fernando; and resolved, though I could not prevent what was already done, to demand with what conscience he had done it.

In two days and an half I arrived at the city, and enquiring for the house of Lucinda's parents, the first person to whom I put the question, told me more than I desired to hear. He directed me to the house, and related every incident which had happened at his daughter's wedding; a story so publick, that it was the common town-talk. He said, that on the night of their nuptials, after she had pronounced the "Yes," by which he became her husband, Lucinda was seized with a violent fit; that Don Fernando opening her breast to give her fresh air, found in it a paper written with her own hand, importing that she could not lawfully espouse Fernando, being already the wife of Cardenio, who, as the man told me, was one of the principal cavaliers of that town; and that she had now pronounced the fatal "Yes," merely because she would not swerve from the obedience she owed to her parents; in short, he said, the contents of the paper plainly gave them to understand, that she intended to make away with herself, immediately after the ceremony, induced by the reasons which were there contained; and this resolution was confirmed by a poignard which they found concealed in some part of her dress. Don Fernando perceiving, by what happened, that Lucinda had baffled, scorned, and undervalued his addresses, ran to her before she had recovered the use of her senses, and with the poignard they had found, would have stabbed her to the heart, had he not been prevented by her parents and the rest of the company. It was, moreover, reported that Don Fernando immediately retired; and that Lucinda continued in a fit till next day. When she recovered from her swoon, she declared to her father and mother, that she was the true and lawful wife of that same Cardenio, who, it seems, was present at the ceremony; and in

who, when he saw her actually married, contrary to his former belief and firm expectation, quitted the city in despair, having first left a writing that declared the wrong she had done him, and signified his intention to banish himself for ever from the society of mankind. All this transaction was so notorious and publick in the city, as to furnish discourse for every body; and the subject was not diminished, when it was known that Lucinda was not to be found either in her father's house, or in any other part of the town, which were searched all over by her parents, who had almost run distracted, not knowing what other method they should take to retrieve her. This information revived my hopes a little; for I was better pleased to have missed Don Fernando, than to have found him married to another; thinking, that every gate of comfort was not yet shut against me; and that Heaven, perhaps, had thrown that impediment in the way of his second marriage, with a view of making him reflect upon what he owed to the first; and reminding him of his being a Christian, consequently more interested in the care of his soul than in any other human concern. All these things I revolved in my imagination; and, as I had no real comfort, consoled myself with the most feeble and distant hope, in order to support a life which I now abhor.

While I remained in this city, undetermined what course to take, as I could not find Don Fernando, I heard a publick crier describe my person and dress, and offer a considerable reward to any one that should discover where I was. Nay, it was said, that I had seduced from my father's house the young man who attended me; a circumstance that touched me to the very soul: finding my credit fallen so low, that they were not satisfied with publishing my escape, but must needs also mention my attendant, a creature so mean and unworthy of my attention and regard, as soon as I heard myself proclaimed, I quitted the town, accompanied by my servant, who already began to give marks of staggering in his promised faith and fidelity, and that night reached the most woody part of this mountain, urged by the fear of being discovered; but,

as it is commonly observed, one mischance invites another, and the end of one misfortune is often the beginning of a worse, this was literally my case: my trusty servant, who had hitherto behaved with such zeal and fidelity, seeing me in this solitary place, and instigated by his own villainy rather than any beauty of mine, attempted to avail himself of the opportunity which he thought this desert offered; and with great impudence, contempt of Heaven, and disregard to me, began to talk of love; when, finding that I rejected his immodest proposals with just indignation and disdain, he laid aside intreaties for the use of those who might please to use them, and began to employ force for the accomplishment of his will; but, just Heaven, who seldom or never abandons the righteous intention, favoured and assisted mine so effectually, that with the little strength I have, and no great trouble, I pushed him over a precipice, unknowing whether or not he survived the fall; then, as nimbly as my weariness and terror would allow, I penetrated farther into the mountain, without any other thought or intention, than that of keeping myself concealed from my father, and those whom he had employed to find me out.

I know not how many months I have lived in this place, where I met with a grazier, who took me into his service, and carried me to his house, which stands in the very heart of the mountain. Him I served all this time, in quality of a cowherd, endeavouring to be always in the field, that I might the more easily conceal that hair which now so unexpectedly discovered my sex: yet, all my care and industry were vain; for, my master having found me out to be a woman, was seized with the same desire that took possession of my own servant. But fortune, with the evil, does not always send the remedy; for, I could neither find rock nor bog, by which I might have disabled my master, as I had before punished my man; and therefore, as the least inconvenience, I have left his house, and chosen to hide myself again among these thickets, rather than try my strength against him, in defence of my innocence. I say, I returned to these woods in hopes

‘ of finding a place in which I might, without impediment, implore Heaven with sighs and tears, to have compassion upon my misery, and give me industry and grace to overcome it, or quit my being in this solitude, without leaving behind me the least trace or remembrance of this forlorn wretch, who, without any fault of her own, hath afforded so much matter for conversation and censure both at home and abroad.

CHAP. II.

OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA’S DISCRETION — WITH OTHER PLEASANT AND ENTERTAINING PARTICULARS.

THIS, gentlemen, is the genuine detail of my tragick story; consider, therefore, and judge whether or not I have sufficient cause to heave more sighs than I have vented, utter more complaints than you have heard, and shed more tears than have flowed from mine eyes; and when you shall have deliberated upon the quality of my misfortune, you will perceive how vain all consolation must be, as the disease admits of no remedy. I only ask what you easily can, and ought to grant, namely, that you would inform me where I can pass my life, without being harrassed by the surprize and fear of being found by those who are in search of me. For, though I am well assured, that my parents, out of their great love and affection, would receive me again into their favour; such is the shame and confusion I feel at the bare thought of their having altered their opinion to my prejudice, that I would rather conceal myself from their sight for ever, than appear in their presence under the suspicion of having acted contrary to the expectations they entertained from my virtue.’ So saying, she left off speaking, and her face was overspread with a blush that plainly denoted the sentiments and confusion of her soul. Those who had heard her story, were equally surprized and afflicted at her misfortune; to which the curate was going to offer some consolation and advice, when Cardenio took her by the hand, saying, ‘ It seems, then, Madam,

you are the beauteous Dorothea, only daughter of Cleonardo the rich!’ She was astonished to hear her father’s name pronounced by one of such a miserable appearance, (for we have already observed, how wretchedly Cardenio was clothed) and said to him, ‘ And who are you, brother, who know so well my father’s name; which, if I remember aright, I have not once mentioned in the whole course of my unfortunate story?’

‘ I am,’ replied Cardenio, ‘ that unfortunate man, to whom, as you have observed, Lucinda said she was married. I am that miserable Cardenio, whom the villainy of him who reduced you to your present situation, hath brought to this deplorable condition in which you now see me, ragged, half-naked, destitute of all human comfort, and, which is still worse, deprived of my understanding, except at certain short intervals, that I enjoy by the permission of Heaven. I, Dorothea, am the person who was present at the perfidy of Don Fernando, and heard Lucinda pronounce the fatal “ Yes,” by which she accepted him for a husband. I am he who wanted resolution to wait the issue of her swoon, or stay and see the result of that paper which was found in her bosom; for, my soul could not sustain the shock of such accumulated misfortune; and therefore, I quitted the house, already abandoned by my patience, and leaving a letter with my host, whom I charged to deliver it into Lucinda’s own hand, betook myself to these deserts, with an intention here to finish the life which from that instant I have abhorred as my most inveterate foe. But fate hath not been pleased to grant my wish, contenting itself with having deprived me of my judgment, with a view, perhaps, of reserving me for better fortune; which I begin to hope may proceed from this lucky meeting with you, since, if that which you have recounted be true, as I believe it is, there is a possibility that Heaven may have in store for us both, a more favourable termination of our disasters than we imagine; for, supposing that Lucinda, who is already my wife, as she hath openly declared, cannot be married to Don Fernando, nor he lawfully wed her, being already

' espoused to you, I think we have
 ' room to hope, that Heaven will one
 ' day restore what mutually belongs to
 ' us; as it is neither alienated, ruined,
 ' nor irretrievable. And since this con-
 ' solation still remains, sprung from
 ' hopes that are not very remote, and
 ' founded on expectations which are not
 ' the effects of a disordered imagina-
 ' tion, I entreat you, Madam, in the
 ' purity of your sentiments, to change
 ' your present resolution, as I intend to
 ' alter mine, and accommodate yourself
 ' to the hopes of better fortune; for, I
 ' swear upon the faith of a gentleman
 ' and a Christian, that I will never a-
 ' bandon you, until I see you in the
 ' arms of Don Fernando; whom, if I
 ' cannot by reasonable arguments, bring
 ' to a true sense of his duty towards
 ' you, I will then use that privilege to
 ' which every gentleman is intitled,
 ' and in single combat demand satis-
 ' faction for the injury he has done you,
 ' without minding my own wrongs,
 ' which I will leave to the vengeance
 ' of Heaven, that I may the sooner re-
 ' venge yours upon earth.'

' This speech of Cardenio put an end
 to the surprize of Dorothea, who being
 at a loss how to thank him for his kind
 and generous offer, stooped in order to
 kiss his feet, but this piece of conde-
 scension he would by no means allow.
 The priest answering for both, approved
 of Cardenio's declaration; and, in a
 particular manner, intreated, advised,
 and persuaded them, to accompany him
 to the village where he lived, in order
 to provide themselves with what they
 wanted; and there consult some scheme
 either for finding Don Fernando, or for
 carrying Dorothea back to her parents,
 or, in short, for doing that which should
 seem most necessary and convenient.
 Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him for
 his courteous offer, which they imme-
 diately embraced; and the barber, who
 had been silent and attentive all this
 time, having joined the curate in his
 compliments and hearty proffers of ser-
 vice, briefly recounted the cause which
 had brought them thither; namely, the
 strange madness of Don Quixote; ob-
 serving, that they were then waiting for
 the return of his squire, whom they had
 sent in quest of his master. Cardenio
 immediately, as if it had been the faint
 impression of a dream, recollected and
 related the quarrel which had happened

between the knight and him, though
 he could not remember the cause of the
 dispute.

At that instant they heard and recog-
 nized the voice of Sancho; who, not
 finding them in the place where he had
 left them, hallooed aloud; upon which
 they went to meet him; and enquiring
 about Don Quixote, were told by the
 squire, that he found him naked to the
 shirt, wan, meagre, half famished, and
 sighing for his mistress Dulcinea; that,
 when he (Sancho) told him she had
 commanded him to quit that place, and
 go immediately to Toboso, where she
 waited with impatience to see him, he
 had answered, that he was determined
 never to appear before her, until he
 should have performed such achieve-
 ments as would render him worthy of
 her favour; and Sancho observed, that
 if this resolution should hold, it was
 possible he might never attain to the
 rank of an emperor, as he was in duty
 bound, nor even to that of an arch-
 bishop, which was the least he could
 expect. He desired them, therefore, to
 consider some means of disengaging the
 knight from his solitude. The priest
 bade him be under no concern, for they
 would fall upon a method to remove his
 master, whether he would or no.

Then he explained to Cardenio and
 Dorothea, the plan they had laid to
 cure Don Quixote of his madness, or
 at least bring him back to his own
 house. This Dorothea no sooner un-
 derstood, than she told him, that she
 was more proper than the barber for
 acting the part of the distressed damsel;
 especially, as she had cloaths along with
 her, that would answer the purpose;
 and bade them trust to her, for repre-
 senting every part of the character
 which should be necessary towards the
 success of their design, for she had
 read a great many books of chivalry,
 and was perfectly well acquainted with
 the stile in which afflicted damsels were
 wont to beg boons of knights-errant.
 ' If that be the case,' said the curate,
 ' let us not delay the execution of our
 ' scheme; for, without doubt, Heaven
 ' seems to favour my endeavours; not
 ' only in opening a door so unex-
 ' pectedly, towards the cure of your
 ' misfortunes, but also in making you
 ' subservient in facilitating our success.'
 Dorothea then pulled out of her pil-
 low-case, a gown and petticoat of very
 rich

rich stuff, with a beautiful green mantle, and opening a little casket, took out a rich necklace and other jewels, with which she instantly dressed herself to such advantage, that she appeared like a lady of the first rank and fortune. All these, and other ornaments, she said, she had carried off from her father's house, in case of what might happen; though hitherto she had met with no opportunity of using them. Every one present was charmed with her graceful mien, easy deportment, and exceeding beauty; and passed sentence on Don Fernando, as a person of little taste and discernment, for having abandoned such excellence. But the admiration of Sancho was superior to that of all the rest; for he actually thought, and indeed it was true, that in all the days of his life, he had never seen such a beautiful creature; and, accordingly, asked the curate, with great eagerness, who that handsome lady was, and what she looked for in these bye places. 'Friend Sancho,' answered the curate, 'that handsome lady, to say no more of her, is heiress, in the direct male line, of the kingdom of Micomicon*, come hither to beg as a boon of your master, that he would redress a wrong and grievance done to her by a discourteous giant; for such is the fame and reputation of that excellent knight, Don Quixote, through the whole extent of Guinea, as to induce this princess to come from thence in quest of him.' — 'Blessed quest!' cried Sancho, 'and happy finding, say I! especially if my master should be so fortunate as to right the wrong, and redress the grievance, by killing that son of a whore of a giant that your worship mentions; and kill him he certainly will, if they should once meet, provided he be not a phantom; for you must know, my master has no power over phantoms. But one thing, among many others, I must beg of you, Mr. Licentiate, and that is, to put my master out of conceit of an archbishoprick, for I am afraid his inclination leans that way, and advise him to marry this princess out of hand, a match which will make it impossible for him to receive holy orders; and therefore he will the more easily arrive at the seat

of empire, and I at the end of my wish. For I have carefully considered the affair, and by my reckoning, I shall not find my account in his being an archbishop, as I am altogether unfit for the church, by reason of my being married; and for me, who have a wife and children, to be petitioning for dispensations to hold livings, would be an endless task. Wherefore, Signior, the point is this: let my master immediately take to wife the same lady, whose name I do not know; for, indeed, I never saw her grace before this blessed minute.' — 'She is called the princess Micomicon,' replied the curate, 'because her kingdom being Micomicon, it is plain her name must be Micomicon.' — 'Yes, to be sure,' said Sancho, 'I have known several people take a surname and addition from the place of their nativity, calling themselves, for example, Pedro d'Alcala, Juna de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and I suppose they have the same custom in Guinea, where the queens take their names from the kingdoms they rule.' The priest confirmed Sancho's opinion, and promised to use his utmost influence to promote the marriage of the knight. With this assurance Sancho rested as much satisfied as the other was surprised at his simplicity, when he perceived how carefully he cherished, in his imagination, the same extravagant whims that possessed his master, who he firmly believed would one day become an emperor.

By this time, Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber's face accommodated with the ox's tail by way of beard, they desired Sancho to guide them to the place where Don Quixote was, and cautioned him against pretending to know the licentiate and his companion, assuring him that his master's becoming an emperor entirely depended upon his professing ignorance of their persons. Yet neither the curate nor Cardenio would accompany them; because the presence of this last might recal to the knight's memory the quarrel which had happened between them; and it was not yet proper that the priest should appear; for which reasons, they let the rest proceed by themselves, and they followed

* As if he had said Ape-land, *mico* signifying an ape.

at a small distance, after the curate had given her cue to Dorothea; who desired him to make himself perfectly easy on her account, for she would act the part assigned to her, without the least occasion for a prompter, in the true stile and spirit of knight-errantry.

Having travelled about three quarters of a league, they discovered Don Quixote already cloathed, though still unarmed, sitting in the midst of a labyrinth of rocks: and Dorothea no sooner understood it was he, in consequence of Sancho's information, than she whipped up her palfrey, close attended by the well-bearded barber, who, when she approached the knight, threw himself from his mule, and ran to help his lady to alight. But she, dismounting with great agility, went and fell upon her knees before Don Quixote, whom, in spite of his repeated endeavours to raise her, she accosted in these words,

'Never will I rise from this posture, most valiant and invincible knight, until your benevolence and courtesy grant me a boon, which will not only redound to the honour and applause of your own person, but also to the advantage of the most injured and disconsolate damsel that ever the sun beheld; and if the valour of your mighty arm corresponds with the voice of your immortal fame, you are obliged to favour the unfortunate, who, attracted by the odour of your celebrated name, come from far distant regions, in quest of your assistance.'—'Beauteous lady,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will not answer one word, nor hear one circumstance of your affairs, until you rise from the ground.'—'I will not rise, Signior,' answered the afflicted damsel, 'until I shall have obtained from your condescension, the boon I beg.'—'I condescend and grant it,' resumed the knight, 'provided, in so doing, I act neither to the detriment nor derogation

of my king, my country, and her who holds my heart and liberty.'—'Your compliance, worthy Signior,' replied the mourning lady, 'shall in no ways affect the exceptions you have made.'

At that instant Sancho came up, and whispered softly in his master's ear: 'Your worship may safely grant the boon she asks, which is a mere trifle; no more than slaying a giantish sort of a fellow; and she who begs it, is the high and mighty princess Micomicon, queen of the great empire of Micomicon in Ethiopia.'—'Whosoever she is,' answered Don Quixote, 'I will do what I am in duty bound to perform, and act according to the dictates of my own conscience, and conformable to the order I profess.' Then turning to Dorothea, 'Rise, most beautiful lady,' said he, 'the boon you ask is granted.'—'Then, what I ask is this,' resumed the damsel, 'that your magnanimity would immediately accompany me to the place from whence I came, and promise to attempt no other adventure, nor grant any other request, until you shall have taken vengeance on a traitor who hath usurped my crown, contrary to all right, human and divine.'—'I grant your request, Madam,' answered Don Quixote; 'henceforth you may dispel that melancholy with which you are depressed, and let your fainting hope resume new strength and vigour; for, with the assistance of God, and this my arm, you shall, in a short time, see yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your royal ancestors, in defiance and despite of all those evil-designing persons who mean to oppose you: let us set hands to the work, then; for, according to the common observation, Delay breeds danger.'

The distressed damsel struggled with great perseverance, to kiss his hand;

* When a knight had once granted a boon in this manner, it was impossible for him to retract, let the request be never so extravagant. We are told by Joinville, that the queen of St. Lewis, being big with child, and in the utmost terror of falling alive into the hands of the infidels at Damietta in Egypt, fell upon her knees before an old knight turned of fourscore, and conjured him to grant her boon: the old man having promised to comply, on the faith of his knighthood, she told him the favour she so pressingly solicited, was, that he would cut off her head before she should fall into the hands of the enemy, provided the Saracens should become masters of the town. The senior answered without hesitation, that she might depend upon his sword; and owned he had taken that resolution even before she signified her request.

but Don Quixote, who was in all respects a well-bred knight, would by no means allow such humiliation: on the contrary, raising her up, he embraced her with great politeness and cordiality, ordering Sancho to secure Rodinante's girths, and help him to arm with all expedition. The squire taking down the armour, which hung on a tree, in the manner of a trophy, and adjusting the horse's girths, in a twinkling, equipped his master, who finding himself armed, 'Now,' said he, 'let us go, in the name of God, to the assistance of this high-born lady.' The barber, who was all this time on his knees, at infinite pains to preserve his gravity and his beard, the fall of which, perhaps, would have utterly ruined their laudable design, when he found the boon was granted, and saw with what eagerness the knight undertook to fulfil it, rose up, and with the assistance of Don Quixote, helped his lady upon her mule again; then her protector bestrode Rodinante, and he himself mounted his own beast, while Sancho Panza being left on foot, felt the loss of Dapple anew: but this he contentedly bore, believing that his master was now in the right road, and almost at the very point of being an emperor; for he assured himself, that the knight would wed that princess, and so become King of Micomicon at least; the only uneasiness he felt, was, on account of that kingdom's being in the land of negroes, so that all his servants and vassals must be black; but, his imagination supplied him with a remedy for this inconvenience, and he said within himself, 'Suppose my vassals are negroes, what else have I to do, but transport them to Spain, where I can sell them for ready-money, with which I may purchase some title or post that will maintain me at my ease all the days of my life! No, to be sure! sleep on, void of all invention or ability to dispose of your ware, and sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in the turning of a straw! Before God! I'll make them fly, little and big, or just as I may; and, blacks as they are, turn them all into whites and yellows! Let me alone to suck my own fingers.' With these conceits he was so much engrossed, and so well satisfied, that he actually forgot the pain of travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the curate saw every thing that passed, from behind some bushes where they were hid, and could fall upon no method of joining them conveniently, until the priest, who was an excellent schemer, thought of an expedient for the purpose; having a pair of scissars about him, he cut off the beard of Cardenio with infinite dispatch, and giving him a grey jacket, with his own black cloak, he himself remaining in his doublet and hose, the tattered cavalier was so much altered in point of appearance, that he would scarce have known himself had he looked in a glass. Although the others were jogging on, while they disguised themselves in this manner, they easily reached the highway, before the knight and his company, whose beasts were retarded by the bushes and rockiness of the ground; and taking their station just at the mouth of the entrance to the mountain, no sooner perceived the knight and his attendants come forth, than the curate looked earnestly at him a good while, as if he had been recollecting a person whom he knew, then ran to him with open arms, crying aloud, 'Blessed be this meeting with the mirror of chivalry, my worthy compatriot Don Quixote de La Mancha, the flower and cream of gentility, the protector and physician of the distressed, and quintessence of knights-errant!' So saying, he embraced the left-knee of Don Quixote; who, being astonished at the words and action of the man, began to consider his features with great attention, and at length, recollecting him, was struck dumb with admiration, at seeing him in that place, and made many efforts to alight; which when the priest opposed, 'Give me leave, Mr. Licentiate,' said he, 'it is not seemly that I should remain on horseback, when such a reverend person as you travels on foot.'—'I will by no means,' answered the curate, 'consent to your alighting; since, on horseback, your mighty arm hath achieved the greatest exploits and adventures that this age hath seen; it shall suffice for me, who am but an unworthy priest, to get up with permission, behind this gentleman who travels in your worship's company; and then I shall imagine myself mounted upon Pegasus, a zebra, or
' that

‘that fiery courser that carried the famous Moor Muzaraque, who still lies enchanted in the vast mountain Zulema, at a little distance from the great Compluto.’—‘I did not think of that expedient, Mr. Licentiate,’ resumed the knight; ‘but I know that my lady the princess, will, out of regard to me, be pleased to order her squire to accommodate you with the saddle of his mule, and he himself may ride upon the crupper, if the beast will carry double.’—‘I believe she will,’ said the princess; ‘and I am sure, there will be no occasion to lay my commands upon my squire, who is too courteous and polite, to suffer an ecclesiastick to travel on foot, when it is in his power to provide him with a beast.’—‘Your majesty is in the right,’ answered the barber; who instantly alighting, complimented the curate with the saddle, which was accepted without much intreaty.

But the misfortune was, when the squire attempted to get up behind, the mule, which was an hireling, consequently mischievous, lifted up her hind legs, and kicked with such fury, that had they lighted on the head or breast of Mr. Nicholas, he would have had reason to curse the hour on which he set out in quest of Don Quixote: such, however, was his confusion, that he came to the ground, and his beard being neglected, fell off; so that he could find no other method to prevent a discovery, than to clap both hands to his face, with great expedition, and roar out that his teeth were demolished. Don Quixote, seeing that huge mass of beard torn from the jaw, without blood, and lying at a good distance from the squire’s face, ‘Good Heavens!’ cried he, ‘what a wonderful phenomenon is this! the beard is taken off and shaved as clean by the heel of the mule, as if it had been done by the hand of a barber.’ The curate, seeing the risk he ran of being detected in his scheme, snatched up the tail, and running with it to Mr. Nicholas, who still lay bellowing for help, pulled his head to his breast with one jerk, and clapping it on again, muttered some words, which he said were an infallible charm for fixing on beards, as they should presently see; accordingly, when the affair was adjusted, he quitted the squire, who now seemed as well bearded and as sound as ever; a

circumstance that, above measure, surprized the knight, who begged that the curate, at a proper opportunity, would impart to him the charm, which he imagined must contain more virtues than that of cementing beards, because it was plain, that where the hair was torn off, the skin and flesh must be lacerated and hurt, and if the application could heal those wounded parts, it was good for something more than mere mustachios. The curate confirmed his conjecture, and promised to disclose the secret to him, with the first proper opportunity; then it was agreed, that the priest should mount the mule by himself, and, with the other two, ride her by turns, until they should arrive at the inn, which was about two leagues off.

Don Quixote, the princess, and the curate being thus mounted, and Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza following on foot, the knight told the damsel, that her highness might conduct him whithersoever she pleased; but, before she could make any reply, the priest interposed, saying, ‘Towards what kingdom is your majesty journeying? I am much mistaken in my notions of kingdoms, if you are not bound for Micomicon!’ She, who had been well instructed in her cue, concluding that she must answer in the affirmative, said, ‘Yes, Signior, that is the place of my destination.’—‘Then you must pass through our village,’ answered the curate, ‘and take your route to Carthage, where your highness may happily embark; and if you meet with no hurricane, but be favoured with a fair wind and smooth sea, in something less than nine years, you may get sight of that vast Lake Meona, I mean, Meotis, which is a little more than one hundred days’ journey from your majesty’s kingdom.’—‘Your worship must be mistaken,’ said the princess, ‘for two years are not yet elapsed since I set out from thence; and though the weather has always been bad, I have already obtained what I so much longed after, namely, the sight of Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose fame reached my ears, as soon as I landed in Spain, and induced me to come in quest of him, that I might solicit his courtesy, and trust my righteous cause to the valour of his
‘ invincible

‘ invincible arm.’—‘ Enough, Madam,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ spare your encomiums; for I am an utter enemy to all sorts of adulation; and, although you are not to be suspected of flattery, my chaste ears are always offended at that kind of discourse. What I can safely affirm, is this: whether I have valour or not, here is he, valiant or pusillanimous, who will exert himself to the last drop of his blood, in the service of your highness. But, this apart—Pray, Mr. Licentiate, what cause hath brought you hither alone, where I am really astonished to find you so ill attended, and so slightly clothed.’

‘ In that particular you shall soon be satisfied,’ answered the curate: ‘ your worship must know that I and our friend Mr. Nicholas the barber, set out for Seville, to recover a sum of money, which was sent to me by a relation of mine that went to the Indies, a good many years ago; no less than sixty thousand pieces of eight in good silver, which make no inconsiderable sum: and yesterday, passing through this place, we were set upon by four highwaymen, who stripped us even to our very whiskers, and that in such a manner as obliged the barber to wear artificial ones; and you may see, pointing to Cardenio, how they have despoiled the face of this young man who accompanied us; and the cream of the story is, that, according to the publick report, which prevails in this neighbourhood, those who robbed us were galley slaves, that, almost in this very place, were set at liberty by a man so valiant, as to let them all loose, in spite of the commissary and his guards. Without all doubt he must have been deprived of his senses, or as great a villain as any of those he freed, or some person void of all conscience and feeling, who could thus turn loose the wolf among the lambs, the fox among the poultry, and the flies among the honey-pots; defrauding justice, and rebelling against his king and rightful sovereign, by acting contrary to his just commands, in depriving the galleys of their hands, and putting in confusion the holy brotherhood, which have continued so many years in undisturbed repose: in short, he hath done a deed that may tend to

‘ the perdition of his own soul as well as body.’

Sancho had before recounted to them, the adventure of the galley-slaves, which he had atchieved with so much glory; and therefore, the curate urged it home, in order to observe the behaviour of Don Quixote, who changed colour at every word, without daring to own himself the deliverer of that worthy crew. ‘ Those,’ added the priest, ‘ were the persons who riled us; and God of his infinite mercy forgive the man who prevented the punishment they so richly deserved!’

CHAP. III.

THE PLEASANT ARTIFICE PRACTISED TO EXTRICATE OUR ENAMOURED KNIGHT FROM THE MOST RIGOROUS PENANCE HE HAD IMPOSED UPON HIMSELF.

SCARCE had the curate pronounced this apostrophe, when Sancho blundered out, ‘ Then, in good faith, Mr. Licentiate, he who performed this exploit, was no other than my master; not that I neglected to tell and advise him beforehand, to consider what he was about, and think what a sin it would be to let loose those who were going to the galleys for the most grievous enormities.’—‘ You blockhead,’ cried Don Quixote, incensed, ‘ it neither concerns, nor belongs to knights-errant, to examine whether the afflicted, the enslaved, and oppressed, whom they meet on the highway, are reduced, to these wretched circumstances by their crimes, or their misfortunes; our business is only to assist them in their distress, having an eye to their sufferings, and not to their demerits. I chanced to light upon a string of miserable and discontented objects, in behalf of whom I acted according to the dictates of my religion, without minding the consequence; and he who takes umbrage at what I have done, saving the sacred character and honourable person of Mr. Licentiate, is, I insist upon it, utterly ignorant of chivalry, and lyes like the base-born son of a whore; and this assertion I will make good with my sword, in the most

Y . . . ample

ample manner.' So saying, he fixed himself in the stirrups, and cocked his beaver; the barber's bason, which he mistook for Mambrino's helmet, hanging uselessly at the saddle-bow, until the damage it received from the galley-slaves could be repaired.

Dorothea, who was equally prudent and witty, understanding that every body present, except Sancho, diverted themselves with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, was willing to have her share of the entertainment; and accordingly, perceiving that his indignation was raised, 'Sir knight,' said she, 'I hope your worship will remember your promise to me, by which you are restricted from engaging in any other adventure, howsoever pressing it may be. Subdue your resentment, therefore, and be assured, that had Mr. Licentiate known the galley-slaves were set at liberty by that invincible arm, he would have taken three stitches in his mouth, and bit his tongue three times, rather than have uttered one word that should redound to the prejudice of your worship.'—'That I swear I would have done,' said the curate; 'aye, and have plucked off one of my whiskers to boot.'—'Madam,' answered the knight, 'I am silent. I will restrain the just indignation which begins to rise within me, and proceed in the utmost peace and quiet, until I shall have fulfilled the boon I promised to your highness; but, in recompence for this my kind intention, I beseech you, if it be not too much trouble, to make me acquainted with the nature of your misfortune; and tell me the number, quality, and condition of those persons on whom I am to take just satisfaction and full vengeance, in your behalf.'—'With all my heart,' answered Dorothea; 'though I am afraid of tiring you with a recital of my woes and misfortunes.' The knight assured her that would be impossible; and she resumed, 'Well then, be so good as to favour me with your attention.'

At these words, Cardenio and the barber went up close to her, in order to hear what story she, in her discretion, would invent; and Sancho Panza, who was as much deceived as his master followed their example. After she had seated herself firmly in the saddle,

cleared her pipes with a hem or two, and made other preliminary gestures, she with great sprightliness thus began:

'In the first place, gentlemen, you must know, that my name is——' Here she made a full stop, having forgot how the curate had christened her: but this defect was soon remedied; for, immediately conceiving the cause of her hesitation, he said, 'It is no wonder, Madam, that your highness is disturbed and disordered at the recollection of your misfortunes, which are often so great, as to impair the memory to such a degree, that the afflicted cannot even remember their own names: this effect they have had upon you, Madam, who have forgot that you are the princess Micomicona, legitimate heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon. With the assistance of this hint, your highness will easily recal the whole thread of your story, to your sorrowful remembrance.'—'You are in the right,' replied the damsel; 'and I believe I shall be able to bring my true narrative to a happy conclusion, without farther prompting.'

'The king, my father, whose name was Tinacrio the sage, foresaw, by his profound skill in magick, that my mother, who was called Queen Zaramilla, would die before him; and that, as he himself must quit this life soon after, I should be left an helpless orphan; but this consideration, he said, did not give him so much pain and confusion, as the certain foreknowledge that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island that bordered on our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect: (for, it is affirmed, that although his eyes are, like any other person's, placed in the middle of his face, he always looks askance, as if he squinted; and this obliquity the malicious tyrant practises, in order to surprize and intimidate those who behold him;) I say, my father foresaw by his art, that this giant, informed of my being an orphan, would invade me with a great army, and deprive me of my whole kingdom, without leaving so much as a village for my retreat; and that nothing could prevent this my ruin and misfortune, unless I would consent to marry him; though, so far as he could learn, it would never come into my thoughts to make such an unequal

unequal match; and truly his conjecture was well founded; for, it never entered into my head, to wed this giant, or any other person, howsoever tall and unmeasurable he might be. My father, therefore, advised me, that when, after his death, I should get notice that Pandafilando was beginning to invade my kingdom, I should not stay to put myself in a posture of defence, which would prove my destruction; but freely leave him the possession of my realms, if I was resolved to avoid my own death, and to prevent the total destruction of my good and faithful subjects; for it would be impossible to defend myself against the infernal force of the giant; but, that I should immediately set out for Spain, where I would find a remedy for all my misfortunes, in the person of a certain knight-errant, whose fame would be at that time spread over the whole kingdom, and whose name, if I right remember, would be Don Hackshot, or Kickshot.

—‘Don Quixote, your ladyship would say,’ cried Sancho, interposing, ‘alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.’—‘The very same,’ replied Dorothea: ‘he told me, moreover, that this knight would be a tall man, with a long meagre visage, and have on his right side, below his left shoulder, or thereabouts, a grey mole garnished with hairs, which bear some resemblance to a hog’s bristles.’

Don Quixote hearing this circumstance, said to his squire, ‘Come hither, son Sancho, and help me to strip; for I want to see if I am actually the knight of whom that sage king foretold.’—‘Why should your worship strip?’ said Dorothea. ‘In order to satisfy myself about that mole which your royal father mentioned?’—‘You need not give yourself the trouble,’ said Sancho, ‘I know your worship hath just such a mole on the middle of your back-bone, which is a sign of strength.’—‘That assurance is sufficient,’ resumed Dorothea, ‘for, among friends, we ought not to stand upon trifles; and it is of very little consequence whether the mole be upon

the shoulder or the back-bone; provided there is really such a mark on any part of your body, which is all composed of the same flesh; without doubt my worthy father was right in every thing he prognosticated; and I have exactly followed his directions, in recommending my cause to the protection of Signior Don Quixote, who is certainly the individual knight my father described; since his features correspond with his fame, which fills not only Spain, but likewise the whole province of La Mancha*; for scarce had I landed at Ossuna, than hearing of his vast exploits, my mind suggested that he must be the very person I came in quest of.’—‘How could your highness,’ said Don Quixote, ‘land at Ossuna, which is not a sea-port?’

Before she had time to make a reply, the curate took the task upon himself, saying, ‘The princess must mean, that after she landed at Mataga, Ossuna was the first place in which she heard of your worship.’—‘That was my meaning,’ said Dorothea. ‘There is nothing more plain,’ answered the priest; ‘and now your majesty may proceed.’—‘I have nothing more to say,’ resumed the princess, ‘but that, at length, destiny has been so favourable to me, in my finding Don Quixote, I reckon and look upon myself as queen again, and mistress of my whole realms, since out of his great courtesy and magnificence, he hath promised, in consequence of the boon I asked, to go with me whithersoever I shall conduct him; and my intention is no other than to bring him face to face with Pandafilando of the Gloomy Aspect, that he may, by putting him to death, restore me to the possession of that which he so unjustly usurps; and all this will literally happen, as it was prophesied by my worthy father Tinacrio the Sage, who hath also left it written in Chaldean or Greek characters, for I cannot read them, that if the knight mentioned in the prophecy should, after having cut off the giant’s head, demand me in marriage, I must instantly accept of him as my lawful husband, without the

* This is a diverting example of the Bathos, not unlike that anticlimax repeated in the art of sinking.

Nor Alps, nor Appenines could keep us out,
Nor fortified redoubt!

‘least hesitation, and give him immediate possession of my person and throne.’

Don Quixote hearing this circumstance, cried, ‘What do you think now, friend Sancho? do you hear what passes? and did not I tell thee as much? Observe now, whether or not we have not a queen to marry, and a kingdom to govern.’—‘Ad-zookers, it is even so!’ cried the squire; ‘and plague upon the son of a whore who refuses to marry her, as soon as Mr. Pandahiladoc’s weazond is cut; then, what a delicate morsel the queen is! odd, I wish all the fleas in my bed were such as she!’ So saying, he cut a brace of capers, with marks of infinite satisfaction; then running up, and taking hold of the bridle of Dorothea’s mule, made her halt, while he, falling down on his knees before her, besought the princess to let him kiss her hand, in token of his receiving her as his queen and mistress. Which of the company could behold the madness of the matter, and the simplicity of the man, without laughing! Dorothea actually gave him her hand, and promised to make him a grandee, as soon as, by the favour of Heaven, she should be restored to the possession of her kingdom; and he thanked her in terms which redoubled the mirth of all present.

‘This, gentlemen,’ added the damsel, ‘is my story, and nothing now remains but to tell you, that of all the people who attended me when I left my own country, not one survives, except this well-bearded squire; all the rest having perished in a dreadful storm that overtook us after we were within sight of land: he and I miraculously floated to the shore on two planks; and indeed the whole course of my life, as you may have observed in my narration, hath been full of mystery and wonder. If I have in any thing exceeded the bounds of credibility, or been less accurate than I ought, I hope you will impute it to that cause assigned by the licentiate, in the beginning of my story; namely, the continual and extraordinary affliction, that often impairs the memory of the unfortunate.’—‘But,

mine shall not be impaired; most high and virtuous lady!’ said Don Quixote, ‘by all the misfortunes I shall undergo in your service, let them be never so great and unprecedented: therefore I again confirm the boon I have promised, and swear to attend you even to the world’s end, until I get sight of that ferocious adversary of yours, whose proud head I hope to slice off, with the assistance of God, my own arm, and the edge of this (I will not say good) sword; thanks to Gines de Passamonte who ran away with my own*.’ This last apostrophe he muttered between his teeth, and then proceeded aloud, saying,—‘and after I shall have deprived him of his head, and put you in peaceable possession of your throne, you shall be at free liberty to dispose of your person, according to your own will and pleasure; for, while my memory is engaged, my will enslaved, and my understanding subjected to her who— I say no more; but, that it is impossible I should incline, or have the least thought towards marrying any other person, though she were a perfect phoenix.’

Sancho was so much disgusted at this last declaration of his master, refusing the marriage, that raising his voice, he cried with great indignation, ‘Signior Don Quixote, I vow and swear your worship is crazy, else you would never boggle at marrying such a high-born princess as this! Do you imagine that fortune will offer such good luck at every turn, as she now presents? or pray, do you think my Lady Dulcinea more handsome than the princesses? I am sure she is not half so beautiful, and will even venture to say, that she is not worthy to tie her majesty’s shoe-strings. How the plague shall I ever obtain the earldom I expect, if your worship goes thus fishing for mushrooms at sea? Marry her, marry her, in the devil’s name, without much ado; lay hold on this kingdom that drops, as it were, into your hand; and, after your coronation, make me a marquis or lord-lieutenant, and then the devil, if he will, may run away with the rest.’

Don Quixote was enraged, when he

* If the knight was robbed of his own sword by Gines, where did he find that which he wore on this occasion?

heard such blasphemies uttered against his mistress Dulcinea, and lifting up his lance, without speaking a syllable, or giving the least notice of his intention, discharged two such hearty blows upon the squire, as brought him instantly to the ground, and had not Dorothea called aloud, and begged of him to forbear, would certainly have murdered poor Sancho on the spot. 'Do you think,' said he, 'after some pause, you plebeian scoundrel, that I will always stand with my hands in my pockets; and that there is nothing to be done, but for you to misbehave, and for me to forgive you? I'll teach you better manners, you excommunicated rascal; for such to be sure you are, else you would not wag your tongue against the peerless Dulcinea. Don't you know, you grovelling beggarly villain, that were it not for the valour with which she inspires this arm, I should not have enough to kill a flea? Tell me, you viperish scoffer, what you think hath won this kingdom, cut off the giant's head, and made you a marquis; for all this I look upon as already done and determined? Is it not the valour of Dulcinea that makes use of my arm as the instrument of her exploits? In me she fights and overcomes; in her I live, breathe, and have my being. O thou whoreson, ungrateful ruffian, who seest thyself raised from the dust of the earth to the rank of nobility, and repayest the obligation by slandering thy benefactress.'

Sancho was not so roughly handled but he heard every syllable that his master spoke; and, starting up as nimbly as he could, ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, from whence, he said to the knight, 'Pray, Sir, if your worship is determined against marrying this great princess, is it not plain, that the kingdom cannot be yours; and if that be the case, what favours can you bestow upon me? This is what I complain of. I would your worship would, once for all, marry this queen, who is, as it were, rained down from Heaven upon us; and then you may converse with my Lady Dulcinea, according to the custom of some kings who keep concubines. As to the affair of beauty, I will not intermeddle; but, if the truth may be told, I like them both very well,

'though I never saw my Lady Dulcinea in my life.'—'How! not seen her, blasphemous traitor!' cried Don Quixote; 'have you not just brought a message from her?'—'I say,' answered Sancho, 'that when I saw her, I had not an opportunity of examining the particulars of her beauty and good qualities one by one; but all together she pleased me very much.'—'Now,' said Don Quixote, 'I exculpate thee, and thou must forgive what I did in my wrath; for no man can command the first emotions of his passion.'—'That I can plainly perceive,' answered the squire, 'and therefore, the desire of speaking is always the first motion in me; and truly, when once my tongue begins to itch, I cannot for my blood keep it within my teeth.'—'For all that,' friend Sancho, said the knight, 'I would have you consider before you speak; for, though the pitcher goes often to the well—I need not mention what follows.'—'In good time,' replied the squire, 'there is a God above, who sees the snare, and will judge which of us is most to blame; I in speaking, or your worship in doing evil.'—'Let there be no more of this,' Sancho, said Dorothea, 'but run and kiss your master's hand, and beg his pardon; and henceforth set a better guard upon your praise and disparagement; above all things, beware of saying any thing to the prejudice of that Lady Toboso, whom I know by nothing else than my inclination to serve her: and if you put your trust in God, you will not fail of acquiring some estate, by which you will live like a prince.'

Sancho took her advice, and, hanging his head, went to beg a kiss of his master's hand, which was granted with great solemnity of deportment; nay, the knight gave him his blessing also, desiring he would attend him while he rode on a little before the rest of the company, that he might have a better opportunity of asking a few questions, and conversing with him about affairs of the utmost importance. Sancho obeyed the order; and the two having advanced a good way before the rest, 'Since thy return,' said Don Quixote, 'I have had neither time nor convenience, to enquire about many particular circumstances of thy embassy,

'with

‘with the answer thou hast brought : and now that fortune favours us with a fit opportunity, thou must not deny me the pleasure I shall receive from thy agreeable information.’— ‘Your worship,’ answered the squire, ‘may ask as many questions as you please : I shall make every thing come out as clear as it went in ; but I intend to treat your worship, dear Sir, not to be so revengeful for the future.’— ‘Why dost thou call me revengeful ?’ said the knight. ‘Because,’ resumed the squire, ‘those blows I was just now honoured with, were more owing to the quarrel the devil picked between us, the other night, than to any thing I said against my Lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence as a relic,’ though she be not one, merely, ‘because she appertains to your worship.’— ‘No more of these reflections, on thy life,’ said Don Quixote ; ‘else thou wilt give me fresh umbrage : I freely forgave thee at that time, and thou knowest, that, according to the common observation, Every new fault deserves a new penance.’

While this conversation passed between them, they perceived a man riding towards them on an ass ; and, when he came a little nearer, discerned him to be a gypsie ; but Sancho Panza, who sent his soul abroad with his eyes, to examine every ass that appeared, no sooner beheld the rider, than he recognized Gines de Passamonte, and by the thread of the gypsie discovered the clue of his own ass ; for, it was actually Dapple that carried Passamonte, who, for the better convenience of selling the beast, had disguised himself in the dress of a gypsie, whose language, with many others, he could speak as fluently as his mother-tongue. Sancho saw and recollected him, and no sooner had he seen and recollected him, than he belaboured forth, ‘Ah, villain, Ginesillo ! restore my goods ! give me back the comfort of my life ! rob me not of my heart’s content ! give me my ass ! give me my darling ! Fly, thief ! skip, robber ; and seek not to preserve that which is none of thy own.’

There was no need of all this exclamation and reproach ; for Gines leaped off at the first word, and at a pretty round trot, which might have passed for a gallop, made the best of his way, and vanished in a twinkling. Sancho run-

ning to his ass, embraced it with great affection, saying, ‘How hast thou been, my dear Dapple ? my trusty companion and joy of my eyes !’ Then he kissed and caressed it as if it had been a Christian ; while Dapple very peaceably received these demonstrations of love and kindness, without answering one word. The whole company wished him joy of his recovery ; particularly Don Quixote, who assured him, that although he had retrieved Dapple, the promise of the three colts should not be annulled ; and Sancho thanked him for his generosity.

While the master and man were conversing by themselves, the curate told Dorothea, that she had behaved with great discretion in her story, both with regard to the matter and brevity of it, as well as the resemblance it bore to those legends that are found in books of chivalry. She observed that she had employed a good part of her leisure time in reading such romances ; but, being ignorant of the situation of different provinces and sea-ports, she had spoke at random, when she mentioned her landing at Ossuna. ‘I thought so,’ resumed the priest, ‘and made all haste to adjust matters by what I said ; but, is it not very strange, to see with what facility this poor unfortunate gentleman swallows all those lies and fictions, merely, because they are delivered in the stile and manner of his nonsensical books ?’— ‘So very strange and singular,’ said Cardenio, ‘that I question if there be any genius whatever, so fertile as to frame such a character by the mere force of invention.’— ‘And what is a very remarkable circumstance,’ replied the curate, ‘waving those extravagancies which this worthy gentleman utters upon the subject of his disorder, he can discourse upon other topics with surprizing ability, and appears to be a man of great knowledge and intellects ; so that, if you do not touch upon chivalry, his hearers must look upon him as a person of excellent understanding.’

While they were engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded in his with Sancho ; to whom he said, ‘Come, friend Panza, let us forget what is past, with regard to animosity, and tell me, without any ingredient of rancour and resentment, where
‘and

‘and how you found Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did she say? What answer did she make? How did she look when she read my letter? Who transcribed it for her perusal? These particulars, and every other circumstance of the affair, which you think worthy to be known, asked, and answered, I expect you will explain, without seeking to increase my pleasure with false additions, much less to diminish it by malicious omission.’ — ‘Signior,’ answered Sancho, ‘if the truth must be told, nobody transcribed the letter; because I had no letter to be transcribed.’ — ‘That is very true,’ replied the knight; ‘for, two days after thy departure, I found the pocket-book in which it was written; a circumstance that gave me infinite pain, as I could not conceive what thou wouldst do when the mistake should appear; indeed I always imagined thou wouldst have returned hither immediately upon the discovery.’ — ‘That would certainly have been the case,’ said the squire, ‘if, when your worship read it to me, I had not retained it in my memory, so perfect as to be able to dictate it to a parish clerk, who, as I repeated, transcribed it so exactly, that he said, in all the days of his life, though he had read many letters of excommunication, he had never seen such a clever letter as yours.’ — ‘And dost thou still retain it?’ said Don Quixote. ‘No, Sir,’ replied Sancho. ‘For, after I had put it into her hand, I thought there was no farther occasion to retain it, and therefore let it slip out of my remembrance; or, if any part remains, it is that of the subterrene, I mean sovereign lady, and the conclusion, Yours till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; with about three hundred souls, and lives, and pigsnies, which I set down in the middle.’

CHAP. IV.

THE SAVOURY CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHE PANZA, WITH MANY OTHER INCIDENTS.

‘ALL this is pretty well; proceed!’ said Don Quixote: ‘how was that queen of beauty employed, when

‘you arrived? I dare say, you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device for this her captive knight, with threads of gold.’ — ‘No, truly,’ answered the squire; ‘I found her winnowing two bushels of wheat in the yard.’ — ‘Then you may depend upon it,’ resumed the knight, ‘the grains of that wheat were converted into pearls by the touch of her hand; and didst thou observe, my friend; whether it was of the finer or common sort?’ — ‘Why, neither!’ said Sancho; ‘it seemed to be, as it were, red wheat.’ — ‘But, since it was winnowed by her fair hands,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘I dare affirm, it will make the whitest bread in Spain. Go on with thy information. When the letter was delivered, did she not kiss it; and place it on the crown of her head, in token of respect? Did she not perform some ceremony worthy of such a letter? Pray, how did she receive it?’ — ‘When I presented the letter,’ answered Sancho, ‘she was in a main hurry, winnowing a large heap of wheat that was in her sieve; and said to me, “Friend, lay down the letter on that sack; for I cannot pretend to read it, until I have made an end of my work.”’ — ‘Discreet lady!’ cried the knight; ‘her intention certainly was to read it at her leisure, that she might recreate herself with the contents. Proceed, Sancho; and while she was thus employed, what conversation passed between you? what questions did she ask concerning me? and what answers didst thou make? Recount the whole, without leaving one syllable untold.’

‘She asked me no questions,’ replied the squire; ‘but I told her, how I had left your worship doing penance for love of her, skipping among those rocks, naked from the waist upwards, like a mere savage, sleeping on the bare ground; neglecting to eat your food like a Christian, or to comb your beard like a decent man; but whining, and weeping, and cursing your fortune.’ — ‘If you said I cursed my fortune, you mistook,’ presented me,’ said Don Quixote; ‘for I bless my fate, and will bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to aspire to the love of such an high lady as Dulcinea del Toboso.’ — ‘High indeed!’ answered Sancho,

cho, 'for, in faith, she is a good hand taller than I am.'—'How hast thou been measured with her, Sancho?' said the knight. 'I'll tell you how,' answered the squire; 'while I was helping to lay a load of corn upon an ass; we came so close together, that I could easily perceive she over-topped me by a full hand.'—'That may be true,' said Don Quixote; 'though her tallness is accompanied and adorned by a myriad of mental graces. But this you will not deny, Sancho, that while you was so near her, your nostrils were regaled by a Sabæan odour, an aromattick fragrance, a certain delicious sensation, for which there is no name. I mean, a scent, a perfume, such as fills the shop of some curious Glover.'—'All that I can say,' answered Sancho, 'is, that I was sensible of a sort of rammish smell, which I believe was owing to her being in a muck sweat with hard work.'—'That is impossible,' cried the knight; 'thy sense must have been depraved, or that smell must have proceeded from thy own body; for I am perfectly well acquainted with the odour of that rose among briars, that lily of the valley, that liquid amber.'—'It may be so,' said Sancho; 'I have often known such smells come from myself, as then seemed to come from my Lady Dulcinea: but that is not to be wondered at; because, as the saying is, every fiend may stink of brimstone.'—'Well, then,' added Don Quixote, 'she hath now winnowed the wheat and sent it to the mill; how did she behave after she had read my letter?'—'The letter,' answered Sancho, 'was not read at all; for, as she could neither read nor write, she chose to rend and tear it to pieces, rather than give it to any body who might publish her secrets in the village, saying, she was very well satisfied with the information I gave her by word of mouth, concerning your worship's love for her, and the extraordinary penance I left you doing on her account. Finally, she bade me tell you, that she kissed your worship's hands, being much more desirous of seeing than writing to you;

and therefore she entreated and commanded your worship, by these presents, to quit this desert, and leave off playing the fool, and forthwith set out on your journey to Toboso, provided that something else of greater importance should not happen, for she longed very much for a sight of your worship; and laughed heartily when I told her, that you had taken the name of the Knight with the Rueful Countenance. When I asked, if the Biscayan had been lately with her, she answered, "Yes"; and that he was very much of a gentleman; but, when I enquired about the galleys-slaves, she said she had as yet seen none of them.'

'Hitherto all goes well,' said the knight; 'but pray tell me what jewel she gave you at parting, for the news you had brought of me her lover; for it is an ancient practice and custom among knights-errant and their mistresses, to bestow upon their squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who bring them news of each other, some rich jewel, as a reward and acknowledgement for the message.'—'It may be so,' said Sancho, 'and I think it an excellent custom, but that must have been in time past; for in this age it is customary to give nothing but a piece of bread and cheese, which was all the present I received from my Lady Dulcinea, who reached it over the yard wall, when I took my leave; by this token, that the cheese was made of ewe's milk.'—'She is liberal to excess,' said the knight; 'and if she omitted giving thee a jewel, it must certainly have been owing to her not having any by her; but all in good time*; I shall see her soon, and then every thing will be set to rights. Yet there is one thing, Sancho, which overwhelms me with astonishment. You seem to have travelled through the air; for you have spent little more than three days in your journey; though Toboso is more than thirty leagues distant from hence. From this extraordinary expedition, I conjecture, that the sage, who is my friend, and interests himself in my affairs, and such there certainly is,

* Literally, Sleeves are good even after Easter; i. e. Though a good thing comes late, it is never unseasonable.

and must be, else I should be no true knight errant; I say, this inchanter must have assisted thee in thy journey, though thou didst not perceive it; for some there are of that class, who will take up a knight-errant while he is asleep in his bed, and without his knowing any thing of the matter, he shall awake next morning in some place more than a thousand leagues from the house where he took up his lodging the night before; and without such sudden transportations, it would be impossible for knights to succour each other in distress, as they frequently do. A knight-errant, for example, happens to be fighting in the deserts of Armenia, with some fierce dragon, dreadful goblin, or rival knight; and being worsted, and just at the point of being slain, behold, when he least expects it, there suddenly appears in a cloud or fiery chariot, another knight, a friend of his, who but a minute before resided in England, and who assists and delivers him from death; and that same night, he finds himself supping at his ease in his own house, which is often two or three thousand leagues from the field of battle: and all this is effected by the industry and art of sage inchanters, who take those valiant knights under their protection.

'Wherefore, friend Sancho, I can easily believe that thou hast in so little time travelled from hence to Toboso and back again; because, as I have already observed, some friendly sage must have carried thee through the air, though thou didst not perceive it.'—'Not unlikely,' replied the squire, 'for, in good faith, Rozinante went like a gypsy's ass, with quicksilver in his ears.'—'With quicksilver,' cried the knight; 'aye, and a legion of demons to boot, who are beings that travel themselves, and make other people travel as fast as they please, without tiring.'

'But, waving this subject, how doest thou think I ought to regulate my conduct, now that my mistress commands me to appear in her presence! for, although I find myself obliged to comply with her orders, I am utterly incapacitated by the boon I have granted to this princess: and I am bound by the laws of chivalry to fulfil my promise, before I indulge my inclina-

tion: On one hand, I am persecuted and harrassed by the desire of seeing Dulcinea; on the other, I am incited and invited by my honour and the glory I shall acquire in this enterprize. I am therefore determined to travel with all expedition, until I arrive at the place where the giant resides; and, when I shall have restored the princess to the peaceful possession of her kingdom; after having shortened the usurper by the head, I will return to the rays of that beauty which enlightens my thoughts, and excuse myself in such a manner as to obtain her forgiveness, as she will plainly perceive that my delay tended to the increase of her glory and fame; seeing all my reputation in arms, past, present, or to come, proceeds from her favour and inspiration.'—'Lord!' cried Sancho, 'how your worship is concerned about a parcel of pot-sheards. Pray tell me, Sir, do you intend to make this journey for nothing, and to let such a rich and noble marriage as this slip through your fingers, while the dowry is no less than a kingdom, which I have actually heard is more than twenty thousand leagues round, plentifully stored with every thing that is needful for the sustenance of mortal man, and larger than Portugal and Castile put together? Hold your tongue, a God's name, and take shame to yourself, for what you have said; pardon my freedom, take my advice, and marry in the first place where we can find a curate, or make use of our friend the licentiate, who will buckle you handsomely. Take notice, therefore, that I am of an age to give good counsel, and this that I offer will fit you to a hair, for a bird in hand is worth two in the bush; and, as the saying is, He that hath good in his view, and yet will not evil eschew, his folly serves to rue.'

'Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'if thou adviest me to marry, with a view of seeing me king, after I shall have killed the giant, that I may have an opportunity of rewarding thee with what I have promised, thou must know that I can easily gratify thy wishes, without wedding the princess; for, before I engage in the combat, I will covenant, that, provided I come off conqueror, and decline the mar-

riage, I shall have it in my power to dispose of one part of the kingdom, as I shall think proper; and to whom should I give it but to thee?'—'That is very plain,' replied the squire; 'but I beseech your worship to make choice of the sea-coast, because if I should happen to dislike the country, I may ship off my black slaves, and sell them, as I have already hinted. Wherefore, without troubling yourself, at present, about my Lady Dulcinea, I would have you go and slay the giant, and conclude that affair from which, before God! we shall certainly reap much honour and advantage.'—'I tell thee, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'thou art in the right, and I will follow thy advice, so far as it regards my attendance upon the princess, before I visit Dulcinea. But say not a word to any body, even those of our company not excepted, of this conversation; for, as she is so reserved and careful of concealing her sentiments, it would be inexcusable in me, if I, or any other through my means, should disclose them.'—'Since this is the case,' said the squire, 'why does your worship command all those that are vanquished by your arm to go and present themselves before my Lady Dulcinea? you may as well give it under your hand, that you are her true and trusty lover; for, if you compel them to fall upon their knees before her, and say they are sent by your worship to pay homage to her, how is it possible that the sentiments of either you or her can be concealed?'

'What an ignorant and simple fellow thou art!' resumed the knight; 'canst thou not see that all this redounds to her praise and exaltation? Thou must know, that in our stile of chivalry, it is deemed a great honour for a lady to be admired by a great many knights, whose wishes extend no farther than to the desire of serving her for her own sake, without expecting any other reward for their great and manifold services, than the glory of being admitted into the number of her knights.'—'In like manner,' said Sancho, 'I have heard a priest in the pulpit observe, that we must love our Saviour for his own sake, without being moved thereto, by any fear of punishment or hopes of applause, though, for my own

part, I am inclined to love and serve him on account of his power.'—'Now, the devil take the clown!' cried Don Quixote; 'he sometimes makes such shrewd observations that one would think he had actually studied!'—'And yet, upon my conscience,' answered the squire, 'I know not so much as my letters.' At that instant Master Nicholas calling aloud to them to stop a little, that the rest might have time to drink at a spring which they found in the way; Don Quixote turned back, to the no small satisfaction of Sancho, who was already tired with telling lyes, and afraid of being detected by his master; for, although he knew that Dulcinea was the daughter of a peasant at Toboso, he had never seen her in his life. By this time Cardenio had put on the cloaths which Dorothea wore when they found her; and, though they were none of the most elegant, he made a much better figure than with his tattered dress, which he now threw away. The whole company sat down by the spring, where, while they appeased the keen hunger that possessed them all, with what the curate had brought from the inn, a lad chanced to pass that way, who, looking earnestly at the whole company, at length run up to Don Quixote, and embracing his knees, began to blubber most heartily, saying, 'Ah! Signior, don't you know me? look at me again; I am that same individual young man called Andrew, whom your worship delivered from the tree to which I was tied.' The knight recollected his features, and taking him by the hand, addressed himself to the company, in these words.

'That you may see of what importance knight-errantry is, to redress the wrongs and grievances which are daily committed by the insolent and wicked wretches who live upon this earth; know, that as I passed by a wood some time ago, I heard the screams and woeful cries of some afflicted creature in the utmost distress; and in consequence of my oath and obligation, riding towards the place from which the lamentation seemed to come, I found this very young man tied to an oak tree; and I am glad from my soul that he is here in person, to bear witness to the truth. I say, he was bound to an oak, naked from the waist upwards;'

'and

‘and a peasant, who I afterwards understood was his master, stood scourging him with the reins of a bridle. When I enquired into the cause of this barbarous treatment, the rustick answered, that he only whipped his own servant for being guilty of some neglect that favoured more of knavishness than simplicity. The boy protested he had done nothing but asked his wages; to this affirmation, the master replied, by some asseverations which I have forgot; but though I heard his excuses, I would not admit of them. In short, I ordered the peasant to untie the youth, and made him swear that he would carry him home and pay him his wages in ready cash, nay, and pay him in rials that should be perfumed. Is not this literally true, son Andrew? Didst thou not observe with what authority I commanded, and with what humility he promised to comply with every thing that I imposed, suggested, and desired? Answer without perturbation or doubt, and tell this honourable company what passed, that they may see and be convinced of what use it is, as I said, to have knights-errant continually upon duty.’

‘All that your worship hath told is very true,’ answered the young man; ‘but the end of the business was quite the reverse of what you imagined.’—‘How! the reverse!’ cried the knight; ‘has not the peasant paid thee thy wages?’—‘Far from paying me my wages,’ said Andrew, ‘your worship was no sooner out of the wood, and we by ourselves again, than he bound me a second time to the same oak, and lashed me so severely, that I remained like St. Bartholomew, flayed alive, and at every stripe he jeered and scoffed, and made game of your worship in such a manner, that if it had not been for the excessive pain I felt, I could not have refrained from laughing at what he said. In short, he treated me so cruelly, that till this very day, I have been in the hospital, for the cure of the wounds I received from that mischievous farmer; and truly your worship was the cause of all that I suffered; for, if you had followed your own road, without going where nobody called you, or meddling with other people’s affairs, my master would have been satisfied with giving

me a cool dozen or two, and then loosed and paid me my due. But when your worship abused him so unseasonably, and called him so many bad names, his choler was inflamed; and, as he could not be revenged upon you, as soon as you was gone, he discharged the storm of his wrath upon me, in such a manner that I shall never be my own man again.’

‘The misfortune,’ said the knight, ‘was in my leaving him before I had seen thee paid; for I ought to have known by long experience, that no peasant will keep his word, if he thinks it his interest to break it. But thou mayest remember, Andrew, that I swore if he did not perform his promise, I would return and search for him, until he should be found, even if he should hide himself in the whale’s belly.’—‘Very true,’ replied Andrew; ‘but that threat signified nothing.’—‘Thou shalt presently see what it signifies!’ resumed Don Quixote: who, getting up hastily, ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was following their example in refreshing himself with grass.

When Dorothea asked what he intended to do, he replied, he was going in quest of the peasant, to chastise him for his villainous behaviour, and make him pay Andrew to the last farthing, in despite and defiance of all the rusticks upon earth. To this declaration, she answered, by desiring him to consider, that, according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any enterprize, until her affair should be finished; and since this stipulation was known to himself better than to any other person, she intreated him to repress his resentment till his return from her kingdom. ‘That is very true,’ resumed the knight, ‘and Andrew must wait with patience for my return, as your majesty observes; but, I repeat my oath and my promise, never to desist until I shall have seen his wages paid, and his injuries revenged.’—‘I don’t trust to those oaths,’ said Andrew, ‘and would rather, at present, have wherewithal to bear my expences to Seville, than all the revenge in the world; he so good, if you have any victuals, to give me something to eat upon my journey, and the Lord be with your worship and all knights-errant, who, I wish, may always err as much in
Z 2 ‘their

‘ their own affairs, as they have done
 ‘ in mine.’ Sancho, taking a luncheon
 of bread and cheese from the store, gave
 it to the young man, saying, ‘ Here,
 ‘ brother Andrew, take this; and now
 ‘ we have all shared in your misfor-
 ‘ tune.’ When Andrew asked what
 share of it had fallen to him, he replied,
 ‘ That share of bread and cheese, which
 ‘ I have given you; and God knows whe-
 ‘ ther I shall not feel the loss of it; for
 ‘ you must know, friend, that we squires
 ‘ of knights-errant are subject to many
 ‘ a hungry belly, with other misfor-
 ‘ tunes which are more easily felt than
 ‘ described.’

Andrew accepted of the bread and
 cheese, and seeing that nobody offered
 him any thing else, made his bows, and as
 the saying is, took his foot in his hand*.
 True it is, before he departed, he ad-
 dressed himself to Don Quixote, say-
 ing, ‘ For the love of God! Sir knight-
 ‘ errant, if ever you meet me again,
 ‘ spare yourself the trouble of coming
 ‘ to my assistance, even though you
 ‘ should see me cut into minced meat,
 ‘ but leave me to my misfortune, which
 ‘ cannot be so great, but that it may be
 ‘ increased by the success of your wor-
 ‘ ship, whom God confound, together
 ‘ with all the knights-errant that ever
 ‘ were born.’ Don Quixote started up, in
 order to chastise him, but he ran away
 with such nimbleness, that nobody at-
 tempted to pursue him; and the knight
 was so ashamed of his exploit, that the
 company were at great pains to contain
 their laughter, to prevent his being quite
 out of countenance.

CHAP. V.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT HAPPEN-
 ED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS
 COMPANY AT THE INN.

THEIR sumptuous meal being end-
 ed, they saddled their beasts, and
 without meeting any thing worthy of
 mention, arrived next day at the very
 inn which was so much the dread and
 terror of Sancho; but, unwilling as he
 was to enter, he could not avoid going
 into it. The innkeeper, his wife, daugh-
 ter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quix-
 ote and Sancho at the gate, went out to
 receive them, with great demonstrations

of joy; and the knight returned their
 compliments with grave deportment and
 solemn approbation, desiring them to
 prepare a better bed for him than that
 which he had occupied before. To this
 demand, the landlady answered, that,
 provided he would pay better than he
 did before, he should lie like a prince;
 he promised to see her satisfied, and they
 immediately made up a tolerable bed,
 in the same garret where he had formerly
 lodged, in which he laid himself down,
 very much disordered, both in body and
 mind. He was no sooner locked up in
 his chamber, than the landlady attack-
 ed the barber, and seizing him by the
 beard, cried, ‘ By my faith! you shall
 ‘ no longer use my tail for a beard.
 ‘ Give me my tail, I say; for it is a
 ‘ shame to see how my husband’s thing
 ‘ is bandied about for want of it; I
 ‘ mean the comb that he used to stick in
 ‘ in my tail.’ But the barber would
 not part with it, for all her tugging,
 until the priest desired him to restore it;
 because there was no farther occasion for
 the disguise, as he might now appear in
 his own shape, and tell the knight, that
 after he had been robbed by the galley-
 slaves, he had fled to that inn; and if
 he should enquire for the princess’s gen-
 tleman usher, they would tell him, she
 had dispatched him away before her,
 to advertise her friends and subjects,
 that she was upon the road, accompa-
 nied by the deliverer of them all. Thus
 satisfied, the barber willingly restored the
 landlady’s tail, and every thing else they
 had borrowed with a view of disen-
 gaging Don Quixote from the moun-
 tain; and all the people of the inn were
 astonished at the beauty of Dorothea,
 as also at the genteel mien of the swain
 Cardenio. The curate ordered them to
 get ready something to eat; and the
 innkeeper, in hope of being well paid,
 dressed, with all dispatch, a pretty rea-
 sonable dinner; but they did not think
 proper to waken Don Quixote, who, they
 believed, stood at that time more in need
 of sleep than of food.

The discourse at table, in presence of
 the innkeeper, his wife, daughter, Ma-
 ritornes, and all the other lodgers, hap-
 pening to turn upon the uncommon
 madness of the knight, and the con-
 dition in which they found him; the
 hostess recounted to them, what had

* Literally, “ Took the road in his hands.”

happened in her house between him and the carrier; then looking round the room, and seeing Sancho was not present, she told the whole story of the blanketting to the no small entertainment of the company. The curate observing that Don Quixote's understanding was disordered by the books of chivalry he had read, the innkeeper replied, 'I cannot conceive how that is possible; for, really, in my opinion, they are the best reading in the world: I have now in my custody two or three of them, together with some other papers, which, I verily believe, have preserved not only my life, but also that of many others; for, in harvest-time, a great number of reapers come hither, to pass the heat of the day; and there being always one among them who can read, he takes up a book, and we, to the number of thirty or more, forming a ring about him, listen with such pleasure, as were enough to make an old man grow young again; at least, I can say for myself, when I hear him read of those furious and terrible strokes that have been given by certain knights, I am seized with the desire of being at it myself; and could listen to such stories whole nights and days without ceasing. —' I wish you would, with all my heart,' replied the wife; 'for, I am sure, I never enjoy a quiet minute in the house, except when they are reading, and then you are so bamboozled with what you hear, you forget to scold for that time.' — 'That is the very truth of the matter,' said Maritornes; 'in good faith, I myself am hugely diverted, when I hear those things; they are so clever, especially when they tell us how yon t'other lady lay among orange trees, in the embraces of her knight, while a duenna, half dead with envy and surprize, kept sentry over them; odd! all these things make my chops water.'

'And what is your opinion of the matter, my young mistress?' said the priest to the innkeeper's daughter. 'Truly, Signior, I don't well know,' she replied; 'but listen among the rest; and really, though I do not understand it, I am pleased with what I hear; yet I take no delight in those strokes that my father loves; but, in the lamentations made by the knights, when they are absent from their mis-

resses, which in good sooth, often make me weep with compassion.' — 'Then you would soon give them relief, if they mourned for you, my pretty maid?' said Dorothea. 'I don't know what I should do,' answered the girl; 'but this I know, that some of those ladies are so cruel, their knights call them lions, tygers, and a thousand other reproachful names. Jesus! I can't conceive what sort of folks those must be, who are so hardened and unconscionable as to let a man of honour die, or lose his senses, rather than take the least notice of him; why should they be so coy? If their suitors court them in an honest way, let them marry, and that is all the men desire.' — 'Hold your peace, child,' said the landlady; 'methinks, you are too well acquainted with these things; young maidens, like you, should neither know nor speak so much.' The daughter said, as the gentleman asked her the question, she could do no less than answer him: and the curate demanding a sight of the books, 'With all my heart,' replied the innkeeper; who, going to his own chamber, brought out an old portmanteau secured with a chain, which being opened, the priest found in it three large volumes and some manuscripts written in a very fair character.

The first book they opened appeared to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace; the second, Felixmarte of Hyrcania; and the third, was the history of that great Captain Gonçalo Hernandez de Cordova, with the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. The curate having read the titles of the two first, turned to the barber, saying, 'We now want our friend's housekeeper and cousin.' — 'Not at all,' answered Mr. Nicholas, 'I myself can convey them to the yard, or rather to the chimney, where there is actually a special good fire.' — 'What! you intend to burn these books, then?' said the innkeeper. 'Only these two,' answered the curate, pointing to Don Cirongilio and Felixmarte. 'I suppose, then,' resumed the landlord, 'my books are heretick and slegmatick?' — 'You mean schismatick, honest friend, and not slegmatick,' said the barber. 'Even so,' replied the landlord; 'but, if any of them be burnt, let it be the history of that great captain, together with Diego Garcia;

' Garcia ; for, I would rather suffer you
 ' to commit my son to the flames, than
 ' to burn e'er a one of the rest.'—
 ' Heark ye, brother,' said the curate,
 ' these two books are stuffed with lyes,
 ' vanity, and extravagance; but that
 ' of the great captain is a true history,
 ' containing the exploits of Gonçalo
 ' Hernandez de Cordova, who, by his
 ' numerous and valiant achievements,
 ' acquired, all the world over, the epi-
 ' thet of the Great Captain, a renowned
 ' and splendid appellation, merited by
 ' him alone; and that Diego Garcia de
 ' Paredes was a noble cavalier, born in
 ' the city of Truxillo in Estremadura,
 ' a most valiant soldier, and endowed
 ' with such bodily strength, that with a
 ' single finger he could stop a mill-
 ' wheel in the heat of it's motion; and
 ' being once posted at the end of a
 ' bridge, with a two-handed sword, he
 ' alone prevented a vast army from pas-
 ' sing over it; he performed a great
 ' many actions of the same kind, which
 ' he himself hath recounted with all
 ' the modesty of a gentleman who writes
 ' his own memoirs; whereas, had they
 ' been committed to writing by any
 ' other free and dispassionate author,
 ' they would have eclipsed all the Hec-
 ' tor's, Achilles's, and Orlando's, that
 ' ever lived.'—' You may tell such
 ' stuff to my grannam,' said the inn-
 ' keeper. Lord! how you are surpriz-
 ' ed at the stopping of a mill-wheel!
 ' before God, I advise your worship to
 ' read, as I have done*, the history of
 ' Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with a
 ' single back-stroke, cut five giants
 ' through the middle, as easily as if they
 ' had been made of beans, like the fi-
 ' gures with which the boys divert
 ' themselves. Another time, he engaged
 ' a most infinite and powerful army,
 ' consisting of a million and six hundred
 ' thousand soldiers, all armed cap-à-pee,
 ' whom he totally routed, as if they
 ' had been flocks of sheep. Then what
 ' shall we say of the most excellent
 ' Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was
 ' so valiant and courageous, as may be
 ' seen in the book of his history, that
 ' while he was sailing on the river, a
 ' fiery serpent rose above the water,
 ' which he no sooner saw, than leaping
 ' on it's back, he fastened himself astride

' upon it's scaly shoulders, and seized it
 ' by the throat, with both hands, so
 ' forcibly, that the serpent feeling itself
 ' well nigh strangled, could find no
 ' other remedy but dive into the pro-
 ' found, with the knight, who would
 ' not quit his hold; and when he de-
 ' scended to the bottom, he found him-
 ' self in a palace situated in the midst of
 ' a garden that was wonderfully plea-
 ' sant; and then the serpent turned it-
 ' self into an ancient man, who told
 ' him such things as you would rejoice
 ' to hear. Say, no more, Signior; if
 ' you was to hear it, you would run
 ' stark mad for joy; so that, a fig for
 ' your great captain, and that same
 ' Diego Garcia you talk of!'

Dorothea hearing this harangue, whis-
 pered to Cardenio, ' Our host wants not
 ' much to make the second edition of
 ' Don Quixote.'—' I think so too,' an-
 swered Cardenio; ' for, by his dis-
 course, he seems to take it for granted,
 ' that every thing which is recounted in
 ' these books, is neither more nor less
 ' than the truth; and all the capuchins
 ' in Spain will not be able to alter his
 ' belief.'—' Consider, brother,' resumed
 the curate, ' that there never was up-
 ' on earth such a person as Felixmarte
 ' of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio
 ' of Thrace, nor any other of such
 ' knights as are celebrated in books of
 ' chivalry. The whole is a fiction
 ' composed by idle persons of genius,
 ' for the very purpose you mentioned,
 ' namely pastime, which was the aim of
 ' your reapers; for, I swear to you, no
 ' such knights ever existed, nor were
 ' any such exploits and extravagancies
 ' ever performed in this world.'—' You
 ' must throw that bone to some other
 ' dog!' replied the landlord: ' as if I
 ' did not know that two and three make
 ' five; or where my own shoe pinches.
 ' Your worship must not think to feed me
 ' with pap, for egad I am no such suck-
 ' ling! A good joke, faith! You would
 ' make me believe that all the contents
 ' of these books are madness and lyes,
 ' although they are printed by licence
 ' from the king's council; as if they
 ' were persons who would wink at the
 ' printing of such lyes, battles, and in-
 ' chantments, as turn people's brains.'—
 ' Friend,' replied the curate, ' I have

* It will appear in the sequel, that the landlord could not read at all; nevertheless, he might boast of what he could not do.

‘ already told you, that they are designed for the amusement of our idle hours ; and, as in every well-governed commonwealth, the games of chess, billiards, and tennis, are licensed for the entertainment of those who neither can nor ought to work ; in like manner, those books are allowed to be printed, on the supposition, that no body is so ignorant as to believe a syllable of what they contain ; and if I was now permitted, or the company required it, I could give some hints towards the improvement of books of chivalry, which perhaps might be both serviceable and entertaining ; but, I hope, the time will come, when I may have an opportunity of imparting my suggestions to those who can convert them to general use : meanwhile, Mr. Publican, you may depend upon the truth of what I have said ; take your books away, and settle the affair of their truth or falshood, just as your own comprehension will permit ; much good may they do you, and God grant that you may never halt on the same foot on which your lodger Don Quixote is lame ! ’ — ‘ I hope,’ answered the innkeeper, ‘ I shall never be mad enough to turn knight-errant, as I can easily perceive that the customs now-a-days are quite different from those in times past, when, as it is reported, those famous heroes travelled about the world.’

Sancho, who had come into the room, about the middle of this conversation, was very much confounded and perplexed, when he heard them observe ; that there was no such thing as knight-errantry in the present age, and that all the books of chivalry were filled with extravagance and fiction ; he therefore determined within himself, to wait the issue of his master’s last undertaking ; and, if it should not succeed as happily as he expected, to leave him, and return, with his wife and children, to his former labour.

When the innkeeper took up the portmanteau with the books, in order to carry them away, ‘ Stay,’ said the curate, ‘ until I examine these papers which are written in such fair character.’ The landlord accordingly

pulled out a manuscript, consisting of eight sheets of paper, intitled, in large letters, ‘ The Novel of the Impertinent Curiosity *.’ The priest having read three or four lines to himself, said, ‘ Really the title of this novel pleases me so much, that I have a strong inclination to peruse the whole.’ To this observation, the innkeeper replied, ‘ Then your reverence may read it aloud ; for, you must know, the reading of it hath given great satisfaction to several lodgers at this inn, who have earnestly begged the copy ; but that request I would not comply with, because I think of restoring it to the right owner, as I expect that the person who left the portmanteau with the books and papers, in a mistake, will return, on purpose to fetch them ; or, you know, he may chance to travel this way on other business ; and though I should miss them heavily, in faith they shall be restored ; for, though an innkeeper, I am still a Christian.’ — ‘ Friend,’ said the curate, ‘ you are very much in the right ; but, for all that, if I like the novel, you shall give me leave to transcribe it.’ — ‘ With all my heart,’ replied the landlord. While this discourse passed between them, Cardenio having taken up the manuscript, and began to read, was of the curate’s opinion, and intreated him to read it aloud, that the whole company might hear it. ‘ I will,’ answered the priest, ‘ if you think we had not better spend the time in sleeping than in reading.’ — ‘ For my own part,’ said Dorothea, ‘ it will be a sufficient refreshment for me to listen to some entertaining story ; for my mind is not composed enough to let me sleep, even if I stood in need of repose.’ — ‘ If that be the case,’ resumed the curate, ‘ I will read it out of curiosity, at a venture, and perhaps it will yield us some entertainment into the bargain.’ Master Nicholas earnestly joined in the request, and Sancho himself expressed a desire of hearing it ; upon which the licentiate finding he should please the whole company, as well as himself ; ‘ Well, then,’ said he, ‘ listen with attention, for the novel begins in this manner.

* The original, which is *curioso impertinente*, signifies one who is impertinently curious, not a curious impertinent.

C H A P. VI.

THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

IN Florence, a rich and celebrated city of Italy, situated in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two wealthy and noble cavaliers, so strictly united in the bands of amity, that every body who knew them, called them by way of excellence and epithet, the Two Friends; and, indeed, being both batchelors, and their age and education so much alike, it was not to be wondered at if a reciprocal affection sprung up between them; true it is, Anselmo was rather more addicted to amorous pastime than Lothario, whose chief delight was in hunting; yet, upon occasion, Anselmo could quit his own amusements to pursue those of his friend; and Lothario could postpone his favourite diversion, in order to practise that of Anselmo; in this manner their inclinations proceeded so mutually, that no clock ever went with more regularity. Anselmo happened to fall desperately in love with a young lady of rank and beauty in the same city, descended from such a noble family, and so amiable in herself, that he determined, with the approbation of his friend, without which he did nothing, to demand her of her parents in marriage; and accordingly put his resolution in practice. Lothario was intrusted with the message, and concluded the affair so much to the satisfaction of his friend, that in a very little time Anselmo saw himself in possession of his heart's desire; and Camilla thought herself so happy in having obtained such a husband, that she was incessant in her acknowledgments to Heaven and Lothario, by whose mediation her happiness was effected.

During the first two days after marriage, which are commonly spent in feasting and mirth, Lothario, as usual, frequented the house of his friend, with a view of honouring his nuptials, and endeavouring, as much as in him lay, to promote the joy and festivity attending all such occasions; but the wedding being over, and the fre-

quency of visits and congratulations abated, he began carefully and gradually to absent himself from Anselmo's house, thinking, as every prudent person would naturally conclude, that a man ought not to visit and frequent the house of a friend after he is married, in the same manner as he had practised while he was single; for, though suspicion should never find harbour with true and virtuous friendship, yet the honour of a married man is so delicate, as to be thought subject to injury, not only from a friend, but even from a brother. Anselmo perceived Lothario's remissness and complained of it loudly; saying, that if he had thought his marriage would have impaired their former correspondence, he never would have altered his condition; and begged, that as by the mutual friendship which inspired them while he was single, they had acquired such an agreeable title as that of the Two Friends, he would not now suffer that endearing and celebrated name to be lost, by a scrupulous adherence to mere form and punctilio. He therefore entreated him, if he might be allowed to use the expression, to be master of his house, and to come in and go out as formerly, assuring him that the inclinations of Camilla in that respect, were exactly conformable to his own; and that knowing the perfect friendship which subsisted between them, she was extremely mortified at his late shyness.

To these and many other arguments used by Anselmo, to persuade his friend to frequent his house as usual, Lothario answered with such prudence, force, and discernment, that the other was convinced of his discreet conduct; and it was agreed betwixt them, that Lothario should dine with him twice a week, besides holidays; but, notwithstanding this agreement, he resolved to comply with it no farther than he should see convenient for the honour of Anselmo, which was dearer to him than his own. He said, and his observation was just, that a man on whom Heaven hath bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as cautious of the men he brings home to his house, as careful in observing the female friends with whom his spouse converses abroad; for that which can-

not be performed nor concerted in the street or the church, or at public shows and diversions, with which a husband must sometimes indulge his wife, may be easily transacted in the house of a female friend or relation, in whom his chief confidence is reposed. Wherefore, Lothario observed, that every married man had occasion for some friend to apprise him of any omission in her conduct; for it often happens that he is too much in love with his wife, to observe, or too much afraid of offending her, to prescribe limits to her behaviour, in those things, the following or eschewing of which may tend to his honour or reproach, whereas that inconvenience might be easily amended by the advice of a friend. But where shall we find such a zealous, discreet, trusty friend, as is here required? I really know not, except in Lothario himself, who, consulting the honour of Anselmo, with the utmost care and circumspection, was at great pains to contract, abridge, and diminish, the number of the days on which he had agreed to frequent his house; that the idle vulgar, and prying eyes of malice, might not indulge their love of slander, when they perceived a genteel young man of such birth, fortune, and accomplishments as he knew himself possessed of, go into the house of such a celebrated beauty as Camilla; for, although his virtue and honour might be a sufficient check to the most malevolent tongue, he would not expose his own character, or that of his friend, to the smallest censure; and therefore employed the greatest part of those days on which he had agreed to visit Anselmo, in such things as he pretended were indispensable; so that when they were present, a great deal of time was consumed by the complaints of the one, and excuses of the other. One day, however, as they were walking through a meadow, near the suburbs of the city, Anselmo addressed himself to Lothario in these terms.

"You believe, my friend Lothario, that I can never be thankful enough to Heaven for the blessings I enjoy, not only in the most indulgent parents, and in the abundance of those things which are called the goods of nature and fortune, but also in a

friend like you, and a wife like Camilla, two pledges which I esteem, if not as highly as I ought, at least as much as I can. Yet, though I possess all those benefits which usually constitute the happiness of mankind, I find myself one of the most disgusted and discontented men alive. I have been for these many days so harassed and fatigued with such an odd unaccountable desire, that I cannot help being amazed at my infatuation, for which I often blame and rebuke myself, endeavouring to suppress and conceal it from my own reflection; but I find it is impossible to keep the secret, as if I had industriously published it to the whole world, and since it must actually be disclosed to somebody, I would have it deposited in the most secret archives of your heart, in full confidence, that by the diligence which you as a trusty friend will exert in my behalf, when you know it, I shall soon see myself delivered from that anxiety to which it hath reduced me, and by your assiduity be raised to a pitch of joy equal to the degree of vexation which my own folly hath intailed upon me."

Lothario was astonished at this discourse of Anselmo, as he could not comprehend the meaning of such a long preface and preamble, and endeavoured, by revolving every thing in his imagination, to find out what this desire could be, that preyed so much upon the spirits of his friend; but, finding himself always wide of the mark, he was willing to ease himself immediately of the excessive pain his suspense occasioned; and with this view told Anselmo, that he did a manifest injury to the warmth of his friendship, in going about the bush, seeking indirect methods to impart his most secret thoughts, since he was well assured that he might entirely depend upon him, either for advice to suppress, or assistance to support them. "I am well convinced of the truth of what you say," answered Anselmo, "and in that confidence will tell you, my friend, that the desire with which I am possessed, is to be certain, whether or not my wife Camilla, is as virtuous and perfect as I believe her to be; and this truth I shall never be fully persuaded of, until the perfection of her nature appear upon

"trial, as pure gold is proved by fire;
 "for it is my opinion, that there is no
 "woman virtuous, but in proportion
 "to the solicitation she hath withstood;
 "and that she only is chaste, who hath
 "not yielded to the promises, presents,
 "tears, and continual importunities of
 "persevering lovers. And pray where is
 "the merit of a woman's being chaste,
 "when nobody ever courted her to be
 "otherwise? what wonder that she should
 "be reserved and cautious, who has no
 "opportunity of indulging loose inclinations,
 "and who knows her husband would
 "immediately put her to death should
 "he once catch her tripping? Wherefore
 "I can never entertain the same degree of
 "esteem for a woman who is chaste out
 "of fear, or want of opportunity, as I
 "would for her who hath triumphed over
 "perseverance of solicitation; so that for
 "these, and many other reasons I could
 "urge to sanction and enforce my opinion,
 "I desire that my wife Camilla may
 "undergo the test, and be refined in the
 "fire of importunate addresses, by one
 "possessed of sufficient accomplishments
 "to inspire a woman with love; and if she
 "comes off, as I believe she will, victorious
 "in the trial, I shall think my own
 "happiness unparalleled. I shall then be
 "able to say that my wishes are fulfilled,
 "and that she hath fallen to my lot, of
 "whom the wise man saith, *"Who hath found
 "her?"* And even if the contrary of what
 "I expect should happen, the satisfaction of
 "seeing my opinion confirmed, will help me
 "to bear with patience that which would
 "otherwise prove such a costly experiment.
 "Supposing, then, that nothing you can say,
 "in opposition to this desire of mine, can
 "avail in diverting me from my purpose,
 "I expect and entreat that you, my friend
 "Lothario, will condescend to be the instrument
 "with which I execute this work of my
 "inclination. I will give you proper
 "opportunities, and supply you with every
 "thing I see necessary for soliciting a
 "woman of virtue, honour, and disinterested
 "reserve; and what among other things
 "induces me to intrust you with this
 "enterprize, is the consideration, that
 "should Camilla's scruples be overcome,
 "you will not pursue your conquest to the last cir-

"cumstance of rigour, but only suppose
 "that done, which, for good reason, ought
 "to remain undone; so that I shall be
 "injured by her inclination alone, and my
 "wrongs lie buried in the virtue of your
 "silence, which I know, in whatever
 "concerns my welfare, will be eternal as
 "that of death. Wherefore, if you would
 "have me enjoy what deserves to be called
 "life, you will forthwith undertake this
 "amorous contest, not with lukewarmness
 "and languor, but with that eagerness and
 "diligence which corresponds with my wish,
 "and the confidence in which I am secured
 "by your friendship."

"Such was the discourse of Anselmo; to
 "which Lothario listened so attentively, that
 "except what he is already said to have
 "uttered, he did not open his lips, until his
 "friend had finished his proposal: but finding
 "he had nothing more to alledge, after
 "having for some time gazed upon him as an
 "object hitherto unseen, that inspired him
 "with astonishment and surprise, "I cannot
 "be persuaded, Anselmo," said he, "but what
 "you have said was spoke in jest; for, had I
 "thought you in earnest, I should not have
 "suffered you to proceed so far; but, by
 "refusing to listen, have prevented such a
 "long harangue. Without doubt, you must
 "either mistake my disposition, or I be utterly
 "unacquainted with yours; and yet I know
 "you to be Anselmo, and you must be sensible
 "that I am Lothario; the misfortune is, I no
 "longer find you the same Anselmo you
 "were wont to be, nor do I appear to you the
 "same Lothario as before; your discourse
 "favours not of that Anselmo who was my
 "friend, nor is what you ask a thing to be
 "demanded of that Lothario who shared
 "your confidence. Good men, as a certain
 "poet observes, may try and avail themselves
 "of their friends, *usque ad aras*; I mean, not
 "presume upon their friendship, in things
 "contrary to the decrees of Heaven. Now,
 "if a heathen entertained such ideas of
 "friendship, how much more should they be
 "cherished by a Christian, who knows, that
 "no human affection ought to interfere with
 "our love to God; and, when a person
 "stretches his connections so far as to lay
 "aside all respect for Heaven,

“ in order to manifest his regard for a friend, he ought not to be swayed by trifles or matters of small consequence, but by those things only on which the life and honour of a friend depend. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these is in danger, before I venture to gratify your wish, by complying with the detestable proposal you have made? Surely, neither; on the contrary, if I conceive you aright, you are desirous that I should indefatigably endeavour to deprive you and myself also, of that very life and honour which it is my duty to preserve; for if I rob you of honour, I rob you of life; since a man without honour, is worse than dead, and I being the instrument, as you desire I should be, that entails such a curse upon you, shall not I be dishonoured, and of consequence dead to all enjoyment and fame. Listen with patience, my friend Anselmo, and make no answer until I shall have done with imparting the suggestions of my mind, concerning the strange proposal you have made; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and me to listen in my turn.”—“With all my heart,” cried Anselmo; “you may speak as long as you please.”

“Accordingly, Lothario proceeded, saying, “In my opinion, Anselmo, your disposition is at present like that of the Moors, who will not suffer themselves to be convicted of the errors of their sect, by quotations from the Holy Scripture, nor with arguments founded on speculation, or the articles of faith; but must be confuted or convinced by examples that are palpable, easy, familiar, and subject to the certainty of mathematical demonstration; for instance, if from equal parts, we take equal parts, those that remain are equal. And if they do not understand this proposition verbally, as is frequently the case, it must be explained and set before their eyes by manual operation, which is also insufficient to persuade them of the truth of our holy religion. The self-same method must I practise with you, whose desire deviates so far from every thing that bears the least shadow of reason, that I should look upon it as time mispent, to endeavour to convince you of your folly, which is the only name

your intention seems to deserve. Nay, I am even tempted to leave you in your extravagancy, as a punishment for your preposterous desire; but I am prevented from using such rigour by my friendship, which will not permit me to desert you in such manifest danger of perdition. But, to make this affair still more plain, tell me, Anselmo, did not you desire me to solicit one that was reserved, seduce one that was chaste, make presents to one that was disinterested, and assiduously court one that was wise? Yes, such was your demand. If you are apprized, then, of the reserve, virtue, disinterestedness, and prudence of your wife, pray what is your aim? If you believe that she will triumph over all my assaults, as undoubtedly she will, what fairer titles can you bestow upon her, than those she possesses already? or how will she be more perfect after that trial, than she is at present? You either do not believe she is so virtuous as you have represented her, or know not the nature of your demand. If you think she is not so chaste as you have described her, you should not hazard the trial; but rather, according to the dictates of your own prudence, treat her as a vicious woman: if you are satisfied of her virtue, it would be altogether impertinent to make trial of that truth, which, from the test, can acquire no additional esteem. From whence we may reasonably conclude, that for men to execute designs which are clearly productive of more hurt than benefit, is the province of madness and temerity; especially, when they are not incited or compelled to these designs by any sort of consideration; but, on the contrary, may at a greater distance perceive the manifest madness of their intention. Difficulties are undertaken, either for the sake of God, of this world, or of both. The first are incurred by holy men, who live the life of angels here on earth; the second, by those who traverse the boundless ocean, visiting such a diversity of climates and nations, with a view of acquiring what are called the goods of fortune; and such undertakings as equally regard God and man, fall to the share of those valiant soldiers, who no sooner behold, in

“ the wall of an adverse city, a breach,
 “ though no bigger than that which is
 “ made by a single cannon ball, than
 “ laying aside all fear, and overlooking
 “ with unconcern the manifest danger
 “ that menaces them, winged with de-
 “ sire of signalizing their valour in be-
 “ half of their king, country, and re-
 “ ligion, throw themselves, with the
 “ utmost intrepidity, into the midst of a
 “ thousand deaths that oppose and await
 “ them. These are the enterprizes which
 “ are generally undertaken, and though
 “ full of peril and inconvenience, at-
 “ tended with glory, honour, and ad-
 “ vantage; but that which you have
 “ planned, and purpose to put in ex-
 “ ecution, neither tends to your ac-
 “ quiring the approbation of God,
 “ the goods of fortune, nor the ap-
 “ plause of mankind; for, granting
 “ that the experiment should succeed
 “ to your wish, it will make you nei-
 “ ther more happy, rich, or respect-
 “ ed than you are; and should it turn
 “ out contrary to your expectation,
 “ you will find yourself the most mi-
 “ serable of all mortals. It will then
 “ give you little ease to reflect, that
 “ your misfortune is unknown; for,
 “ the bare knowing it yourself, will be
 “ sufficient to plunge you in affliction
 “ and despair. As a confirmation of
 “ this truth, you must give me leave to
 “ repeat the following stanza, written
 “ by the celebrated poet Lewis Tan-
 “ silo, at the end of the first part of the
 “ tears of St. Peter.

“ When Peter saw the approach of rosy
 “ morn,
 “ His soul with sorrow and remorse was
 “ torn;
 “ For, though from ev’ry mortal eye con-
 “ ceal’d,
 “ The guilt to his own bosom stood reveal’d:
 “ The candid breast will self-accusing, own
 “ Each conscious fault, though to the
 “ world unknown,
 “ Nor will th’ offender scape internal
 “ shame,
 “ Tho’ unimpeach’d by justice or by fame.”

“ Wherefore, secrecy will never af-
 “ suage your grief; but, on the con-
 “ trary, you will incessantly weep, not
 “ tears from your eyes, but drops of
 “ blood from your heart, like that
 “ simple doctor, whom our poet men-
 “ tions*, who made trial of the vessel,
 “ which the prudent Rinaldo, with
 “ more discretion, refused to touch;
 “ and although this be a poetical fiction,
 “ it nevertheless contains a well cou-
 “ ed moral, worthy of notice, study,
 “ and imitation; especially, as what I
 “ am going to say, will, I hope, bring
 “ you to a due sense of the great error
 “ you want to commit.

“ Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven or
 “ good fortune had made you master
 “ and lawful possessor of an exquisite
 “ diamond, the brilliancy of which was
 “ admired by all the lapidaries who
 “ had seen it, and unanimously allow-
 “ ed to be the most perfect of it’s kind;
 “ an opinion, which, as you knew no-
 “ thing to the contrary, was exactly
 “ conformable to your own; would it
 “ be wise or pardonable in you, to put
 “ that jewel betwixt an anvil and a
 “ hammer, and by mere dint of blows
 “ and strength of arm, try if it was as
 “ hard and perfect as it had been pro-
 “ nounced? for, supposing that the dia-
 “ mond should resist the force of this
 “ foolish experiment, it would there-
 “ by acquire no addition of value or
 “ fame; and, if it should be broke to
 “ pieces, a thing that might easily hap-
 “ pen, would not all be lost? Yes,
 “ for certain; and the owner be uni-
 “ versally deemed a fool. Consider,
 “ then, my friend, that Camilla is an
 “ exquisite diamond, not only in your
 “ estimation, but in that of every one
 “ who knows her; and it would be
 “ highly unreasonable to expose her to
 “ the least possibility of being broke;
 “ for, even should she remain intire,
 “ her reputation will receive no in-
 “ crease; but, should she fail in the
 “ trial, reflect upon what you must feel,
 “ and the reason you will then have to

* Ludovico Ariosto, author of Orlando Furioso, to which poem Cervantes frequently alludes. Here, however, he seems to have forgot the passage he meant to cite; for the person who proffered the cup to Rinaldo, was no doctor. In Canto 43, of the Orlando Furioso, mention is made, indeed, of one Anselmo, who was a Doctor of Law, but not at all concerned in the enchanted cup: yet it must be owned, that Dr. Anselmo had recourse to an astrologer, in order to know whether his wife preserved her chastity in his absence.

“complain of yourself, for having been
 “the fatal cause of her perdition and
 “your own despair. Consider, that no
 “jewel upon earth is comparable to a
 “woman of virtue and honour; and,
 “that the honour of the sex consists in
 “the fair characters they maintain.
 “Since, therefore, the reputation of
 “your wife is already as high as it
 “possibly can be, why would you bring
 “this truth into question? Remember,
 “my friend, that woman is an imper-
 “fect creature; and that, far from lay-
 “ing blocks in her way, over which
 “she might stumble and fall, we ought
 “to remove them with care, and clear
 “her paths from all obstructions, that
 “she may, without trouble, proceed
 “smoothly, in attaining to that per-
 “fection which she may still want,
 “namely, immaculate virtue. We are
 “informed by naturalists, that the er-
 “min is a little animal, covered with
 “a furr of excessive whiteness, and that
 “the hunters use this artifice to catch
 “it: being well acquainted with the
 “places through which it chuses to
 “pass in it's flight, they daub them
 “all over with mud, and as soon as
 “they get sight of the creature, drive
 “it directly thither. The ermin find-
 “ing itself thus barricadoed, stands
 “still, and is taken; chusing captivity,
 “rather than, by passing through the
 “filth, to stain and sully the whiteness
 “of it's furr, which it prizes above li-
 “berty, and even life itself. A chaste
 “and virtuous wife is like the ermin,
 “her character being more pure and
 “white than drifted snow; but he,
 “who would guard and preserve it, must
 “use a method quite different from
 “that which is practised upon the lit-
 “tle animal, and beware of clogging
 “her way with the mud of entertain-
 “ments, and the addresses of impor-
 “tunate lovers; lest, perhaps, (nay,
 “without a perhaps) she should not
 “possess such virtue and resolution as
 “are sufficient of themselves to sur-
 “mount those obstructions. It is there-
 “fore necessary to remove them, and
 “place before her the purity of virtue,
 “and the beauty of an unblemished re-
 “putation. A virtuous woman also
 “resembles a bright transparent mir-
 “ror, which is liable to be stained and
 “obscured by the breath of those who
 “approach too near it. A virtuous
 “woman, like relics, ought to be

“adored at a distance. She ought to be
 “preserved and esteemed as a beautiful
 “garden, full of flowers and roses, the
 “owner of which will suffer nobody
 “to handle them or pass through it,
 “permitting them only, to enjoy it's
 “fragrance and beauty afar off, through
 “the iron rails that surround it. In
 “fine, I will repeat a few verses that I
 “just now recollect, from a modern
 “comedy, because they seem to have
 “been composed upon the very subject
 “of our present discourse. A sage old
 “man advising his friend, who is bles-
 “sed with a handsome daughter, to
 “lock her up, and watch over her with
 “the utmost vigilance and care, among
 “other reasons, cautions him with
 “these—

I.

“WOMAN is form'd of brittle
 “ware;

“Then, wherefore rashly seek to know
 “What force, unbroken, she will bear,
 “And strike, perhaps, some fatal blow.

II.

“Though easily to fragments tore,
 “'Twere equally absurd and vain,
 “To dash in pieces on the floor,
 “What never can be join'd again.

III.

“This maxim, then, by facts assur'd,
 “Should henceforth be espous'd by all;
 “Where'er a Danaë lies immur'd,
 “The tempting show'r of gold will fall.”

“All that I have hitherto suggested,
 “Anselmo, regards yourself; and now
 “it is but reasonable you should hear
 “something that concerns me; and if
 “I should be prolix in my observa-
 “tions, you must excuse me, because
 “it is absolutely necessary to ex-
 “patriate on the subject, in order to ex-
 “tricate you from the labyrinth in
 “which you are involved, and from
 “which you desire to be disengaged by
 “my assistance. You consider me as
 “a friend, and yet seek to deprive me
 “of my honour; a desire opposite to
 “all friendship or regard; nay, even
 “endeavour to make me rob you of
 “your own. That you want to de-
 “stroy mine, is plain; for Camilla,
 “finding herself exposed to my solici-
 “tations, as you desire, will certainly
 “look upon me as a man void of all
 “principle and honour; because I at-
 “tempt

“tempt to succeed in a design so contrary to the dignity of my own character, and the friendship subsisting between us. That you desire I should rob you of yours, is not to be doubted; because, Camilla, seeing herself importuned by my addressee, will think I must have observed some levity in her conduct, which hath encouraged me to disclose my vicious inclinations, and think herself dishonoured accordingly; so that you will be as much concerned in her dishonour, as if it was your own. Hence springs the common observation, that the husband of a lewd woman, though he neither knows, nor hath given the least occasion for the misconduct of his wife, and though his misfortune was neither owing to his want of prudence or care, is, notwithstanding, pointed at, and distinguished by a name of scandal and reproach; being looked upon, by those who know the frailty of his wife, with an eye of disdain, instead of compassion, which he certainly deserves, as his disgrace proceeds not from any fault of his, but from the loose inclinations of his worthless spouse. I will now explain the reason, why the husband of a bad woman is justly dishonoured, though he neither knows, nor hath been in any shape accessory to her backslidings; and you must hear me with patience, because my remarks will, I hope, redound to your own advantage.

“When God created our first parent in the terrestrial paradise, we are told, by the holy Scripture, that he was thrown into a deep sleep, during which, the Almighty took a rib from his left side, and of this Eve being formed, Adam no sooner awoke and beheld her, than he cried, *“This creature is flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.”* Nay, God himself pronounced, *“For this shall a man leave father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh.”* Then was instituted the divine sacrament of marriage, consisting of such ties as death alone can unbind; and endowed with such miraculous virtue and power, as to unite two different persons in one flesh; nay, what is still more wonderful, to combine two souls, so as to produce but one will; provided the union be happily effected. From

hence it follows, that the flesh of the wife being the same with that of the husband, whatever stains or blemishes are imbibed by the first, must equally affect the other, although, as I have already observed, he is in no manner accessory to the misfortune. Wherefore, as the whole person is affected by the pain of the foot or any other member of the human body; and the head, though no way concerned in the cause, be a fellow-sufferer with the ankle when it is hurt; by the same rule, an husband, being a part of the same whole, must bear a share of his wife’s dishonour; for, as all the honours and disgraces of this life proceed from flesh and blood; the infamy of a vicious woman, being of the same origin, must be shared by her husband, who ought to be looked upon as a dishonoured person, though he be utterly ignorant of the guilt. Reflect, therefore, Anselmo, on the danger into which you bring yourself, by seeking to disturb the peace and tranquillity of your virtuous wife. Reflect upon the vanity and impertinence of that curiosity, which prompts you to awaken and stir up those humours, that now lie tamed and quiet in the bosom of your chaste spouse. Consider, that in this rash adventure, your gain must be very small, but your loss may be so great, that I leave it unmentioned, because I want words to express its estimation. On the whole, if what I have said be insufficient to divert you from your mischievous design, I desire you will chuse some other instrument of your misfortune and disgrace; for I will not undertake the office, though, by my refusal, I should even lose your friendship, which is dearer to me than any thing upon earth.”

Here the virtuous and prudent Lothario left off speaking, and Anselmo remained in such confusion and perplexity, that, for some time, he could not answer one word; at length, however, he broke silence, saying, “I have listened, my friend Lothario, as you may have perceived, with great attention to all you had to say, and by your arguments, examples, and comparisons, am fully convinced, not only of your great discretion, but also of that perfection of friend-

“ship

"ship to which you have attained: I
 "see also, and own, that in refusing
 "your counsel, and following my own,
 "I avoid the good and pursue the evil.
 "This truth being acknowledged, you
 "must consider me as a person afflicted
 "with that infirmity, which induces
 "some women to swallow earth, chalk,
 "coals, and other things of a worse
 "nature, which is loathsome to the
 "sight, how much more disagreeable
 "must they be to the taste. Where-
 "fore, there is an absolute necessity for
 "using some method of cure, which
 "you may easily effect, by beginning
 "to solicit the love of Camilla, though
 "coldly and feignedly; and, sure, she
 "cannot be so frail as to surrender her
 "virtue at the first encounter. With
 "this slight attempt I shall rest satis-
 "fied, and you fulfil the duty of friend-
 "ship, not only in giving me new life,
 "but also in dissuading me from being
 "the cause of my own dishonour. Nay,
 "you are obliged to comply with my
 "request, by this other consideration,
 "that, determined as I am to put my
 "design in execution, you ought not
 "to allow me to communicate this
 "extravagant resolution to any other
 "person, lest I run the risk of losing
 "that honour which you endeavour to
 "preserve; and, as to your suffering in
 "the opinion of Camilla, by attempting
 "to seduce her, that is a reflection of
 "small importance, because, when her
 "integrity is proved, you can soon in-
 "form her of our whole contrivance;
 "consequently, regain and repossess the
 "former place you held in her esteem.
 "Since, therefore, by adventuring so
 "little, it is in your power to give me
 "so much satisfaction; I hope, you
 "will not refuse the office, even if it
 "was attended with more inconve-
 "nience; for, I have already told you,
 "that I shall look upon the affair as
 "concluded, whenever you shall have
 "made the first attempt."

"Lothario seeing him fixed in his re-
 "solution, even after he had exhausted
 "all his rhetoric to dissuade him from
 "it; and fearing he would execute his
 "threat of imparting his unhappy des-
 "ign to some other person, determined
 "to prevent a greater misfortune, by
 "complying with his desire: purposing,
 "however, to manage the business in
 "such a manner, as to satisfy Anselmo,
 "without altering the sentiments of his

"wife. With this view, he told An-
 "selmo that he should have no occasion
 "to communicate his intention to any
 "other man; for he, Lothario, would
 "undertake the affair, and begin when
 "he pleased. Anselmo, embracing his
 "friend with great tenderness and af-
 "fection, thanked him as much for his
 "compliance, as if he had granted him
 "some vast favour; and it was con-
 "certed between them, that Lothario
 "should begin the enterprize the very
 "next day, when Anselmo would give
 "him time and opportunity of being
 "alone with Camilla, that he might
 "speak to her with freedom; and also
 "supply him with money and jewels,
 "that with such presents he might pro-
 "mote his suit; he, moreover, advised
 "him to attempt her by musick, and
 "write verses in her praise; or, if that
 "would be too much trouble for the
 "gallant, he himself would compose
 "them for the purpose. Lothario un-
 "dertook every thing, but with a very
 "different intention from what Ansel-
 "mo supposed; and the agreement be-
 "ing made, they returned to the house
 "of this last, where they found Ca-
 "milla waiting with great anxiety, for
 "her husband, who had that day tar-
 "ried longer than usual abroad. Lo-
 "thario soon after went home to his
 "own lodgings, leaving his friend as
 "happy as himself was perplexed how
 "to contrive a scheme for bringing this
 "affair to a fortunate issue; but that
 "night he fell upon an expedient to de-
 "ceive Anselmo, without giving offence
 "to his wife.

"Next day he went to dine with his
 "friend, and was very kindly received
 "by Camilla, who entertained him
 "with great cordiality, as her hus-
 "band's intimate companion. Dinner
 "being ended, and the table withdrawn,
 "Anselmo rising up, desired Lothario
 "to stay with Camilla till his return
 "from an indispensable piece of busi-
 "ness, that would detain him an hour
 "and a half. Camilla intreated him to
 "defer it until another time, and Lo-
 "thario offered to go along with him;
 "but he was deaf to both, pressing Lo-
 "thario to let him go, while he should
 "wait at his house till he came back,
 "for he wanted to talk with him upon
 "a subject of the last importance; at
 "the same time, desiring Camilla to
 "keep Lothario company till his re-
 "turn;

turn; in short, he so well feigned the necessity, or rather folly of his absence, that nobody could have suspected the deceit. He accordingly went out, and left Camilla and his friend by themselves, for the rest of the family had gone to dinner; so that Lothario seeing himself within the lists, according to Anselmo's desire, with his fair enemy, whose beauty alone was powerful enough to overcome a whole squadron of armed knights, it may be easily conceived what reason he had to fear, yet all he did was to lean his head on his hand, while his elbow rested upon the arm of the chair in which he sat, and after having begged pardon for his ill-manners, to tell Camilla he would take a nap till Anselmo's return. She said he would be more at his ease in a couch than in the chair, and advised him to walk into a chamber where he would find one. This offer, however, he declined, and slept where he was till the return of his friend, who finding Camilla in her own apartment, and Lothario asleep, concluded that by his long stay he had given them time not only to speak, but also to take their repose, and was impatient for Lothario's waking, that he might carry him out to walk, and enquire about his own fortune.

Every thing succeeded to his wish: when his friend awoke, they went forth together, and he put every question to him that his curiosity suggested. Lothario answered, that thinking it improper to explain himself on the first occasion, he had done nothing but praised Camilla's beauty, which, together with her discretion, he told her engrossed the conversation of the whole city; this he imagined was the most prudent beginning, as it might prepossess her in his favour, and dispose her to listen to him another time with pleasure; being the same artifice which is practised by the devil, who, when he would seduce those who are on their guard, transforms himself from an imp of darkness into an angel of light, and flattering them with specious appearances, at length discovers his cloven foot, and succeeds in his design, provided his deceit be not detected in the beginning. This declaration was altogether satisfactory to Anselmo, who said he would give

him the same opportunity every day, without quitting the house, in which he would employ himself so artfully, that Camilla should never suspect his design. Many days passed, in which, though Lothario never opened his mouth on the subject to Camilla, he told Anselmo that he had made many efforts, but could never perceive in her the least tendency to weakness, or obtain the least shadow of hope; on the contrary, that she had threatened, if he did not lay aside the wicked design, to disclose the whole affair to her husband. "Very well," said Anselmo, "hitherto she is proof against words, we must now try whether or not she can resist works also. To-morrow you shall have two thousand crowns in gold, for a present to her; and as much more to purchase jewels, for a bait; these are things with which all beautiful women are captivated; for, be they ever so chaste, they love finery and gay apparel, if she withstands that temptation, I will rest satisfied and give you no farther trouble."

Lothario promised to go through with the enterprise, now that he had begun, though he was persuaded he should be fatigued and baffled in the execution. Next day he received four thousand crowns, and as many perplexities along with them; for he did not know what lye he should next invent; however, he determined to tell his friend, that Camilla was as invincible to presents as to words, and that he should give himself no farther vexation, since all his endeavours were thrown away to no purpose: but fortune, which conducted matters in another manner, ordained that Anselmo, one day, after having, according to custom, left Lothario and his wife by themselves, and gone to his own chamber, should peep through the key-hole, and listen to their conversation, it was then he perceived, that in half an hour and more, Lothario did not speak one word, neither would he have opened his mouth, had he remained a whole age in the same situation. From hence he concluded, that every thing his friend had told him of Camilla's replies, was mere fiction; but, to be still more assured, he came out of his chamber, and calling Lothario aside, asked what news he had, and how
Camilla

Camilla stood affected to him? He replied, that he was resolved to drop the business entirely, for she had checked him with such bitterness and indignation, that he had no mind to return to the charge. "Ah, Lothario! Lothario!" said Anselmo, "how much you have failed in the duty of friendship, and abused the confidence I have reposed in your affection! I have been all this time looking through the key-hole of that door, and perceived that you have not spoken one word to Camilla, from whence I suspect that your first declaration is yet to come; and if that be the case, as without doubt it is, wherefore have you thus deceived me; and in so doing, prevented me from other means to satisfy my desire?" He said no more, but this was sufficient to cover Lothario with shame and confusion; who, thinking his honour concerned in being convicted of a lye, swore to Anselmo, he would from that moment, take the charge of giving him the satisfaction he required, without the least equivocation, as he might perceive by watching him narrowly; though there would be no occasion for using such diligence, because his future behaviour in that affair would acquit him of all suspicion.

Anselmo gave credit to his protestation; and, that his opportunities might be more secure, and less subject to interruption, resolved to absent himself from his own house, for eight days, during which he proposed to visit a friend who lived in a village not far from the city; and whom he desired to invite him to his house with the most earnest intreaties, that he might excuse himself to Camilla for his absence.——Unfortunate and imprudent Anselmo! what art thou doing? what art thou contriving and concerting? Consider that thou art acting against thyself, planning thy own dishonour and perdition. Your wife Camilla is virtuous and sober, and you possess her at present in quiet, enjoying uninterrupted pleasure; her inclinations never ramble beyond the walls of your own house; you are her paradise upon earth, the goal of her desires, the accomplishment of her wishes, and the standard by which she measures her will, adjusting it in all respects according to your pleasure and

the directions of Heaven. Since the mine of her honour, beauty, modesty, and virtue, yields thee, without trouble, all the riches which it contains, or thou canst desire; why wouldst thou, by digging in search of a new and unheard-of treasure, risk the fall or destruction of the whole, which is sustained by the feeble props of female constancy? Remember it is but just, that he who builds on impossibilities should be denied the privilege of any other foundation; as the poet hath better expressed it in the following couplets—

"In death I sought new life to find,
 "And health, where pale distemper pin'd:
 "I look'd for freedom in the gaol,
 "And faith, where perjuries prevail;
 "But Fate supreme, whose stern decree
 "To sorrow match'd my destiny,
 "All possible relief withdrew,
 "Because th' impossible I kept in view."

Next day Anselmo went to the country, after having told Camilla, that in his absence Lothario would take charge of the family, and dine with her every day; he therefore desired her to treat him with all the respect due to his own person. Camilla, being a woman of honour and discretion, was disgusted at this order, and bade him consider how unseemly it was for another man to sit at the head of his table in his absence; at the same time begging, that if his directions proceeded from his diffidence in her capacity, he would for once put her management to the trial, and be convinced by experience, that she was equal to a more important charge. Anselmo replied, that such was his pleasure, and her province was to bow the head and obey; upon which, she, though unwillingly, submitted. Next day he set out accordingly, and Lothario went to his house, where he met with a very kind and honourable reception from Camilla, who never gave him an opportunity of being alone with her; but was always surrounded by her servants, generally attended by her own maid, whose name was Leonela, for whom her mistress had a particular affection, because they had been brought up together from their infancy, in the house of Camilla's parents; and when the married An-

felmo, she accompanied her to his house in quality of waiting-woman.

During the first three days Lothario did not declare himself, although he had opportunities immediately after the table was uncovered, while the servants were at dinner, which Camilla always ordered them to finish with all expedition. Nay, she gave directions to Leonela, to dine every day before the cloth was laid for herself, that she might always be in waiting; but her maid's thoughts were too much engrossed by her own amusements, the enjoyment of which required such time and opportunity, as often hindered her from obeying the commands of her mistress, so that she frequently behaved as if she had received orders to leave them alone; but the dignified presence of Camilla, the gravity of her countenance, and awfulness of person, were such as effectually bridled Lothario's tongue: yet the energy of virtue, in having this very effect, redounded the more to the disadvantage of them both; for, though his tongue was restricted, his thoughts had a full and a free opportunity of contemplating at leisure the charms both of her mind and person, which were sufficient to captivate not only an heart of flesh, but even a statue of stone.

Lothario, by gazing at her during those opportunities, beheld how worthy she was to be beloved; and this conviction began gradually to sap his regard for his friend, so that he made a thousand resolutions to quit the city, and go where he should never more be seen by Anselmo, or be exposed to danger from the beauty of his wife; but all these were baffled by the pleasure he had already felt, in seeing and admiring her charms; he constrained himself, and combated his own inclinations, in order to expel and efface that satisfaction: when he was alone he condemned his own madness, and reproached himself as a false friend and worthless Christian; he made a thousand reflections and comparisons between himself and Anselmo; and they all terminated in this conclusion, that the madness and rash confidence of his friend greatly exceeded his own infidelity, and that if he could excuse himself to Heaven, for what he intended to do, as easily

as to mankind, he had no reason to dread any punishment for the crime. In short, the beauty and other accomplishments of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the ignorant husband put into his hands, entirely overthrew the integrity of Lothario; who, giving way at once to the dictates of his passion, began at the end of three days, during which he had been at continual war with his desires, to address himself to Camilla with such disorder and amorous discourse, that she was utterly astonished, and rising up went to her own chamber without answering one word. But this coyness did not abate Lothario's hope, which always increases with a man's love; on the contrary, he redoubled his efforts: while she, perceiving him behave so wide of expectation, did not well know what conduct to espouse; but, thinking it would be both unseemly and unsafe in her, to grant him another opportunity, she determined that very night to send a message to her husband, and actually dispatched a servant to him with the following letter.

CHAP. VII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE NOVEL CALLED THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

IT is a common observation, that "an army without a general, and a garrison without a chief, make but a very indifferent appearance; but I say, that a young married woman without a husband makes a worse, especially when his absence is not the effect of absolute necessity; for my own part, I find myself so uneasy, and unable to support our separation, that if you do not return immediately, I must go and pass my time at my father's house, though I should leave yours without a guard; for I believe he that you left, if he was designed for that purpose, hath more regard to his own pleasure than to your advantage; and since you are wife, I have nothing more to say, nor is it proper I should."

When Anselmo received this letter, he was convinced that Lothario had been

gan the enterprize, and that his wife had behaved according to his wish; rejoiced beyond measure at this information, he answered by a verbal message, that she should by no means leave the house; for he would return in a very little time. Camilla was astonished at this reply, which perplexed her more than ever, as she durst neither stay in her own house, nor go to her father's; for, in staying at home, she endangered her honour, and in going to her parents, she transgressed the commands of her husband. In fine, she resolved upon that which was worst of all, namely, to remain where she was, determined not to avoid Lothario, that the servants might not observe her situation; and she was already sorry for what she had written to Anselmo, being afraid he would imagine Lothario had perceived some levity in her conduct, which encouraged him to lay aside the decorum he ought to have preserved. Confident of her own virtue, she trusted to God and her conscious prudence, by the help of which she thought she could in silence resist all the solicitations of Lothario, without giving her husband any farther information, lest it should involve him in some trouble or dangerous dispute; nay, she was even industrious in inventing some excuse for Lothario, in case Anselmo should ask the reason that induced her to write such a letter.

With these sentiments, which were more honourable than prudent and advantageous, she next day sat listening to Lothario, who exerted himself in such a manner, as to shake her fortitude, which, with all her virtue, was barely sufficient to hinder her eyes from giving manifest indications of the amorous compassion that his tears and addressees had awakened in her breast. All this tenderness, which Lothario observed, inflamed his passion the more; and thinking there was a necessity for shortening the siege, while this opportunity of Anselmo's absence lasted, he assaulted her pride with the praises of her beauty; for nothing sooner succeeds in overthrowing the embattled towers of female vanity, than vanity itself, employed by the tongue of adulation; in short, he so assiduously undermined

the fortrefs of her virtue, and plied it with such irresistible engines, that though she had been made of brass, she must have surrendered at mercy. He wept, intreated, promised, flattered, feigned, and importuned, with such earnest expressions of love, as conquered all her reserve; at last he obtained a compleat triumph, which, though what he least expected, was what of all things he most ardently desired; she yielded—the chaste Camilla yielded! But, what wonder? since even Lothario's friendship gave way: a clear and incontestible proof, that love is to be conquered by flight alone; and that no person whatever ought to engage such a powerful adversary, hand to hand, because nothing but force divine can subdue that human power.

Leonela alone was privy to the weakness of her mistress, which the two new lovers and false friends could not possibly conceal from her knowledge; and Lothario did not chuse to tell Camilla the contrivance of Anselmo, who had given him the opportunity of accomplishing his design; that she might not undervalue his love, by supposing that he courted her by accident, without being at first really enamoured of her charms. Anselmo returning in a few days, did not perceive the loss of that, which, though he preserved with the least care, he prized above all other possessions; but going in quest of Lothario, whom he found in his own lodging, after a mutual embrace, he desired he would tell him the news that must determine his life or death. “The news which I have to give you, my friend,” said Lothario, “are these; you have a wife who truly deserves to be the pattern and queen of all good women. The expressions I used to her were spent in the air, my promises were despised, my presents rejected, and some tears that I feigned, most heartily ridiculed; in short, Camilla is the sum of all beauty, and the casket in which are deposited honour, affability, modesty, and all the qualifications that dignify and adorn a woman of virtue. Here, take back your money, which I have had no occasion to use: the chastity of your spouse is not to be shaken by such mean considerations as those of pro-

“mises and presents; be satisfied, Anselmo, and make no more unfit trials; since you have dry-shod crossed the sea of those doubts and suspicions which are and may be entertained of women, seek not to plunge yourself anew into the dangerous gulph of fresh difficulties, by using another pilot to make a second trial of the strength and tightness of the vessel which you have received from Heaven to perform the voyage of this life; but consider yourself as in a safe harbour, where you ought to secure yourself with the anchor of sound reflection, and remain until you are called upon to pay that tax from which no human rank can exempt you.”

Anselmo was infinitely rejoiced at this information of Lothario, which he believed as implicitly as if it had been pronounced by an oracle; but, nevertheless, he besought him to continue his addressee, merely for curiosity and amusement, though not with the same eagerness and diligence which he had used before; he desired him to write verses in praise of Camilla, under the name of Chloris, promising to tell his wife, that he, Lothario, was in love with a lady whom he celebrated under that fictitious name, in order to preserve the decorum due to her character; and he assured him, that if Lothario did not chuse to take the trouble of making verses, he himself would compose them for the occasion. “You shall not need,” said Lothario; “the muses are not quite so averse, but they visit me sometimes: you may tell Camilla what you have mentioned, concerning my pretended love; and as for the verses, if not adequate to the subject, they shall, at all events, be the best I can make.”

This agreement being concerted between the impertinent husband and treacherous friend, Anselmo returned to his own house, and asked Camilla, what she wondered he had not mentioned before; namely, the meaning of that letter which she had dispatched to him in the country. She answered that she then fancied Lothario looked at her with more freedom than he used to take when Anselmo was at home; but now she was undeceived, and convinced of it's being

no more than mere imagination, for he had of late avoided all occasions of being along with her. Anselmo said she might make herself entirely easy, from that quarter; for he knew that Lothario was in love with a lady of fashion in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris; and even, if he was free of any such engagements, there was nothing to be feared from the honour of Lothario, and the friendship subsisting between them. If Camilla had not been previously advertised by her secret gallant, of this supposed love of Chloris, with which he intended to hoodwink her husband, that he might sometimes indulge himself in her own praise, under the cover of that name, she would, without doubt, have been distracted with jealousy; but thus instructed, she heard him without surprize or concern.

Next day, while they were at dinner, Anselmo intreated his friend to repeat some of the verses he had composed in praise of Chloris, who being utterly unknown to Camilla, he might securely say what he pleased. “Though she were of her acquaintance,” answered Lothario, “I should not think myself bound to conceal my passion; for, when a lover praises the beauty, and at the same time bewails the cruelty of his mistress, her reputation can suffer no prejudice; but, be that as it will, I own, I yesterday wrote a song on the ingratitude of Chloris; which you shall hear.

I.

“WHEN night extends her silent reign,
“And sleep vouchsafes the world to bless,
“To Heav'n and Chloris I complain
“Of dire and affluent distress.

II.

“When Phœbus, led by rosy morn,
“At first, his radiant visage shews,
“With tears, and sighs, and groans, forlorn,
“My soul the bitter plaint renews.

III.

“When from his bright meridian throne,
“The dazzling rays descend amain,
“With aggravated grief I moan,
“And night brings back the woeful train.
“Thus, to my vows and prayers, I find,
“My Chloris deaf, and Heav'n unkind.”

‘The

“The song was approved by Camilla, and much more so by her husband, who applauded it to the skies, and observed that the lady must be excessively cruel, who could resist such a true and pathetick complaint. “What!” said Camilla, “is every thing true that we are told by the poets when they are in love?”—“What they rehearse as poets,” answered Lothario, “is not always truth; but what they affirm as lovers, is always from the heart.”—“You are certainly in the right,” replied Anselmo, with a view of supporting and giving sanction to Lothario’s sentiments, in the opinion of Camilla, whose indifference about her husband’s artifice was now equal to her love for his pretended friend. Pleased therefore with his performances, because she very well knew that his inclinations and compositions were inspired by, and addressed to her, who was the true Chloris, she desired him, if he had any more songs or verses, to repeat them. “I have another,” said Lothario, “but I believe it is not so good; or, rather, it is less tolerable than the last. However, you shall judge for yourself; here it is.

I.

“YES, cruel maid! I welcome death,
“And tho’ I perish undeplor’d,
“Thy beauty with my latest breath,
“Shall be applauded and ador’d.

II.

“Tho’ lost in dark oblivion’s shade,
“Bereft of favour, life, and fame,
“My faithful heart, when open laid,
“Will shew thine image and thy name.

III.

“These reliques I preserve with care,
“My comfort in disastrous fate;
“For, steel’d and whetted by despair,
“My love new force acquires from hate.
“Unhappy those! who, darkling, fail
“Where stars, and ports, and pilots fail.”

“This song was commended as much as the first, by Anselmo, who in this manner added link to link of the chain with which he enslaved himself, and secured his own dishonour; for then Lothario disgraced him most, when he thought himself most honoured, and every step that Camilla descended towards the very center of con-

tempt, she, in the opinion of her husband, mounted to the very summit of virtuous reputation. About this time, happening to be alone with her maid, “I am ashamed, dear Leonela,” said she, “when I consider how I have undervalued myself; for I ought to have made Lothario employ a great deal of time in purchasing the entire possession of my favours, which I so willingly surrendered at once; and I am afraid that he will look upon my sudden yielding as the effect of levity, without reflecting upon the violence of his own addresses, which it was impossible to resist.”—“Let not that give you the least disturbance, Madam,” answered Leonela; “for there is no reason why a thing should lose its estimation, by being freely given, if it is actually good in its kind and worthy of esteem; nay, it is a common saying, That he who gives freely, gives twice.”—“There is also another common observation,” replied Camilla, “that which is easily got, is little valued.”—“You are not at all affected by that observation,” resumed Leonela; “for love, they say, sometimes flies, sometimes walks, runs with one, creeps with another, warns a third, burns a fourth, wounds some, and slaying others. In one moment it begins, performs, and concludes its career; lays siege in the morning to a fortress, which is surrendered before night, there being no fortress that can withstand its power. This being the case, what cause have you to be alarmed or afraid? this was the power that assisted Lothario, by making use of my master’s absence, as the instrument of his success; and what love had determined, must of necessity have been concluded during that period, before Anselmo could, by his return, prevent the perfection of the work. Opportunity is the best minister for executing the designs of love; and is employed in all his undertakings, especially in the beginning of them. This I know to be true, more by experience than hearsay; and I shall one day tell you, Madam, that I am a girl of flesh and blood, as well as your ladyship. Besides, your ladyship did not yield until you had discerned in the looks, sighs, protestations, promises, and presents of Lothario, his whole

“ whole soul undisguised, and adorned
 “ with such virtues as rendered him
 “ worthy of your love. Let not, there-
 “ fore, these scrupulous and whining
 “ reflections harrafs your imagination;
 “ but assure yourself, that Lothario’s
 “ love and yours are mutual; so that
 “ you may think yourself extremely
 “ happy, in being caught in the amo-
 “ rous snare by a man of worth and
 “ honour, who not only possesses the
 “ four qualities beginning with S*,
 “ which ought to be the case of all true
 “ lovers, but also a whole alphabet of
 “ accomplishments. Listen, and you
 “ shall hear how cleverly I will re-
 “ count them. He is, in my simple
 “ opinion, amiable, benevolent, cou-
 “ rageous, diverting, enamoured, firm,
 “ gay, honourable, illustrious, loyal,
 “ mettlesome, noble, obedient, prince-
 “ ly, qualified, rich, and the S. S. as I
 “ have already observed. Then, he is
 “ trusty, vigilant, the X does not suit
 “ him, because it is a harsh letter; Y
 “ stands for youth, and Z for zeal, in
 “ his attachment to you.”

“ Camilla laughed at the alphabet of
 “ her maid, whom she found more
 “ knowing in the affairs of love than
 “ she had pretended to be; and this
 “ knowledge indeed she confessed, dis-
 “ closing to her mistress an intrigue that
 “ she carried on with a young man of a
 “ good family in town. Camilla was
 “ disturbed at this information, fearing
 “ that her honour ran some risk from
 “ their correspondence; and when she
 “ pressed her to confess, whether or not
 “ it had been brought to the last ex-
 “ tremity, she, without the least symp-
 “ tom of shame, answered in the affir-
 “ mative: for, it is very certain, that
 “ the failings of mistresses divest their
 “ servants of all modesty; because, see-
 “ ing their ladies trip, they think them-
 “ selves intitled to halt, without being
 “ at the trouble to conceal their defect.
 “ Camilla, thus circumstanced, could
 “ fall upon no other expedient than that
 “ of cautioning her maid against be-
 “ traying her to the person who was her
 “ gallant, and beseeching her to keep
 “ her own intrigue secret, that it might
 “ not fall under the observation of An-
 “ selmo and Lothario.

“ Leonela promised to be upon her

“ guard, but managed her affairs with
 “ so little discretion, that she confirmed
 “ Camilla in the apprehension of losing
 “ her reputation by the carelessness of
 “ her maid; for the bold and immodest
 “ Leonela, seeing that her lady’s conduct
 “ was not the same as formerly, had the
 “ assurance to introduce and conceal her
 “ lover in the house, conscious, that al-
 “ though her mistress should perceive
 “ she durst not detect him in that situ-
 “ ation. Among other disadvantages
 “ incurred by the slips of women of fa-
 “ shion, they become slaves to their
 “ own servants, and find themselves
 “ obliged to connive at their impudence
 “ and vice.

“ This was the very case of Camilla,
 “ who, though she more than once ob-
 “ served Leonela engaged with her gal-
 “ lant, in one of the chambers, far from
 “ reprimanding her on that score, she
 “ gave opportunities of concealing him,
 “ and did all she could to prevent his
 “ being seen by her husband. But all
 “ their caution could not screen him
 “ from the notice of Lothario; who,
 “ perceiving him come out of the house,
 “ one morning at break of day, and not
 “ knowing who he was, at first mistook
 “ him for a phantom; but, seeing him
 “ run away, and seek to hide himself
 “ with care and concern, he soon chang-
 “ ed that simple opinion for another
 “ which would have ruined them all,
 “ had not Camilla found out an expé-
 “ dient to prevent their destruction. He
 “ was so far from thinking, that this
 “ man whom he saw coming out of An-
 “ selmo’s house, at such an unreasonable
 “ hour, had gone in on Leonela’s ac-
 “ count, that he did not even remember
 “ there was such a person in the world;
 “ on the contrary, he was firmly per-
 “ suaded, that Camilla, who yielded so
 “ easily to his addresses, had acted in the
 “ same manner to some other person;
 “ for this additional misfortune attends
 “ a loose woman, that she loses her cre-
 “ dit even with the man by whose im-
 “ portunities and intreaties her honour
 “ was subdued. Nay, he believes that
 “ she will be more easily won by another
 “ than by him, and implicitly credits
 “ every suspicion that may arise from
 “ that unjust inference. On this occa-
 “ sion, Lothario’s good sense failed, and

* *Sensato, secreto, sobrepusado, senzaro:* Sensible, secret, surpassing, and sincere.

all his caution seemed to vanish; since, regardless of every thing that was right or reasonable, without farther examination, he hied him to Anselmo before he was up, where, impatient and blind with the jealous fury that preyed upon his intrails, and inflamed with the desire of being revenged upon Camilla, who had given him no offence, he expressed himself thus.

"You must know, Anselmo, that for some days past, I have had a continual struggle with myself, endeavouring to suppress that which I no longer either can or ought to conceal from your knowledge. The fortrefs of Camilla is at last surrendered, and submitted entirely to the dominion of my will. This I have delayed imparting to you, until I should be certain whether her compliance was owing to some transient flash of affection, or to the desire of trying the sincerity of those addresses which, by your own direction, were carried on; and I likewise concluded, that if she was a woman of honour and virtue as we both imagined, she would ere now have given you an account of my solicitation. But finding that still undone, I take it for granted, she means to keep her promise of giving me an interview in the wardrobe, the very next time you go to the country; (and here it was where Camilla actually used to entertain him) but I should not wish that you would run precipitately into any scheme of vengeance. However, as the crime is committed in thought only, before an opportunity offers of performing that promise, Camilla may change her mind, and repent of her weakness. Wherefore, as you have hitherto, in whole or in part, followed my advice, I hope you will treasure up and observe one which I shall now offer, that you may, without the least possibility of being deceived, carefully and cautiously satisfy yourself, so as to take such ineasures as your prudence shall suggest. You may pretend that you are going, as usual, for two or three days to the country, and in the mean time conceal yourself in the wardrobe, where you will find tapestry and plenty of other things for the purpose; from thence you, with your

own eyes, as I with mine, will observe the conduct of Camilla, and if unhappily you should find more cause to fear than to hope, you may in person revenge your own wrongs, with silence, safety, and discretion."

Anselmo was thunderstruck at this declaration of Lothario, which came upon him when he least expected it; for he already looked upon Camilla as a conqueror in the fictitious assaults of his friend, and had actually begun to enjoy the glory of her triumph. After having stood silent for a long time, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, "Lothario," said he, "you have acted up to the expectation of my friendship: I will adhere to your advice in every thing; do what you please; I hope you will keep this unexpected affair as secret as the nature of it requires."

His false friend promised to observe the caution; but soon as he quitted the apartment, repented of every thing he had said, reflecting how foolishly he had proceeded, and that he might have punished Camilla by means less cruel and dishonourable. He cursed his own folly, condemned his precipitation, and endeavoured to find out some expedient to undo what he had done, or at least bring it to some favourable issue. At length, he resolved to disclose the whole to Camilla, as there wanted not opportunities of being with her alone, and that very day being together, she made use of the first that happened, addressing herself to him in this manner. "Know, my dear Lothario, that my heart is ready to burst with one affliction, which is so grievous that it will be a wonder if I survive it: Leonela is arrived to such a pitch of impudence, that every night she introduces a gallant into the house, and remains with him till morning, very much at the expense of my reputation, as the field is left open for any malicious construction, upon seeing a man come out of my house at such unseasonable hours; and the misfortune is, I dare neither chide nor chastise her for her audacity; for her being privy to our correspondence puts a bridle in my mouth, obliging me to be silent on the subject of her folly, from which I fear some mischance will befall us."

When

When Camilla began this discourse, Lothario imagined it was an artifice to deceive and persuade him that the man he had seen coming out of the house had been there on Leonela's account only; but, seeing his mistress weep, and in the utmost affliction entreat him to find out some remedy for this inconvenience, he was convinced of the truth, and covered with shame and remorse for what he had done; nevertheless, he desired Camilla to make herself easy, and promised to fall upon some method to curb Leonela's insolence. He then told her what, instigated by the rage of jealousy, he had disclosed to Anselmo, who by his appointment was to conceal himself in the wardrobe, that he might have an incontestible proof of her infidelity: he begged pardon for his madness, with advice how to remedy it, and to extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he was involved by his own imprudence. Camilla was astonished at the discourse of Lothario, whom she chid and reprimanded with great reason and resentment, for the groundless suspicion which had driven him to such a mad and mischievous resolution; But women having naturally more invention than man can boast of, either for a good or bad occasion, though sometimes they fail in premeditated schemes, Camilla instantly thought of a cure for this seemingly incurable dilemma, and bade Lothario prevail upon her husband to conceal himself in the appointed place, the very next day; for she hoped to reap such advantage from his concealment, as that for the future they should enjoy each other without the least fear or interruption; She, therefore, without disclosing to her lover the whole of her plan, desired him to take care, when Anselmo was hid, to come at Leonela's call, and answer every question she should ask, in the same manner as he would reply if he did not know that her husband was within hearing. Lothario insisted upon knowing the particulars of her scheme, that he might with more security and success perform his cue; but Camilla assured him, he had nothing to do but answer her questions with truth and sincerity; being unwilling to make him previously acquainted with her design, lest he should disapprove of that

which to her seemed so necessary, and recommend another which perhaps she might not think so effectual. Accordingly, Lothario took his leave, and next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's country-house, set out, but soon returned to his hiding-place; Camilla and her maid having purposely given him an opportunity of getting in unseen. There he remained in a state of perturbation, which may be easily conceived to harass the breast of a man who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour dissected, and found himself on the brink of losing that supreme bliss which he thought he possessed in his beloved Camilla.

She and her maid, by this time, certified of his being there, went to the wardrobe, which Camilla no sooner entered, than heaving a profound sigh, "Dear Leonela," said she, "rather than execute the design which I conceal from your knowledge, that you may not endeavour to prevent it, would it not be better for you to take this poignard of Anselmo, and plunge it in my unfortunate bosom? Yet do not, Leonela; for it were unreasonable that I should be punished for another's crime; I want first to know what the daring and licentious eyes of Lothario have discerned in my conduct, that should encourage him to declare a passion so guilty as that which he hath owned, so much to my dishonour and the prejudice of his friend. Go to that window, Leonela, and beckon to him, for doubtless he is now in the street, expecting to succeed in his wicked intention; but I shall first execute mine, which is equally honourable and severe."—"Alas, Madam!" answered the cunning and well-instructed Leonela, "how do you intend to use that fatal poignard? are you determined to take away your own life; or that of Lothario? by sacrificing either the one or the other, you will entirely ruin your own reputation. You should rather stifle your wrongs, than give that wicked wretch an opportunity of finding us here alone; consider, Madam, that we are but weak women, and he a determined man, who, blinded by his guilty passion, may by force deprive you of that which you value more than life, be-

"fore

"fore you can execute your purpose upon him. A plague upon my master Anselmo, for allowing that impudent fellow to be so free in his house! besides, Madam, should you kill him, as I believe you intend to do, what shall we do with him after he is dead?"—"Nothing, my friend," replied Camilla, "but let Anselmo bury him; for he ought to take pleasure in the task of interring his own infamy. Go and beckon to him, I say, for every moment I delay my just revenge seems to injure afresh that fidelity which I owe to my husband."

"All this conversation was overheard by Anselmo, whose sentiments were entirely changed by what Camilla said; and when he understood that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to come out and discover himself, in order to prevent the deed; but he was diverted from that resolution by the desire of seeing the issue of his wife's gallant and virtuous determination; purposing, however, to appear seasonably enough for the safety of his friend.

"About this time Camilla throwing herself upon a couch, was seized with a violent fit, during which Leonela wept bitterly, exclaiming, "Ah, woe is me! must I then see, expiring in these unfortunate arms, the flower of human virtue, the queen of excellent wives, the pattern of chastity!" with other epithets of the same kind, which nobody could have heard, without esteeming her the most faithful and afflicted damsel upon earth, and her mistress another persecuted Penelope. Camilla, having soon recovered from her fit, said to her woman, "Why don't you go and call this the most faithful friend that ever was seen by the day, or shrouded by the night? Make haste; go, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage be consumed by your delay, and the just vengeance I mean to take evaporate in curses and unsubstantial threats."

"I go," answered Leonela, "but you must first give me that poignard, left, in my absence, you do a deed to make all those who love you weep to the end of their lives."—"Go, dear Leonela," replied her mistress, and fear nothing; for although, in your opinion, I may be rash and even

"unreasonable, in thus resenting the affront upon my honour; I shall not behave like that Lucretia, who, 'tis said, killed herself, though innocent, without having first punished the villainous cause of her misfortune. If I must die, I will at least fall fully revenged of him who is the occasion of my being here, to bewail his audacious behaviour, which, I am sure, proceeded from no misconduct of mine."

"Many intreaties did she use, before Leonela would go and call Lothario, but at length she prevailed; the maid went out to seek him, and, in her absence, Camilla uttered the following soliloquy. "Good Heaven! would it not have been more prudent to dismiss Lothario as usual, than to give him this occasion of thinking me vicious and immodest, even though that opinion can only last until I have an opportunity of undeceiving him? Yes, certainly; but I shall not think myself revenged, nor the honour of my husband sufficiently vindicated, if he escapes so smooth and clean from this snare into which his wicked inclinations have decoyed him. Let the traitor pay with his life, for the enterprize of his lascivious desire; the world shall know, if even the affair be made publick, that Camilla not only preserved her affection for her husband inviolate, but also took vengeance on the man who sought to impair it. Yet, methinks, I ought to disclose the whole to Anselmo; but I have already touched upon the subject, in the letter I sent to him when he was in the country; and his omitting to apply a remedy to the evil I then hinted at, must certainly be owing to his own integrity and unsuspecting heart, which would not suffer him to believe, that the breast of such a constant friend, could harbour one thought to the prejudice of his honour; indeed, this was my own opinion, until his behaviour became intolerably licentious, and his presents, promises, and tears, fully manifested his guilty purpose. But, wherefore these reflections? does a gallant resolution stand in need of hesitating advice? No! traitor, avaunt! hither vengeance! enter, thou false, perfidious wretch, come, quick, be speedy, die, and let the consequence be what

“ it will! Pure and unspotted I came
 “ into the possession of him whom Heaven
 “ appointed to be my husband and
 “ my lord, and equally pure shall I
 “ leave his embrace, though bathed in
 “ my own chaste blood, and embued
 “ in the tainted gore of the falsest friend
 “ that ever friendship saw!” So saying,
 “ she brandished the drawn dagger
 “ in her hand, and stalked across the
 “ room with such disordered steps and
 “ violent gestures, that she seemed to
 “ have lost her senses, and looked more
 “ like a desperate ruffian than a delicate
 “ wife.

“ All this transport and agitation was
 “ perceived, with astonishment, by Anselmo,
 “ where he stood concealed behind the
 “ tapestry; he thought he had
 “ now seen and heard enough to dispel
 “ suspicions of a stronger kind than
 “ those he entertained; and even wished
 “ that the proof might proceed no farther,
 “ by Lothario’s failing to keep the
 “ appointment; for he was afraid that
 “ some sudden unlucky accident might
 “ happen. Being therefore, on the point
 “ of shewing himself, and running to
 “ embrace and undeceive his wife, he
 “ was prevented by seeing Leonela return
 “ with his friend, whom Camilla no
 “ sooner beheld, than drawing a line
 “ before her, with the dagger, she said,
 “ Take notice, Lothario, if you attempt
 “ to pass this line, or even approach it,
 “ the moment I perceive your intention,
 “ I will plunge the poniard in my breast.
 “ Without offering the least reply,
 “ therefore, to this declaration, I desire
 “ you will listen to some questions I
 “ mean to ask, which you may answer
 “ as you shall think proper; in the first
 “ place, tell me, Lothario, if you know my
 “ husband Anselmo, and what station he
 “ maintains in your opinion? and then
 “ be as explicit in your sentiments of
 “ me; answer without perturbation or
 “ difficulty, for the questions I ask are
 “ easily solved.”

“ Lothario was not so ignorant, but
 “ that he had conceived her design, from
 “ the moment of her desiring him to
 “ advise Anselmo to conceal himself; and
 “ therefore his replies were so seasonable,
 “ and corresponded so exactly with her
 “ aim, that this fiction had all the air of
 “ the most genuine truth. “ Beautiful
 “ Camilla,” said he “ I did not
 “ imagine you had sent for me, with a

“ view of asking questions so foreign
 “ to the purpose for which I come; if
 “ you meant to delay the promised bliss,
 “ you might have protracted the assignation
 “ to a more distant term; for, the nearer
 “ the prospect of enjoyment is, the more
 “ grievous will the disappointment be: but,
 “ that you may have no cause to complain
 “ of my refusing to answer your demands,
 “ I will own that I know your husband
 “ Anselmo, with whom I have been intimate
 “ from our most tender years. Of the
 “ friendship (as you know) subsisting
 “ between us, I will say nothing, that I
 “ may not bear witness to the wrong which
 “ love, the powerful excuse of greater crimes,
 “ compels me to commit: you too I know,
 “ and rate as high as you can possibly be in
 “ his esteem; for a prize of less value I
 “ should not have acted so unbecomingly
 “ my own character, or transgressed those
 “ laws of perfect friendship, which I have
 “ broken and violated, at the instigation
 “ of that mischievous and irresistible power.”

“ Since thou art self-convicted so far,”
 “ replied Camilla, “ thou mortal enemy
 “ to all that merits love! with what face
 “ dar’st thou appear before her who is the
 “ mirror that reflects him, and in which
 “ thou oughtest to have seen how little
 “ reason and encouragement thou hadst
 “ to wrong his honour; but, unfortunate
 “ that I am! I have found out the cause
 “ that induced thee to forget thyself
 “ so far; it must have been some
 “ lightness of carriage in me; immodesty
 “ I will not call it, because it could not
 “ be the effect of deliberate determination,
 “ but must have proceeded from a neglect
 “ of some of those forms which women
 “ often inadvertently omit before those
 “ whom they think they can entertain
 “ without ceremony. Otherwise, tell
 “ me, traitor, when did I ever answer
 “ thy addresses with any word or sign
 “ that could awaken in thy breast the
 “ least glimpse of hope to accomplish
 “ thy infamous aim? Did I not always
 “ reject and reprove thy amorous
 “ protestations with rigour and severity?
 “ and when were thy promises and presents
 “ believed and accepted? But, as I think
 “ no person could long persevere in such
 “ a flagitious intention, without being
 “ supported by some sort of hope, I am
 “ willing to lay

" lay the blame of your impertinence
 " at my own door; since, without
 " doubt, some failure of care in me,
 " hath enabled you to exert yours so
 " long; and therefore, I will inflict
 " upon myself, the punishment that
 " your crime deserves; but that you
 " may see, in being thus inhuman to
 " myself, it was impossible for me to
 " deal mildly by you, I have invited
 " you hither, to be witness of the sa-
 " crifice I mean to offer to the injured
 " honour of my noble husband, whom
 " you have aggrieved to the utmost of
 " your power, I myself being accessory
 " to the wrong, because I have not in-
 " dustriously enough avoided all occa-
 " sion, if I gave you any, of favour-
 " ing and countenancing your wicked
 " inclinations. I say, the suspicion I
 " have, that some levity of mine en-
 " gendered such frantick sentiments in
 " your bosom, gives me the utmost
 " pain, and prompts me to chastise my
 " indiscretion with my own hands, ra-
 " ther than make my fault more pub-
 " lick, by submitting to another ex-
 " ecutioner; but, if I must perish, my
 " fall shall be accompanied with the
 " death of him whose blood will sat-
 " isfy the vengeance which I already
 " in some measure enjoy, when I con-
 " sider that, wheresoever I go, I shall
 " have before mine eyes, the victim I
 " offered to the most disinterested justice,
 " in punishing the wretch who hath re-
 " duced me to this despair."

' So saying, she assaulted Lothario
 ' with incredible force and agility, ma-
 ' nifesting such eagerness to plunge the
 ' poignard in his breast, that he him-
 ' self doubted whether her endeavours
 ' were feigned or real, and was actu-
 ' ally obliged to exert his whole strength
 ' in defending himself from Camilla,
 ' who acted this strange imposture so
 ' much to the life, that, in order to
 ' give it the greater appearance of truth,
 ' she resolved to colour it with her own
 ' blood; for seeing, or feigning, that she
 ' could not touch Lothario, she cried,
 " Though fate denies me the full sa-
 " tisfaction of my just desire, it cannot
 " rob me of one part of my revenge."
 ' With these words, struggling to dis-
 ' engage her dagger-hand, which was
 ' held by Lothario, she at last succeed-
 ' ed, and directing her poignard to a
 ' part of her body, which she thought
 ' she might slightly wound without dan-

' ger, she sheathed it between her shoul-
 ' der and left breast, and fell upon the
 ' floor as in a swoon.

' Leonela and Lothario were asto-
 ' nished and confounded at this
 ' event, and still dubious whether or
 ' not Camilla was in earnest, when they
 ' saw her stretched upon the ground,
 ' and bathed in her own blood. Lo-
 ' thario ran, in the utmost fright and
 ' consternation, to draw forth the dag-
 ' ger; but perceiving what a superfi-
 ' cial wound she had made, he recovered
 ' of the terror which had began to seize
 ' him, and could not help admiring a-
 ' new, the uncommon sagacity, pru-
 ' dence, and discretion, of the beautiful
 ' Camilla; that he might therefore pro-
 ' ceed in the part he had to act, he be-
 ' gan to make a long and sorrowful la-
 ' mentation over the body, as if she had
 ' been really dead, imprecating a thou-
 ' sand curses, not only upon himself,
 ' but also upon him who was the ori-
 ' ginal cause of this disaster; and as he
 ' knew that Anselmo was listening, said
 ' such melancholy things, that whoso-
 ' ever had heard him, would have pi-
 ' tied his case as much as that of Ca-
 ' milla, though they had believed her
 ' actually dead.

' Leonela lifted her up, and laying
 ' her on the bed, earnestly intreated
 ' Lothario to find some person who
 ' would cure her privately; and begged
 ' he would advise her, with regard to
 ' what she should tell Anselmo, about
 ' her lady's wound, in case he should
 ' return before she was cured; he said
 ' she might tell him what she pleased,
 ' for he was then in no condition to
 ' give any profitable advice about the
 ' matter, he only desired her to fall
 ' upon some method of staunching the
 ' blood, and declared that for his own
 ' part he would go where man should
 ' never see him. He accordingly de-
 ' parted with the appearance of infinite
 ' grief and anxiety, and when he found
 ' himself alone, in a private place,
 ' crossed himself with amazement at the
 ' invention of Camilla, and the artful
 ' behaviour of her maid. He could easily
 ' conceive that Anselmo was by this
 ' time thoroughly convinced of his hav-
 ' ing a second Portia for his wife; and
 ' was impatient to see him, that they
 ' might together extol her behaviour,
 ' which, though imposture, had more
 ' appearance of truth than any thing

of the same kind that had ever been practised.

Leonela, as she was desired, stopped her lady's blood, of which there was just enough to give credit to her artifice; and washing the wound with a little wine, bound it up as well as she could, uttering such sorrowful expressions all the time, as would have been sufficient, without any previous lamentation, to persuade Anselmo that his wife was the mirror of chastity. Leonela's complaints were joined by those of her mistress, who taxed herself with cowardice and pusillanimity, in having lost the best opportunity she should ever have of parting with that life which she abhorred. She consulted her maid about disclosing the whole affair to her beloved spouse; but this scheme Leonela opposed, observing that it would lay her master under an obligation of taking vengeance on Lothario; a satisfaction he could not enjoy without exposing himself to great danger; and that a virtuous woman, far from seeking to involve her husband in quarrels, was in duty bound to keep him free of all such disputes, by every method in her power. Camilla seemed to approve of her maid's prudence, and promised to follow her advice; but said it would be necessary at all events to invent some excuse to Anselmo about the wound, which he could not fail of observing. Leonela assuring her, that she could never tell a lye even in jest, the mistress replied, "What shall I do then, child? for I would not attempt to frame and maintain a falsehood, even though my life depended upon it; since, therefore, we know not how to extricate ourselves otherwise we must e'en discover the naked truth, rather than run the risk of being detested in a lye."—"Don't give yourself any farther uneasiness, Madam," said Leonela, "by to-morrow morning I shall have found some expedient; perhaps the wound being where it is, may be concealed from his view, and Heaven vouchsafe to favour our upright and honourable intention. Compose yourself, dear Madam, endeavour to calm the perturbation of your spirits, that my master may not perceive your disorder, and leave the consequence to my

care and that of Heaven, which never fails to favour the righteous design."

Anselmo listened with the utmost attention to this tragedy of the death of his honour, which was represented with such exquisite and surprizing address, that the actors seemed really transformed into the very characters they feigned; he longed impatiently for night, and an opportunity of escaping unseen, that he might fly to his worthy friend Lothario, and receive his congratulation upon the precious jewel he had found in this vindication of his wife's virtue; they took care to furnish him with the occasion he wanted; and he, without letting it slip, ran immediately in quest of Lothario. It would be difficult to describe the eagerness of his embraces at meeting, or to recount the expressions he used in the overflowings of his satisfaction, and the extravagant praises he bestowed on Camilla. All these Lothario heard, without being able to manifest the least signs of joy; his reflections taxed him with the deceit he had practised, and the injury he had done his unsuspecting friend. Anselmo took notice that he did not seem to participate in his pleasure, but believed his concern proceeded from the thoughts of having been the occasion of Camilla's wound; he therefore, among other things, told him to make himself easy on that score, for the hurt must certainly have been very slight, as they had agreed to conceal it from his knowledge; and since there was no bad consequence to be apprehended, he hoped for the future to enjoy, in mirth and good humour, the friendship of his dear Lothario, by whose industry and mediation he now saw himself raised to the most sublime pitch of human felicity; at the same time he signified, that his desire and design was to pursue no other amusement than that of composing verses in praise of Camilla, that should transmit to latest posterity the remembrance of her worth.

Lothario commended his laudable determination, and promised to contribute all that lay in his power towards the rearing of such an illustrious edifice, so that Anselmo being the most agreeably deceived of any man that ever lived, led by the hand

‘ to his own house, the very man who, though in his opinion the instrument of his glory, was the total perdition of his fame. Camilla received him with a countenance expressing resentment, but a soul brimful of joy; and their secret correspondence continued uninterrupted for a few months, at the end of which the wheel of fortune having performed a full circle, the intrigue, which had been hitherto so artfully concealed, was discovered, and Anselmo’s Impertinent Curiosity cost him his life.’

CHAP. VIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

A Little more of this novel remained to be read, when Sancho came running in great confusion, from the garret where his master Don Quixote lay, bawling aloud, ‘ Come hither, gentlemen! make haste to the assistance of my master, who is this precious minute engaged and grappled in the toughest battle that ever my eyes beheld! Egad, he has given that same giant, the enemy of my Lady the princess of Micomicona, such a back-stroke, as hath sliced off his head as smooth and clean as the skin of a turnip.’—‘ What do you mean, brother?’ said the curate, closing the book; ‘ are you in your right wits, Sancho? How the devil can your master be fighting with a giant who is two thousand leagues from hence?’

That instant they heard a great noise in the apartment, and Don Quixote pronounced aloud, ‘ Stay, villain! robber! caitiff! here I have thee, and thy scymitar shall not avail.’ Then he began to strike furiously at the walls; and Sancho exclaimed, ‘ Don’t stand here listening, but go in and part the fray, or lend your assistance to my master, though I believe that will be needless by this time, for the giant is certainly dead, and giving an account to God of his wicked and mispent life; nay, I saw, with my own eyes, his blood running about the floor, and his head cut off, lying on one side, as a large wine bag.’—‘ May I be hanged,’ cried the innkeeper at these words, ‘ if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has

‘ not cut open one of the skins filled with red wine, that stood at his bed’s head, and the wine that ran out is mistaken by this simple fellow for blood!’

So saying, he rushed into the apartment, with the whole company at his heels, and found the knight in a very ludicrous situation; he appeared in his shirt, which was too scanty before, to cover his thighs, and still shorter behind, by six inches at least, and displayed a pair of long lank legs, imbrowned with hair, and not extremely clean; his head was covered with a little, red, greasy night-cap, belonging to the landlord; round his left arm he had wrapped the blanket of his bed, to which Sancho, for good reasons known to himself, bore an inveterate grudge; and in his right, he wielded his drawn sword, with which he laid about him at a furious rate, talking as if he was actually at blows with the giant; but, what was very surprizing, his eyes were shut all the time, and he was fast asleep, dreaming of this encounter; for his imagination was so much engrossed by the adventure he had undertaken to achieve, as to make him dream that he was already arrived in the kingdom of Micomicon, and engaged in single combat with his gigantick adversary; instead of whom, he hacked the winebags so furiously, that the whole room was afloat with their contents.

The innkeeper no sooner perceived this havoc, than incensed to the last degree, he assaulted Don Quixote with his clenched fists, and began to pummel him so severely, that if the curate and Cardenio had not interposed, he would soon have put an end to the adventure of the giant; yet, for all that, the poor knight did not awake until the barber, fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, souled him all over; even then, though sleep forsook him, he did not recollect the situation he was in; and Dorothea, seeing him so slight and airily equipped, did not chuse to be a spectator of the combat between her adversary and protector. Meanwhile, Sancho went about the room, prying into every corner, and searching for the giant’s head; which when he could not find, ‘ I know,’ said he, ‘ that every thing goes by incantment in this house: the last time I was in this very spot, I received

ceived a great many thwacks and thumps without seeing a soul, or being able to guess from whence they came; and now this head is vanished, though I saw it cut off with mine own eyes, and the blood spout out of the body, like water from a fountain.'— 'What! dost thou talk of blood and fountains, thou enemy of God and his saints!' cried the innkeeper; 'don't you see, rascal, that there is no blood or fountain, but the skins that are pierced, and the red wine that swims about the room? I hope the soul of him who pierced them, will swim in hell!'— 'I know nothing of the matter,' replied Sancho; 'but that, on account of my not finding the head, I shall see my earldom dissolve like salt in water.'

Thus the squire, though awake, was more extravagant than Don Quixote in his dream; such an impression had his master's promises made upon his imagination. The phlegmatick temper of the squire, together with the mischievous disposition of the knight, well-nigh distracted the landlord, who swore, that they should not now, as formerly, go away without paying; and that all the privilege of their errantry should not exempt them from paying both reckonings to the last farthing, for the damage they had done, even to the bits of leather for patching the wine-skins that were cut. The curate, by this time, had got hold of the hands of Don Quixote, who, believing he had now finished the adventure, and was in presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell upon his knees before the priest, saying, 'Renowned princeps, your highness may henceforth live secure of what that misbegotten wretch can do; and I, from this day forward, am acquitted of my promise, which is now, by the assistance of Heaven above, and the favour of her for whom I live and breathe, happily and fully performed.'— 'Did not I tell you so?' cried Sancho, hearing these words. 'You see I am not drunk, and may take notice that my master hath put the giant in pickle: the holidays will certainly come round, and the earldom fit me to a hair.'

Who could refrain from laughing at the follies of the master and man? they occasioned abundance of mirth to every one present, except the landlord, who

curled himself to the devil. At length the barber, curate, and Cardenio, with no small difficulty, put the knight to bed again, where he fell fast asleep in an instant, like one who had been excessively fatigued; they left him to his repose, and went out to console Sancho for his disappointment in losing the giant's head; but they found it a harder task to pacify the innkeeper, who was driven almost to despair, by the sudden death of his wine-bags; besides, the landlady began to cry, in a whimpering tone, 'In an unlucky minute and evil hour did this knight-errant enter my doors? for I am sure, I never beheld him without paying dearly for the sight! The last time he was here, he refused to defray a whole night's expence of supper, lodging, straw, and barley, for himself and his squire, his horse and his ass; saying that he was a knight-errant, forsooth: (God send him and all other knights-errant upon errands that will tend to their sorrow!) and therefore, was not obliged to pay for any thing, because it was not ordained in the registers of chivalry; then, this gentleman coming after him t'other day, borrowed my tail, and though I have got it again, it is a good penny the worse for the wearing, the hair being plucked off in such a manner as makes it unfit for my husband's purpose; and to finish and conclude the whole, my bags are broke, and my wine spilt; (would I could see his heart's blood in the same condition!) but he must not think to get off so easily, for by the bones of my father, and my mother's soul! they shall pay for every thing upon the nail; or, may I never be called by my own name again, or believed to be my father's own child!'

These, and other expressions of the same kind, were uttered, with great bitterness, by the landlady; and her faithful servant Maritornes joined in the exclamation; while the daughter held her peace, and, from time to time, smiled at their indignation, which at last was appeased by the curate, who promised to give them satisfaction, to the best of his power, for the loss they had sustained in bags and wine, and, in particular, for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so highly; and Dorothea comforted Sancho, by telling him, that as soon as ever it should appear

appear that his master had actually cut off the giant's head, and she should find herself in quiet possession of her kingdom, she would bestow upon him the best earldom in her gift. The squire was consoled by this promise and assured the prince, that he was certain he had seen the giant's head, by the same token, that he had a huge beard that flowed down to his middle; and that the whole was now vanished, because every thing in that house was performed by enchantment, as he had found by woeful experience, the last time he had lodged in that apartment. Dorothea said she was of the same opinion, desiring he would give himself no uneasiness, for every thing would be for the best, and succeed to his heart's content. The quiet of the house being thus re-established, the curate wanted to read the remaining part of the novel, which he perceived already drew near a close; and Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, intreating him to finish the story, he, with a view of pleasing them as well as himself, proceeded in these words.

'Anselmo being now satisfied of his wife's virtue, enjoyed himself without the least disturbance or care; while Camilla, in order to disguise her real sentiments, affected always to frown upon Lothario; who, as a farther sanction to this stratagem, desired Anselmo to excuse him from coming to his house, since it was plain that Camilla was disgusted at his presence: but the infuriated Anselmo would by no means comply with this quest; so that this unhappy husband was, in a thousand shapes, the author of his own dishonour, while, in his own opinion, he was laying up a store of happiness and reputation.'

'About this time Leonela's desire of gratifying her own loose wishes, carried her to such a pitch of imprudence, that she gave her wantonness the rein without the least caution; conscious that her mistress would conceal her conduct, and even advise her how to carry on the intrigue without the least danger of being detected. At length, however, Anselmo, one night heard somebody walking in her apartment, and endeavouring to get in and see who it was, found the door shut against him. This circumstance increased his desire, he made a violent effort, and the

'door flew open, upon which he entered, and seeing a man leap out of the window into the street, ran hastily to lay hold or get sight of him; but he was disappointed in both by Leonela, who hanging upon her master, cried, "Hold, dear Sir! be not surprised, nor seek to pursue the person who is fled; he was here on my account, and is as good as my wedded husband."

'Anselmo would give no credit to her words, but, blinded with passion, drew his poignard to stab Leonela, whom he commanded to reveal the truth on pain of immediate death. She, terrified by his threats, answered, without knowing what she said, "Spare my life, good Sir, and I will disclose things of greater importance than you imagine."—"Speak, then," cried Anselmo, "or thou shalt instantly die."—"At present," replied Leonela, "I am in such perturbation, that I cannot possibly make a distinct confession; delay your vengeance till to-morrow morning, and then you shall hear something that will strike you with astonishment: meanwhile, be assured, that he who leaped out of the window, is a young man of this city, who has given me a promise of marriage."

'Anselmo being somewhat pacified by this declaration, resolved to grant the respite she demanded; though he never dreamed of hearing any thing to the prejudice of Camilla, of whose virtue he was satisfied and secure; he therefore quitted the room, in which however he locked up Leonela, telling her she must continue in that place, until she should have made this promised discovery; then going to Camilla, informed her of every thing that had passed, together with the promise her maid had made of discovering things of great importance. It is almost needless to say that Camilla was disturbed at this information; the terror that took possession of her was such, that believing, with good reason too, Leonela would actually disclose to Anselmo every circumstance of her infidelity, she had not resolution enough to wait the issue of her suspicion; but that very night, while her husband was asleep, collected the best of her jewels, with some money, and getting out of the house, without

without being perceived, fled to Lothario, and recounted what had happened, at the same time beseeching him to put her in a place of safety, or accompany her to some retreat, where they should be secure from the search of Anselmo.

Such was the confusion of Lothario, at the news of this unexpected event, that he could not answer one syllable, nor for some time resolve upon what was to be done. At length he proposed to carry Camilla to a monastery, the abbess of which was his first cousin; and his mistress consenting to the proposal, he conducted her thither with all the dispatch which the nature of the case required, and leaving her to the care of his relation, quitted the city that very night, without imparting the cause of his absence to any living soul.

Next morning, soon as it was day, Anselmo, without perceiving that Camilla was gone, so eagerly did he long to hear this confession of her maid, arose and went directly to the room in which he had confined her; but he no sooner opened the door, and entered the apartment, than he perceived the sheets of the bed tied together, hanging out at the window; a manifest proof that Leonela had lowered herself down into the street, by means of that contrivance: he then returned, with a good deal of chagrin, to communicate his disappointment to Camilla, whom when he could not find, he was seized with the utmost consternation, especially as none of the servants could give the least account of her departure; but chancing in the course of his enquiry, to find the coffers open, and the best part of her jewels carried off, he began to comprehend his disgrace; and concluded that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune.

Dispirited with this reflection, he did not stay to dress, but went in a most disconsolate situation, to give an account of his mishap to his friend Lothario; and when he understood from his servants, that their master had gone out in the night, and carried all his ready-money along with him, he had well-nigh lost his senses. To crown his misery, he returned to his own house, which was deserted by all his servants, and found himself

the most solitary being in nature; he knew not what to think, say, or do, and his judgment began to be impaired; for, upon recollection, he perceived that he was in an instant deprived of wife, friend, and servants, renounced by Heaven, and, what he felt more deeply than any other part of his disaster, destitute of honour, by the misconduct of Camilla, from which he dated his utter destruction. At length, after a long internal struggle, he resolved to go to the country-house of his friend, where he had been, when he furnished the opportunity of planning his own ruin. Accordingly, having locked his door, he mounted his horse, and almost fainting under the burden of his woes, set out for that place; but scarce had he travelled one half of the way, when harrassed by his shocking reflections, he was obliged to alight and tie his horse to a tree, at the root of which he threw himself down, giving vent to the most lamentable sighs that ever were heaved: there he remained till the twilight; about which time, perceiving a man coming on horseback from the city, after salutation, he asked what news were stirring at Florence. "The strangest," replied the citizen, "that have been heard these many days; it is publickly reported, that Lothario, the intimate friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived at St. John's, hath this last night carried off the wife of his friend, who is also missing. This discovery was made to the governor by Camilla's maid, who was detected in letting herself down by a sheet, from one of the windows of Anselmo's house. In short, I do not know the particulars exactly; but the whole city is astonished at this event, which they could never have expected from the intimacy of the two gentlemen, who were so strictly united in the bands of amity, as to acquire the title of the Two Friends."—"Do you know what road Lothario and Camilla have taken?" said Anselmo. "That is not yet discovered," replied the traveller; "though the governor hath used great diligence in the enquiry." Anselmo wished him a good evening; and the citizen having returned the compliment, proceeded on his journey.

These

These unhappy news reduced this ill-fated husband to the verge of death as well as distraction. He mounted, however, as well as he could; and arrived at the house of his friend, who had not as yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him so exhausted, ghastly, and pale, imagined he had met with some grievous disaster. Anselmo begged to be put to bed immediately, and furnished with pen, ink, and paper: thus provided, he was left alone, and the chamber locked at his own desire; then the remembrance of his misfortune began to be so heavy upon his soul, that he plainly perceived his end approaching, and being desirous of declaring the cause of his strange and sudden death, he took up the pen; but, before he could execute his design, his breath failed him, and he expired, a victim to that sorrow which was occasioned by his own impertinent curiosity. His friend finding it grow late, and that Anselmo had not called, went into his chamber, to enquire about his health; there he found him lying upon his face, one half of his body in bed, and the other on the table, with a pen in his hand, and a written paper lying open before him.

The gentleman having spoke to him without receiving any answer, took him by the hand, and feeling him cold and stiff, concluded he was dead. Surprized and concerned to the last degree, he called up his family to be witnesses of this melancholy event, and knowing the paper to be Anselmo's own hand-writing, read the contents, in these words: "I am deprived of life by my own impertinent curiosity. If the news of my death reach Camilla's ears, let her know that I forgive her infidelity; for she was not bound to perform miracles, nor I under any necessity of expecting them at her hands: since, therefore, I have been the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason that——" So far he had written, but life had forsaken him, before he could finish the sentence. Next day his friend sent an account of his death to his parents, who were already informed of his mischance, as also of the convent to which Camilla had retreated; and where she now lay at the point of ac-

companying her spouse in his last indispensable journey; not so much on account of Anselmo's death, as in consequence of the information she received concerning her absent lover: it was said, that though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent nor take the veil; but, in a little time the news arrived of LOTHARIO's being killed in a battle which was fought between the renowned Captain Gonçalo Fernandes de Cordova, and Monsieur De Lautrec, in the kingdom of Naples, whither this too-late repenting friend had made his retreat. This event was no sooner known, than Camilla professed herself nun, and in a few days yielded up her life a prey to grief and melancholy. Such was the untimely end to which they were all brought from a beginning of whim and indiscretion.

"This novel," said the curate, "is not amiss; but I cannot think the story is true; and if it be feigned, the author has erred in point of invention; for it cannot be supposed that any husband would be so mad as to try this dangerous experiment of Anselmo; had it been related of a gallant and his mistress, it might have passed; but with regard to a husband and his wife, it is altogether improbable; however, the manner of narrating it is not disagreeable."

CHAP. IX.

AN ACCOUNT OF OTHER STRANGE ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED AT THE INN.

AT that instant the landlord, standing at the inn door, exclaimed, "There is a noble company, odd! if they halt here, we shall sing for joy." — "What company?" said Cardenio. "Four men," replied the inn-keeper, "who ride with short stirrups, each of them equipped with lance, target, and mask, with a lady on a side-saddle, dressed in white and veiled, and two attendants on foot." When the priest asked if they were near, he answered, "So near, that they are already at the gate."

Dorothea hearing this information, put on her veil, and Cardenio withdrew into

into Don Quixote's apartment. Immediately the whole company announced by the landlord, entered the inn-yard; and the four horsemen, who were persons of genteel mien and carriage, instantly alighting, went to help the lady from her horse, when one of them taking her in his arms, placed her in a chair that stood by the door of the room in which Cardenio had concealed himself. All this time neither she nor they took off their masks, nor uttered one syllable; but when she was seated, she heaved a profound sigh, and let her arms fall down on each side, like a person fainting with weakness. While the footman led the horses into the stable, the curate being curious to know who those persons were, so remarkable in their silence and dress, went up and put the question to one of the lacquies, who answered, 'Truly, Signior, we are as ignorant in that particular as you are; though they seem to be people of condition, especially he who took the lady in his arms, because all the rest behave to him with great respect, following his directions in every thing, with the utmost punctuality.'—'And, pray, who may the lady be, said the priest?'—'We know as little of her as of the men,' replied the lacquey; 'for during the journey I have never once beheld her face; I have often heard her sigh bitterly, and utter piercing groans, in every one of which she seemed to yield her very soul; but it is not to be wondered at that we should know so little of their affairs, my companion and I having attended them two days only; for, meeting us on the road, they intreated and persuaded us to accompany them as far as Andaloufia, promising to pay us handsomely for our trouble.'—'Have you never heard one of them named?' resumed the curate. 'Never once,' answered the young man; 'they travel with surprising silence; nothing is heard but the sobs and sighs of the poor lady, which move us to compassion; we firmly believe that she is forced upon this journey, and gather from her dress that she is a nun; or, which is more probable, going to take the veil; and finding herself very little inclined to that way of life, is melancholy at the prospect.'

The curate said, nothing was more

probable; and leaving the lacquey, returned to Dorothea, who by this time out of natural sympathy with the affliction of the masked lady, had approached and accosted her in these words: 'What is the matter with you, dear Madam? If you labour under any indisposition which the practice and experience of women can relieve, my assistance is heartily at your service.' To this kind offer no reply was made by the sorrowful lady, who, notwithstanding the other's repeated intreaties, would not open her mouth; until the person who by the lacquey's information was chief of the company, addressing himself to Dorothea, said, 'Do not fatigue yourself, Madam, in making proffers of service to that woman, who cannot be grateful for any favour she receives, nor importune her for any reply, unless you desire to hear some falsehoods proceed from her lips.'—'My lips,' said the hitherto silent lady, 'were never profaned with falsehood; on the contrary, my present misfortune is owing to my sincerity and my abhorrence of lyes. Of this assertion you yourself are too sensible; since your own perfidy and falsehood are the effects of my constancy and truth.'

These words were distinctly overheard by Cardenio, who was only separated from them by the door of Don Quixote's chamber; and they no sooner reached his ears, than he cried aloud, 'Good Heaven, what do I hear! What voice is that which struck my sense!' The lady being exceedingly surprized at that exclamation, turned about her head, and not seeing the person that pronounced it, started up, and ran towards the apartment from whence it seemed to come; but was prevented by her conductor, who would not suffer her to move one step farther. In the disorder occasioned by her struggle, her mask dropped off, and discovered a countenance of incomparable and amazing beauty, even though disguised with paleness and horror; for her eyes rolled about to every corner which her sight could reach, with such eagerness and wildness, that she looked like a woman possessed.

Dorothea, and all present, were infinitely concerned at these symptoms, the meaning of which they could not understand; meanwhile, the cavalier

was so busied in holding her fast by the shoulders, that he could not attend to his mask, which also fell to the ground: and Dorothea lifting up her eyes towards him, as he held the lady in his arms, perceived that this cavalier was no other than her own husband, Don Fernando. No sooner did she recognize his features, than fetching a long and melancholy sigh from the very bottom of her soul, she fell backward in a swoon, and if the barber had not been at hand to support her, would have certainly come to the ground; the curate ran instantly to take off her veil, that he might sprinkle water on her face, which was immediately known by Don Fernando, who held the other lady in his arms, and was thunderstruck at the sight: he would not, however, quit Lucinda, who struggled to get loose; she and Cardenio having by this time recognized each other by their mutual exclamations. He had also overheard the groan uttered by Dorothea when she fainted, and believing that it proceeded from Lucinda, rushed out of his apartment in a fright, when the first object he beheld was Don Fernando clasping her in his arms. This nobleman knew him immediately, and all three, (namely, Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea) were struck dumb with astonishment, and seemed insensible of what had happened, gazing in silence at one another.

Dorothea directed her eager view to Don Fernando, who stared at Cardenio, whose eyes were fixed upon Lucinda, who looked wishfully at him; but the first that broke silence, was this last, who addressed herself in these words to Don Fernando: 'Suffer me, Signior, in regard to your own character, since you are deaf to every other consideration, to cleave to that wall of which I am the ivy, to avail myself of that prop from which you could not disengage me, with all your importunities, promises, and threats. Behold how Heaven, by unusual and mysterious means, hath brought me to my true and lawful husband; and since you know, by dear-bought experience, that nothing but death can expel his image from my breast; let this plain demonstration, since all other attempts are vain, convert your love into rage, your friendship into hate, and instantly deprive me of life, which

'I shall yield with pleasure in the presence of my legal lord, who will then perhaps be convinced of the fidelity I preserved to the last moment of my existence.'

In the mean time, Dorothea being recovered from her swoon, had listened to Lucinda's declaration, by which she discovered her situation and name; but perceiving that Don Fernando neither quitted his hold, nor answered one word to her solicitation, she exerted her whole strength in falling down on her knees before him, and having shed a large quantity of tears from her beautiful eyes, accosted him in these words: 'My dear lord! if your eyes were not dazzled and obscured by the rays of that sun which you hold eclipsed within your arms, you would perceive that she who thus kneels before you, is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased she should be so) and forlorn Dorothea—I am that humble country-maiden whom your generosity or passion vouchsafed to raise to the honour of calling you her own. I am she who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life, until moved by your importunities, and seemingly upright addresses, she opened the gates of her reserve, and surrendered to you the keys of her freedom. An offering but ill requited, as plainly appears by that hard fate, in consequence of which I am found in this place, and also find you in your present situation. Nevertheless, I would not have you imagine that I came hither, induced by any dishonourable motives; but that the sorrow conceived at seeing myself forsaken and forgotten by you, was the sole cause of my retreat. You desired I should be your own; and that desire you accomplished so effectually, that although your inclinations may be changed, it is impossible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my lord, that my unparalleled affection may counterbalance the beauty and birth of her for whom I am abandoned; you cannot be the fair Lucinda's husband, because you are already mine; nor she become your wife, while she appertains to Cardenio; and it will be a much easier task, if you reflect upon it impartially, to recal your love for her who adores you, than to gain the affection of one by whom you are

abhorred. You solicited my unsuspecting heart, you importuned my integrity, you was not ignorant of my lowly station, and know in what manner I yielded to your will; so that you have no subterfuge, nor the least room to say you was deceived. If this be the case, as doubtless it is, and you be a Christian as well as a gentleman, why do you, by such evasions, delay to make the end as happy as the beginning of my fortune? If you will not receive me as what I really am, your lawful wife, at least admit me into the number of your slaves; for, in whatever shape I belong to you, I shall account myself fortunate and blessed; do not, therefore, by renouncing me entirely, give scandal an opportunity of impeaching my honour. Make not my parents miserable in their old age; their faithful services to your father merit a more kind return! if you think your blood will be debased in mixing with mine, consider, that almost all the great families on earth have undergone the same intercourse, and that the woman's quality in no manner affects illustrious descents: besides, true nobility consists in virtue, and in that shall I have the advantage over you, if you deny and oppose the justice of my claim. In fine, the last argument I shall use is this, whether you are pleased or displeased with your destiny, I am your lawful wife: witness your own words, which neither are nor ought to be false; if you value yourself on that for which you undervalue me; witness your handwriting, and Heaven above, to the testimony of which you appealed for the performance of your promise; and if all these should fail, your conscience will never cease whispering to you, amidst your pleasures, in vindication of this truth, which will disturb your most exalted enjoyments.*

This supplication, enforced with other arguments, was pronounced so feelingly by the afflicted and weeping Dorothea, that tears of sympathy were shed by all present, the companions of Don Fernando not excepted; he himself listened without answering one word, until she had made an end of her ad-

dress, and began to utter such woeful sighs and groans, as were almost sufficient to melt an heart of brass. Lucinda stood gazing upon her with equal compassion for her sorrow, and admiration of her beauty and good sense; nay, she would have gone and offered her all the consolation in her power, had she not still been kept fast locked in the arms of Don Fernando; who, full of confusion and surprize, after having for a good while fixed his eyes upon Dorothea, with great attention, opened his arms, and leaving Lucinda at liberty, said, 'You have conquered, beautiful Dorothea: the victory is yours; for so many truths conjoined are surely irresistible.'

Lucinda was so faint and weak, that when Don Fernando quitted her, she would have fallen to the ground, had it not been for Cardenio, who had placed himself behind her ravisher, that he might not be known*; but now, laying aside all fear, and resolving to adventure every thing, he sprung to the assistance of Lucinda, and catching her in his arms. 'If,' said he, 'it be the will and pleasure of pitying Heaven, that you should find repose, my faithful, constant, and charming Lucinda! I think you can enjoy it no where so securely, as in these arms, which now receive, and formerly encircled you, when fortune was pleased that I should call you mine.'

At these words, she gazed upon him with great eagerness; she had before began to recognize his voice, and now, recollecting his features, like a person deprived of judgment, who disregards all decency and form, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her lips to his, 'Yes, my dear Cardenio,' said she, 'you are the real lord of this your slave, in spite of adverse fate, and all those threats, though greater than they are, that persecute my life, which now depends on yours alone.'

An unexpected sight was this to Don Fernando, and all the bye standers, who were not a little surprized at what they saw. While Dorothea observing her husband change colour, and signify an inclination of being revenged upon Cardenio, by laying his hand upon his sword, ran, with incredible agility, and

* But it appears in the preceding page, that he was already known both to Fernando and Lucinda. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*

clasping his knees, which she kissed, held him so firmly embraced that he could not move, saying, while the tears trickled from her eyes, 'What means my only refuge to do on this unexpected occasion? Your own wife is now kneeling before you, and she whom you desire to wed is in the arms of her lawful husband; consider whether it be just or possible for you to undo that which Heaven hath done; why should you seek to unite yourself with one, who, disdaining all opposition and inconvenience, and confirmed in her own constancy and truth, even before your eyes, lets fall from her's a shower of tenderness into the bosom of her lawful spouse? For the sake of God and of yourself, I entreat and beseech you, that this remarkable recognition may not only fail to increase your indignation, but even diminish it in such a manner, that these two lovers may, without any impediment from you, enjoy each other as long as Heaven will permit them to live. In this self-denial you will manifest the generosity of your noble and illustrious soul, and convince the world, that you are governed more by reason than by appetite.'

While Dorothea pronounced these words, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda in his arms, kept his eyes still fixed upon Don Fernando, with full resolution, if he attempted any thing to his prejudice, to defend himself as well as he could, against his adversary and all his adherents, although it should cost him his life. But this young nobleman's friends, together with the curate and barber, not forgetting honest Sancho Panza, who were present at the whole affair, interposed, and making a circle about him, begged earnestly that he would be pleased to consider the tears of Dorothea, and if what she alledged was true, as they firmly believed it was, no longer suffer her to be defrauded of her just and reasonable hope. They desired him to observe, that in all appearance it was not by accident, but the immediate direction of Providence, that they had all met together so unexpectedly in this place; and the curate intreated him to reflect, that death alone could divide Lucinda from Cardenio; that though they might be parted by the edge of the sword, they would look upon death as the greatest blessing that

could befall them; and that, in a case of this kind, which admitted of no other remedy, it would be his wisest course, to constrain and conquer his own passion, and demonstrate the generosity of his heart, by permitting, of his own free will, these two lovers to enjoy that state of happiness which Heaven had ordained for their lot; that he should contemplate Dorothea's beauty, which far from being excelled, was equalled in few or none; and to her beauty, add the consideration of her humility and excessive love; above all, take notice, that if he valued himself upon being a gentleman and a Christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given, and in so doing, act in conformity to the will of God, and satisfy the discreet part of mankind, who are very sensible that it is the prerogative of beauty, even in a low estate, when accompanied with virtue, to be lifted up to the highest rank, without any disparagement to the person who thus raises it to an equality with himself; and since the irresistible force of inclination must prevail, provided there be nothing criminal in the means, he is not to be blamed who acts according to its dictates.

To these arguments were added so many of the same sort, that the valiant heart of Don Fernando, nourished by illustrious blood, relented, and he was overcome by the force of that truth, which, however inclined, he could not deny. The signal of his surrender, and yielding to this reasonable and just proposal, was his stooping down and embracing Dorothea: to whom he said, 'Rise, Madam; it is not just that she who reigns in my soul, should lie prostrate at my feet. If hitherto I have given small proof of what I now profess, perhaps my omission hath been owing to the appointment of Heaven, that by giving you an opportunity of manifesting the sincerity of your love, I might know how to esteem you according to your deserts. I beg, therefore, you will not upbraid me with my misconduct and unkind neglect; since the same force and occasion that attached me to you, was the cause of my endeavour to disengage myself. That you may be convinced of the truth, behold and contemplate the eyes of the now contented Lucinda, in which you will find

an

‘ an excuse for all my errors; and, since
 ‘ she hath found and attained her
 ‘ heart’s desire, and my utmost wish is
 ‘ fulfilled in thus retrieving you, may
 ‘ she live in peace and quiet, for many
 ‘ happy years, with her Cardenio, and
 ‘ may Heaven grant the same felicity
 ‘ to me with Dorothea!’

So saying, he embraced her again, pressing his lips to her’s with such tenderness, that it required his greatest efforts to forbear giving, with his tears, indubitable signs of his affection and remorse. But those endeavours did not succeed with Lucinda, Cardenio, and every other person present, who began to weep so plentifully, either at their own happiness, or the satisfaction of their friends, that one would have thought some grievous misfortune had happened to the whole company. Even Sancho blubbered, though he afterwards owned, that his sorrow proceeded from seeing that Dorothea was not, as he imagined, the Queen of Micomicon, from whom he expected such favours.

This universal admiration and thaw having lasted some time, Cardenio and Lucinda fell upon their knees before Don Fernando, whom they thanked for his generosity in such polite terms, that he scarce knew what answer to make, but raised and embraced them both with demonstrations of uncommon courtesy and affection. Then asking Dorothea how she had come to that place, so distant from her own home she with great elegance and brevity repeated what she had before recounted to Cardenio; and her husband and his company were so pleased with her narration, that they wished it could have been spun out to a much greater length; so gracefully did she relate her own misfortunes.

Her task being finished, Don Fernando informed them of what had happened to him in the city, after he found, in Lucinda’s bosom, the paper in which she declared herself Cardenio’s wife. Seeing that she could not possibly be his, he said, he was determined to put her to death, and would actually have executed his purpose, had not her parents interposed. He then quitted the house, full of shame and resentment, resolving to revenge himself with the first opportunity; and next day understood that she was gone off, without any body’s knowing whether she had directed her flight. At length, however, in a

few months, he got notice that she was in a certain monastery, where she intended to spend her whole life, if she could not enjoy it in the company of Cardenio. He no sooner received this intimation, than chiding those three gentlemen for his companions, he went straight to the place of her residence; but without speaking to her, or making himself known, let the monastery should be more strictly guarded on his account. He waited, therefore, until one day he found the porter’s lodge open; when leaving two of his friends to secure the door, he entered the monastery with the other, in quest of Lucinda whom he found in the cloisters, talking with a nun; and snatching her off, without giving her a moment’s time for recollection, carried her instantly to a place where they provided themselves with necessaries for their journey. This exploit they were enabled to perform with safety, because the monastery stood in the middle of a field, at a good distance from any village or town. He said, Lucinda no sooner perceived herself in his power, than she fainted away, and when she recovered the use of her senses, did nothing but weep and sigh, without speaking one word; so that, accompanied with silence and tears, they had arrived at that inn, which he looked upon as the heavenly goal where all earthly misfortunes are happily terminated.

CHAP. X.

A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE RENOWNED PRINCESS MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER PLEASANT ADVENTURES.

SANCHO heard every thing that passed with no small anxiety of mind, seeing the hopes of his preferment vanish into smoke, the beautiful Princess Micomicona transformed into Dorothea, the giant into Don Fernando, and his master in a sound sleep, little dreaming of what had happened. Dorothea could not persuade herself, that all her good fortune was not a dream; Cardenio entertained the same opinion, which was also embraced by Lucinda; while Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for it’s favour. In extricating him from that labyrinth of perplexity,

in which he was at the point of losing his reputation and soul. In fine, every person present was well satisfied, and rejoiced at the happy issue of such intricate and desperate affairs. The curate represented every thing in the right point of view, with great discretion, and congratulated the parties concerned on the felicity they had acquired; but she whose joy was most vociferous was the landlady, who loudly exulted in the promise of Cardenio and the curate, who had undertaken to pay her with interest, for the damage she had sustained on Don Quixote's account. Sancho alone, as we have already observed, was afflicted, unfortunate, and sad, and going to his master, who was just awake, said, with a lamentable tone, 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, you worship may now sleep as long as you please, without giving yourself the trouble of slaying the giant, or restoring the princess to her throne; that whole affair is already brought to a conclusion.'

'I really believe what you say,' answered the knight, 'for I have been engaged with the giant, in the most obdurate and outrageous combat that I believe I shall ever fight in all the days of my life; with one backstroke, slam went his head to the ground, and discharged such a quantity of blood, that it ran like rills of water along the field.'—'Or rather like red wine, your worship should say,' replied the squire; 'for I must inform you, if you do not already know it, that the dead giant is no other than a wine-bag, and the blood, eighteen gallons of good red wine, which was contained in it's belly: the head you cut off is the whore my mother, and the whole affair is gone to the devil.'—'What does the lunatic mean,' said Don Quixote, 'are you in your right senses, Sancho?'—'Rise, Sir,' resumed the squire, 'and see what a fine piece of work you have made, and what a score you have run. You shall behold the queen converted into a private lady, called Dorothea, with many other strange events, at which, if you take them right, you will be hugely astonished.'—'I shall not wonder at any thing of that kind,' replied his master; 'for thou may'st remember, the last time

'we were in this house, I told thee that every incident which happened was conducted and brought about by incantment, so that we need not be surprized if the same power should prevail at present.'—'I should be of your worship's opinion,' answered Sancho, 'if my blanketing had been of the same stamp; but that was not the case, for it was really and truly a substantial tossing. This very innkeeper whom we saw to-day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me into the air with great strength and nimbleness, passing a thousand waggish jokes, and laughing at me all the while; from whence I concluded, simple and sinner as I am, that as I knew their persons, there was no incantment in the case, but abundance of bruising and bad fortune.'—'Well, Heaven will make thee amends,' said the knight; 'meanwhile, reach me my cloaths; for I want to go forth and examine those events and transformations which thou hast mentioned.'

While Sancho was helping him to dress, the curate gave Don Fernando and his company an account of Don Quixote's madness; and the artifice they had used to disengage him from the poor rock to which he imagined himself exiled by the disdain of his mistress. He also recounted all those adventures that Sancho had imparted to him, at which they were not a little surprized, and laughed immoderately, agreeing in opinion with every body who knew the knight, that it was the strangest extravagance that ever entered a disturbed imagination. The priest moreover observed, that since the good fortune of Dorothea obstructed the progress of their design, there was a necessity for inventing another plan that should bring him home to his own house. Cardenio proposed that they should prosecute the scheme they had already began; and Lucinda would act and represent the part of Dorothea. 'No,' said Don Fernando, 'that must not be: Dorothea shall still proceed with her own invention; for, as it cannot be far from hence to the habitation of that honest gentleman, I shall be glad to contribute towards his cure.' And when he understood that they would arrive in two days at his house; 'Were it farther off,' said he, 'I should go with

‘ with pleasure to assist in such a laud-
‘ able design.’

At that instant Don Quixote came forth, armed at all points, with Mambrino’s helmet, battered as it was, upon his head, his shield braced upon his arm, and his pole or lance in his hand. Don Fernando and his companions were amazed at this strange apparition, when they beheld such a rueful length of face, so withered and tawny, together with his ill-sorted armour, and the solemnity of his gait. They gazed upon him in silent expectation of what he would say, while he, with infinite gravity of aspect, fixing his eyes upon Dorothea, accosted her in these words: ‘ Fair lady, ‘ I am informed by this my squire, ‘ that your greatness is annihilated, and ‘ your quality undone, by being chang- ‘ ed from your former rank of queen ‘ and sovereign princess, into the con- ‘ dition of a private damsel. If this ‘ hath been done by the necromancy of ‘ the king your father, who is perhaps ‘ afraid that I should not be able to ‘ give you the assistance required, I say ‘ he neither knows, nor ever did know, ‘ the half of that art which he pro- ‘ fesseth, and that he is but little con- ‘ versant in the history of chivalry; for ‘ had he read and perused it with such ‘ leisure and attention as I have bestow- ‘ ed upon that subject, he would have ‘ found, that on every occasion, knights ‘ of much less reputation than I possess, ‘ have achieved much more difficult ‘ enterprizes than this, it being a mat- ‘ ter of small moment to kill a pitiful ‘ giant, let him be as arrogant as he ‘ will; for not many hours ago, I saw ‘ myself engaged with one—but I chuse ‘ to be silent rather than have my ve- ‘ racity called in question, though time, ‘ that unmasks all things, will shew ‘ when we least expect it—’

‘ That you was engaged with wine- ‘ bags, and not with a giant!’ cried the innkeeper; who was silenced by Don Fernando, and forbid to interrupt the knight’s discourse in any shape what- ever. So that Don Quixote proceeded, saying, ‘ In fine, if the father of your ‘ disinherited highness hath performed ‘ this metamorphosis on your person, ‘ for the causes I have mentioned, I ‘ hope you will give no credit to such ‘ considerations; for there is no danger ‘ upon earth through which my sword

‘ will not open a way, and by laying ‘ the head of your adversary in the ‘ dust in a few days, invest yours with ‘ that crown to which you have an un- ‘ doubted right.’

Here Don Quixote left off speaking, in expectation of a reply from the princess, who knowing it was Don Fernando’s pleasure that she should continue the deceit, until the knight could be brought back to his own house, answered with equal gravity and grace, ‘ Who- ‘ soever hath told you, most valiant ‘ Knight of the Rueful Countenance, ‘ that I am changed and transformed ‘ from what I was, has not adhered to ‘ the truth in his information; indeed I ‘ am somewhat changed by certain for- ‘ tunate events which have happened ‘ even beyond my own expectation; ‘ but, nevertheless, I have not ceased ‘ to be what I was, nor altered that re- ‘ solution which I have always main- ‘ tained, of taking the advantage of ‘ your valiant and invincible arm. ‘ Wherefore, dear Sir, be so good as ‘ to do justice to the honour of the fa- ‘ ther who begat me, and look upon ‘ him as a man of sagacity and fore- ‘ sight; since, by the science he posses- ‘ sed, he found such an easy and effec- ‘ tual path to the cure of my misfor- ‘ tune; for I firmly believe, that were ‘ it not for you, I should not now be so ‘ happy as I am, as the greatest part of ‘ these gentlemen can truly witness. ‘ Nothing then remains, but that we ‘ set out to-morrow, because we could ‘ not propose to travel far to-day; ‘ and as for the success on which my ‘ hopes are built, I leave it entirely to ‘ God, and the worth of your heroick ‘ breast.’

Don Quixote hearing the words, turned to Sancho, in the most violent indignation, saying, ‘ I protest, sirrah! you ‘ are the most malicious little slanderer ‘ in Spain. Say, you rascal—you va- ‘ gabond!—did not you tell me just ‘ now, that the princess was transform- ‘ ed into a private gentlewoman called ‘ Dorothea; and that the head, which ‘ I know I cut from the giant’s shoul- ‘ ders, was the whore your mother; ‘ with many more foolish particulars, ‘ which threw me into the greatest con- ‘ fusion that ever I felt since I was born? ‘ By Heaven!’ (here he turned up his eyes and bit his lips) ‘ I have a strong ‘ incli-

* inclination to commit such slaughter upon thee, as will be an instructive warning* to all the lying squires who shall henceforth attend knights-errant, in the course of their adventures.'

'Pray be pacified, good your worship!' cried Sancho: 'I may possibly be deceived in what concerns the change of my Lady Princess Micomicona; but as to the giant's head being a wine-bag, and the blood no other than good red wine, I am not mistaken, as I shall answer to God; for the skins that were slashed are still to be seen by your worship's bed-side, and the whole room is flooded with the wine. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it †; you will be convinced when Mr. What-d'ye call him our landlord here makes out a bill of the damage he has suffered. As to the rest, I am rejoiced from my soul, to find that the queen's majesty is the same as usual, because it concerns me, as well as any other neighbour's child.'— 'I tell thee, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote 'that thou art distracted; for give me, that is enough.'— 'Enough in all conscience,' said Don Fernando; 'there is nothing more to be said on this subject. I think the princess judges very prudently in deferring her journey till to-morrow, because the day is already far advanced; let us therefore spend this night in agreeable conversation, and at the approach of day, we will in a body attend the gallant Don Quixote, that we may be witnesses of the unheard-of exploits which he will doubtless perform in the course of this vast enterprize he hath undertaken.'— 'It is my duty and resolution to serve and attend you,' answered the knight, 'and I have the most grateful sense of your favour and good opinion, which I shall endeavour to justify, though it should cost me my life, or even more— if more I can pay.'

Many compliments and proffers of service passed between Don Fernando and Don Quixote; but they were interrupted by the arrival of a traveller, who,

by his garb, seemed to be a Christian slave lately escaped from Barbary; for he was clad in a coat of blue cloth, wanting a collar, with short skirts and half-sleeves; his breeches and cap were of the same stuff; and he wore dated, coloured buskins, with a Moorish scymitar slung in a shoulder belt across his breast. He was followed by a woman dressed in the Moorish habit, mounted upon an ass; with a veil over her face, a brocaded bonnet on her head, and a mantle that flowed from her shoulders to her heels. The man was robust, and well-proportioned, seemingly turned of forty, with a brownish complexion, large whiskers, and a well-furnished beard; in short, his mien was so genteel, that if he had been properly dressed, they would have taken him for a man of birth and quality.

Soon as he entered the gate, he called for a private apartment, and seemed very much concerned, when he understood that all the rooms of the inn were engaged; however, he went to the lady in Moorish dress, and lifted her off in his arms. Upon which Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, flocked around her; their curiosity being excited by the novelty of the garb, which none of them had ever seen before; and Dorothea, who was always good-humoured, mannerly, and discreet, concluding that both she and her conductor were chagrined at their want of a chamber, spoke to her thus: 'Be not uneasy, Madam, at your want of accommodation here; it is the inconvenience of almost all inns; but if you will be pleased to partake with us, (pointing to Lucinda) perhaps you will find that in the course of your journey you have been fain to put up with harder fare.' The veiled lady made no answer; but only rising from her seat, signified her thanks by crossing her hands upon her bosom, bending her body, and bowing her head; so that from her silence they conjectured that she must be a native Moor, and that she could not speak any Christian language.

Her attendant, who had hitherto been

* In the original, 'As will put salt in the skull.'

† Literally, 'You shall see when the eggs are fried.' A phrase alluding to the story of a thief, who having stole a frying-pan, and being asked by the owner what he carried under his cloak, replied, 'You will see when the eggs are fried. Metaphorically, Time will discover.'

employed in something else, perceiving that the company had made a circle about his companion, who could make no replies to their interrogations, said to them, 'Ladies, this young woman understands little or no Spanish, and speaks no language but that of her own country; so that she is incapable of answering any questions you may have asked.'—'We have asked no questions,' said Lucinda, 'but only made her an offer of our company for this night, with a share of our lodging, and what accommodation is to be had; and this we tender with that hearty good-will which obliges us to serve all strangers, especially those of our own sex who stand in need of our assistance.'—'Dear Madam,' replied the conductor, 'in her name and in my own, I return you a thousand thanks, and highly esteem your proffered favour, which on this occasion, and from such persons as your appearance proclaims you to be, must certainly be very kind and condescending.'—'Signior,' said Dorothea, 'is this lady Christian or Moor?' By her silence and her dress, we are induced to believe she is not what we could wish her to be.'—'In her body and dress,' replied the stranger, 'she is a Moor, but altogether a Christian in her soul; for she longs ardently to be a professed convert to our faith.'—'Then she is not baptized?' resumed Lucinda. 'She has had no opportunity,' said the captive, 'since she quitted Algiers, which is her native country; and hitherto hath never been in such imminent danger of her life, as to make it necessary before she is instructed in all the ceremonies enjoined by our holy mother church; but, if it please Heaven, she shall be baptized very soon, with decency suitable to the quality of her person, which is greater than either her dress or mine seems to declare.'

This intimation raised the curiosity of all the spectators, to know who this Moor and captive were; but nobody chose to ask the question at that time, which seemed more proper for reposeing themselves than relating the history of their lives. Dorothea taking her by the hand, seated the stranger close by her side, and entreated her to take off the veil; she looked at her conductor, as

if she wanted to know what the lady desired, and he told her in Arabick, that they entreated her to be uncovered; at the same time, advising her to comply with their request. She accordingly unveiled herself, and discovered a face so amiable, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, who, in her turn, gave her the preference to Dorothea; and all present concluded, that if any creature upon earth could vie with them in beauty, it was this Moorish lady, who, in the opinion of some of the company, excelled them both in certain particulars. As beauty, therefore, has the privilege and energy to conciliate minds and attract affections, every body present were seized with an inclination to serve and cherish the charming Moor. Don Fernando asked her name of the captive, who answered, 'Lela Zorayda.' This she no sooner heard, than understanding the question which had been put to the Christian, she pronounced with great eagerness and sweetness of concern, 'No, no Zorayda; Maria, Maria!' signifying that her name was Maria, and not Zorayda: these words, with the affecting manner in which they were expressed, brought tears from the eyes of some of the hearers, especially the women, who are naturally tender and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her affectionately, saying, 'Yes, yes, Maria, Maria.' And to this the Moor replied, 'Yes, yes, Maria; Zorayda, *macange*:' which, in the Arabick, signifies, 'No.'

Meanwhile it grew late, and the inn-keeper, by order of Don Fernando's attendants, prepared, with great diligence and care, as good a repast as he could possibly provide; so that, when supper-time arrived, they sat down all together at a long hall-table, for there was neither a round nor square one in the house. They forced the head and principal seat, in spite of all his excuses, on Don Quixote, who desired that the Princess Micomicona might sit by the side of her protector; next to her, Lucinda and Zorayda placed themselves, being fronted by Fernando and Cardenio, at whose left-hand sat the captive and the other gentlemen, while the curate and the barber took their station close to the ladies. In this manner they supped with vast satisfaction, which was

still increased, when Don Quixote leaving off eating, and inspired by the same spirit that moved him to harangue among the goatherds, began the following dissertation: ' Verily, gentlemen, if it be ' duly considered, great and unexpected ' events are seen by those who profess ' the order of knight-errantry. What ' inhabitant of this earth, if he should ' now enter the gates of this castle, ' and behold us seated in this manner, ' could conceive or credit that we are ' what we are? Who could imagine, ' that this lady on my right-hand is the ' great queen whom we all know her to ' be, and that I am the Knight of the ' Rueful Countenance, so celebrated by ' the voice of fame? Now there is no ' manner of doubt, that this exercise ' and art exceeds all others hitherto in- ' vented by man, and that it ought to ' be more esteemed, because it is more ' exposed to danger. Away with those ' who give letters the preference over ' arms! I affirm, that such people, ' whosoever they are, know not what ' they say; for the sole reason to ' which they adhere, in this decision, ' is, that the labour of the body is ex- ' ceeded by that of the mind; and that ' the profession of arms is altogether ' as corporeal as the exercise and office ' of a common day-labourer, that ' requires nothing more than bodily ' strength; as if that which is called ' soldieryship by us who profess it, did ' not include acts of valour which none ' but persons of uncommon genius ' could execute; or, as if the toil of a ' warrior who has the charge of an ar- ' my, or commands in a town that is ' besieged, doth not affect the mind as ' well as the body. Is it to be supposed, ' that by mere corporeal strength he ' can penetrate and discover the inten- ' tion of the enemy? To anticipate de- ' signs, baffle stratagems, surmount ' difficulties, and prevent the mischief ' that is to be dreaded, are all ef- ' forts of the understanding, in which ' the body hath no share; if the profes- ' sion of arms, therefore, requires ge- ' nius, as well as that of letters, let ' us see which of the two requires most ' mental toil: and this question may be ' determined, by considering the end ' and aim of each; for that occupa- ' tion deserves the highest esteem, which ' hath the noblest purpose in view, the

' end and scope of letters. I speak not ' here, of that divine learning, whose ' aim is to raise and conduct the soul to ' Heaven; to an end so infinite, no in- ' tention whatever can be compared. I ' speak of human learning, the ultimate ' end of which is to regulate distribu- ' tive justice, render to every one his ' due, and to understand and to protect ' the equitable laws; an aim certainly ' generous, and highly commendable! ' yet not so deserving of the most sub- ' lime praise as the profession of arms, ' the object and the end of which is ' peace, the greatest good that mortals ' can enjoy; for, the first blessed news ' which this world and mankind heard, ' were those pronounced by the angels, ' on that night, which was our day, ' when they sung in the air, " Glory be ' to God on high; and on earth, peace ' and good will towards men!" and ' the salutation, which the best Master, ' either in heaven or upon earth, taught ' his adherents and favourites; which ' was to say, when they entered any ' house, " Peace be to this house!" ' Nay, he himself, at different times, ' said, " My peace I give unto you! ' " My peace I leave with you! Peace ' be among you!" A jewel and legacy ' well worthy of him who left it! a ' jewel, without which there can be no ' felicity, either on earth or in heaven! ' This peace is the genuine aim of war; ' for arms and war are the same; and ' this being taken for granted, the end ' of war is nobler than that of learn- ' ing; wherefore, let us next consider ' the bodily toil sustained by each, that ' we may see on which side the balance ' lies in that particular.'

In this sensible manner did Don Quixote continue his discourse, from which nobody that heard him could distinguish that he was mad; on the contrary, his audience consisting chiefly of gentlemen, to which title the profession of arms is annexed, they listened with great pleasure, while he proceeded thus.

' The hardships of a student, I say, ' are these; first of all, poverty, (not ' that all students are poor, but that we ' may suppose the worst that can hap- ' pen) and when I have named his in- ' digence, the whole of his misfortune ' is mentioned; for he that is poor can ' enjoy nothing that is good, but must ' endure necessity in all it's forms; some-

‘ times hunger, sometimes cold, sometimes nakedness, and often all three together. Nevertheless, his necessity is not so great, but that he eats, though perhaps later than usual, or though he may feed upon the leavings of the rich, or which is the greatest misery to which a scholar can be reduced, go a-sopping*, as they term it; then they are always admitted to some charitable person’s fire-side or chimney-corner, where, if they cannot warm themselves effectually, they may at least defy the cold; and at night they sleep under cover. I need not descend to minute particulars; such as want of linen, scarcity of shoes, flimsy and thread-bare cloaths, nor the surfeits which they so eagerly incur, when their good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this path, rough and difficult as I have already described it, after many tumblings, slidings, risings, and fallings, they at last attain to the wished degree, which being gained, we have seen many who have passed with a favourable gale of fortune, through these quicksands and straits of Scylla and Charybdis; I say, we have seen many such command and dictate to the world, from a chair of state; their hunger being changed into satiety, their cold into refreshment, their rags into gay apparel, and the mats on which they lay, to the richest damask and finest holland: a recompence which their merit most justly enjoys! but their labours, when fairly stated and compared, are infinitely short of the warrior’s, as I shall now clearly demonstrate.’

CHAP. XI.

THE SEQUEL OF DON QUIXOTE’S CURIOUS DISCOURSE, ON THE SUBJECTS OF LEARNING AND WAR.

THE knight proceeded thus: ‘ Since we began with the student, representing his poverty in all it’s cir-

‘ cumstances, let us see if the soldier be more wealthy: and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer; for he is restricted to his miserable pay, which comes always late, if ever, or to what he can plunder by force, with the imminent danger of his life and conscience; and frequently, his nakedness is such, that his slashed buff doublet serves him instead of coat, shirt, and all other parts of apparel. In a winter campaign, while he remains in the open field, he has nothing to mitigate the severity of the cold, but his own breath, which, as it proceeds from an empty place, must, I believe, be cold, contrary to all the rules of nature: but stay till the approach of night, when it is to be hoped his bed will make amends for all these inconveniences; and this, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness, for he may measure as many feet of ground as he thinks sufficient, and there tumble about at pleasure, without any danger of discomposing the sheets. Then, instead of the day and hour of receiving the degrees of his art, comes the day of battle, in which his head is adorned with the doctoral tossele, made in form of a pledgit, to stuff the wound made by some ball, which perhaps hath gone through his temples, or left him maimed of a leg or arm; and even if this should not happen, but merciful Heaven guard and preserve him safe and sound, he continues as poor as ever; he must risk himself in several more rencounters and battles, and be victorious in each, before his circumstances be bettered; but these miracles rarely happen. Tell me, gentlemen, have you considered what a small proportion those who make their fortunes by war bear to those who perish in the field? Doubtless, you must answer, that there is no sort of comparison; that the slain are scarce to be numbered, while the living who are recompensed for their services, may be comprehended within three figures of arithmetick †. The case of

* Alluding to the charity given at the gates of monasteries.

† i. e. Do not amount to 1000, which is a number expressed by four figures:

the learned is quite the reverse *; for, one way or another, they are all provided: so that, though the toil of a soldier is greater, his reward is much less. To this observation, it may be replied, that it is far more easy to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers; for the first are recompensed with offices, which must of course be bestowed on people of their profession; whereas, the others can enjoy no reward, except a share of the property belonging to their master whom they serve: even this impossibility strengthens my asseveration.

But waving that consideration, which would lead us into a most intricate labyrinth, let us return to the pre-eminence which arms have over learning; a point hitherto undecided, of such force are the reasons alledged on both sides of the question; one of which, in favour of the last, is, that without letters, the profession of arms could not be supported, because there are laws to which war itself is subject; and all laws fall within the province of letters and learned men. To this observation, the partizans of the other opinion reply, that no laws could be maintained without arms, which preserve the constitution, defend kingdoms, guard cities, scour the highways, and clear the seas of piratical corsairs. In short, that without arms, all republicks, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journies by land, and voyages by sea, would be exposed to the horror and confusion that attend unbridled war, while it continues in all its licentious privilege and force. It is a general and established maxim, that every thing ought to be esteemed in proportion to what it costs. Now, to become eminent in letters, costs the student much time, watching, hunger, nakedness, vertiges, indigestion, and their consequences, which are in part mentioned above: but, to acquire in a

regular manner the character of a good soldier, a man must undergo all these inconveniences in an incomparably greater degree; because he is every moment in danger of losing his life. What fear of indigence and poverty can seize and harraiss the student's apprehension, equal to that which must possess the soldier besieged in a fortress, who being placed centinel or guard in some ravelin or cavalier†, perceives the enemy at work undermining the very spot whereon he stands, without daring to stir from his post, or avoid the danger by which he is so imminently threatened? All he can do, is to give notice of what passes to his captain, who must endeavour to baffle the foe by some countermeine, while he remains upon the place in terror and expectation of being suddenly whirled aloft into the clouds without wings, and of falling thence headlong into the profound abyss: if this danger seems inconsiderable, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded in the grappling of two gallies, by their prows, in the midst of the extended ocean; when they are locked and fastened into each other, and the soldier hath not an inch more than two feet of the beak to stand upon, while he sees himself threatened and opposed by as many ministers of death as there are cannon in the enemy's vessel, and these within a spear's length of his body; and is sensible, that if his feet should chance to slip, he would instantly visit the profound bosom of the sea; yet, nevertheless, with an intrepid heart, incited and transported by honour, he bears the brunt of their whole artillery, and endeavours by that narrow passage to board the adverse vessel: and, what is very much to be admired, is, that as soon as one falls, never to rise again till the general resurrection, another occupies his place, and should he also drop into the sea,

* The literal translation is, 'For, from the skirts—for I would not mention the sleeves.' The Spaniards, instead of the English phrase, 'By Hook or by Crook,' use this of 'From the sleeves, or the skirts;' derived from the practice of taylor, who are supposed to cabbage from those parts of the habit in which there is the greatest quantity of cloth; but the knight's exception of sleeves, on this occasion, seems to have proceeded from a supposition that poor scholars are generally provided for in the church, and consequently wear cassocks, which descend to the heels.

† Cavalier is an artificial mount raised in a fortress for the convenience of scouring a field, or opposing a commanding work of the enemy.

which,

‘ which, like an enemy, gapes to devour him, another and another still succeeds, without the smallest intermission: an instance of gallantry and boldness the greatest to be found in all the extremities of war. Happy were the ages past, while strangers to those infernal instruments of artillery, the author of which is, I firmly believe, now in hell, enjoying the reward of his diabolical invention, that puts it in the power of an infamous coward to deprive the most valiant cavalier of life; for, often in the heat of that courage and resolution that fires and animates the gallant breast, there comes a random ball, how or from whence no man can tell, shot off, perhaps, by one that fled, and was afraid at the flash of his own accursed machine, and, in an instant, puts an end to the schemes and existence of a man who deserved to live for ages. This very consideration makes me almost own, that I am sorry for having chosen this profession of a knight-errant in this detestable age; for, though no danger can daunt my resolution, it gives me some uneasiness to think that powder and shot may deprive me of the opportunity of making myself famous and renowned through the whole globe, for the valour of my arm, and the keenness of my sword: but, let the will of Heaven be fulfilled! if I accomplish my aim, I shall be more esteemed, because I have faced more danger than ever was incurred by the knights-errant in ages past.’

While the rest of the company were employed in eating, this long harangue was uttered by Don Quixote, who never thought of swallowing a morsel; though Sancho frequently put him in mind of eating his supper, observing, that he would afterwards have time enough to say what he pleased. The hearers were moved with fresh concern, at seeing a man who in every other subject seemed to have a large share of sense and discernment, lose it so irrecoverably, whenever the discourse turned upon the cursed mischievous theme of chivalry. The curate observed, that there was a great deal of reason in what he had advanced in favour of arms; and that he himself, though a graduate, consequently

a man of letters, was entirely of the knight’s opinion.

Supper being ended, and the table uncovered, while the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, were busied in fitting up the garret of Don Quixote de La Mancha, in which it was determined the three ladies should pass the night by themselves; Don Fernando intreated the captive to recount the story of his life, which he imagined must be both uncommon and entertaining, from the specimen they had already seen, in his arriving thus equipped, in company with the fair Zorayda. To this request the stranger answered, that he would willingly obey his command, though he was afraid the company would not find the relation to their liking; but, nevertheless, rather than fail in point of obedience, he was ready to make it. The curate and whole company thanked him for his complaisance, and joined in the request; and he seeing himself besought by so many, said there was no occasion for entreaties, where they might so effectually command: ‘ Lend me your attention, therefore, and you shall hear a true story, perhaps unequalled by those fictions which are usually adorned with all the curious and profound artifice of composition.’

At this preamble, all present adjusted and composed themselves; and he perceiving the general silence in which they waited for the performance of his promise, began in this manner, with a grave and agreeable voice.

CH A P. XII.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVE RECOUNTS HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

‘ **I** N a certain place among the mountains of Leon, my family had its origin; more beholden to the liberality of nature than to the smiles of fortune: though, amidst the narrowness of circumstances, which prevails in that country, my father had the reputation of being rich, and really was so, had he possessed the art of preserving, as he practised the means of spending his estate. This liberal and profuse disposition was owing to his having been a soldier in his youth: the army being a school in

* in which the miser becomes generous,
 * and the benevolent man grows prodigal; for a covetous soldier is a monster which is rarely seen. My father exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered upon those of prodigality; a disposition of very little service to a married man who has children to succeed him in rank as well as name: and he had no less than three; all of them sons, already at an age to chuse for themselves. The old gentleman finding it impossible, as he said, to resist the bent of his inclination, was resolved to deprive himself of the means that induced and enabled him to spend so lavishly, by giving up his estate; as without money Alexander himself must have seemed frugal.

* One day, therefore, calling us all three together into his chamber, he delivered himself in these or the like words: "Sons, to say I love you, is no more than to say and know you are my own children; though 'it would seem that I do not love you, by my squandering away the fortune which is your due. But that you may be henceforth convinced that I love you like a true parent, rather than seek your destruction like a step-father, I am resolved to execute a plan which I have formed a good while ago, and digested with the most mature deliberation. You are now of an age to chuse settlements for yourselves, or at least to pitch upon employments which, in your riper years, may conduce to your honour and advantage. My intention is to divide my estate into four equal parts, three of which you shall receive among you, in equal shares, without the least difference or distinction; and the fourth I will reserve for my own sustenance and support, while Heaven will be pleased to protract the days of my life. But after you have received your portions, I should be glad to find you inclined to follow the paths which I shall propose. We have a saying in Spain, which I believe is very true, as indeed all proverbs are, because they are short sentences dictated by long and sage experience; that which I mean, contains no more than these words: 'The church, the court, or the sea;'

" as if it more fully expressed the following advice, 'He that would make his fortune, ought either to dedicate his time to the church, go to sea as a merchant, or attach himself to the court;' for it is commonly observed that, 'The king's crumb is worth the baron's batch.'" This I mention, because I wish and desire that one of you would follow letters, another merchandize, and a third serve his sovereign in the field, since it is difficult to obtain an office at court: and, although much wealth cannot be expected, there is a great deal of valour and reputation to be acquired in war. In eight days I will give each of you his share, in ready-money, without defrauding you of one farthing, as you will see by my distribution. Tell me, therefore, if you are willing to follow my advice in what I have proposed?"

* said my father, addressing himself to me as the eldest. After having dissuaded him from parting with his estate, and desired him to spend as much of it as he pleased, observing, that we were young men, and capable of making our own fortunes, I concluded with saying, I would obey his will, and for my own part, chuse to serve God and my king, in adhering to the exercise of arms. My second brother made the same offer, proposing to set sail for the Indies, and employ his stock of ready money in traffick. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said he would qualify himself for the church, by going and finishing his studies at Salamanca.

* We having thus agreed in the choice of our different employments, our father embraced us all affectionately, and within the time he had proposed, performed his promise of giving us our portions, which to the best of my remembrance amounted to three thousand ducats each; for an uncle of ours paid ready-money for the whole estate, that it might not be alienated from the family. In one day, all three took leave of our worthy father, when I, thinking it a piece of inhumanity to leave him so straitened in his old age, prevailed upon him to accept two thousand of the three I had received, as the remainder was sufficient to accommodate me with all the necessities of a soldier. Each of my brothers,

brothers, induced by my example, gave him back one-third of their shares, so that he remained possessed of four thousand ducats in cash, and the value of three thousand more in land, which he did not chuse to sell. At length, I say, we took leave of him, and that uncle whom I have mentioned, not without great concern and many tears on all sides; they charging us to seize every opportunity of making them acquainted with our adventures, either in prosperity or adversity. Having given this promise, and received their embraces and blessing, one took the road to Salamanca, another went to Seville, and I set out for Alicant, where I understood there was a ship taking in a lading of wool for Genoa. Two and twenty years are now elapsed since I left my father's house; and during all that time, though I have written several letters, I never received the least information concerning him or my brothers. What hath happened to myself within that period, I will now briefly relate.

Embarking at Alicant, I had a favourable passage to Genoa, from whence I went to Milan, where I provided myself with arms and some gay military furniture. Then I departed for Piedmont, with a resolution of enlisting in the service; and being upon the road to Alexandria de la Paglia, was informed that the great duke of Alva was on his march into Flanders. Upon receiving this intimation, I changed my design, attended him to the Low Countries, served in all his campaigns, and was present at the death of the counts Egmont and Horn. There I obtained an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalajara, whose name was Diego de Urbina: but, after I had been some time in Flanders, the news arrived of the league between his holiness Pope Pius the fifth of happy memory, and the Spanish monarchy, against their common enemy the Turk, who about that time had, by means of his fleet, made a conquest of the famous island of Cyprus, which was under the dominion of the Venetians; a most lamentable and unfortunate loss. It was certainly known that the most serene Don John

of Austria, natural brother to our good king Philip, was to be general of this league; and the vast preparations for this war were publicly reported. All these rumours raised and excited within me the desire and resolution of being present in a campaign of such expectation; and though I had strong hopes, and indeed certain promises, of being promoted to the rank of a captain as soon as a vacancy should happen, I chose to quit that prospect, and go, as I actually did, to Italy; and luckily for me, Don John of Austria was then at Genoa, just going to embark for Naples, in order to join the Venetian fleet, which he afterwards found at Messina. In short, I served in that most happy campaign, and was advanced to the rank of captain of foot, which honourable post I obtained more by good fortune than merit; and that day which was so fortunate for Christendom, on which the world was convinced of the error they had espoused in believing the Turks invincible by sea; on that day, I say, when the Ottoman pride and insolence were humbled and broke; among so many happy Christians there present, (and sure those who fell were happier than the living victors!) I alone was unfortunate; for, instead of receiving a naval crown, which would have been my reward, had I lived in the Roman ages, on the night that succeeded that glorious day, I found myself a captive loaded with chains! And this was the cause of my misfortune: Uchali, king of Algiers, a bold and fortunate corsair, having attacked and mastered the captain's galley of Malta, in which there remained only three knights alive, and these desperately wounded; the vessel commanded by John Andrea Doria, in which my company was stationed, hastened to her relief, and I doing my duty on that occasion, leaped into the enemy's ship, which disengaging herself immediately from our galley, that was grappled with her, my soldiers were prevented from following their officer, and I found myself alone among my foes, whom, by reason of their numbers, I could not resist; therefore was obliged to submit, after having been almost covered

covered over with wounds; and Uchali, as you have heard, gentlemen, having saved himself with his whole squadron, I remained his prisoner, the only sad person amidst the general joy, and captive among so many that were set free; for full fifteen thousand Christians who came into the action chained to the Turkish oars, that day recovered their long wished for liberty.

I was carried to Constantinople, where Selim, the grand Turk, created my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the battle, and as a proof of his valour brought off the high standard of Malta. Next year, which was that of seventy-two, I rowed in the capitan galley of the Three Lanthorns, at Navarino, where I saw and observed the Christians lose the opportunity of taking the whole Turkish fleet in the harbour; for, all the Levantines and Janissaries belonging to it laid their account with being attacked in port, and had actually got in readiness their knapsacks and passamaques, (which are a kind of shoes) in order to go on shore, and seek their safety in flight, without waiting for the assault; such was the consternation that prevailed among them! But Heaven ordained things to happen in another manner; not through any error or neglect of the general who commanded the expedition, but on account of the sins of Christendom; it being the will and permission of God, that we should never want executioners to chastise us. In short, Uchali retreated to Modon, which is an island almost contiguous to Navarino, where he disembarked his men, fortified the mouth of the harbour, and remained until Don John set sail on his return. In this expedition, the galley called the Prize, commanded by a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the capitan galley of Naples called the She-wolf, the commander of which was that thunderbolt of war, that father of his soldiers, that fortunate and invincible chief, Don Alvaro de Bafan, marquis of Santa Cruz: and I cannot help mentioning what happened at the taking of this prize. The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his captives so in-

humanly, that when the rowers perceived the She-wolf ready to board, and in a fair way of taking her, they quitted their oars all at once, and seizing the captain, who stood upon the stentrel*, calling to them to row lustily, they tossed him forwards from bench to bench, and bit him so severely as he went along, that before he passed the main-mast, his soul passed into hell. Such was his barbarity, as I have already observed, and such the revenge which their hatred to him inspired!

We returned to Constantinople; and during the following year, which was seventy-three, understood that Don John had taken Tunis, wrested that whole kingdom from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession of the whole; thus cutting off all the hopes of a restoration from Muley Hamida, the most valiant and most cruel Moor of his time. The grand signior was deeply affected with his loss, and practising that sagacity which is peculiar to all those of his family, clapped up a peace with the Venetians, who were much more desirous of it than he. Next year, being seventy-four, he attacked the goleta and fort, which Don John had left half-finished, near Tunis: and on all these occasions I was present, being tied to the oar, without the least hope of freedom, especially by ransom; for, I was resolved not to write to my father an account of my misfortune. At length, the goleta and fort were both lost, having been besieged by seventy-five thousand Turkish soldiers, regularly paid, and upwards of four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from the other parts of Africa; this multitude being provided with a vast quantity of warlike stores and ammunition, and attended with such a number of pioneers, that, by throwing handfuls of earth, they might have covered both the places they came to besiege. The goleta, which had been counted impregnable, was first taken; not through any fault of the besieged, who performed all that men could do in its defence, but because experience shewed that trenches could be made with ease in that loose sand, under which,

* The stentrel, or estanterol, is a post that supports the awning of the poop.

though water was commonly found at the depth of two spans, the Turks, at that time, dug as many fathoms, without finding one drop; and so filling a vast number of sacks, raised their works so high as to overlook the fort; then mounting this cavalier with cannon, kept such a firing as rendered it impossible for the garrison to make any longer defence. It was a common opinion, that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the goleta, but opposed the disembarkation in the plain; however, those who talk in that manner, speak at random, and must be persons of small experience in such affairs; for, if the whole garrison in both places scarce amounted to seven thousand soldiers, how could such a small number, though ever so valiant, take the field, and at the same time defend the forts, against such a multitude of foes? And how could the forts be possibly maintained without supplies, in an enemy's country, when they were hemmed in by such a numerous and obstinate army? But others thought, and I am of the same opinion, that Heaven manifested a particular grace and favour to Spain, in permitting them to destroy that rendezvous and pretence of mischief, that sink, sponge, and devourer of infinite sums of money, which were there unprofitably spent, without serving any other purpose than that of preserving the memory of it's being the most happy conquest of the invincible Charles the Fifth: as if it was necessary for those stones to support his fame, which is already immortal. The fort was also yielded, though the Turks won it by inches; for the garrison behaved with such gallantry and resolution, that in two and twenty general assaults, the enemy lost upwards of twenty-five thousand men; and of the three hundred Spanish soldiers that remained alive, they did not make one prisoner who had not been wounded during the siege: a clear and certain proof of the obstinate valour with which the places were defended. A small fort, or tower, that stood in the middle of the lake, under the command of Don Juan Zanoguera, a Valentian knight and celebrated soldier, surrendered upon terms: but, Don Pedro Puertocar-

rero, general of the goleta, was made prisoner; and though he did all that man could do in defence of the place, he was so deeply affected by the loss of it, that he died of grief on the road to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him captive. The general of the fort, whose name was Gabrio Cerbellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer, and excellent soldier, was likewise taken prisoner; and in these two forts perished many persons of note, among whom was one Pagan d'Oria, a knight of St. John, a gentleman of a most generous disposition, as appeared from his excessive liberality to his brother the famous Juan Andrea d'Oria; and what made his death still more lamentable, was, that he perished by the hands of some Arabs, to whom, seeing the fort already lost, he trusted himself, relying upon their promise to carry him disguised in a Moorish dress, to Tabarca, which is a small port or settlement belonging to the Genoese, who fish for coral on that part of the coast; but those perfidious Arabs cut off his head, which they carried to the general of the Turkish navy, who fulfilled upon them our Castilian proverb, which imports, that though we love the treason, we abhor the traitors; for it was reported, that he ordered them all to be hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

Among the Christians who were taken in the fort, was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalousia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a soldier of great worth and rare endowments, particularly blessed with a happy talent for poetry. This circumstance I mention, because it was his fate to belong to our galley, where he was my companion at the oar, and fellow-slave; and before we departed from that harbour, he composed two songs, by way of epitaph upon the goleta and the fort. As I have them both by heart, I believe it will not be disagreeable to the company if I repeat them.

When the captive mentioned Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who smiled; and when the stranger was going to repeat the songs, one of the three said to him, 'Before you proceed, I beg the favour to know what became of that
 Don

‘Don Pedro de Aguilar?’—‘All that I know of the matter,’ replied the captive, ‘is, that after having staid two years at Constantinople, he made off in the habit of an arnaut*, with a Greek spy: but I do not know whether or not he obtained his liberty, though I believe he succeeded; for about a year after, I saw the same Greek at Constantinople; but I had not an opportunity to enquire about the success of their scheme.’—‘Then I can satisfy you in that particular,’ resumed the cavalier; ‘Don Pedro is my brother, and now lives at home, in good health and easy circumstances, blessed with a wife and three hopeful sons.’—‘Thanks be to God for the great mercies bestowed upon him!’ answered the captive; ‘for, in my opinion, there is no happiness on earth equal to that of liberty regained.’—‘Besides,’ said the gentleman, ‘I retain in my memory the songs which my brother composed.’—‘Be so good, then,’ replied the stranger, ‘as to entertain the company with them; for, doubtless, you can repeat them more perfectly than I can.’—‘With all my heart,’ said the cavalier: that upon the goleta runs thus.

C H A P. XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE CAPTIVE’S HISTORY.

I.

‘YE happy shades, whose deeds renowned’
 ‘Have freed you from encumb’ring clay;
 ‘From this low scene, where woes abound,
 ‘Ascending to eternal day.

II.

‘With glorious zeal your bosoms glow’d,
 ‘Your bodies brav’d excessive toil:
 ‘Your blood with that of Pagans flow’d,
 ‘To drench the hostile, barren soil.

III.

‘Your lives, but not your courage, fail’d;
 ‘Death seal’d your just, victorious claims:
 ‘Enjoy, still honour’d and bewail’d,
 ‘Immortal happiness and fame.’

‘These are the very words which I remember,’ said the captive. ‘And if my memory does not fail me,’ re-

plied the gentleman, ‘the other upon the fort is this.

I.

‘LO! from yon ruins on the desert
 ‘plain,
 ‘Oppress’d with numbers, in th’ unequal fight,
 ‘Three thousand souls of Christian warriors slain,
 ‘To happier regions, wing’d their joyous flight.

II.

‘Yet not before in vain they had essay’d
 ‘The force and vigour of their dauntless arms;
 ‘Till wearied and reduc’d, though undismay’d,
 ‘They welcom’d death, encompass’d with a larms.

III.

‘On Afric’s coast, as records tell,
 ‘The scene of past and present woes,
 ‘More valiant bodies never fell,
 ‘More spotless spirits never rose.”

The songs were not disliked; and the captive rejoicing at the good fortune of his comrade, proceeded thus in his narration.

‘The goleta and forts being taken, the Turks ordered the first to be dismantled, the other being quite demolished before it was surrendered; and that this might be done with the less trouble, and greater dispatch, it was undermined in three parts; but they could by no means blow up the old walls, which seemed to be the weakest part, while that which was executed by Fratin, was destroyed with great facility. In short, the victorious fleet returned in triumph to Constantinople, where, in a few months, happened the death of my master Uchali, who went by the name of Uchali Fartax, which, in the language of that country, signifies the Scabby Renegado; for such he actually was, and it is a custom among the Turks, to bestow epithets upon people, derived either from some defect or virtue inherent in them: this method they practise, because they have but four families distinguished by particular names, and these are descended from the house of Ottoman; so that the rest, as I have observed, adopt some appellation, either from the blemishes

* A Dalmatian trooper.

of the body, or the virtues of the mind. This leper, therefore, tugged at the oar, during fourteen years, as slave to the grand signior; and when he was turned of thirty-four, apoltatized, out of resentment against a Turk, who struck him at the oar; renouncing his religion, that he might be able to revenge the affront. Such was his gallantry and conduct, that without practising those vile steps and methods by which the sultan's favourites are raised, he was promoted to the throne of Algiers, and afterwards created general at sea, which is the third post in the empire. He was a native of Calabria, a man of good morals, and behaved with great humanity to his slaves, who, to the number of three thousand, were at his death, in consequence of his last will, divided between his renegadoes and the grand signior, who is also coheir with the children of all his deceased subjects. I fell to the share of a Venetian, who had been a common sailor when he was taken; and Uchali had such an affection for him, that he enjoyed the greatest share of his favour, and became the most cruel renegado that ever was known. This man, whose name was Azanaga, acquired great riches, and even succeeded to the crown of Algiers, to which place I accompanied him from Constantinople, with some degree of satisfaction, at the thoughts of being so near my own country; not that I intended to send home an account of my unhappy fate, but to see if fortune would not prove more favourable at Algiers than at Constantinople, where I had laid a thousand schemes for my escape, without having an opportunity of putting one of them in execution; but I was in hope of finding at Algiers some other more effectual means of obtaining that which I so ardently desired; for the hope of gaining my liberty never forsook my breast; on the contrary, when all my pains, efforts, and expectations miscarried; far from abandoning myself to despair, I endeavoured to find out some new expedient, which though ever so frail and unsubstantial, served to support my spirits, and flatter my imagination.

Thus I made shift to live within a house or prison, called a bath, in which the Turks confine the Christian captives, whether belonging to the king, or private persons, or of that class which they call magazine-slaves; these are the captives of the council, who serve the state in public works, and other kinds of day-labour; and find great difficulty in obtaining their freedom, because they belong to the community, and have no particular master with whom they can treat concerning their ransom, even though they can command money for the purpose.

In these baths, as I have already said, some private persons lodge their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; and there they remain secure, and at their ease, until it arrives. Neither do the king's captives, who are to be ransomed, go out to work with the rest of the crew, except when the money is delayed; and then, that they may be induced to write with more importunity, they are sent out with the rest to cut wood, an office of no small mortification and toil. As they knew I had been a captain, I in vain assured them, that I had neither interest nor money; they put me into the number of those who were to be ransomed, loading me with a chain, rather to denote my condition than to secure my person; so that I spent my time in that bath, among a great many cavaliers and people of fashion, who were thus marked and designed for ransom; and though we were sometimes, nay, almost always exposed to hunger and nakedness, nothing gave us so much pain, as to hear and see, upon every occasion, the new and unheard-of cruelties which my master exercised upon the Christians. He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus out of mere wantonness of barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him was a Spanish soldier, called such-a-one de Saavedra; who, though

though he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chastised, nor even chid him with one hasty word; and yet the least of all his pranks was sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake: nay, he himself was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount some of that soldier's actions, which, perhaps, might entertain and surprise you more than the relation of my own story.

But to return to the thread of my narration: just over the yard of our prison were the windows of a rich and principal Moor; but, according to the custom of the country, they were rather like peep-holes than windows, and even these covered with very thick and close lattices. One day I chanced to be on the terrace of our gaol, with three of my companions, passing the time in trying which of us could leap farthest in our shackles, the rest of the Christians being gone out to work; I casually lifted up my eyes, and perceived a cane with a handkerchief tied to it, held out at these little openings I have mentioned, and waving to and fro, as if by way of signal for some of us to go and catch it. This object was no sooner observed, than one of my companions ran hastily to the place that was directly under it, to see if the cane would be dropped, or what would be the consequence; but when he arrived it was pulled up, and moved from one side to another, as if a man should signify his dissent from any proposal, by shaking his head: when the Christian returned, the cane was lowered again, with the same motion as at first, upon which another of our company tried the experiment, but succeeded no better than the first; a third went, and miscarried like the other two. Observing their disappointment, I was resolved to try my fortune also; accordingly, I had no sooner placed myself under the cane, than it was dropped, and fell down within the bath, just at my feet. I snatched it up immediately, and untied the handkerchief, in which I found a knot containing ten

zianiys, which are pieces of bad gold, current among the Moors, each of them valued at ten rials of our money. It would be superfluous to say that I rejoiced at this windfall: indeed, my joy was equal to my surprise; for I could not conceive from whence that present could come, especially to me, the circumstance of the cane's being refused to every other person plainly shewing that the favour was intended for me. I pocketed this lucky sum, broke the cane, returned to the terrace, and looked at the window, through which appeared a very white hand, that opened the lattice, and hastily shut it again: from this circumstance we understood, or at least imagined, that we owed the present to some lady who lived in that house; and, in token of thanks, made our obeisance in the Moorish manner, by bowing the head, bending the body, and crossing the hands upon the breast. Soon after this ceremony, a small cross made of cane, was held out at the window, and immediately withdrawn: a signal which confirmed us in the opinion, that we were befriended by some Christian woman, who lived as a slave in that house; but this supposition was changed, when we reflected upon the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets which we had perceived; and then we concluded that she must be one of those Christian repregades whom their masters frequently take to wife, and even think themselves fortunate in having such an opportunity; for they esteem them much more than the women of their own nation. But all our conjectures were wide of the truth.

From this day forward, our whole entertainment was to gaze at the window, as the north in which the star of the cane had appeared; but full fifteen days elapsed, before we had another glimpse either of that or the hand, or indeed of any other signal; and during this interval, though we endeavoured by all the means in our power to learn who lived in that house, and whether or not there was a Christian renegado in it, we never could get any other information, but that it belonged to a rich Moor of great note, called Agimorato, who had been alcaide of Pata, an office of great honour among that people; but,

but, when we least expected another shower of zianiys, the cane re-appeared all of a sudden, with another handkerchief, and a larger knot than before; and this occurrence happened as formerly, when none but ourselves were in the bath: we made the usual experiment, each of my three companions, going towards it as at first without success, until I approached, and then it was immediately dropped. I untied the knot, within which I found forty crowns in Spanish gold, and a paper written in Arabian characters, with a large cross at the head of the page. I kissed the sacred sign, put up the money, returned to the terrace, where we made our obeisance; the hand appearing again, I made signs that I should read the letter, and then the window was shut. We were equally pleased and perplexed at this event, for none of us understood Arabick; and although our impatience to know the contents of the paper was very great, the difficulty of finding an interpreter was still greater. At length I determined to trust a renegade, a native of Murcia, who had professed himself my friend, and given me such pledges of his fidelity, as obliged him to keep any secret I should think proper to impart: for those renegades who intend to return to Christendom, usually carry about with them certificates signed by the principal captives, attesting in the most ample form they can devise, that such a renegade is an honest man, who hath always been obliging to the Christians, and is desirous of making his escape with the first opportunity. Some there are who procure these testimonials with a good intention, others use them occasionally, as the instruments of their craft: for, going to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts, if they should chance to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, and oblige that these papers will shew the real design of their coming on a cruize with Turks, which was no other than to take the first occasion of returning to their native country; by these means they escape the first fury of resentment, and are reconciled to the church without suffering the least damage; but when they see their opportunity, they return to Barbary,

and re-assume their former way of life; whereas those who procure recommendations with a good design, make use of them accordingly, and remain in peace among the Christians. Such a renegade was this friend, who had obtained certificates from all my companions, conceived in the strongest terms of confidence and applause; for which, had he been detected, the Moors would have burned him alive. I knew that he could both speak and write the Arabian tongue; but, before I would disclose the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I had found by chance in a corner of my cabin. He opened it accordingly, and having pored and perused it a good while, muttering between his teeth, I asked if he understood the contents. He answered in the affirmative, bidding me, if I chose to have the literal meaning, furnish him with pen and ink, that he might translate it the more exactly. I accordingly accommodated him with what he desired; and when he had made an end of the translation at his own leisure, he said, "This that I have written in Spanish is the literal meaning of that Moorish paper; and you are to take notice, that wheresoever you meet with the words Lela Marien, they signify our Lady the Blessed Virgin."
 The paper contained these words—
 When I was a child, my father had a woman slave, who, in my own language, taught me the Christian worship, and told me divers things of Lela Marien. This Christian died, and I am sure her soul did not go to the fire, but to Ala; for I saw her twice after her death, and she advised me to go to the land of the Christians, where I should see Lela Marien, by whom I was beloved. I know not which way to go; many Christians I have seen from this window, but not one who seems so much a gentleman as yourself. I am very beautiful and young, and have a great deal of money in my possession. If thou canst find out any method of carrying me to thy country, thou shalt there be my husband, if thou art so inclined; but, if that be contrary to thy inclination, I shall not be uneasy, for Lela Marien will provide me with a spouse. I write this
 "with

“ with my own hand; let nobody read
 “ it, but such as you can trust. Be-
 “ ware of the Moors, for they are al-
 “ together deceitful; therefore I am
 “ very much concerned, for I would
 “ not have it disclosed to any person
 “ whatever; because, if it should come
 “ to my father’s ears, he would instant-
 “ ly cause me to be sunk in a well, and
 “ covered with stones. I will fasten a
 “ thread to the cane, to which thou
 “ mayest tie thine answer; and if thou
 “ hast not a proper person to write for
 “ thee in Arabick, let me know by
 “ signs; for Lela Marien will help me
 “ to understand them. May she and
 “ Ala preserve thee, by means of this
 “ cross, which I often kiss, accord-
 “ ing to the direction of my deceased
 “ slave!”

“ You may easily conceive, gentle-
 “ men, whether or not we were surpriz-
 “ ed and rejoiced at the contents of this
 “ paper. Indeed, the symptoms of joy
 “ and admiration appeared so plain in
 “ our behaviour, that the renegado sus-
 “ pected it was not found by accident,
 “ but actually written and addressed to
 “ one of our company. He accordingly
 “ intreated us to tell him if his con-
 “ jecture was true, protesting that we
 “ might safely trust to his fidelity, and
 “ assuring us, if we would favour him
 “ with our confidence, he would ven-
 “ ture his life in procuring our freedom.
 “ So saying, he pulled from his bosom
 “ a crucifix of metal, and with many
 “ tears, swore by the God represented
 “ under the form of that image, in
 “ whom he, though a wretched sinner,
 “ fully and faithfully believed, that he
 “ would be trusty and secret in every
 “ thing we should please to communi-
 “ cate; for he firmly believed, and as it
 “ were prognosticated, that by means of
 “ her who had written the paper, we
 “ should all obtain liberty, and he ac-
 “ complish that which he had so much
 “ at heart, namely, his re-admission into
 “ the bosom of his holy mother church,
 “ from which he, through his igno-
 “ rance and guilt, had been like a rot-
 “ ten member, divided and cut off.
 “ This declaration he made with so
 “ many tears and signs of repentance,
 “ that we unanimously agreed to in-
 “ trust him with the affair, and accord-
 “ ingly gave him an account of every
 “ thing that had happened, without sup-
 “ pressing one circumstance; and shew-

“ ed him the window at which the cane
 “ appeared: so that from thence he had
 “ took his mark of the house, resolving
 “ to inform himself, with great care and
 “ caution, of the name and quality of
 “ those who lived in it. Meanwhile,
 “ we were all of opinion, that there was
 “ a necessity for answering the billet;
 “ and there being a person present, who
 “ could perform that office, the rene-
 “ gado that instant wrote in Arabick
 “ what I dictated, which was literally
 “ as I shall now repeat; for of all the
 “ material circumstances of that affair,
 “ not one hath escaped my memory,
 “ which will retain them all to my last
 “ breath. In short, this was the an-
 “ swer which I sent to the beautiful
 “ Moor.

“ MY DEAR LADY!

“ **M**AYEST thou be protected by
 “ the true Ala, and that blessed
 “ Mary the real mother of God, who,
 “ because she loves thee, hath put it into
 “ thy heart to go to the land of Chris-
 “ tians; beseech her therefore, that she
 “ will be pleased to teach thee how thou
 “ mayest obey her commands; for she
 “ is so benevolent that she will grant
 “ thy request. For my own part, and
 “ in behalf of those who are my fel-
 “ low-prisoners, I promise to serve
 “ thee with our whole power, even unto
 “ death. Fail not to write and give
 “ me notice of what thou shalt resolve
 “ to do; and I will always answer
 “ thy letters; for the great Ala hath
 “ favoured us with the friendship of
 “ a Christian captive, who can speak
 “ and write thy language, as thou
 “ wilt perceive by this paper; where-
 “ fore, thou mayest communicate thy
 “ will and pleasure to us without fear.
 “ As to thy offer of becoming my
 “ wife, when thou shalt be safely set-
 “ tled in the land of the Christians, I
 “ pledge myself thine, on the faith of
 “ a good Christian; and know, that
 “ those of our religion perform their
 “ promises more punctually than the
 “ Moors. God, and his mother Ma-
 “ ry, take my dear lady into their holy
 “ protection!”

“ This letter being written and seal-
 “ ed, I waited two days until the bath
 “ was empty, and then went to the
 “ usual place on the terrace, to look
 “ for

for the cane, which in a little time appeared. I no sooner perceived the sign, though I could not see who made it, than I held up the letter to make her understand that she should fasten a thread to the cane; but that was already done, and I tied the paper to it accordingly. In a little time our star appeared again, loaded with the white flag of peace; which being dropped, I took it up, and found, in different coins of gold and silver, to the amount of fifty crowns, which increased our satisfaction fifty-fold, and confirmed us in the hope of obtaining our freedom. That same night our renegade returned, and told us, he was informed the house was inhabited by that same Moor I have mentioned under the name of Agimorato, who was excessively rich, and had only one daughter to inherit his whole fortune; that by the current report in the city, she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary; and that many of the viceroys who went thither, had demanded her in marriage, but she would never yield her consent; he likewise understood that she had once a Christian slave, who had died some time ago; so that all these circumstances agreed with the contents of her letter. We then consulted with the renegade about the means of transporting ourselves, with the Moorish lady, into Christendom; and, at length, we came to the resolution of waiting for another intimation from Zorayda, which is the name of her who now desires to be called Maria; for we plainly perceived, that by means of her, and no other, we should be enabled to surmount all the difficulties that occurred.

Having come to this determination, the renegade bid us give ourselves no uneasiness, for he would either procure our liberty or forfeit his own life. The bath being full of people during four days, no cane appeared all that time; at the end of which the usual solitude prevailing, we perceived it with a handkerchief so pregnant as to promise a most happy birth. I stood under it; the whole was dropped as usual, and I found in the handkerchief another paper, with one hundred crowns in gold, without any mixture of other coin. The renegade being then present, we carried him to our cabin,

where we desired him to read the letter, which he interpreted in these words.

I Know not, dear Sir, how to give directions about our passage into Spain; nor hath Lela Marien told me, though I have earnestly implored her assistance. But what may be easily effected is this: I will from this window furnish you with a great quantity of money; so that you may ransom yourself and your companions; and going to the land of the Christians, purchase a bark, with which you may return for the rest; and you will find me in my father's garden, which is by the gate of Barbazon, close to the sea-side. There I shall be during the whole summer, with my father and servants; and from thence you may, in the night, carry me to the bark without fear. But remember thou shalt be my husband; otherwise I will pray to Marien to chastise thee. If thou canst depend upon no other person for purchasing the bark, ransom thyself for that purpose. I know thou wilt be more apt than any other body to return, because thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Be sure to inform thyself well about the garden. When I see thee walking where thou art at present, I shall know the bath is empty, and provide thee with more money. Ala preserve thee, my dear gentleman!"

These were the contents and purport of the second paper; which being read in presence of us all, each proposed himself as the person to be ransomed, promising to go and return with the utmost punctuality; I likewise offered myself for that purpose. But the renegade opposed the proposal; saying, that he could by no means consent that one should be set free, before we had all obtained our liberty: because experience had taught him, how ill those who are free perform the promises they have made in their captivity; for prisoners of note had often practised the expedient of ransoming one of their number, to go to Valencia or Majorca, with money to purchase an armed bark, and return for his companions, but they never saw his face again; for, having

ing once obtained his own liberty, the dread of losing it again, by returning, blots all manner of obligations out of his remembrance. As a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a case which had lately happened to some Christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest circumstances ever known even in these parts, where the most uncommon and surprizing events occur almost every day. In short, he told us, the most practicable and prudent scheme was, to give him the money we should receive for our ransom, with which he would purchase a bark at Algiers, under pretence of becoming merchant, and trading to Tetuan, and the other places on that coast; and that being master of the vessel, he would soon contrive the means of disengaging us from the bath, and getting us all on board; especially if the Moorish lady should perform her promise in supplying us with money sufficient to pay the ransom of our whole company; in which case, being no longer slaves, we might embark with the greatest ease and safety, even at noon-day. The greatest difficulty that occurred, was the backwardness of the Moors, to allow a renegade to purchase or command a vessel, unless it be a large cruiser for pirating; because they suspect, especially if he be a Spaniard, that his sole motive in buying a small bark, is to make his escape into Christendom; but he undertook to remedy that inconvenience, by giving a share of the bark and profits of the merchandize to a Tangarin Moor; by which means he should be master of the bark, and of consequence, have it in his power to accomplish the whole affair.

Although, in the opinion of me and my companions, there was no better plan than that of sending to Majorca for a bark, as the Moorish lady had proposed, we durst not contradict the sentiments of the renegade, lest he, being disoblighd by our acting contrary to his intention, should make a discovery of our correspondence with the fair Moor, and endanger not only our lives, but also that of Zorayda, for which we would have willingly sacrificed our own. We therefore determined to rely upon God and the renegade; and immediately wrote

an answer to Zorayda, importing, that we would adhere in every thing to her advice, which was as prudent as if it had been dictated by Lela Marien; and that it depended solely upon her, either to hasten or retard the negotiation; pledging my faith anew to become her spouse. In consequence of this intimation, the very next day, when the bath happened to be empty, she, at different times, by means of the cane and handkerchief, transmitted two thousand crowns in gold, with a paper signifying, that on the first Jama, which is Friday, she should set out for her father's garden, but before her departure, supply us with more money; and desired us to inform her, if we should find that insufficient; for she would give us as much as we could desire, her father having such vast sums, that he would never be sensible of what she took, especially as all his keys were in her possession. We immediately accommodated the renegade with five hundred crowns, for the purchase of the bark; with eight hundred more I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a Valentian merchant then residing at Algiers, who bargained for my ransom with the king, and obtained my freedom, upon giving his word to pay the money on the arrival of the first ship from Valencia; for, if he had paid it immediately, the king would have suspected that the ransom had been some time at Algiers, and that the merchant had hitherto detained it for his own convenience. In short, my master was so contentious, that I durst by no means disburse the money at once. On the Thursday before the fair Zorayda removed to her father's country house, she gave us another thousand crowns, and apprized us of her departure; intreating me, as soon as I should be ransomed, to make myself acquainted with her father's garden, and find some opportunity of going thither to see her. I answered, in few words, that I would obey her in every thing, desiring she would fervently recommend us to Lela Marien in all those prayers which she had learned of the slave.

This affair being transacted, means were concerted for ransoming my three companions; lest, seeing me at liberty and themselves confined, since I had

‘ money enough to procure their freedom, they should be chagrined and tempted by the devil to do something to the prejudice of Zorayda; for although their honour and integrity might have secured me against any such apprehension, I would not run the smallest risk, and therefore took care they should be ransomed by the same canal through which my liberty was obtained; depositing the whole sum required in the merchant’s hands, that he might, with more certainty and confidence, act the part of their bondsman; though we never disclosed to him our secret commerce with Zorayda, for fear of what might happen.

C H A P. XIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE CAPTIVE’S ADVENTURES.

‘ **B**EFORE fifteen days had elapsed, our renegado had purchased a stout vessel capable of containing thirty persons at least; and to secure what he had done with a favourable pretext, he made a voyage to a place called Sargel, about thirty leagues from Algiers, towards the coast of Oran, where there is a great traffick of dried figs; and he made two or three trips of this kind in company with the Tagarin Moor already mentioned. The Moors of Arragon are in Barbary called Tagarins, and those of Grenada go by the name of Mudajares; though these last are in the kingdom of Fez called Elches, being the people whom the king chiefly uses in his wars. I say, then, in every passage, the renegado brought his bark to an anchor in a small creek, within two bow-shots of Agimorato’s garden, and there purposely employed himself and his Moorish rowers in practising the Zala*, or attempted that in jest which he intended to execute in earnest. He went frequently to Zorayda’s garden on pretence of asking fruit, which he always received from her father, though he did not know him; but although, as he afterwards owned, he wanted to speak with Zorayda, and tell her that he was the person appointed by me to carry her off to the land of the Christians, that she might be satisfied and secure

‘ of his fidelity; he never had an opportunity of executing his design, for the Moorish women avoid the sight of their own countrymen and the Turks, unless when they are commanded to appear by their parents and husbands; though they talk and converse with Christian captives even more freely than decency allows. I should have been very much concerned had he spoke with her, because it would perhaps have given her great uneasiness to see renegades intrusted with the affair; but God, who ordained all for the best, gave him no opportunity of fulfilling his well-meaning intention.

‘ Perceiving how securely he traded to and from Sargel, and anchored when, where, and how he pleased, his partner submitting to his direction in all things; and that I being ransomed, there was nothing wanted but some Christians to row, he desired me to pick out those who should accompany me exclusive of my friends who were ransomed, and bespeak them for the Friday following, which he had appointed for the day of our departure. Seeing him thus determined, I spoke to a dozen Spaniards, all of them able-bodied rowers, and people who could easily get out of the city; and indeed it was no small difficulty to find so many at that conjuncture, for no fewer than twenty gallees being then out upon the cruize, almost all the rowers were employed, so that I should not have found those I have mentioned had not their master staid at home that summer to finish a vessel which he had on the stocks. All I said to them was, that next Friday in the evening they should slyly slip out of the city one by one, and betake themselves to Agimorato’s garden, where they should wait my coming; and I directed every one by himself, if he should meet with other Christians at the rendezvous, to say nothing but that I had ordered him to wait for me in that place.

‘ This point being settled, another precaution still more necessary remained untaken; this was to advertise Zorayda of the situation of our affairs, that she might be prepared and guarded against surprize at our sudden assault, before she could think it possible that the Christian bark was arrived. Re-

* Zala, or Sala; is the Moorish salutation.

“ solved therefore to see and speak with her if possible one day before our departure, I went to the garden on pretence of gathering some herbs, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language used through all Barbary, and even at Constantinople, between the captives and the Moors; it is neither Arabick nor Castilian, nor indeed peculiar to any nation, but a mixture of different tongues by which we make shift to understand each other. I say, he asked in this sort of jargon who I was, and what I wanted in his garden? I answered, that I was a slave belonging to Arnaut Mami, who I knew to be an intimate friend of his, and that I wanted a few herbs for a salad. In consequence of this answer, he enquired whether or not I was to be ransomed, and what my master demanded for my freedom? And while we were thus conversing together, the fair Zorayda came out into the garden. She had already perceived me from a window of the house; and as the Moorish women make no scruple of shewing themselves to Christians, with whom, as I have already observed, they are not at all shy, she without any hesitation walked towards the place where I was standing with her father, who no sooner saw her, than he called at a distance desiring her to come up. It would be a difficult task for me at present to describe the exceeding beauty, the genteel mien, the gay and rich ornaments with which my beloved Zorayda then presented herself before mine eyes: I shall only observe, that the pearls about her beauteous neck and ears out-numbered the hairs of her head. On her ancles, which were bare, according to the custom of the country, she wore carcaxes, (by which name the bracelets for the feet are called in the Morisco language) of the purest gold, set with such a quantity of diamonds, that she afterwards told me her father valued them at twenty thousand ducats; and those she wore upon her wrists were of equal richness. The pearls, though in such a vast number, were extremely fine; for the greatest pride and magnificence of the Moorish women lie in pearls and embroidery; consequently there is a greater quantity of pearls and seed-pearl in Barbary than in all the

other nations of the world; and Zorayda's father had the reputation of possessing the greatest number and the best in Algiers, together with a fortune of two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which the who is now mine was once mistress. Whether with the assistance of all these ornaments she appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after the great fatigues she hath undergone; for it is well known that the beauty of some women hath it's days and seasons, and is diminished or increased according to the circumstances that happen; being improved or impaired, nay, often totally destroyed, by the passions of the mind. In short, she approached in all the pomp of dress, and all the excess of beauty; at least to me she seemed the most beautiful creature I had ever seen; which circumstance, joined to the obligation I lay under, made me look upon her as an angel sent from heaven for my delight and deliverance. When she came up, her father told her in their own language that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaut Mami, and had come for a salad; upon which she took up the discourse, and in that jumble of languages before-mentioned asked if I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself? I answered, that I was already ransomed, and that she might see in what esteem I was with my master by the sum he received for my freedom, which was no less than fifteen hundred sultanins. To this observation she replied, “ Truly, if thou hadst belonged to my father, he should not have parted with thee for twice the sum; for you Christians always dissemble, and call yourselves poorer than you really are, with a view of imposing upon the Moors.” — That may be sometimes the case, Madam,” said I, “ but I adhered to the truth in bargaining with my master, and will deal honestly with all mankind.” She then asked how soon I intended to depart: and I answered, “ To-morrow, I believe; there is a French ship in the harbour to sail in the morning, and I have some thoughts of taking my passage on board of her.” — “ Had not you better stay till the arrival of a vessel from

"Spain," said Zorayda, "than trust yourself with the French, who are no good friends of yours?"—"No, Madam," answered I; "though, as there is a Spanish ship expected, if she arrives immediately, I believe I shall wait for her; but it is more likely that I shall sail to-morrow; for the desire I have to see myself in my native country with those I love, is too strong to let me wait for any other convenience, let it be ever so good."—"Without doubt," said Zorayda, "thou art married in thy own country, and therefore desirous of being with thy wife?"—"I am not yet wedded," I replied; "but under promise of being married at my return."—"And is the woman beautiful to whom thou hast pledged thy faith?" said she. "So beautiful," answered I, "that, to compliment her, and tell thee the truth, she is the exact resemblance of thyself."

Her father laughed heartily at this declaration, saying, "Truly, Christian, she must be very handsome indeed, if she resembles my daughter, who is the most beautiful woman in this kingdom: look at her, and thou wilt see whether or not I speak truth."

In the greatest part of this conversation, Agimorato served as interpreter for his daughter, he being better acquainted with this spurious language, which, though she understood a little, in consequence of it's being much spoke among the Moors, she explained her meaning by signs, oftener than by words.

While we were engaged in this and other such conversation, a Moor ran towards us, crying aloud, that four Turks having got through the pales, or leaped over the garden-wall, were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. At this information the old man and Zorayda started; for the Moors are commonly, and as it were naturally, afraid of the Turks, especially the soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious to their Moorish subjects, that they treat them worse than if they were slaves. Accordingly, the father said to Zorayda, "Daughter, retire to the house; and lock thyself up, while I go and talk to those dogs; and thou, Christian," (turning to me) "gather thy herbs, and depart in peace; and Ala send thee safe into

thy own country!" I made my obeisance, and he went in search of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who pretended to go homeward according to her father's desire; but no sooner was he out of sight, among the trees of the garden, than she came back, with her eyes drowned in tears, saying, "Amexi, Christiano, amexi!" the signification of which address is, "Thou art going away, Christian, thou art going away!"—"Yes, Madam," answered I, "but by no means without you: on the next Jama expect me, and be not afraid when you see us; for we shall certainly go to the land of the Christians." I made shift to express myself in such a manner, that she understood this, and every thing else that I said; and throwing her arm about my neck, began to walk towards the house, with a slow and faltering pace: but it pleased fortune, which might have proved very unlucky, had not Heaven otherwise ordained, that while we walked in this attitude, with her arm about my neck, we were observed by her father, on his return from having sent away the Turks; and we immediately perceived ourselves discovered. Nevertheless, Zorayda, prompted by her discretion and presence of mind, would not take her arm from my neck; but, on the contrary, coming closer to me, let her head drop upon my bosom, and her knees sunk under her, as if she was fainting; while I seemed to support her with a sort of strained civility.

The father seeing his daughter in this situation, ran towards us with great concern, and asked what was the matter: but she making no reply, "Doubtless," said he, "she hath fainted with the fright occasioned by the insolence of those dogs." Then, taking her out of my arms, he supported her in his own; while she, fetching a deep sigh, the tears still continuing in her eyes, repeated, "Amexi, Christiano, amexi!—Begone Christian, begone."—"There is no necessity for the Christian's departure," said the father, "he hath done thee no harm; and as the Turks are gone already, be not disturbed: thou hast no cause to be uneasy; for as I have already said, the Turks, at my entreaty, went out

“as they had come in.”—“Indeed, Sir,” said I, “they have discomposed her very much, as you observe; but since she desires me to go, I will not stay to give offence. Peace be with you! I will, with your permission, return to this garden for herbs, if they should be wanted; for my master says there are none better to be found in any other place.”—“Thou maystest come as often as thou wilt,” answered Agimorato: “what my daughter says is not out of resentment against thee or any other Christian; but, instead of bidding the Turks begone, she applied the words to thee, or else thought it was time for thee to go and gather thy herbs.” I then took leave of them both; and she, as if her soul had been rent from her body, went away with her father; while I, on pretence of culling my sallad, went round the whole garden at my pleasure, observing all the entries and outlets, together with the strength of the house, and every convenience that might tend to facilitate our purpose.

Having thus reconnoitred, I went and communicated my observations to the renegado and the rest of my companions, longing eagerly for the hour of seeing myself in peaceable possession of the blessing which fortune presented in the beauteous and charming Zorayda. At length the intervening time elapsed, and the long-wished-for day and period arrived, when all of us, following the order and plan which had been often canvassed, and at last settled, after the most mature deliberation, our desires were happily accomplished. On the Friday after I had spoke with Zorayda, Morrenago, which was the renegade's name, anchored his bark, at night-fall, opposite to the place where my charming mistress resided; and the Christians who were to row, in consequence of my directions, lay already concealed in different corners, all around the place, waiting for me with impatience, joy, and desire of attacking the vessel which was in view; for they were ignorant of our confederacy with the renegade, and believed that they must win and maintain their liberty by force of arms, in killing all the Moors who belonged to the bark; wherefore, as soon as I

and my companions appeared, those who were hid came and joined us immediately, about the time when the city gates were shut, so that not a soul was to be seen in the fields. Being all met together, we were in some doubt whether we should go immediately for Zorayda, or first of all secure the Moorish rowers belonging to the bark. While we hesitated on this point, the renegado arriving, asked what we waited for; observing, that now was the time, the Moors being altogether unguarded, and the greatest part of them actually asleep. We told him the subject of our doubt, upon which he assured us, that it was of the greatest consequence to make ourselves first masters of the bark, a precaution which might be easily taken, without running the least hazard, and then we could go in quest of Zorayda, with greater security. His advice was unanimously approved; and therefore, without farther delay, we followed him as guide to the vessel, into which he leaped, and drawing a scymitar, called in the Moorish language, “Let none of you stir on pain of death.” The Christians were at his back in an instant; while the Moors being naturally pusillanimous, hearing their master talk in this manner, were seized with consternation; and as there were few or no arms on board, suffered themselves, without the least resistance, to be fettered by the Christians, who performed this office with infinite dexterity and dispatch, threatening to put them all to the sword, if any one of them should raise his voice, or attempt to make the least noise.

This scheme being executed, we left one half of our number to guard them, and with the rest, using the renegado still as our guide, went to Agimorato's garden-door, which fortunately opened with as much ease as if it had not been locked; so that, without being perceived, we proceeded to the house with great silence and compofure. The adorable Zorayda, who stood waiting for us at a window, no sooner perceived people at the door, than she asked with a low voice, if we were Nazarini? which in their language signifies Christians. I replied in the affirmative, desiring her to come down: when she knew my voice, she made

made no delay, but without answering one syllable, came down in a moment, opened the door, and appeared so beautiful and richly dressed, as to surpass all description. Transported at the sight, I took her hand and kissed it most devoutly; the renegado and my two companions did the same, and the rest, though ignorant of the occasion, followed our example, thinking we expressed our thanks and acknowledgments to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegado asked, in the Morisco tongue, if her father was in the house: and she assuring him, that he was asleep in his own apartment; "Then it will be necessary," said Morrenago, "to wake and carry him off, together with every thing of value, in this agreeable habitation."—"Touch not my father," said she, "and take my word for it there is nothing valuable in this house but what I have secured, which is enough to make you all rich and happy; stay a little, and thou shalt see."

So saying, she went back into the house, protesting she would immediately return, and desiring us to make no noise. I then asked the renegado what had passed between them, and when he told me, charged him to do nothing that should be disagreeable to Zorayda, who soon returned with a coffer so full of golden crowns, that she could scarce support the weight. But our evil fortune ordained that her father should wake in the interim, and hear a noise in the garden; upon which he started up, and running to the window, no sooner perceived that we were all Christians, than he began to bawl in Arabick with vast vociferation, "Christians! Christians! thieves! thieves!" and his cries threw us all into the utmost terror and confusion; however, the renegado seeing the danger we were in, and how much it imported him to achieve the enterprize without being detected, ran up to Agimorato, with infinite agility, being accompanied with some others of our company, as I could not leave Zorayda, who by this time had fainted in my arms; in short, those who entered the house managed him so well, that in a moment they brought him down with his hands tied, and an handkerchief

in his mouth, to hinder him from crying, threatening all the while, that if he presumed to speak, it would cost him his life. His daughter covered her eyes, that she might not see her father in that condition; while he was astonished at sight of her, little thinking how willingly she had put herself in our power, and our feet being then more necessary than our hands, we, with great industry and dispatch, returned to the vessel, where we were expected with impatience by those we had left, who had begun to fear we had met with some mischance.

Before two hours of the night had elapsed, we were all safe on board, where we untied the hands of Zorayda's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; though the renegado commanded him again to be silent, on pain of death. Seeing his daughter also in our power, he began to sigh most bitterly, more especially as he perceived her lie quietly in my arms, without resisting, complaining, or the least appearance of constraint; but he was fain to hold his tongue, lest the renegado should put his repeated threats in execution. Zorayda now seeing us embarked, and on the point of manning the oars, while her father and the other Moors remained fettered, as prisoners among us, bade the renegado desire, in her name, that I would be so good as to dismiss the Moors, and set her father at liberty; for she would rather throw herself into the sea, than behold a parent, who loved her so much, dragged into captivity on her account. Morrenago having made me acquainted with her request, I consented to the proposal; but he said it was by no means expedient, because, should we leave them there, they would instantly alarm both town and country; so that some light frigates would be sent out in pursuit of us, and then we should be so beset, both by sea and land, that it would be impossible for us to escape; he proposed, therefore, to set them at liberty on the first Christian land he should make. We were all of the same opinion, which was also embraced by Zorayda, to whom he imparted the reasons which hindered us from complying immediately with her desire; then each of our valiant rowers laid hold of his oar with joy, silence, and alacrity,

alacrity, and recommending ourselves to the protection of God, we took our departure, directing our course towards the island of Majorca, which was the nearest Christian land; but, the north wind beginning to blow, and the sea becoming rough, it was impossible to steer our course, and we were obliged to row along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehension of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies upon that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers; we were also afraid of meeting, in those parts, with some of the galleys which frequently come thither from Tetuan to trade; though each of us singly, and all of us together, presumed, that if we could fall in with a merchant-vessel not fitted out, or manned for a corsair, far from losing our liberty again, we should make ourselves masters of a ship in which we might perform our voyage with more security. While we thus coasted along, Zorayda lay with her head in my bosom; that she might not see her father in distress; and I could hear her imploring Lela Marien to assist us in our design.

When we had rowed about thirty miles, day-breaking discovered that we were about three gun-shots distant from the shore of a desert country, where not a soul appeared to detect us; but, for all that, we plied hard to get a little farther off to sea, which was now somewhat calmer; and having made about two leagues, directed the men to row by turns, that we might refresh ourselves with the provisions, of which we had plenty in the bark; but the rowers said, it was then no time to be idle, and desired the rest to bring them victuals, which they would eat while at work, protesting that they would by no means quit their oars; this hint was accordingly taken, and a fresh gale springing up, we were obliged to lay aside our oars, and make sail directly for Oran; for it was impossible to follow any other course. All this was done with great expedition; we sailed at the rate of eight miles in an hour, without any other dread than that of falling in with some corsair. We ordered some victuals to be given to the Moors, who were consoled by the renegado's telling them, that they were not slaves, and

should have their freedom with the first opportunity; the same declaration he made to Zorayda's father, who answered, "I might expect any other favour from your generosity and courteous behaviour, O Christians! but, you must not think me so simple as to believe you will give me my freedom; for you would never have run such risk in depriving me of it, with a view of restoring it so liberally; especially, when you know who I am, and the advantage you may reap from my ransom, which, if you will now propose, I here promise to pay your utmost demand, for myself and this unhappy daughter, or for her alone, who is the better part of my soul!"

So saying, he wept with such bitterness, as moved us all to compassion, and obliged Zorayda to lift up her eyes; when seeing the tears trickle down from his aged cheeks, she was melted, and rising from the place where I supported her, went to embrace her father; then joining her face to his, the two uttered such a tender lamentation, as drew tears of sympathy from the eyes of almost all those who heard it: but, when Agimorato perceived her so gayly dressed, with all her jewels about her, he said with some surprize, in their language, "What is the meaning of this finery, my child? Last night, before this terrible misfortune happened, I saw thee in thy ordinary and common dress; but now, though thou hadst neither time, nor any happy tidings to solemnize with such ornaments and finery, I see thee decked in all the richest apparel I could contrive or bestow upon thee, while fortune was much more favourable than at present! Answer me in this particular, at which I am more concerned and surprized, than at the mishap which hath befallen us?" The renegado interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, who made no answer to his question; but when he saw on one side of the bark the coffer in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew he had left at Algiers, when he moved to his country-house; he was still more confounded, and asked how that casket had fallen into our hands, and what it contained. To this question the renegado replied, without

without waiting for Zorayda's answer; "You need not weary yourself, Signior, in putting so many questions to your daughter; for I can satisfy you in one word: know, then, that Zorayda is a Christian; that she hath filed off our chains, and converted our captivity into freedom; that she came hither of her own accord, and is now, I believe, as well satisfied with her present condition as one delivered from darkness to light, from death to life, and from affliction to triumph."—"Daughter!" cried the Moor, "is that which he affirms true?"—"Yes," replied Zorayda. "That thou art actually a Christian, and the very person who hath put thy father into the hands of his enemies?" resumed the old man. "I am a Christian, 'tis true," said Zorayda, "but not the person who reduced you to this situation; for, my desire never extended so far as either to leave or render you unhappy, my sole intention being to provide for my own welfare."—"And how hast thou provided for it, my child?" replied the father. "Put that question to Lela Marien," said she, "who will inform you better than I can."

Scarce had these words reached the ears of Agimorato, than, with incredible agility, he darted himself headlong into the sea; where, without all doubt, he must have perished, had not his large entangling robes helped to keep him afloat. Zorayda shrieking, begged we would save her father; upon which we all exerted ourselves, and laying hold of his upper garment, pulled him on board, already half drowned, and deprived of all sensation; when she was so much affected with his condition, that she uttered a most tender and doleful lamentation over him, as if he had been actually dead. Having turned him upon his face, a great quantity of water ran out of his mouth, and he recovered the use of his senses, in the space of two hours, during which, the wind shifting, we were driven towards the shore, and by main dint of rowing kept from running aground;

but by good fortune, we arrived in a creek formed by a small creek or promontory, known among the Moors by the name of Cava Rumia, which signifies, the wicked Christian woman; there being a tradition among them, that Cava, on whose account they lost their possessions in Spain, is interred in that place; for Cava, in their language, implies a wicked woman, and Rumia, signifies Christian: so that they look upon it as a bad omen, when they are obliged, by necessity, to drop anchor here; and, except in cases of emergency, they never attempt it: though to us, it was by no means the shelter of a wicked woman, but a secure harbour in stormy weather. Having placed centinels on shore, without quitting our oars, we made another meal of what the renegade had provided; and prayed heartily to God and the blessed Virgin, to favour and assist us, in bringing such a fortunate beginning to a happy conclusion. We then determined, at the intreaty of Zorayda, to set her father and the Moors, whom we had fettered, on shore, because she had not resolution enough, nor could her tender disposition endure to see her parent and countrymen in the condition of captives; we accordingly promised to gratify her desire, at our departure, since we ran no risk in setting them at liberty in that uninhabited place.

Our prayers were not so vain as to be rejected by Heaven, that sent a favourable wind and a smooth sea, inviting us to proceed with alacrity in the voyage we had undertaken. This we no sooner perceived, than unbinding the Moors, we put them all on shore, one by one, to their no small astonishment: but, when we came to dismiss Zorayda's father, who by this time had recovered the entire use of his senses, "Christians," said he, "do you think that bad woman rejoices at my freedom through filial piety? No, surely! but merely to be rid of the check which she would receive from my presence, in seeking to gratify her vicious de-

* Cava, or Caba, daughter of Count Julian, Count of Ceuta, was violated by Roderick king of Spain; and, in order to revenge this injury, the father called the Saracens into that kingdom, in the year 712.

“ fires. Do not imagine that she hath
 “ been induced to change her reli-
 “ gion, because she believes that the
 “ Christian faith is preferable to ours ?
 “ No ; she hath apostatized, because
 “ she understood that, in your country,
 “ she might indulge her loose inclina-
 “ tions more freely than in her own.”
 “ Then turning to Zorayda, while I
 “ and another Christian held him fast,
 “ that he might not commit some de-
 “ sperate action, he said, “ O in-
 “ famous wretch, and ill-advised
 “ maiden ! what blindness and distrac-
 “ tion hath prompted thee to put
 “ thyself in the power of these dogs,
 “ who are all our natural foes ? Curs-
 “ ed be the hour in which thou wast
 “ engendered ! and cursed be the gaiety
 “ and indulgence in which I brought
 “ thee up !”

“ Perceiving that there was no like-
 “ lihood of his ending his exclama-
 “ tions for some time, I presently set
 “ him on shore, where he proceeded
 “ with his reproaches, imprecations,
 “ and complaints, imploring the me-
 “ diation of Mahomet with Ala,
 “ to confound, overwhelm, and de-
 “ stroy us : and when we had failed
 “ out of hearing, we could perceive
 “ him act his despair, pulling his
 “ beard, and rolling himself upon the
 “ ground ; nay, once he raised his
 “ voice in such a manner, that we
 “ could distinctly hear him pronounce,
 “ Return, my beloved daughter ! re-
 “ turn to the shore ; I forgive all that
 “ is past : leave with these men the
 “ money which they already have in
 “ their possession, and return to com-
 “ fort thy disconsolate father, who, if
 “ thou forsakest him, will lie down
 “ and breathe his last upon this bar-
 “ ren sand !” This pathetick address
 “ was heard by Zorayda, who lament-
 “ ed his affliction with the utmost sen-
 “ sibility, though she could make no
 “ other reply than this : “ Alagrant, my
 “ dear father, that Lela Marien, who
 “ was the cause of my conversion,
 “ may console you in your distress !
 “ Ala knows I could not do other-
 “ wise than I have acted, and that
 “ these Christians owe nothing to any
 “ particular good-will I bore them ;
 “ for, if I had not assisted and accom-
 “ panied them in their escape, but re-
 “ mained at home with you, it would
 “ have been impossible for me, in
 “ consequence of the earnest solici-

“ tations of my own soul, to execut-
 “ that which, in my opinion, is as
 “ righteous as it is infamous and
 “ wicked in yours.” But these
 “ words never reached the ears of her
 “ father, whom by this time we could
 “ not perceive : I therefore endeavour-
 “ ed to console my amiable mistress ;
 “ while the rest were intent upon our
 “ voyage, which was so much favoured
 “ by a fair wind, that we laid our ac-
 “ count with being next day on the
 “ coast of Spain.

“ But, as good fortune seldom comes
 “ pure and single, unattended or un-
 “ pursued by some troublesome and un-
 “ expected circumstance, it was or-
 “ dained by Heaven, (perhaps, in con-
 “ sequence of the curses imprecated by
 “ the Moor upon his daughter ; for
 “ such curses are to be dreaded, let the
 “ parent be what he will :) I say, Heaven
 “ ordained, that when we were a good
 “ way off at sea, with a flowing sheet,
 “ three hours of the night being al-
 “ ready spent, the oars lashed up, be-
 “ cause the fair wind made it unne-
 “ cessary to use them, and the moon
 “ shining with remarkable brightness ;
 “ we perceived a large round vessel
 “ with all her sails out, steering a little
 “ upon the wind, right athwart our
 “ hause, and so near that we were
 “ obliged to shorten sail, that she
 “ might not run foul of us, while she
 “ clapped her helm a-weather that we
 “ might have time to pass : those upon
 “ deck hailed us, asking who we were,
 “ whence we came, and whither bound ;
 “ but, as they spoke in French, the
 “ renegado said, “ Let no man an-
 “ swer ; these are French privateers,
 “ who make prize of every thing that
 “ falls in their way.”

“ Thus cautioned, we made no re-
 “ ply, but sailed on, leaving the ship
 “ a little to windward ; when all of a
 “ sudden, they discharged two pieces
 “ of cannon, loaded, in all appear-
 “ ance, with chain-shot ; for one of
 “ them cut away our mast in the middle,
 “ which, with the sail, fell overboard
 “ into the sea ; and the other coming a
 “ moment after, took us amidships,
 “ and laid the side of the bark entirely
 “ open, without doing any other mis-
 “ chief. Seeing ourselves going to the
 “ bottom, we began to cry aloud for
 “ assistance, beseeching the people in
 “ the ship to save us from perishing :
 “ then they brought to, and hoisting

H h

“ out

' out their boat or pinnace, it was
 ' instantly manned by a dozen of
 ' Frenchmen, well armed with their
 ' muskets, and lighted match, who
 ' rowing up to us, and seeing how few
 ' we were, as also that our bark was
 ' on the point of foundering, took us
 ' in, observing that this misfortune
 ' had happened, because we had been
 ' so uncivil as to refuse an answer to
 ' their hail: while the renegade, with-
 ' out being perceived, took up the
 ' coffer in which Zorayda's treasure
 ' was contained, and threw it into
 ' the sea. In short, we went on board
 ' with the French, who, when they
 ' had informed themselves of every
 ' thing we could impart, for their
 ' purpose; as if they had been our
 ' enemies, plundered us of all that we
 ' had, taking from Zorayda the very
 ' bracelets she wore upon her ancles.
 ' But their behaviour to her gave me
 ' the more anxiety, as I was afraid
 ' that, after having pilfered all her
 ' rich and precious jewels, they would
 ' proceed to rob her of that which was
 ' of greater value, and which she her-
 ' self esteemed infinitely more than all
 ' the rest: but the desires of those
 ' people extend no farther than to
 ' money, and with that they can
 ' never satiate their avarice, which
 ' then engrossed them so much, that
 ' they would even have robbed us of
 ' the wretched garments we wore in
 ' our captivity, if they could have
 ' applied them to any sort of use; nay,
 ' some among them proposed to wrap
 ' us all together in a sail, and throw us
 ' into the sea; because they intended
 ' to trade in the ports of Spain, under
 ' pretence of being Bretons, and if
 ' they carried us thither alive, their
 ' depredation would be discovered,
 ' and themselves chastised accord-
 ' ingly. But the captain, who had
 ' with his own hands rifled my be-
 ' loved Zorayda said, he was satis-
 ' fied with the prize he had got, and
 ' resolved to touch at no port in Spain,
 ' but pass the Straits of Gibraltar in
 ' the night, or take the best oppor-
 ' tunity of so doing that should occur,
 ' and return to Rochelle, from whence
 ' he had sailed on the cruize; they,
 ' therefore, agreed to give us their
 ' boat, with what necessaries we should
 ' want, to finish the little that re-
 ' mained of our voyage: this promise

' they actually performed next day,
 ' at a small distance from the Spanish
 ' coast, at sight of which, all our po-
 ' verty and vexation vanished from
 ' our remembrance, as if we had never
 ' endured them; such is the transport
 ' occasioned by liberty regained! It
 ' might be about noon when we were
 ' put into the boat, with two casks of
 ' water and some biscuit; and the
 ' captain, moved to compassion at the
 ' distress of the lovely Zorayda, gave
 ' her to the amount of forty crowns
 ' in gold, and would not suffer his
 ' soldiers to strip her of the cloaths
 ' which she now wears; so that, at part-
 ' ing, instead of complaining of the
 ' hard usage we met with, we thanked
 ' them kindly for the benefit we had
 ' received at their hands. They steered
 ' right before the wind for the Straits,
 ' while we, without minding any other
 ' compass than that of the land that
 ' appeared a-head, plied our oars so vi-
 ' gorously, that at sun-set we were near
 ' enough to conclude, that we could
 ' easily reach the shore before the night
 ' should be far advanced; but that
 ' night being dark, without any moon-
 ' shine, and every body on board igno-
 ' rant of the coast, some of our com-
 ' pany judged it unsafe to row ashore,
 ' while others insisted upon our running
 ' that hazard, even if we should land
 ' among rocks, or in some uninhabited
 ' part of the country, that we might be
 ' secured from the just apprehension of
 ' meeting with some rovers from Tetu-
 ' an, who are frequently in the begin-
 ' ning of the night in Barbary, and in
 ' the morning on the Spanish coast,
 ' where having taken a prize, they re-
 ' turn the same day, and sleep at home
 ' in their own houses. Of these con-
 ' trary opinions, we chose that of rowing
 ' gently towards the shore, with intent,
 ' if the smoothness of the sea would
 ' permit, to land at the first convenient
 ' place. In consequence of this reso-
 ' lution, a little before midnight we
 ' arrived at the foot of a huge and lofty
 ' mountain, though not so rocky to-
 ' wards the sea but that there was a
 ' little space left for commodious land-
 ' ing. The boat being run ashore, and
 ' all of us disembarked, we kissed the
 ' ground, and with tears of unutterable
 ' joy, returned sincere thanks to our
 ' gracious Lord, for his unparalleled
 ' protection vouchsafed to us in the
 ' voyage:

‘ voyage: then we took out the provision, and dragging her on shore, ascended a vast way up the mountain; not being as yet able to quiet our apprehensions, or persuade ourselves, though it actually was so, that the soil we trod was Christian ground. The day broke much later than we could have wished, and about this time we gained the summit of the mountain, purposing to look from thence for some village or shepherd-huts; but, although we viewed the whole country around, we could neither discern village, house, highway, path, nor the least trace of human footsteps. Nevertheless, we determined to penetrate farther into the country, since it could not be long before we should discover some person who would give us information; but what gave me the greatest concern was, to see Zorayda travelling on foot among the flinty rocks; for though I sometimes took her on my shoulders, she was much more fatigued with seeing me weary, than refreshed by finding herself exempted from walking, and therefore would not allow me to take any more trouble of that kind, but proceeded with infinite cheerfulness and patience, while I led her by the hand all the way.

‘ In this manner we had gone about a quarter of a league, when our ears were saluted by the sound of a small sheep-bell, which was a sure sign of a flock’s being somewhere not far off: looking therefore attentively to discover it, we perceived a young shepherd, sitting with great composure at the root of a cork-tree, smoothing a stick with his knife. When we called to him, he raised his head, and started nimbly up; and, as we afterwards understood, the renegade and Zorayda, who were in Moorish dress, being the first objects that presented themselves to his eyes, he thought all the corsairs of Barbary were upon him, and running with incredible swiftness into a wood that grew near the place where he was, he began to cry as loud as he could bawl, “The Moors! the Moors are landed! The Moors! The Moors! to arms, to arms!” These exclamations threw us all into perplexity; but, reflecting that his cries would alarm the country, and that the cavalry of the coast would

‘ immediately come and see what was the matter; it was agreed, that the renegade should pull off his Turkish robes, and put on a slave’s jacket, with which one of our company accommodated him, though he himself remained in his shirt. This being done, we recommended ourselves to God, and followed the same road which we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment to see ourselves surrounded by the cavalry of the coast. Neither were we deceived in our expectation; for in less than two hours, having crossed those thickets, and entered a plain on the other side, we descried about fifty horsemen riding briskly towards us, at a hand-gallop; upon which we halted until they should come up: but when they arrived, and instead of the Moors they came in quest of beheld so many poor Christian captives, they were utterly confounded; and one of them asked, if we were the people who had been the occasion of a shepherd’s calling to arms. I answered in the affirmative, and being desirous of telling him who we were, whence we came, and what had happened to us; one of our company knew the horseman who accosted us, and without giving me time to speak another word, said, “Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for having conducted us to such an agreeable part of the country; for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we now tread belongs to Velez Malaga—and, if the years of my captivity have not impaired my remembrance, you, Signior, who ask that question, are Pedro Bustamante, my uncle.”

‘ Scarce had the captive pronounced these words, when the cavalier threw himself from his horse, and ran to embrace the young man; saying, “Dear nephew of my life and soul! I now recollect thee; thy supposed death has been mourned by myself, my sister thy mother, and all thy relations, who are still alive; for Heaven hath been pleased to spare their lives, that they might enjoy the pleasure of seeing thee again. I knew thou wast at Algiers, and from the information of thy habit, and that of all your company, I guess you have made a miraculous escape.”—“Your conjecture is true,” replied the young man, “and we shall have time

“to recount the particulars.” As soon as the horsemen understood we were Christian captives, they alighted, and each of them made a tender of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was about a league and a half from the place where they found us. Some of them went to bring the boat round to the city, after we had told them where she lay; others took us up behind them; and Zorayda rode with the Christian’s uncle. All the people came out to receive us, being apprized of our arrival, by one of the troopers who had pushed on before; not that they were surprized at sight of the captives freed, or Moors in captivity, for the inhabitants on that coast are accustomed to see great numbers of both; but they were amazed at the beauty of Zorayda, which was that instant in full perfection; the fatigue of her journey co-operating with the joy she felt in seeing herself in a Christian country, without the fear of being lost, having produced such a bloom upon her countenance, that, unless I was then prejudiced by my affection, I will venture to say, the world never produced, at least, I had never seen, a more beautiful creature.

“We went directly to church, to make our acknowledgments to God for his mercies; and as soon as Zorayda entered, she said she perceived some faces that resembled Lela Marien: we told her these were the images of the blessed virgin; and the renegado, as well as he could, informed her of their signification, that she might adore them, as if each was actually the person of Lela Marien, who had spoke to her; so that, having naturally a good understanding, with a docile and discerning disposition, she easily comprehended what he said upon the subject. From thence they conducted us to our lodgings in different families of the town; the renegado, Zorayda, and I, being invited by the Christian who escaped with us, to the house of his father, who was moderately provided with the good things of this life, and treated us with the same affection he expressed for his own son. Six days we tarried at Velez, during which the renegado having informed himself of what was necessary for him to do, went to the city of Grenada, there,

“by means of the holy inquisition, to be re-admitted into the bosom of our most sacred church: the rest of our company departed, each for his own home; leaving Zorayda and me by ourselves, destitute of every thing but the few crowns which she received from the courtesy of the French corsair. With part of these I bought the animal on which she arrived at this inn, and hitherto have cherished her with the affection of a parent, and the service of a squire, without using the prerogative of a husband; we are now upon the road to the place of my nativity, to see if my father be still alive, and if either of my brothers has been more fortunate than myself; though, as Heaven hath made Zorayda my companion for life, fortune could not have possibly bestowed upon me any other favour which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which she bears the inconveniences attending poverty, and the zeal she manifests to become a Christian, is so great and extraordinary, as to raise my admiration, and engage me to serve her all the days of my life; but the pleasure I take in this office, and in the prospect of seeing her mine, is disturbed and perverted, by reflecting that possibly in my own country I shall not find a corner in which I can shelter the dear object of my love; and that time or death may have made such alterations in the fortune and lives of my father and his other children, that I shall scarce meet with a soul that knows me.

“This, gentlemen, is the substance of my story: whether or not it be agreeable and uncommon, I leave to the decision of your better judgment; assuring you, that I wish I could have related it more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you hath made me suppress a good number of circumstances.”

CH A P. XV.

OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED AT THE INN, WITH MANY OTHER PARTICULARS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN.

HERE the captive left off speaking; and Don Fernando said to him, Really, Signior Captain, the novelty of

‘ of your strange adventures is equalled
 ‘ by your agreeable manner of relating
 ‘ them. Your whole story is uncom-
 ‘ mon, surprizing, and full of incidents
 ‘ that keep the hearers in admiration
 ‘ and suspense; and such is the pleasure
 ‘ we have received from it, that though
 ‘ the narration should have continued
 ‘ till to-morrow morning, we should re-
 ‘ joice at your beginning it anew.’

When this compliment was passed, Cardenio, and all the rest of the company, offered to serve him to the utmost of their power, with such affectionate and sincere expressions of friendship, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised, that if he would go home with him, his brother the marquis should stand god-father to Zorayda; and that he, for his part, would accommodate him in such a manner, that he should return to the place of his nativity with that authority and ease to which he was intitled by his birth and merit. The captive thanked him in the most courteous manner, but declined accepting any of his generous offers.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback, who demanded lodging; and the landlady made answer, that there was not in the whole house an handful of room unengaged. ‘ Be
 ‘ that as it will,’ said one of the horsemen, who had entered the gate, ‘ there
 ‘ must be some found for my lord
 ‘ judge.’ At mention of that name the hostess was disturbed, saying, ‘ Sig-
 ‘ nior, the greatest difficulty is my want
 ‘ of beds; but if his lordship hath
 ‘ brought one along with him, as I sup-
 ‘ pose he hath, he is very welcome to
 ‘ come in; I and my husband will quit
 ‘ our own apartment to accommodate
 ‘ his worship.’—‘ Be it so,’ said the attendant. By this time a person had alighted from the coach, who, by his garb, immediately shewed the nature of his rank and office; for his long robe, with high sleeves tucked up, plainly distinguished him to be a judge, as the servant had affirmed. He led by the hand a young lady seemingly sixteen years of age, dressed in a riding suit, and so sprightly, beautiful, and genteel, as to raise the admiration of all who beheld her: so that those who had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda,

and Zorayda then present, would have thought it a very difficult task to find another woman of equal beauty. Don Quixote seeing the judge and young lady as they entered, pronounced with great solemnity, ‘ Your worship may
 ‘ securely enter and recreate yourself in
 ‘ this castle, which, though narrow and
 ‘ inconvenient, there is no narrowness
 ‘ and inconvenience in this world, but
 ‘ what will make room for arms and
 ‘ letters; especially if they have for their
 ‘ guide and conductor such beauty as
 ‘ that which accompanies the letters of
 ‘ your worship, in the person of that
 ‘ amiable young lady, to whom not only
 ‘ castles ought to open and unfold their
 ‘ gates, but also rocks divide, and
 ‘ mountains bow their heads at her ap-
 ‘ proach. Enter, I say, this paradise,
 ‘ where you will find stars and suns to
 ‘ accompany that heaven which you
 ‘ have brought hither. Here you will
 ‘ find arms in perfection, and beauty
 ‘ in excess!’

The judge marvelled greatly at this address of the knight, whom he earnestly considered, no less surprized at his figure than his words, without knowing what reply to make, so much was he confounded at both; when he was relieved by the appearance of Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda; who, upon hearing the news of their arrival, and the landlady’s description of the young beauty, had come out to welcome and receive her: the beauteous ladies of the inn welcomed this beauteous damsel; while Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, paid their compliments to the judge, in the most civil and polite terms. He was more and more astonished at what he saw and heard, though he could easily perceive that his fellow-lodgers were persons of rank and consequence: but the mien, visage, and figure of Don Quixote, baffled all his conjectures. Compliments having thus passed on all sides, and the conveniences of the inn being duly considered, it was agreed, as before, that all the ladies should sleep together in the fore-mentioned apartment, and the men sit in another room to guard them. The judge was very well satisfied, that his daughter (for such the young maiden was) should lodge with the other ladies, she herself willingly consenting to the pro-
 posal;

posal; and what with part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, and the half of that which the judge brought along with him, they made shift to pass the night more agreeably than they expected.

The captive, who, from the first moment he beheld the judge, felt his heart throb with a sort of intimation that this was his own brother, asked of one of the servants that attended him, his master's name, with the place of his nativity. The footman replied, that his name was the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma; and born, as he had been informed, in the mountains of Leon. This information, together with what he himself had before observed, confirmed him in the opinion, that he was his brother, who by his father's advice had followed his studies. Transported with this discovery, he called aside Don Fernando, the curate, and Cardenio, to whom he imparted the affair, and assured them that the judge was his own brother, by the servant's report, so far on his way to the West Indies, in quality of supreme judge of Mexico. He understood also by the same canal, that the young lady was his daughter, whose birth had cost the mother her life; and that he was very much enriched by his wife's fortune, which had been settled on the children of the marriage. The captive therefore consulted them about the method he should take to make himself known, or rather to be assured before-hand whether upon the discovery his brother would be ashamed of his poverty, or receive him with the bowels of affection. 'Leave that task to my conduct, Signior Captain,' said the curate; 'though there is all the reason in the world to believe that you will meet with a brotherly reception: for the virtue and prudence that appear in his courteous demeanour give no indications of his being proud and unnatural, but rather declare that he knows how to consider the accidents of fortune in the right point of view.'—'Nevertheless,' replied the captain, 'I would not willingly disclose myself of a sudden, but prepare him by some round-about insinua-

tion.'—'I have already told you,' answered the curate, 'that I will manage the affair to your mutual satisfaction.' By this time, the cloth being laid*, and every body sat down to table, except the captive and the ladies, who supped in their own apartment, the curate addressed himself to the judge, saying,—'I had once a comrade of your lordship's name at Constantinople, where I was a slave for many years. He was one of the bravest soldiers and best officers in the Spanish infantry, but his misfortunes were equal to his valour and ability.'—'Dear Sir,' cried the judge, 'what was that officer's name?'—'He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma,' replied the priest, 'and a native of some town in the mountains of Leon. He told me a circumstance that happened between his father, two brothers, and himself, which, had it not been affirmed by a person of his veracity, I should have looked upon as one of those tales which old women tell by the fire-side in winter; for he said his father divided his estate equally among his three sons, whom he at the same time enriched with advice more salutary than any that ever Cato gave. This I know, the choice he made of going into the army succeeded so well, that in a few years, by his gallant behaviour, and without any other assistance than that of his extraordinary virtue, he rose to be captain of foot, and saw himself in the straight road of becoming a field-officer very soon: but there, where he had reason to expect the smiles of fortune, she proved most unkind; he having lost her, with his liberty, on that glorious day of the battle at Lepanto, in which it was found by so many Christians. I was taken in the galea; and, after various vicissitudes, we happened to be fellow-slaves at Constantinople, from whence he was transported to Algiers, where he met with one of the strangest adventures that ever was known.'

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the story of Zorayda, to which the judge listened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the

* This is the second time they have sat down to supper in one night. Vide p. 216.

bench*. But the priest brought it no farther than the period when the French corsairs plundered the Christians who were in the bark, describing the poverty and distress to which they had reduced his comrade and the beautiful Moor; and observing that he did not know what farther befel them, nor whether they had arrived in Spain, or been carried into France.

The captain stood at some distance behind, listening to what the curate said, and observing the emotions of his brother; who, seeing that the curate had made an end of his story, uttered a profound sigh, saying, while the tears gushed from his eyes, ‘O signior! if you knew how nearly I am concerned in what you have related, you would not wonder at these tears, which, in spite of all my fortitude and discretion, trickle from mine eyes. That valiant captain whom you have mentioned is my father’s eldest son, who being more brave and noble-minded than my youngest† brother and me, chose the honourable exercise of arms, which was one of the three paths proposed by our father in his advice, as you seem to have been informed by your companion in adversity. I followed that of letters, in which God hath been pleased to reward my diligence with that station which you see I now maintain: my younger brother is at present in Peru, so rich, that his remittances to my father and me have made large amends for the small sum he carried with him at first; and even enabled the old gentleman fully to indulge his liberal disposition, empowering me also to prosecute my studies with more honour and decency, until I acquired the post I now enjoy. My father is still alive, though daily pining with the desire of hearing from his eldest son, and putting up petitions to Heaven incessantly, that his own eyes may not be closed for ever until he shall have seen those of his first-born in life. What gives me a great deal of surprize is, that a person of his discretion should, in the midst of such trouble and affliction, or even in his prosperity, omit writing to his

‘ father; for if he, or either of us, had known his situation, he should have had no occasion to wait for the miracle of the cane in obtaining his liberty; but at present the uncertainty of his fate gives me the greatest concern, as it is doubtful whether those French have set him at liberty, or taken away his life to conceal their robbery. This apprehension will convert the joy and satisfaction with which I undertook my journey into melancholy and despondence.—O my dear brother! would to Heaven I knew where thou art, that I might go and free thee from all trouble and affliction, though at the expence of my own! Who shall carry the news of thy being alive to our aged father, that although thou art shut up in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, thou mayest be delivered by my brother’s riches and my own!—O generous and lovely Zorayda! who shall requite thy benevolence to my brother, be present at the regeneration of thy soul, and assist at the nuptials which would afford such pleasure to us all!’

These and many other exclamations the judge pronounced with such symptoms of sorrow at the news he had received of his brother, that all the hearers sympathized with him in the expressions of his grief. The curate, seeing every thing succeed to his own expectation, and the captain’s desire, was unwilling to protract the judge’s anguish, and the impatience of the whole company; so rising from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, who was followed by Lucinda, Dorothea, and the young lady lately arrived; then, taking in his other hand the captain, who stood waiting to see what he intended, he went into the room, where the judge and the rest of the gentlemen sat, and presenting them both, said, ‘Dry your tears, my lord judge, and enjoy the completion of your wish; behold your worthy brother, and virtuous sister-in-law: this is Captain Viedma, and that the beautiful Moor who behaved so generously to him in his distress: the French

* A judge in Spanish is called *Oyder*, i. e. *Hearer*; and the original, literally translated, is, ‘The hearer was never so much an hearer before.’

† Cervantes seems to have forgot that the judge was the youngest of the three brothers, the second having gone to the Indies.

‘corfairs have reduced them to this
‘extremity, that you may have an op-
‘portunity of displaying the liberality
‘of your noble breast.’

The captain ran to embrace his brother, who kept him off with both hands fixed on his shoulders, that he might consider him the more attentively; but no sooner did he recollect his features, than he flew into his arms, and shed a flood of tears of joy, while the greatest part of those who were present wept in concert at the affecting scene. The expressions of both the brothers, and their mutual demonstrations of affection, are, I believe, scarce to be conceived, much less described. They briefly recounted their adventures to each other, and manifested the genuine flame of fraternal affection. There the judge embraced Zorayda, making her a tender of all his wealth; there he commanded his daughter to receive her with open arms; there the mutual caresses of the beautiful Christian and lovely Moor renewed the tears of the whole company; there Don Quixote faintly observed these surprizing accidents, which he wholly attributed to the chimeras of knight-errantry; there it was concerted that the captain and Zorayda should return to Seville with his brother, from whence they could advertise their father of the liberty and arrival of his son; that the old gentleman being still able to undertake such a journey, might come and be present at the baptism and nuptials of his daughter-in-law; as it would be impossible for the judge to go far out of his way, because he was informed, that in a month the *flota* would set sail from Seville for New Spain; and it would be extremely inconvenient for him to lose his passage. In short, the whole company were exceedingly rejoiced at the captive’s good fortune; and two-thirds of the night being already exhausted, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remaining part of it; while Don Quixote undertook to guard the castle from the assaults of any giant or wicked adventurer that might possibly covet the vast treasure of beauty which it contained. Those of his acquaintance thanked him for his courteous offer, and afterwards gave an account of his strange disorder to the judge, who was not a little diverted with the detail of his extravagance. Sancho Panza alone

was distracted at their sitting up so late; though, in point of lodging, he was better accommodated than all the rest; for he made his bed of the furniture of his *asa*, which cost him so dear, as will hereafter be seen.

The ladies having retired to their apartment, and every other person disposed of himself as tolerably as he could, Don Quixote went out to keep guard at the castle-gate, according to his promise; and a little before morning, the ladies were serenaded by a voice so clear and well tuned, as to attract the attention of them all, especially of Dorothea, who was awake, and lay in the same bed with Donna Clara de Viedma, the judge’s daughter. Nobody could imagine who the singer was, the voice being single, and unaccompanied by any instrument, and seeming to come sometimes from the stable, and sometimes from the court-yard. While they listened with equal surprize and attention, Cardenio came to the door, saying, ‘You that
‘are not asleep, take notice, and you
‘will hear the voice of a mule-driver, who chaunts most enchanting-
‘ly.’ When Dorothea told him that they had heard it already, he went away; while she, employing her whole attention, when he began to sing again, could plainly distinguish the following words.

CHAP. XVI.

THE AGREEABLE STORY OF THE
YOUNG MULETEER, WITH MANY
OTHER STRANGE INCIDENTS
THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

I.

‘**T**OSS’D in a sea of doubts and fears,
‘Love’s hapless mariner I fail,
‘Where no inviting port appears,
‘To screen me from the stormy gale.

II.

‘At distance view’d, a cheering star
‘Conducts me thro’ the swelling tide;
‘A brighter luminary, far,
‘Than *Palinurus* e’er descry’d.

III.

‘My soul, attracted by it’s blaze,
‘Still follows where it points the way,
‘And while attentively I gaze,
‘Considers not how far I stray.

IV. ‘But

IV.

- ‘ But female pride, reserv’d and shy;
 ‘ Like clouds that deepen on the day,
 ‘ Oft shroud it from my longing eye,
 ‘ When most I need the genial ray.

V.

- ‘ O lovely star, so pure and bright!
 ‘ Whose splendour feeds my vital fire;
 ‘ The moment thou deny’st thy light,
 ‘ Thy lost adorer will expire!’

Here the musician pausing, Dorothea thought it was pity Clara should not hear such an excellent voice; therefore, by gently jogging she waked her, saying, ‘ I ask pardon, my dear Clara, for disturbing you, but my intention in so doing, was to regale you with one of the best voices that ever you heard.’ Clara, being still half asleep, did not at first understand what she said, which, at her desire, Dorothea repeated; and the young lady listened accordingly; but scarce had she heard two lines of the song, which was now resumed, when she began to tremble as violently as if she had been seized with a severe fit of the ague; saying, while she hugged Dorothea, ‘ Ah! dear lady of my life and soul; why did you wake me? The greatest favour that fortune could at present bestow, would be to keep both my eyes and ears fast shut, that I might neither see nor hear that unfortunate musician.’—‘ What do you mean, my dear child?’ answered Dorothea; ‘ consider what you say; he that sings is a young muleteer!’—‘ Ah, no!’ replied Clara, ‘ he is a young gentleman of great fortune, and so much master of my heart, that unless he quits it of his own accord, it shall remain eternally in his possession.’ Dorothea was surprized at this passionate declaration of such a young creature, who seemed to have so much more sensibility than could be expected from her tender years; and said to her, ‘ Truly, Donna Clara, you talk in such a manner that I do not understand you. Pray explain yourself, and tell me the meaning of those expressions, about fortune and heart, and that musician whose voice hath thrown you into such disorder: but say no more at present; for I would not, by attending to your transports, lose the pleasure of hearing the singer, who now seems to be tuning his voice,

‘ and preparing to give us another song.’—‘ With all my heart,’ said Clara, stopping her ears with her fingers, to the farther admiration of Dorothea, who listening attentively, heard the musician proceed in these words:

I.

- ‘ **A** SPIRING Hope; thou, unconfin’d,
 ‘ Pursu’st th’ imaginary path,
 ‘ Thro’ woods, and rocks, and waves com-
 ‘ bin’d,
 ‘ Defying danger, toil, and death.

II.

- ‘ No laurel shall adorn his brow;
 ‘ No happiness the sluggard crown;
 ‘ Who tamely can to fortune bow,
 ‘ And slumber on th’ inglorious down.

III.

- ‘ The joys unmatch’d bestow’d by love,
 ‘ Can never be too dearly priz’d;
 ‘ For undeny’d examples prove,
 ‘ What’s cheaply bought, is soon despis’d.

IV.

- ‘ Success, by the consenting fair,
 ‘ Is oft to perseverance given;
 ‘ Then wherefore should my soul despair
 ‘ Of mounting from this earth to heaven!’

Here the voice ended, and Clara’s sighs beginning afresh, kindled Dorothea’s curiosity to know the cause of such agreeable musick and grievous lamentation; she therefore now desired to hear what her bed-fellow had before proffered to impart. Then Clara, fearful of being overheard by Lucinda, crept close to Dorothea, and applying her mouth to her ear, so that she could securely speak without being perceived, ‘ Dear Madam,’ said she, ‘ that singer is the son of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court lives opposite to my father’s house; and although our windows are covered with canvas in winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how this young gentleman, while he prosecuted his studies, got sight of me, either at church or somewhere else; and, in short, being smitten, disclosed his passion from the windows of his own apartment, by so many tears and significant expressions, that I believed him sincere, and even loved him in my turn, without knowing the nature of my own desires. Among other signs, he made that of

I i

‘ joining

‘ joining his hands, giving me to understand that he would take me to wife; and though I should have been extremely glad to comply with that proposal, as I was alone and motherless, I had nobody to consult, and therefore let it rest, without granting him any other favour, except (when his father and mine were abroad) that of lifting up the canvas or lattice, that he might have a more perfect view of my person; and this condescension always transported him so much, that I was afraid he would have run stark mad with joy. In the midst of this commerce, the time of my father’s departure drew near, of which being informed, though not by me, for I never had an opportunity of telling him, he fell sick, as I understand, of grief, so that when we set out I could not see him, as I wished, to indulge one parting look; but, having travelled two days, just as I entered the place at which we lodged last night, I perceived him standing at the gate, disguised so naturally in the habit of a muleteer, that it would have been impossible for me to know him, had not his image been so deeply imprinted on my soul. The sight of him filled me with joy and surprize; and he gazed upon me by stealth, unperceived by my father, from whom he always conceals his face when he crosses the road before me, or is obliged to appear at the inn where we lodge. Knowing, therefore, who he is, and that he travels on foot, undergoing so much hardship and fatigue for love of me, I am half dead with grief and anxiety, and wheresoever he sets his feet, there I fix my pitying eyes. I know not what he intends by thus following me, nor how he could manage to escape from his father, who loves him tenderly, because he has no heir but him; and the young gentleman deserves all his affection, as you will perceive when you see him. I can moreover assure you, what he sings is the product of his own head; for I have been told that he is a great scholar, and an excellent poet; every time I behold him or hear him sing, I start and tremble from head to foot, being afraid that he will be known by my father, and thus our mutual love be

‘ discovered; for, though I never spoke to him in my life, my passion is so violent, that without him I shall not be able to live. This, dear Madam, is all I can say concerning that musician, whose voice hath given you such pleasure, and is alone sufficient to convince you that he is not a muleteer, but the lord of towns and hearts, as I have described him.’

‘ Enough, Donna Clara,’ said Dorothea, kissing her with great affection; ‘ say no more, but wait with patience till the approach of a new day, when I hope in God to manage matters so well as to bring such a virtuous beginning to an happy end.’—‘ Ah, Madam!’ replied the young lady, ‘ what happy end can be expected, seeing his father is a man of such rank and fortune, that he would think me unworthy to be the servant, much less the wife of his son! and as to marrying him without my own father’s consent, I would not do it for the whole universe. All I desire is, that the young gentleman would return; perhaps his absence, and the length of the journey we have undertaken, will alleviate the uneasiness I at present feel, though I must own I believe that remedy will have small effect. I cannot conceive what the deuce is the matter with me; nor how this same love got entrance into my heart, considering how young we both are; for I really believe we are of the same age, and my father says, that till Michaelmas next, I shall not be sixteen.’ Dorothea could not help laughing at these innocent observations of Donna Clara; to whom she said, ‘ Let us sleep, my dear, during the little that I believe remains of the night; God will grant us a new day, and if my skill fails me not, every thing will succeed to our wish.’

They accordingly went to rest, and a general silence prevailed over the whole house, in which there was not a soul awake, except the innkeeper’s daughter and her maid Maritornes, who by this time being acquainted with the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, and knowing that he was then without the gate, keeping guard in arms and on horseback, determined to play some trick upon him, or at least divert themselves in listening to his folly.

The inn chancing to have no window nor opening towards the field, but a hole through which they took in their straw; this pair of demi ladies* there took their station, and observed Don Quixote, who sat on horseback, leaning upon his lance, and breathing from time to time such profound and doleful sighs, as seemed to tear his very soul; they likewise heard him pronounce, in a soft, complacent, and amorous tone, 'O my dear mistress, Dulcinea del Toboso! thou perfection of beauty, scope and sum total of discretion, cabinet of good humour, depository of virtue, and lastly, the idea of all that is useful, chaste, and delectable in this life! in what art thou at present employed? Art thou reflecting upon thy captive knight, who voluntarily subjects himself to such dangers, with the sole view of serving thee? Give me some information of my love, thou three-faced luminary! who now, perhaps, with envious eyes, beholdest her walking through some gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over some balcony, revolving in her mind, how, without impairing the delicacy of her honour, she may assuage the torments that this heart endures on her account; how she may crown my sufferings with glory; my care with comfort; in fine, my death with new life, and my service with reward; and thou, sun, who by this time must be busy in harnessing thy steeds to light the world, and enjoy the sight of her who is the sovereign of my soul, I entreat thee to salute her in my behalf; but, in thy salutation, beware of touching her amiable countenance, else I shall be more jealous of thee than ever thou was of that nimble ingrate, who made thee sweat so much along the plains of Thessaly, or banks of Peneus, for I do not remember through which thou ranst, so jealous and enamoured.'

So far had the knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the inn-keeper's daughter whispered softly, 'Sir knight, will your worship be pleased to come this way?' Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full splendour, perceived them beckon to him from the straw-hole, which he

mistook for a window adorned with gilded bars, suitable to the grandeur of such a magnificent castle as the inn appeared; then, his crazy imagination instantly suggested, as before, that theauteous damsel, daughter of the constable, being captivated by his person, intended again to solicit his love. On this supposition, that he might not seem discourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante, and riding up to the hole, no sooner perceived the two lasses, than he said, 'I am extremely concerned, most beautiful lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible they should meet with that return which is due to your rank and qualifications; but you ought not to impute your disappointment to any fault in me, whom love hath rendered incapable of yielding my heart to any other but to her, who at first sight took absolute possession of my soul. Pardon my refusal, honoured Madam, and retire to your apartment, without seeking to explain your sentiments more fully, that I may not appear insensible or ungrateful; and if your love can find in me the power of giving you any other sort of satisfaction, you may freely command my service; for I swear by that absent and amiable enemy of mine, to gratify your wish immediately; even if you should desire to have a lock of Medusa's hair, which was altogether composed of snakes, or the rays of the sun confined in a phial.'

'Sir knight,' answered Maritornes, 'my lady has no occasion for either of these things.'—'What then is your lady's pleasure, discreet duenna?' resumed the knight. 'Only the favour of one of your beautiful hands,' replied Maritornes, 'with which she may, in some measure, indulge the longing desire that brought her to the straw-hole, so much to the danger of her reputation, that if she should be detected by her father, the first slice of his indignation would cost her an ear at least.'—'I would fain see him take that liberty,' said Don Quixote; 'but he will take care to refrain from any such acts of barbarity, unless he has a mind I should bring him to the most calamitous exit that ever happened to a father, for having laid vio-

* In the original demi-donzellas, equivalent to the modern term, demi-reps.

‘lent hands upon the delicate members
‘of his enamoured daughter.’

Maritornes concluding that he would certainly grant the request, and having already determined on what she was to do, ran down to the stable, and laid hold of the halter belonging to Sancho’s ass, with which she instantly returned, just when Don Quixote had made shift to set his feet on the saddle that he might reach the gilded window, at which he imagined the wounded damsel was standing: presenting therefore his hand, ‘Receive, Madam,’ said he, ‘that hand, or rather that chastiser of all evil-doers; receive, I say, that hand, which was never touched by any other woman, not even by her who is in possession of my whole body. I do not present it to be kissed; but that you may contemplate the coarseness of its nerves, the knittings of the muscles, the large and swelling veins, from whence you may conjecture what strength must reside in the arm to which it belongs.’—‘That we shall see presently,’ said Maritornes; who having made a running knot on the halter, fixed it upon his wrist, and descending from the hole, made fast the other end to the bolt of the hay-loft door. The knight feeling the roughness of this bracelet, said, ‘Your ladyship seems to rasp rather than to clasp my hand; do not treat it so cruelly; for it is not to blame for what you suffer, from my inclination; nor is it just that such a small part should bear the whole brunt of your indignation; consider, that one who is such a friend to love, ought not to be so attached to revenge.’

All these expostulations of Don Quixote were uttered in vain; for as soon as Maritornes had tied him up, she and her companion, ready to expire with laughing, left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose: thus, while he stood on Rozinante’s back, with his whole arm thrust up into the straw-hole, and fast tied to the bolt of the door, he was in the utmost apprehension and dread, that if his horse should make the least motion to either side, he must lose his support, and the weight of his whole body hang by one arm, so that he durst not venture to stir; though he might have expected, from the patience and peaceful disposition of Rozinante, that he would stand mo-

tionless for a whole century. In short, finding himself thus tucked up, and the ladies vanished, he imagined that the whole had been effected by the power of enchantment, which he had experienced once before, in that same cattle, when he was belaboured by the enchanted Moor of a carrier; and cursed, within himself, his want of conduct and discretion, in entering a second time that fortress in which he had fared so ill at first; it being a maxim among knights-errant, that when they prove an adventure, without success, they conclude it is reserved for another, and therefore think it unnecessary to make a second trial. Nevertheless, he pulled with intention to disengage his arm, but he was so well secured, that all his efforts were ineffectual; true it is, he pulled with caution, that Rozinante might not be disturbed; and though he had a longing desire of sitting down upon the saddle again, he found that he must either continue in his present upright posture, or part with his hand; then he began to wish for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment could prevail; then cursed his fortune; then exaggerated the loss which the world would sustain, while he remained enchanted, as he firmly believed himself to be; then he reflected anew upon his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; then he called to his trusty squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon the pannel of his ass, and buried in sleep, at that instant, retained no remembrance of the mother that bore him; then he implored the assistance of the two sages, Lirgando and Alquife; then he invoked his good friend Urganda, for succour in his distress; and, in fine, the morning found him in that situation, so distracted and perplexed, that he roared aloud like a bull, without expecting that the day would put an end to this disaster, which he thought would be eternal, believing himself actually enchanted: and this opinion was confirmed, by his seeing that Rozinante scarce offered to stir; for he was persuaded, that in this manner, without eating, drinking, or sleeping, he and his horse would continue until the evil influence of the stars should pass over, or some other sage of superior skill disengage them from their enchantment.

But for once he was mistaken in his calculation; for day had scarce began

to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, well mounted, and accoutred with carbines hanging at their saddle-bows; the knight perceiving from the place, where in spite of his misfortune, he still kept guard, that they thundered for entrance at the gate, which was still shut, called in an arrogant and haughty tone, 'Knights or squires, or whosoever you are, you have no business to make such a noise at the gate of this castle; for it is very plain, that either the people within are asleep, or unaccustomed, at these hours, to open the fortress, which you cannot enter before the sun rise. Retire, therefore, and wait until the day be farther advanced, and then we shall see whether or not you have any title to be admitted.'

'What the devil of a fortress or castle is this, that we must observe such ceremony!' said one of the company: 'if you are the innkeeper, order somebody to open the door; we are all travellers, and only want to bait, that we may forthwith proceed on our journey, for we are in haste.'—'Gentlemen,' replied Don Quixote, 'do you think I resemble an innkeeper?'—'I don't know what you resemble,' answered the other; 'but this I know, that you talk nonsense in calling this inn a castle.'—'A castle it is,' cried the knight, 'and one of the best in this province; nay, at this very instant, it contains those who have wore crowns on their heads, and wielded sceptres in their hands.' 'Or rather the reverse,' said the traveller; 'that is, the sceptre on the head, and crown in the hand'; but perhaps there may be within some company of strollers who frequently wear these crowns and sceptres you mention; for otherwise, in such a sorry inn, without any sort of noise or stir, I cannot believe that any persons of such note would lodge.'—'You know little of the world,' replied Don Quixote, 'since you are so ignorant of the events that happen in knight-errantry.'

The other horsemen being tired with this dialogue that passed between the knight and their companion, began again to knock and bawl with such vociferation, that the landlord and all the

persons in the inn waking, rose to see who called so furiously: about this time one of the horses belonging to the travellers drew near and smelled at Rozinante, who, sad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, stood supporting his outstretched master without stirring; but at length, being made of flesh, though he seemed to have been carved out of a block, he was sensible of the civility, and turned about to repay the compliment to the courteous stranger; and scarce had he moved one step, when both his master's feet slipping from the saddle, he would have tumbled to the ground had he not hung by his arm, which endured such torture in the shock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wrist, or torn away by the shoulder. He was suspended so low, that the tops of his toes almost touched the ground; a circumstance that increased his calamity: for feeling how little he wanted of being firmly sustained, he stretched and fatigued himself with endeavouring to set his feet upon the ground; like those wretches, who, in undergoing the strappado, being hoisted up a very little space, increase their own torment by their eager efforts to lengthen their bodies, misled by the vain hope of reaching the ground.

CH A P. XVII.

A CONTINUATION OF THE SURPRIZING EVENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.

DON Quixote actually made such a hideous outcry, that the innkeeper opened the door and ran out to see what was the matter; while the strangers that remained without were no less astonished at his bellowing. Maritornes being also waked by the same noise, conjectured what might be the case, and going straight to the hay-loft without being perceived, untied the halter that sustained him, so that the knight came to the ground in sight of the landlord and strangers, who running up, asked what was the matter with him, and wherefore he cried so violently? Without answering one word, he looked

* Alluding to the delinquents, who were branded and marked with these figures.

the tether from his wrist, and rising up, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and making a pretty large circuit in the field, returned at a half gallop, pronouncing with great emphasis, 'If any person whatever sayeth that I have justly suffered enchantment, I here, with the permission of my Lady Princess Micomicona, give him the lye, challenge, and defy him to single combat.'

The travellers were amazed at his words; but their astonishment abated when the innkeeper told them who Don Quixote was, observing that they ought not to mind what he did, because he was disordered in his brain; they then asked if he had seen a youth about fifteen years of age, dressed like a young muleteer, with such and such marks, giving an exact description of Donna Clara's lover. The landlord answered, there were so many people in his house, that he could not possibly distinguish the person for whom they enquired; but one of them perceiving the judge's coach, 'He must certainly be here,' said he; 'for this is the coach which they say he followed: let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in to search for him; it will also be proper that one go round the whole house, to prevent his escaping over the yard wall.' This plan being agreed upon, two of them entered the inn, another remained at the door, and the fourth rode round the house to reconnoitre; while the landlord observing every thing that passed, could not conceive the meaning of all this care and diligence, although he believed they were in search of the youth whom they had described. By this time it was clear day-light, and upon that account, as well as in consequence of Don Quixote's roaring, all the company were awake, and got up, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept very little that night; the first being disturbed and alarmed by reflecting that her lover was so near, and the other kept awake by the desire of seeing this pretended muleteer.

Don Quixote seeing that none of the travellers took the least notice of him, or made any answer to his defiance, was transported with rage and vexation; and if he could have recollected any law of chivalry, authorizing a knight-errant to undertake another enterprize while he was under promise and oath to abstain

from any adventure until that in which he was engaged was already achieved, he would have assaulted them all together, and forced them to reply, contrary to their inclination: but thinking it was neither expedient nor just to begin a new enterprize until he had re-established the princess Micomicona on her throne, he chose to be silent, waiting to see the effects of that diligence practised by the new comers, one of whom found the youth they came in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, and little dreaming that any body was in search of him, much less that he was in any danger of being discovered. The man, however, shook him by the arm, saying, 'Truly, Signior Don Lewis, this is a very suitable dress for one of your quality, and the bed in which you now lie extremely well-adapted to the tenderness and delicacy in which your mother brought you up.'

The youth rubbed his sleepy eyes, and looking stedfastly at the person who held him by the arm, no sooner perceived that he was one of his father's servants, than he was so much surprized and confounded, that for a good while he could not speak one word; while the domestick proceeded, saying, 'At present, Don Lewis, there is nothing else to be done but to exert your patience, and return home, if you are not resolved that your father and my lady shall visit the other world; for nothing else can be expected from their anxiety at your absence.'—'How did my father get notice that I travelled this road, and in this habit?' said Don Lewis. 'A student,' replied the servant, 'to whom you imparted your intention, was so much moved by the sorrow that took possession of your parents the moment you were missed, that he disclosed your scheme to your father, who instantly dispatched four of his domesticks in search of you; and we are all here, at your service, infinitely rejoiced that we have now an opportunity of returning speedily, and carrying you back to the longing eyes of those by whom you are so much beloved.'—'That may depend upon my own will, and the appointment of Heaven,' said the young nobleman. 'What should you will, or Heaven ordain, but your immediate return, which indeed you cannot possibly avoid?'

All this conversation was overheard by the muleteer with whom Don Lewis lay, who got up immediately, and going to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the ladies, who were already dressed, told them how the man called his fellow-servant, Don, and communicated every thing that passed between them concerning the domestick's proposal of conducting him home again, and the youth's refusal to comply with his desire. This information, together with the knowledge of that sweet voice with which Heaven had endowed him, excited in all the company a desire of knowing more particularly who he was, and even of assisting him, should they offer any violence to his inclination: for this purpose, therefore, they repaired to the place where he still stood talking and disputing with his father's servant. At the same time, Dorothea coming out of her apartment, followed by Donna Clara, in the utmost confusion called Cardenio aside, and briefly related to him the story of the musician and the judge's daughter; and he in his turn informed her of what passed on the arrival of his father's servants. This he spoke not so softly but that he was overheard by Clara, who was so much affected at the news, that if Dorothea had not supported her she would have fallen to the ground; but Cardenio desired them to retire into their apartment, saying, he would endeavour to set every thing to rights, and they accordingly followed his advice. Meanwhile, the four who had come in quest of Don Lewis stood round him in the inn, persuading him to return without loss of time, and console his melancholy father; but he assured them he could by no means comply with their request until he had finished an affair upon which his honour, life, and soul, depended. Then the domesticks began to be more urgent, protesting they would in no shape return without him; and declaring that if he would not go willingly, they would be obliged to carry him off by force. 'That you shall never do,' replied Don Lewis, 'unless you carry me off dead:—and indeed you may as well kill me, as force me away in any shape.'

Most of the people in the house were now gathered together to hear the dispute, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, curate, barber, and Don Quixote, who

thought it was no longer necessary to guard the castle. Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man's story, asked what reason the domesticks had to carry off the youth contrary to his own inclination. 'Our motive,' replied one of the four, 'is to retrieve his father's life, which is in danger of being lost on account of this young gentleman's absence.' To this declaration Don Lewis answered, 'There is no reason why I should here give an account of my affairs; I am free, and will return if I please, otherwise none of you shall compel me into your measures.'—'Your honour will, I hope, hear reason,' said the servant; 'or if you should not, it will be enough for us to execute our errand, as we are in duty bound.'

Here the judge desiring to know the whole affair from the bottom, the man having lived in the same neighbourhood, knew him, and replied, 'My Lord Judge, don't you know that young gentleman is your neighbour's son, who hath absented himself from his father's house, in a dress altogether unbecoming his quality, as your lordship may perceive?' Then the judge looking at him more attentively, recollected his features, and embracing him said, 'What a frolick is this! Don Lewis? or what powerful cause hath induced you to come hither in a garb so ill-suited to your rank and fortune?' The tears gushing into the young man's eyes, he could not answer one word to the judge, who desired the four domesticks to make themselves easy, for all would be well; then taking Don Lewis by the hand, he led him aside, and asked again the cause of his coming in that manner.

While he was employed in this and other questions, they heard a great noise at the inn-door, occasioned by two men who had lodged all night in the house, and who seeing every body intent upon knowing the business of the four last comers, resolved to march off without paying their reckoning; but the inn-keeper, who minded his own affairs more than those of any other person, stopped them on the threshold, demanded his money, and upbraided them for their evil intention, with such abusive language, as provoked them to answer by dint of fists, which they began to employ so dexterously, that the poor landlord

landlord found himself under the necessity of calling aloud for assistance. His wife and daughter seeing nobody so idle, consequently so proper for the purpose as Don Quixote, the damsel addressed him in these words: 'Sir knight, I beseech your worship, by the valour which God hath given you, to go to the assistance of my poor father; whom two wicked men are now beating to a jelly.' To this request the knight replied, with great leisure, and infinite phlegm, 'Beautiful young lady, I cannot at present grant your petition, being restricted from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I shall have accomplished one in which my honour is already engaged; all that I can do for your service is this, run and desire your father to maintain the combat as well as he can, and by no means allow himself to be overcome, until I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona, to succour him in his distress; and if I obtain it, be assured that I will rescue him from all danger.'—'Sinner that I am!' cried Maritornes, who was then present; 'before your worship can obtain that permission, my matter will be in the other world.'—'Allow me, Madam,' answered Don Quixote, 'to go and solicit the licence I mention, which if I obtain, I shall not make much account of his being in the other world, from whence I will retrieve him, though all it's inhabitants should combine to oppose me; at least I shall take such vengeance on those who have sent him thither, as will give you full and ample satisfaction.'

So saying, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, begging, in the stile and manner of knight-errantry, that her highness would be pleased to give him permission to run and assist the constable of the castle, who was at that time involved in a very grievous disaster. The princess having very graciously granted his request, he braced on his target, unsheathed his sword, and ran to the gate, where the two guests still continued pummelling the landlord; but as soon as he beheld them, he stopped short, as if suddenly surprized, and when Maritornes and her mistress asked what hindered him from giving assistance to their master and husband, 'I am hindered,' answered the knight, 'by a law, which will not permit me to use my sword

against plebeians; but call hither my squire Sancho, for to him it belongs; and is peculiar, to engage in such vengeance and defence.'

This transaction happened on the very field of battle, while kicks and cuffs were dealt with infinite dexterity, to the no small prejudice of the innkeeper's carcase, and the rage of his wife, daughter, and Maritornes, who were half-distracted at seeing the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the distress of their lord and master. But let us here leave him awhile, for he shall not want one to assist him; or else, let him suffer with patience, and hold his tongue as becomes those who rashly undertake adventures which they have not strength to achieve; and let us retreat backwards, about fifty yards, to see what answer Don Lewis made to the judge, whom he left enquiring the cause of his travelling on foot in such a mean habit. The youth, squeezing both his hands with great eagerness, in token of the excessive grief that wrung his heart, and shedding a flood of tears, replied to this question, 'Dear Sir, I can give you no other reason, but that from the first moment that fortune made us neighbours, and Heaven ordained that I should see Donna Clara, your daughter and my delight; I, that instant, made her mistress of my heart; and if your inclination, my real lord and father, does not oppose my happiness, this very day she shall be my lawful wife; for her I forsook my father's house, and disguised myself in this manner, with a resolution to follow whithersoever she should go, directing my views towards her, like the arrow to it's mark, and the needle to the pole; though she knows no more of my passion than what she may have understood from the tears which, at a distance, she hath often seen me shed. You yourself, my lord, know the rank and fortune of my father, whose sole heir I am. If you think that a motive sufficient for venturing to make me perfectly happy, receive me immediately as your son; and though my father, prompted perhaps by other views, should be disobliged at the blessing which I have chosen for myself, it is in the power of time to work greater changes and alterations than human prudence can foresee.'

Here the enamoured youth left off speaking,

speaking, and the judge remained in the utmost suspense; not only admiring the discretion with which Don Lewis had disclosed his passion, but also finding himself perplexed about the resolution he was to take, in such a sudden and unexpected affair. He therefore made no other reply for the present, but to desire he would make himself easy, and detain his servants a day longer, that he might have time to consider what steps it would be most proper to take, for the satisfaction of all concerned. Don Lewis kissed his hands by force, and even bathed them with his tears; a circumstance sufficient to melt a heart of marble, much more that of the judge; who, being a man of prudence, had already conceived all the advantages of such a match for his daughter; though he wished it could be effected, if possible, with the consent of the young man's father, who, he knew, had some pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time peace was re-established between the innkeeper and his two lodgers; who being persuaded by the arguments and exhortations of Don Quixote, more than by his threats, had paid their reckoning to the last farthing; and the servants of Don Lewis waited the result of the judge's advice, together with their master's resolution; when the devil, who is ever watchful, so ordered matters, that the barber should just then enter the inn; that very barber from whom Don Quixote had retrieved Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza taken the furniture of his ass, which he had exchanged for his own. This individual stranger, as he led his beast to the stable, perceived Sancho employed in mending something that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at first sight, assaulted the squire in a trice, crying; 'Ha! Don thief, I have caught you at last. Restore my bason and pannel, with all the furniture you stole from me.'

Sancho seeing himself so suddenly attacked; and hearing the reproachful language of his antagonist, with one hand laid fast hold on the pannel, and with the other bestowed upon the barber such a slap in the face, as bathed his whole jaws in blood. But for all that, he would not quit the pannel which he had

also seized; on the contrary, he raised his voice so high as to alarm the whole company, and bring them to the scene of contention, crying, 'Justice! help in the king's name! this robber wants to murder me, because I endeavour to recover my own property.'—'You lye,' answered the squire, 'I am no robber; my Lord Don Quixote won these spoils fairly in battle.' The knight coming up among the rest, beheld with infinite satisfaction, his squire so alert in offending and defending, and looking upon him from thenceforward as a man of valour, resolved, in his heart, to have him dubbed with the first opportunity, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be very well bestowed. Among other things alleged by the barber in the course of the fray, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'that pannel belongs as much to me as my soul belongs to God; for I know it as well as if it had been produced by my own body, and though I had all the mind in the world, my ass, which is now in the stable, would not suffer me to tell a falsehood; since you will not take my word, pray go and try it upon his back, and if it does not fit him to a hair, I shall give you leave to call me the greatest liar upon earth. Besides, the very same day on which they took my pannel, they also robbed me of a new bras bason; never handled, that cost me a good crown*.'

Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himself no longer, but interposed between the combatants, whom he parted, and depositing the pannel on the ground; to be publicly viewed until the truth should appear, addressed himself thus to the spectators: 'Gentlemen, you may now clearly and manifestly perceive how this honest squire errs in his judgment, by calling that a bason, which was, is, and shall be Mambrino's helmet; a piece of armour I won in fair and open battle, and now possess by the just laws of conquest. With regard to the pannel I will not intermeddle; all that I can say of the matter is, that my squire Sancho having asked permission to take the trappings of that coward's horse; and adorn his own with them; I gave him leave, and he took them accordingly; though I can give no

* Literally, 'Lady of a crown.'

‘other reason for their being now converted into a pannel, but that such transformations frequently happen in the events of chivalry: yet, as a confirmation of what I say, run, friend Sancho, and bring hither the helmet, which this honest man calls a bason.’

‘Fore God!’ answered Sancho, ‘if your worship has no better proof of our honourable doings than what you mention, Mambrino’s helmet will turn out a bason, as certainly as this honest man’s trappings are transmogrified into a pannel.’—‘Do what I order,’ replied the knight; ‘sure I am, every thing in this castle cannot be conducted by enchantment.’ Sancho went accordingly, and fetched this bason or helmet of Mambrino, as his master called it, which Don Quixote taking in his hand, said, ‘Behold, gentlemen, with what face this plebeian can affirm that this is a bason, and not the helmet I have mentioned: now, I swear by the order of knighthood I profess; that this is the individual helmet which I took from him, without the least addition or diminution.’—‘Without all manner of doubt,’ said Sancho; ‘for since my master won it, to this good hour, he hath used it but in one battle, when he delivered those mischievous galley-slaves; and if it had not been for that same bason-helmet, he could not have come off so well: for there was a deadly shower of stones rained upon his pate in that storm.’

C H A P. XVIII.

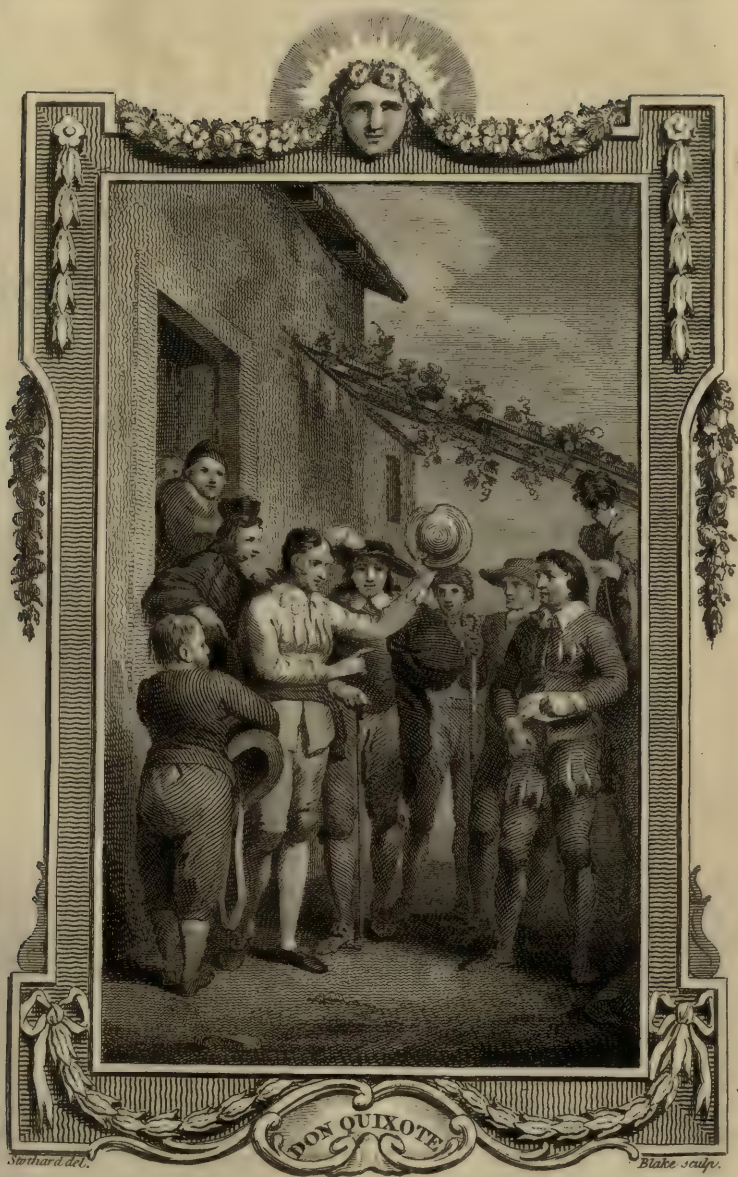
THE DECISION OF THE DOUBTS
CONCERNING MAMBRINO’S HELMET
AND THE PANNEL—WITH
A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT OF
MANY OTHER ADVENTURES.

‘GENTLEMEN,’ said the barber, ‘pray favour me with your opinion concerning what is affirmed by these gentlefolks, who so obstinately maintain that this is not a bason, but a helmet?’—‘And if any one affirms to the contrary,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘I will make him sensible that he lyes, if he be a knight; and if a plebeian, that he lyes a thousand times.’ His own townsmen, who was present all the while, being well acquainted with the knight’s hu-

mour, resolved to encourage him in his extravagance, and carry on the joke for the diversion of the company; with this view he addressed himself to the other shaver, saying, ‘Mr. Barber, or whosoever you are, you must know that I am of the same profession; I have had a certificate of my examination these twenty years; and know very well all the instruments of the art, without excepting one. I was, moreover, a soldier in my youth, consequently can distinguish an helmet, a morrion, and a casque with it’s beaver, together with every thing relating to military affairs; I mean, the different kinds of armour wore by soldiers in the field: I say, under correction, and still with submission to better judgment, that the object now in dispute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber’s bason, but also, as far from being one as black is from white, or falsehood from truth. I likewise aver, that though it is an helmet, it is not entire.’—‘You are certainly in the right,’ said Don Quixote, ‘for it wants one half, which is the beaver.’

The curate, who by this time understood the intention of his friend, seconded his asseveration, which was also confirmed by Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions; and the judge himself would have bore a part in the jest, had he not been engrossed by the affair of Don Lewis; but that earnest business kept him in such perplexity of thought, that he could give little or no attention to the joke that was going forward.

‘Good God!’ cried the barber, with amazement, ‘is it possible that so many honourable persons should pronounce this bason to be a helmet! an assertion sufficient to astonish a whole university, let it be never so learned. Well, if that bason be an helmet, I suppose the pannel must be a horse’s trappings too, as this gentleman says.’—‘To me it seems a pannel,’ replied the knight; ‘but, as I have already observed, I will not pretend to decide whether it be the pannel of an afs, or the furniture of a steed.’—‘Don Quixote has no more to do but speak his opinion,’ said the curate; ‘for, in affairs of chivalry, all these gentlemen, myself, and even the ladies, yield to his superior understand-
ing.’



ing.—‘By Heaven! gentlemen,’ cried the knight, ‘so many strange accidents have happened to me, twice, that I have lodged in this castle, that I will not venture positively to affirm the truth of any thing that may be asked relating to it; for I imagine that every thing in this place is conducted by the power of enchantment. The first time I passed the night in this place, I was harrassed extremely by an enchanted Moor that resides in the castle, while Sancho was almost as roughly handled by some of his attendants; and this very night I was suspended by one arm for the space of two hours, without knowing how or wherefore I incurred that misfortune. For me, therefore, to give my opinion in a case of such perplexity, would be a rash decision: with regard to the helmet, which they say is a bason, I have already expressed my sentiments; but dare not give a definitive sentence by declaring whether that be a pannel or a horse’s furniture. That I leave to the judgment of the good company, who not being knights, as I am, perhaps are not subjected to the enchantments of this place; but, enjoying their faculties clear and undisturbed, can judge of these things as they really and truly are, not as they appear to my imagination.’—‘Doubtless,’ replied Don Fernando, ‘Signior Don Quixote manifests his own prudence, in observing that to us belongs the determination of this affair, which, that it may be the better founded, I will in private take the opinions of this good company one by one, and then openly declare the full result of my enquiry.’

To those who were acquainted with the knight’s humour, this proposal afforded matter of infinite diversion; but the rest being ignorant of the joke, looked upon it as a piece of downright madness: this was particularly the opinion of the domesticks belonging to Don Lewis, which was even espoused by himself and three travellers just arrived, who seemed to be troopers of the holy brotherhood, as indeed they were; but he that almost ran distracted was the barber, whose bason was, even in

his own sight, transformed into Mambrino’s helmet, while he expected every moment that his pannel would be certainly declared the rich trappings and furniture of a horse. Every body laughed to see Don Fernando going about with great gravity collecting opinions in whispers, that each might privately declare whether that jewel, about which there had been such obstinate disputes, was the pannel of an ass, or the furniture of a steed. Having received the answers of all those who knew Don Quixote, he pronounced aloud, ‘Truly, honest friend, I am quite tired with asking so many opinions; for every one to whom I put the question, affirms it is downright distraction to call this a pannel, which is certainly the furniture of a horse, and that too of an excellent breed. Therefore, you must e’en have patience; for in spite of you, and the testimony of your ass to boot, an horse’s furniture it must remain, as you have failed to egregiously in the proof of what you allege.’—‘May I never taste the joys of heaven!’ cried the transported barber, ‘if you are not all deceived; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to me, a mere pannel; and not the furniture of an horse! but thus might overcome *—I say no more, neither am I drunk, being fresh and fasting from every thing but sin.’

The company laughed as heartily at the simplicity of the barber as the extravagance of the knight, who upon this decision, said, ‘Nothing now remains, but that every one should take his own again; and may St. Peter bless what God bestows!’ One of the four servants belonging to Don Lewis now interposed, saying, ‘If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself that people of sound understanding, such as all this company are, or seem to be, should venture to say and affirm that this is no bason, nor that a pannel; yet seeing this is both said and affirmed, I conceive there must be some mystery in this insisting upon a thing so contrary to truth and experience; for, by God!’ (an oath he swore with great emphasis) ‘all

* The original would be more literally translated, by saying, ‘The law’s measure is the king’s pleasure.’

† A bridal benediction.

‘the people on earth shall never make me believe that this is not a barber’s bason, or that not the pannel of an he-ass.’—‘Why not of a she-ass?’ said the curate. ‘That distinction makes no difference,’ said the servant; ‘nor has it any concern with the dispute, which is occasioned by your saying that it is not a pannel at all.’

At the same time, one of the troopers who had entered and been witness to the quarrel and question, could no longer contain his choler and displeasure at what he heard; and therefore said, in a furious tone, ‘If that is not a pannel, my father never begat me; and he that says, or shall say the contrary, must be drunk.’—‘You lye, like an infamous scoundrel!’ replied Don Quixote; who lifting up his lance, which he still kept in his hand, aimed such a stroke at the trooper’s skull, that if he had not been very expeditious in shifting it, he would have been stretched at full length upon the ground, on which the weapon was shivered to pieces: the rest of the troop, seeing their companion so roughly handled, raised their voices, crying for help to the holy brotherhood; the innkeeper being of that fraternity, ran in for his tipstaff and sword, and espoused the cause of his brethren; the domesticks surrounded Don Lewis, that he might not escape in the scuffle; the barber seeing the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of the pannel, which was at the same time seized by Sancho; Don Quixote attacked the troopers sword-in-hand; Don Lewis called to his servants to leave him, and go to the assistance of Cardenio and Don Fernando, who had ranged themselves on the side of Don Quixote; the curate exhorted, the landlady screamed, the daughter wept, Maritornes blubbered, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda perplexed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber pummelled Sancho, who returned the compliment; one of the servants presuming to seize Don Lewis by the arm, that he might not run away, the young gentleman gave him such a slap in the face as braked all his teeth in blood; the judge exerted himself in his defence. Don Fernando having brought one of the troopers to the ground, kicked his whole carcass to his heart’s content; the landlord raised his voice again, roaring for help to the holy brother-

hood; so that the whole inn was a scene of lamentation, cries, shrieks, confusion, dread, dismay, disaster, backstrokes, cudgelling, kicks, cuffs, and effusion of blood. In the midst of this labyrinth, chaos, and composition of mischief, Don Quixote’s imagination suggested that he was all of a sudden involved in the confusion of Agramonte’s camp, and therefore pronounced with a voice that made the whole inn resound, ‘Let every man forbear, put up his sword, be quiet and listen, unless he be weary of his life.’

On hearing this exclamation, all the combatants paused, while he proceeded thus: ‘Did not I tell you, gentlemen, that this castle was enchanted, and doubtless inhabited by a whole legion of devils? as a proof of which, you may now perceive with your own eyes how the discord and mutiny in Agramonte’s camp is translated hither: behold, in one place, we fight for a sword; in another, for a horse; in a third, for an eagle; and in a fourth, for a helmet; in short, we are all by the ears together, for we know not what.—Advance, therefore, my lord judge, and Mr. Curate, and in the persons of Agramonte and King Sobrino, re-establish peace among us; for, by Almighty God! it were wicked and absurd, that persons of our importance should be slain in such a frivolous cause.’

The troopers, who did not understand the knight’s stile, and found themselves very severely treated by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; but it was otherwise with the barber, who, in the scuffle, had lost both his pannel and beard: Sancho, who, like a faithful servant, minded the least hint of his master, willingly obeyed; and the servants of Don Lewis were fain to be quiet, seeing how little they had got by concerning themselves in the fray; the innkeeper alone insisted upon their chastising the insolence of that madman, who was every moment throwing the whole house into confusion; at length the disturbance was appeased, the pannel remained as an horse’s furniture till the day of judgment, the bason as an helmet, and the inn as a castle, in Don Quixote’s imagination.

Every thing being thus amicably composed by the persuasion of the judge
and

and priest, the servants of Don Lewis began again to press him with great obstinacy to set out with them for his father's house immediately; and while he expostulated with them, the judge consulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the curate, about what he should do on this occasion, imparting to them the declaration Don Lewis had made; at last it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants who he was, and express a desire that Don Lewis should accompany him to Andalusia, where his brother the marquis should entertain him according to his rank and merit; for he well knew the young gentleman was fixed in the determination of being cut to pieces rather than return to his father at that time. The domesticks being informed of Don Fernando's quality, and understanding the resolution of Don Lewis, determined amongst themselves that three of them should return and give the father an account of what had happened, while the fourth should attend the young gentleman, until they should either come back for him, or know his father's pleasure.

In this manner was that accumulation of quarrels appeased by the authority of Agramonte and prudence of King Sobrino; but the enemy of concord and rival of peace being thus foiled and disappointed, and seeing how little fruit he had reaped from the labyrinth of confusion in which he had involved them, determined to try his hand once more, and revive discord and disturbance anew; and these were the means he practised for this purpose: the troopers, apprized of the quality of those with whom they had been engaged, were fain to be quiet and retreat from the fray, concluding that whatever might happen they would have the worst of the battle; but one of them who had been pummelled and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that among other warrants for apprehending delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, issued by the holy brotherhood, on account of his having set the galley-slaves at liberty, as Sancho had very justly feared; this coming into his head, he was resolved to assure himself whether or not the knight's person agreed with the description, and pulling out of his bosom a bundle of parchment, he soon found what he sought,

and beginning to spell with great deliberation (for he was by no means an expert reader) between every word he fixed his eyes upon the knight, whose physiognomy he compared with the marks specified in the warrant, and discovered beyond all doubt that he was the very person described; no sooner was he thus convinced, than putting up the parchment, and holding the warrant in his left-hand, he with his right seized Don Quixote so fast by the collar that he could scarce fetch his breath, roaring aloud, 'Help, in the name of the holy brotherhood; and that you may see my demand is just, read that warrant for apprehending this highwayman.'

The curate, upon perusing the warrant, found what the trooper said was true, and that the description exactly agreed with the person of Don Quixote, who seeing himself so unworthily treated by such a ragamuffin, was incensed to the highest degree, so that every bone in his body trembled with rage; and he made shift to fasten on the trooper's throat with both hands so violently, that if his companions had not come to his assistance, he would have quitted his life before the knight had quitted his hold. The innkeeper being obliged to succour his brethren, ran immediately to their assistance; his wife seeing her husband re-engaged in the quarrel, exalted her voice anew; Maritornes and the daughter squalled in concert, imploring Heaven and the by-standers for help: Sancho perceiving what passed, 'By the Lord!' cried he, 'what my master says about the enchantments of this castle is certainly true; for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet within its walls.'

Don Fernando parted the knight and trooper, to their mutual satisfaction; unlocking their hands, which were fast clinched in the doublet-collar of the one, and the wind-pipe of the other, but for all that they did not cease demanding their prisoner, and the assistance of the company, in binding and delivering him to their charge, agreeable to the service of the king, and the order of the holy brotherhood, in whose behalf they repeated their demand of favour and assistance, to secure that felon, robber, and thief. Don Quixote smiled at hearing these epithets, and with much composure replied, 'Come hither, ye vile
& and

‘and base-born race! do you call it the province of an highwayman to loose the chains of the captive, and set the prisoner free! to succour the miserable, raise the fallen, and relieve the distressed? Ah! infamous crew! whose low and grovelling understanding renders you unworthy that Heaven should reveal to you the worth that is contained in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your sin and ignorance, in neglecting to revere the very shadow, much more the substance of any knight. Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers; ye robbers licensed by the holy brotherhood; and tell me what ignorant wretch he was, who signed a warrant of caption against such a knight as me? Who did not know that we are exempted from all judicial authority, and that a knight’s own sword is his law, he being privileged by his valour, and restricted only by his will and pleasure? Who was the blockhead, I say, who does not know, that no gentleman’s charter contains so many rights and indulgencies as adhere to a knight-errant, the very day on which he is dubbed, and devotes himself to the painful exercise of arms? What knight-errant ever paid tax, toll, custom, duty, or excise? What taylor ever brought in a bill for making his cloaths? What governor ever made him pay for lodging in his castle? What king did ever neglect to seat him at his own table? What damsel ever resisted his charms, or refused to submit herself entirely to his pleasure and will? And, in fine, what knight-errant ever was, is, or will be, whose single valour is not sufficient to annihilate four hundred troopers, should they presume to oppose him?’

C H A P. XIX.

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE TROOPERS—WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE SURPRIZING FEROCITY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE.

WHILE Don Quixote harangued in this manner, the curate was employed in persuading the troopers, that he was a man disordered in his

judgment, as they might perceive both by his words and actions, and therefore they ought not to proceed any farther in the affair; for even if they should apprehend him, he would soon be dismissed as a person *non compos*. To this observation the man who had the warrant replied, that it was not his business to judge of Don Quixote’s madness, but to obey the orders of his superiors; and that if he was apprehended once, they might discharge him three hundred times over, if they would. ‘For all that,’ said the priest, ‘you must not carry him off at present, nor do I believe he will suffer himself to be so treated.’

In short, the curate talked so effectually, and the knight himself acted such extravagancies, that the troopers must have been more mad than he, if they had not plainly perceived his defect; therefore they thought proper to be satisfied, and even performed the office of mediators betwixt the barber and Sancho Panza, who still maintained the fray with great animosity; for the troopers, as limbs of justice, brought the cause to an arbitration, and decided it in such a manner as left both parties if not fully satisfied, at least in some sort content with the determination, which was, that the pannels should be exchanged, but the girths and halters remain as they were. With regard to Mambrino’s helmet, the curate, unperceived by Don Quixote, took the barber aside, and paid him eight rials for the bason, taking a receipt in full, that cleared the knight from any suspicion of fraud from thence forward, for ever, Amen.

These two quarrels, which were of the greatest importance of any that happened, being luckily composed, it remained that three of the servants belonging to Don Lewis should return, and the fourth accompany his master to the place whither Don Fernando intended to conduct him; and as good luck and favourable fortune had already began to quell the spirit of discord, and smooth all difficulties, in behalf of the lovers and heroes in the inn, they were resolved to proceed in such a laudable work, and bring every thing to a happy conclusion; for the domesticks were satisfied with what Don Lewis proposed; a circumstance that gave such pleasure to Donna Clara, that every body who

beheld her face might have discerned the joy of her soul. Zorayda, though she did not well understand the incidents she had seen, was sorrowful and gay, by turns, according as she perceived the company affected, particularly her Spaniard, upon whom her eyes and heart were always fixed. The innkeeper, who took particular notice of the full satisfaction which the barber had received from the curate, demanded payment of Don Quixote, of the reckoning, as well as for the damage he had done to the bags, and the loss of his wine; swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's ass should stir from the stable, until he should be satisfied to the last farthing*. The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill, although the judge very frankly offered to take that upon himself. In this manner universal concord was restored; so that the inn no longer represented the disorder in Agramonte's camp, but rather the peace and quiet that reigned in the time of Octavius Cæsar; and this blessing was generally ascribed to the laudable intention and great eloquence of the priest, together with the incomparable generosity of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote now finding himself freed and disentangled from so many broils in which both he and his squire had been involved, thought it high time to proceed on his journey, in order to finish that great adventure to which he had been summoned and chosen: he therefore, with determined purpose, went and fell upon his knees before Dorothea, who refusing to hear him in that posture, he rose in obedience to her will, and expressed himself in this manner: 'It is a common proverb, beauteous princess, that diligence is the mother of success; and in many important causes, experience hath shewn, that the assiduity of the solicitor hath brought a very doubtful suit to a very fortunate issue: But the truth of this maxim is no where more evinced than in war, where activity and dispatch anticipate the designs of the enemy, and obtain the victory before he has time to put himself in a posture of defence. This I observe, most high

and excellent princess, because, in my opinion, our stay in this castle is unprofitable and prejudicial, as we may one day perceive, when it is too late; for who knows but by means of secret and artful spies, your enemy, the giant, may get notice that I am coming to destroy him; and taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himself in some impregnable castle, against which all my diligence, and the strength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail. Wherefore, most noble princess, let us, as I have already observed, prevent his designs by our activity, and set out immediately, in the name of good fortune, which your highness shall not long sigh for, after I shall have come within sight of your adversary.'

Here the knight left off speaking, and with great composure expected the answer of the beautiful infanta; who, with a most princely air, and in a stile perfectly well-suited to his address, replied in this manner: 'I thank you, Sir Knight, for the desire you express to assist me in my necessity, like a true knight, whose duty and province it is, to succour the fatherless and distressed; and Heaven grant that your desire and my expectation may be fulfilled, that you may see there are grateful women upon earth. With regard to my departure, let it be as speedy as you please: my will is altogether included in yours; dispose of me, therefore, according to your own pleasure; for she who hath once invested you with the charge and defence of her person, and solely depends upon your valour, for being re-established on her throne, would act preposterously, in seeking to contradict what your prudence shall ordain.' — 'In the name of God, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'since a princess humbles herself thus before me, I will not let slip the opportunity of raising her up, and placing her upon the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart immediately; for the desire of seeing you restored, the length of the journey, and the common reflection, that "delays are dangerous," act as spur upon my resolution; and since

* It were to be wished, for the honour of Spanish innkeepers, that Cervantes had caused mine host to restore Sancho's wallet, which he had detained on the day of the blanketting; as such restitution would have increased the general satisfaction.

Heaven hath not created, nor hell ever seen an object that could strike me with terror and consternation—go, Sancho, saddle Rozinante, prepare the queen's palfrey, and get ready your own ass, while we take leave of the constable and these noble personages, and set forward on our journey, without loss of time.

Here Sancho, who was present all the time, shook his head, saying, 'Ah, master, master! there are more tricks in town than you dream of; with submission to the honourable lappets be it spoken.'—'What tricks can there be either in town or city, that can redound to my discredit, rascal?' cried the knight. 'Nay, if your worship be in a passion,' replied the squire, 'I will keep my tongue within my teeth, and not mention a syllable of what, as a trusty squire and faithful servant, I am bound to reveal to my master.'—'Say what thou wouldst,' answered Don Quixote, 'so thy words have no tendency to make me afraid; for in being susceptible of fear, thou shewest the baseness of thy own character, as I, in being proof against all sorts of terror, preserve the dignity of mine.'—'As I am a sinner to God,' cried Sancho, 'that is not the case; but this I know for truth and positive certainty, that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; for if she were what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling into a corner with one of this company, at every snatch of an opportunity.'

Dorothea's face was overspread with a blush, at these words of Sancho; for, sooth to say, her husband Don Fernando had several times, as he thought unperceived, made free with her lips, as earnest of that reward his affection deserved; and in so doing, he was observed by Sancho, who thought that such condescension in her looked more like the behaviour of a courtesan than that of such a mighty princess; so that she neither could nor would answer one word to this charge, but suffered him to proceed in these words: 'This, dear master, I make bold to mention; because, if after we have travelled the Lord knows how far, and passed many weary days and bitter nights, he that is taking his recreation in this

inn should gather the fruit of all our labour; we need not be in such a perious hurry to saddle Rozinante, prepare the palfrey, and get ready the ass; but had better remain in peace where we are; and, as the saying is, "While we enjoy our meal, let every harlot mind her spinning-wheel."

Gracious Heaven! what a torrent of indignation entered the breast of Don Quixote, when he heard these indecent expressions of his squire: such, I say, was the rage that took possession of his faculties, that with a faltering voice and stammering tongue, while his eyes flashed lightning, he exclaimed, 'O villainous, inconsiderate, indecent and ignorant peasant! thou foul-mouthed, unmannerly, insolent, and malicious slanderer! darest thou utter such language against these honourable ladies in my presence? darest thou entertain such disgraceful and audacious ideas in thy confused imagination? Get out of my sight, monster of nature, depository of lies, cupboard of deceit, granary of knavery, inventor of mischief, publisher of folly, and foe to that respect which is due to royalty; go, nor presume to see my face again, on pain of my highest displeasure!' so saying, he pulled up his eye-brows, distended his cheeks, looked round him, and with his right-foot stamped violently upon the floor, in consequence of the wrath that preyed upon his intrails.

Sancho was so shrunk and terrified at these words and furious gestures, that he would have been glad, if the earth had opened that instant under his feet and swallowed him up; and not knowing what else to do, he sneaked off from the presence of his incensed master: but the discreet Dorothea, who was so well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, in order to appease his indignation, accosted him thus; 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, let not your wrath be kindled by the nonsense which your good squire hath uttered; for, perhaps, he might have had some sort of reason for what he said; and as from his good understanding and Christian conscience, he cannot be suspected of a design to bear false witness against any person whatever, it is to be supposed, and indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this castle, as you, Sir Knight, have observed, being conducted by means of

' enchantment

‘inchantment, Sancho, through that diabolical medium, must have seen what he affirms, so much to the prejudice of my honour and reputation.’ — ‘I swear by Almighty God!’ cried Don Quixote, ‘that your highness hath hit upon the true cause! and the eyes of that poor sinner, Sancho, have been fascinated by some delusive vision, of what could not possibly be real; for, unless he had been misled by enchantment, such is the innocence and simplicity of that miserable wretch, that I know he neither could nor would invent a slander against any living soul.’ — ‘That certainly is, and shall be the case,’ said Don Fernando; ‘for which reason, Signior Don Quixote ought to pardon and restore him to the bosom of his favour, *Sicut erat in principio*, before those illusions impaired his understanding.’

The knight promised to forgive him accordingly; upon which the curate went in quest of Sancho, who came in with great humility, and falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his master’s hand; this favour was granted by Don Quixote, who also gave him his benediction, saying, ‘Thou wilt now, son Sancho, be convinced of the truth of what I have so often told thee, that all things in this castle are performed by the power of enchantment.’ — ‘I believe so too,’ replied the squire, ‘except in the affair of the blanketting, which really happened in the ordinary course of things.’ — ‘Thou must not imagine any such thing,’ answered the knight; ‘for had that been the case, I should have revenged thy cause at the time, and even now would do thee justice; but neither at that time nor now, could I, or can I find any persons to chastise as the cause of thy disaster.’

The company being desirous of knowing the affair of the blanket, the landlord gave a very minute detail of Sancho’s capering, to the no small diversion of all present, except the squire himself, who would have been very much out of countenance, had not the knight assured him anew, that the whole was effected by enchantment; though the folly of Sancho never rose to such a pitch, but that he firmly believed, without the least mixture of doubt or delusion, that his blanketting had been performed by persons of flesh and blood,

and not by phantoms or imaginary beings, according to the opinion and affirmation of his master.

Two days had this illustrious company already passed at the inn, from whence thinking it now high time to depart, they concerted matters in such a manner, as that, without putting Donrothea and Don Fernando to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to the place of his habitation, in order to carry on the scheme concerning the restoration of Queen Micomicona, the curate and barber were enabled to execute their design of carrying him to his own house, where endeavours might be used for the cure of his disorder. In consequence of this plan, they agreed with the master of an ox-waggon, who chanced to pass that way, for transporting the knight in the following manner; having made a sort of wooden cage, capacious enough to hold Don Quixote at his ease, Don Fernando, with his companions, the servants of Don Lewis, together with the troopers and innkeeper, by order and direction of the curate, covered their faces and disguised themselves; some in one shape, some in another, so as to appear, in Don Quixote’s eyes, quite different from the people he had seen in the castle. Thus equipped, they entered, with all imaginable silence, into the chamber where he lay asleep and fatigued with the toil he had undergone in the skirmishes already described; and laying fast hold on him, while he securely enjoyed his ease, without dreaming of such an accident, tied both his hands and feet so effectually, that when he waked, in surprize, he could neither move, nor do any other thing but testify his wonder and perplexity at the sight of such strange faces. He then had recourse to what his distempered imagination continually suggested, and concluded that all these figures were phantoms of that enchanted castle; and that he himself was, without all question, under the power of incantation, seeing he could not even stir in his own defence; and this conceit was exactly foreseen by the curate, who was author of the whole contrivance. The only person of the whole company who remained unaltered, both in figure and intellect, was Sancho; who, though his lack of understanding fell very little short of his master’s infirmity, was not so mad but that he knew every one of

the apparitions, though he durst not open his mouth, until he should see the meaning of this assault and capture of the knight, who likewise expected, in silence, the issue of his own misfortune.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they inclosed him in it, and fixed the bars so fast, that it was impossible to pull them asunder; then taking it on their shoulders, in carrying it out, they were saluted by as dreadful a voice as could be assumed by the barber (I do not mean the owner of the pannel) who pronounced these words; 'O Knight of the Rueful Countenance! afflict not thyself on account of thy present confinement, which is necessary towards the more speedy accomplishment of that great adventure in which thy valour hath engaged thee; and which will be achieved when the furious Manchegan lion is coupled with the white Tobossian dove, their lofty necks being humbled to the soft matrimonial yoke: from which unheard-of conjunction, the world shall be blessed with courageous whelps, who will imitate the tearing talons of their valiant sire; and this will happen, ere the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have twice performed his visit through the resplendent constellations, in his natural and rapid course. And O! thou the most noble and obedient squire that ever wore sword in belt, beard on chin, or smell in nostril, be not dismayed nor discontented at seeing the flower of knight-errantry thus carried off before thine eyes; for, if it please the Creator of this world, soon shalt thou be so exalted and sublimed, as that thou wilt not even know thyself; neither shalt thou be defrauded of the fruit of those promises which thy worthy lord has made in thy behalf; and I assure thee, in the name of the sage Fibberiana*, that thy salary shall be faithfully paid, as in effect thou wilt see; follow, therefore, the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight; for it is necessary that you should proceed together to the end of your career; and as I am not permitted to declare myself more explicitly, I bid you heartily farewell, and will return I well know whither.'

Towards the end of this prophecy, he raised his voice to the highest pitch, and then sunk it gradually to such a faint and distant tone, that even those who were privy to the joke, were tempted to believe what they had heard.

Don Quixote remained very much comforted by this prophecy, the meaning of which he no sooner heard than comprehended; interpreting the whole into a promise, that he should one day see himself joined in the just and holy bands of matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose fortunate womb would proceed those whelps (meaning his sons) which would perpetuate the glory of La Mancha. In this persuasion, therefore, and firm belief, he raised his voice, and heaving a profound sigh, replied, 'O thou! who-soever thou art, whose prognostication sounds so favourably in mine ears, I beg thou wilt, in my name, beseech the sage inchanter who takes charge of my affairs, that he will not leave me to perish in the confinement which I now suffer, until I shall have seen the accomplishment of those joyful and incomparable promises which thou hast uttered in my behalf. So shall I glory in the hardships of this prison, and bear with pleasure these chains with which my limbs are fettered; and instead of comparing the boards on which I lie, to the rough, uncomfortable field of battle, consider them as the soothing down of the most happy and luxurious marriage-bed. With respect to the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I consider in his virtue and affection, which will not allow him to forsake me either in prosperity or adversity; for should his evil fortune, or my unhappy fate, hinder me from bestowing upon him the island, or some equivalent, according to my promise; at least, he shall not lose his wages, specified and bequeathed to him in my will, that is already made; a recompence which, though proportioned to my own slender ability, comes far short of his great and faithful services.'

Here the squire bowed in the most respectful manner, and kissed both his hands, as he could not make his compliments to one of them apart, they being fast bound together. Then the

* A word of equal signification with *mentiriana*, from *mentroso*, a liar.

apparitions taking the cage upon their shoulders, carried it to the waggon, in which it was immediately fixed.

C H A P. XX.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS INCHANTED—WITH OTHER REMARKABLE EVENTS.

DON Quixote seeing himself thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help saying, 'Many very grave histories have I read, concerning knights-errant; but never did I read, see, or hear, that enchanted knights were transported in this manner, at such a pace as these lazy, slow-footed animals, seem to promise; for they used always to be carried through the air with surprizing swiftness, wrapped up in some dark and dusky cloud, or in a fiery chariot, or mounted on a hypogriff, or some such creature; so that, before God! I am utterly confounded at my own fate, in being thus transported on a waggon, drawn by oxen. But, perhaps, the chivalry and enchantments of this age follow a different path from that which was pursued of old; and as I am a new knight on the face of the earth, and the first who revived the long-forgotten order of errantry, perhaps they may have also newly invented other kinds of incantation, and other methods of conveying those whom they enchant.—What is thy opinion of the matter, son Sancho?'—'I know not what my opinion is,' replied the squire, 'because I am not so well read in the scriptures of errantry as your worship; but, for all that, I will venture to affirm, aye and swear to it, that these apparitions who stroll about us, are not altogether catholick.'—'Catholick! my stars *!' answered the knight, 'how can they be catholick, when they are all devils, who have assumed fantastical shapes, and come hither on purpose to perform this deed, and leave me in my present situ-

ation? But that thou mayest be convinced of the truth of what I allege †, endeavour to touch and feel them, and thou wilt perceive that they have no other bodies but forms of condensed air, consisting of nothing but mere semblance.'—'Fore God, Sir!' cried Sancho, 'I have made that trial already, and that same devil who goes about so busy, is well provided with good substantial flesh, and has another property widely different from what is reported of evil spirits, all of whom, they say, stink of brimstone and other bad smells; whereas, he is so well scented with amber, that you may perceive it at the distance of half a league.' Sancho made this remark on Don Fernando, who being a man of fashion, probably wore scented linen. 'Marvel not at that circumstance, friend Sancho,' replied the knight; 'for thou must know that devils are a set of very sagacious beings; and although they bring smells along with them, they themselves being spirits, can produce no smell; or if any odour proceeds from them, it cannot be agreeable, but rather stinking and unwholesome, because they carry their hell about them wheresoever they are, and their torments admit of no kind of alleviation; now, sweet smells being agreeable and delicious, cannot possibly proceed from beings which are productive of nought but evil; therefore, if in thy opinion that devil smells of amber, either thy senses are perverted, or he wants to impose upon thy understanding, by making thee believe that he is not an inhabitant of hell.'

Don Fernando and Cardenio over-hearing this dialogue between the master and the squire, were afraid of Sancho's stumbling upon the discovery of their whole plot, in which he seemed already to have made great progress, therefore determined to hasten their departure, and calling the landlord aside, ordered him to saddle Rozinante, and put the pannel on Sancho's ass. This task he performed with great dispatch, while the

* In the original, *mi padre!* my father! which I have changed for an exclamation more frequently used in our language.

† In the text, the knight is guilty of a palpable solecism, in desiring Sancho to touch and feel that which he himself expressly observes was subject neither to touch or feeling.

curate agreed to give the troopers so much a day for attending Don Quixote to the town where he lived. Cardenio having fastened the target to one side of the pommel of Rozinante's saddle, and the bason to the other, made signs for Sancho to mount his ass, and lead his master's steed by the bridle, and then stationed two of the troopers with their carbines on each side of the waggon. But before it began to move, the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, came out to take leave of Don Quixote, feigning themselves extremely affected with his misfortune; upon which he said to them, 'Weep not, worthy ladies; all these disasters are incident to those who chuse my profession; and if I were not subject to such calamities, I should not deem myself a renowned knight-errant; for these things never happen to knights of little fame and reputation, who are never regarded, scarce even remembered on the face of the earth. It is quite otherwise with the valiant, whose virtue and valour is envied by many princes and rivals, who endeavour by the most perfidious means to destroy them; but, nevertheless, virtue is so powerful, that of herself she will, in spite of all the necromancy possessed by the first inventor, Zoroaster, come off conqueror in every severe trial, and shine refulgent in the world, as the sun shines in the heavens. Pardon me, beauteous ladies, if I have given you any disgust, through neglect or omission; for willingly and knowingly I never offended a living soul; and pray to God to deliver me from this prison, in which I am confined by some malicious inchanter; for, if I regain my liberty, the favours I have received from your courtesy in this castle, shall never escape my remembrance, but always be acknowledged with gratitude, service, and respect.'

While the knight made these professions to the ladies of the castle, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, the captain and his brother, and all the happy ladies, especially Dorothea and Lucinda; they embraced each other, and agreed to maintain a correspondence by

letters; Don Fernando giving the curate a direction by which he might write to him an account of the knight's future behaviour and fate, than which, he protested, nothing could yield him more pleasure; and promising, for his own part, to inform the priest of every thing which he thought would conduce to his satisfaction, relating to his own marriage, the baptism of Zorayda, the success of Don Lewis, and the return of Lucinda to her father's house; the priest having assured him that he would obey his commands with the utmost punctuality, they embraced again, and repeated their mutual proffers of service. The innkeeper coming to the curate, put into his hand a bundle of papers which he said he had found in the lining of the portmanteau, along with the novel of the Impertinent Curiosity; and since the owner had not returned that way, he desired the priest to accept of them, for as he himself could not read, he had no occasion for such useless furniture: the curate thanked him for his present, which he immediately opened, and found written in the title-page, 'Rinconete and Cortadilla, a novel*:' from hence he concluded, that since the Impertinent Curiosity was an entertaining story, this might also have some merit, as being probably a work of the same author; and on this supposition put it carefully up, intending to peruse it with the first convenient opportunity; then he and his friend the barber mounting their beasts, with their faces still disguised, that they might not be known by Don Quixote, jogged on behind the waggon. And the order of their march was this: first of all proceeded the cart, conducted by the driver, and guarded on each side by the troopers with their carbines, as we have already observed; then followed Sancho Panza upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; and in the rear of all came the curate and the barber, masked, and mounted on their trusty mules, with a grave and solemn air, marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen would allow; while the knight sat within his cage, his hands fettered and his legs outstretched, leaning against the bars, with such silence and resignation, that he looked more like a statue of stone than a man of

* Written by Cervantes himself.

flesh and blood. In this slow and silent manner had they travelled about a couple of leagues, when they arrived in a valley, which the waggoner thinking a convenient spot for his purpose, proposed to the curate that they should halt to refresh themselves, and let the oxen feed; but the barber was of opinion that they should proceed a little farther, to the other side of a rising ground, which appeared at a small distance, where he knew there was another valley better stored with grass, and much more agreeable than this in which the waggoner proposed to halt. The advice of Mr. Nicholas was approved, and they jogged on accordingly.

About this time the curate chancing to look back, perceived behind them six or seven men, well mounted, who soon overtook them, as they did not travel at the phlegmatic pace of the oxen, but like people who rode on ecclesiastick mules, and were desirous of spending the heat of the day at an inn that appeared within less than a league of the waggon. These expeditious strangers coming up with our slow travellers, saluted them courteously; and one among them, who was actually a canon of Toledo, and master of those who accompanied him, observing the regular procession of the waggon, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate and barber, and in particular Don Quixote engaged and secured as he was, could not help asking why and whither they were conveying that man in such a manner? though he had already conjectured, from the badges of the troopers, that he must be some atrocious robber or delinquent, the punishment of whom belonged to the holy brotherhood. One of the troopers to whom the question was put, answered, 'Signior, the gentleman himself will tell you the meaning of his travelling in this manner; for our parts, we know nothing at all of the matter.' The knight, overhearing what passed, said to the strangers, 'Gentlemen, if you are skilled and conversant in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortune; otherwise there is no reason why I should fatigue myself with the relation.'

By this time the curate and barber, having perceived the travellers in conversation with the knight, came up in order to prevent their plot from being

discovered, just as the canon had begun to answer Don Quixote in these words: 'Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with the Summaries of Villalpando; so that if there be nothing else requisite, you may freely impart to me as much as you please.'—'A God's name, then,' said Don Quixote, 'if that be the case, you must know, Signior cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage, through the envy and fraud of mischievous necromancers; for virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. A knight-errant I am, though none of those whose names Fame never enrolled in her eternal records; but of that number, whom maugre, and in despite of Envy herself, and all the magi whom Persia ever produced, with the brachmans of India, and gymnosophists of Ethiopia, will leave their names engraved on the temple of immortality, as examples and patterns to succeeding ages, by which all knights errant may see what steps they must follow, if they wish to attain the height and honourable summit of arms.'

Here the curate interposing, said, 'Signior Don Quixote speaks no more than the truth: he is enchanted in that waggon, not on account of his own crimes or misdemeanours, but through the malice of those who are disgusted at virtue, and offended at valour. This, Signior, is the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, whose name perhaps you have heard, and whose valiant exploits and mighty achievements will be engraved on durable brass, and carved in eternal marble, in spite of the unwearied efforts of malice to cancel, and of envy to obscure them.'

The canon hearing such a stile proceed not only from the prisoner's mouth, but also from the lips of him who was free, had well nigh crossed himself with astonishment, and could not conceive what had befallen him, while his whole company were seized with the same degree of amazement: but Sancho Panza, who was not enough to hear what passed, being willing to undeceive the strangers, said to them, 'Gentlemen, whether what I am going to say be ill or well taken, I must tell you the case is this: my matter

‘master Don Quixote is no more enchanted than the mother that bore me; he enjoys his right wits, eats, drinks, and does his occasions, like other men, and as he himself was wont to do before he was engaged: now, if this be the truth of the matter, how can any man persuade me that he is enchanted? since I have heard divers persons observe, that those who were enchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak; whereas my master, if he is not hindered, will talk like thirty barristers.’ Then turning to the curate, he proceeded thus: ‘Ah, Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate! you think I don’t know you, and imagine that I cannot dive into the meaning of these new enchantments, but you are mistaken; I know you very well for all your masking, and can smell out your plots, disguise them as you will; in short, as the saying is, ‘Jilt are virtue’s fears, where envy domineers; and, Bounty will not stay, where niggards bear the sway. Damn the devil! if it had not been for your reverence, my master by this time would have been married to the princess Micomicona, and I should have been an earl at least; for less I could not expect, either from the generosity of my Lord of the Rueful Countenance, or from the greatness of my own services: but now I see the truth of what is commonly said, That fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel; and that those who were yesterday at top, may find themselves at bottom to-day. It grieves me on account of my poor wife and children; who, instead of seeing their father come home in the post of governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, as they had great reason to expect, will behold him returning in the station of a common groom: all this I have observed, Mr. Curate, for no other reason but to prevail upon your fathership to make a conscience of the ill-treatment my master receives at your hands; and consider that God may call you to account in the next world for this captivity of my Lord Don Quixote, and for all the succours and benefits that are prevented by his being thus confined.’

‘Snuff me these candles!’ cried the

barber, hearing the squire’s declaration; ‘why, sure, Sancho, you belong to your master’s fraternity; by the Lord! I find you ought to keep him company in his cage, and undergo the same sort of enchantment, so much are you infected with the humour of his chivalry: in an unhappy moment were you got with child by his promises, and in an evil hour did that island you harp so much upon take possession of your skull.’—‘I am not with child by any person whatever,’ answered Sancho, ‘nor will I suffer any king in Christendom to beget a child upon my body; for though I be a poor man, I’m an old Christian, and owe no man a farthing: if I long for an island, others long for things that are worse, every one being the son of his own works; the lowest mortal may come to be pope, much more governor of an island, especially as my master may gain more than he knows well what to do with. Mr. Barber, you had better think before you speak: there is something else to do than shaving of beards, and one Pedro may differ from another*; this I say because we know one another, and you must not think to palm false dice upon me: with regard to the enchantment of my master, God knows the truth, and there let it lie; for, as the saying is, The more you stir it, the more it will—you know what.’ The barber durst not make any reply, lest Sancho’s simplicity should discover what he and the curate were so desirous of concealing; and the priest being under the same apprehension, desired the canon to ride on with him a little before the waggon, promising to disclose the mystery of the encaged knight, with other particulars that would yield him some diversion: the canon put on accordingly with his servants, listening attentively to every thing the curate was pleased to communicate concerning the rank, employment, madness, and manners, of Don Quixote; for he briefly recounted the cause and beginning of his disorder, with the whole progress of his adventures, until he was secured in the cage by their contrivance, that they might carry him home to his own house, and endeavour to find some cure for his distemper.

* Equivalent to our saying, ‘Every Jack is not a good fellow.’

The canon and his servants were astonished anew at hearing the strange story of Don Quixote; which being finished, the Toledan replied, 'Truly, Mr. Curate, I am firmly persuaded that those books of chivalry are very prejudicial in the commonwealth; for, though I have been induced by a false taste and idle curiosity to read the beginning of almost every one that hath been printed, I never could prevail upon myself to read any one of them from the first to the last page; because, in my opinion, they are all of the same stamp, without any essential difference. And, indeed, that kind of composition seems to fall under that species of writing called the Milesian Fables, which are no other than extravagant tales calculated for mere amusement, without any tendency to instruction; on the contrary, the scope of your apologues is to convey instruction and delight together. Now, though the principal intention of those books is to delight and entertain the reader, I do not see how they can answer that end, being, as they are, stuffed with such improbable nonsense; for the pleasure that the soul conceives, is from the beauty and harmony of those things which are contemplated by the view, or suggested by the imagination; so that we can receive no pleasure from objects that are unnatural and deformed. And what beauty, symmetry, or proportion, can be observed in a book containing the history of a youth of seventeen, who with one back-stroke cuts through the middle a giant like a tower, with as much ease as if he had been made of paste; and in the description of a battle, after having observed that there are no less than a million of combatants on the side opposite to that which the hero of the piece espouses, we must, in despite of common-sense, believe, that such a knight obtained the victory by the single valour of his invincible arm. Then, how shall we account for the confidence with which some queen, empress, or orphan heiress, throws herself into the protection of an unknown knight-errant? What mind, if not wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be pleased with an account of a huge tower full of knights sailing upon the sea like a

ship before the wind; being overnight upon the coast of Lombardy, and next morning arrived in the dominions of Prester John in the Indies, or in some other country which Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marcus Polus ever saw? If to this observation it be answered, that the authors of those books do not pretend that the stories they contain are true, and therefore they are under no necessity of adhering to such niceties of composition; I reply, that fiction is always the better the nearer it resembles truth, and agreeable in proportion to the probability it bears, and the doubtful credit which it inspires. Wherefore, all such fables ought to be suited to the understanding of those who read them, and written so as that by softening impossibilities, smoothing what is rough, and keeping the mind in suspense, they may surprize, agreeably perplex, and entertain, creating equal admiration and delight; and these never can be excited by authors who forsake probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never as yet seen in any book of chivalry an entire body of a fable, with all it's members so proportioned, as that the middle corresponds with the beginning, and the end is suitable to both; on the contrary, one would think the author's intention is commonly to form a chimera or monster, instead of a figure well-proportioned in all it's parts. Besides, their style is usually harsh, their achievements incredible, their amours lascivious, their courtesy impertinent, their battles tedious, their dialogue insipid, their voyages extravagant, and, in short, the whole void of all ingenuity of invention; so that they deserve to be banished as useless members from every Christian commonwealth.'

The curate, who had listened with great attention, hearing the canon talk so sensibly, looked upon him as a man of excellent understanding, and assented to every thing he said; observing, that, in consequence of his being of the same opinion, and of the grudge he bore to such books of chivalry, he had burned a great number of those that belonged to Don Quixote. He then gave him a detail of the scru-

tiny which had been made, distinguishing such as he spared from those that he condemned to the flames.

The traveller laughed heartily at this account of such an extraordinary trial, saying, that notwithstanding what he had advanced to the disadvantage of such books, there was one thing in them which he could not but approve; namely, the subject they presented for a good genius to display itself, opening a large and ample field in which the pen might at leisure expatiate in the description of shipwrecks, tempests, battles, and encounters; painting a valiant general with all his necessary accomplishments, sage, and penetrating into the enemy's designs, eloquent and effectual either in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, ripe in council, prompt in execution, and equally brave in standing or in giving an assault. One while recounting a piteous tragical story, at another time describing a joyful and unexpected event; here, a most beautiful lady, endued with virtue, discretion, and reserve; there, a Christian knight, possessed of courtesy and valour; in the third place, an outrageous boasting barbarian; and in a fourth, a polite, considerate, gallant prince; not forgetting to describe the faith and loyalty of vassals, together with the grandeur and generosity of great men. The author may also shew himself an astrologer, geographer, musician, and well skilled in state-affairs; nay, if he be so minded, he will sometimes have an opportunity of manifesting his skill in necromancy and magic; he may represent the cunning of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the ability of Cæsar, the clemency and candour of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally, all those qualifications which constitute the perfection of an illustrious hero; sometimes uniting them in one, sometimes dividing them into several characters; and the whole being expressed in an agreeable style and ingenious invention, that borders as near as possible upon the truth, will doubtless produce a web of such various and beautiful texture, as when finished, to display that perfection which will attain the chief end and scope of such writings; which, as I have already ob-

served, is to convey instruction mingled with delight. Besides, the unlimited composition of such books gives the author opportunities of shewing his talents in epicks, lyricks, tragedy and comedy, and all the different branches of the delicious and agreeable arts of poetry and rhetoric; for epicks may be written in prose as well as verse.

CHAP. XXI.

IN WHICH THE CANON PROSECUTES THE SUBJECT OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY, AND MAKES OTHER OBSERVATIONS WORTHY OF HIS GENIUS.

‘**M**R. Canon,’ said the curate, ‘what you have observed, is extremely just, and therefore those authors deserve the greater reprehension, who have composed such books, without the least regard to good sense or the rules of art, by which they might have conducted their plans, and rendered themselves as famous in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are now in verse.’—‘I myself,’ replied the canon, ‘have been tempted to write a book of chivalry, observing all the maxims and precautions I have now laid down; nay, to tell you the truth, no less than a hundred sheets of it are already written; and, in order to try if my own opinion of it was well founded, I have communicated my performance to a great many people who are passionately fond of that kind of reading; not only men of learning and taste, but also ignorant persons, who chiefly delight in extravagant adventures; and I have been favoured with the agreeable approbation of them all: nevertheless, I have not proceeded in the work; because, I not only thought it foreign to my profession, but likewise concluded, that the world abounds much more with fools than people of sense; and though an author had better be applauded by the few that are wise, than laughed at by the many that are foolish, I was unwilling to expose myself to the uninformed judgment of the arrogant vulgar, whose province it principally is to read books of this kind. But what contributed most to my

“ my laying aside the pen, and indeed
 “ all thoughts of bringing the work
 “ to a conclusion, was a reflection I
 “ made upon the comedies of the pre-
 “ sent age. “ If,” said I to myself,
 “ our modern plays, not only those
 “ which are formed upon fiction, but
 “ likewise such as are founded on the
 “ truth of history, are all, or for the
 “ greatest part, universally known to
 “ be monstrous productions, without
 “ either head or tail, and yet received
 “ with pleasure by the multitude, who
 “ approve and esteem them as excellent
 “ performances, though they are far
 “ from deserving that title; and if the
 “ authors who compose, and the actors
 “ who represent them, affirm, that this
 “ and no other method is to be prac-
 “ tised, because the multitude must be
 “ pleased; that those which bear the
 “ marks of contrivance, and produce a
 “ fable digested according to the rules
 “ of art, serve only for entertainment
 “ to four or five people of taste, who
 “ discern the beauties of the plan, which
 “ utterly escape all the rest of the au-
 “ dience; and that it is better for them
 “ to gain a comfortable livelihood by
 “ the many, than starve upon reputa-
 “ tion with the few.” — “ At this rate,”
 “ said I, “ if I should finish my book,
 “ after having scorched every hair in
 “ my whiskers, in poring over it, to
 “ preserve those rules and precepts al-
 “ ready mentioned, I might fare at
 “ last, like the sagacious botcher,
 “ who sewed for nothing, and found
 “ his customers in thread *.” I have
 “ sometimes endeavoured to persuade
 “ the players, “ that they were mis-
 “ taken in their maxims; and that
 “ they would bring more company
 “ to their house, and acquire much
 “ more reputation, by representing
 “ regular comedies, than such absurd
 “ performances; but I always found
 “ them so obstinately bigotted to their
 “ own fancies, that no evidence or
 “ demonstration could alter their opi-
 “ nion in the least. I remember, I once
 “ said to one of those pragmatick fel-
 “ lows, “ Don’t you recollect, that a
 “ few years ago, three tragedies were
 “ acted, composed by a celebrated poet
 “ of this kingdom; and that they
 “ raised admiration, pleasure, and sur-
 “ prize, in all who saw them exhibit-
 “ ed, gentle as well as simple, igno-

“ rant as well as learned, and brought
 “ more money to the actors than thirty
 “ of the best that have since appeared?”
 “ — “ Doubtless,” answered the player,
 “ you mean *Isabella*, *Phyllis*, and *A-*
 “ *lexandria*.” — “ The very same,”
 “ said I; “ and pray take notice, whe-
 “ ther or not they are composed ac-
 “ cording to rule, or failed to please
 “ every body, because they were re-
 “ gular? Wherefore, the fault does
 “ not lie in the multitude’s demanding
 “ absurdities, but in those who can re-
 “ present nothing else; for there is
 “ nothing absurd in the play of *In-*
 “ *gratitude Revenged*, nor in *Numan-*
 “ *tia*, the *Merchant Lover*, the *Fa-*
 “ *vourable Female Foe*, nor in some
 “ others which are composed by poets
 “ of genius, to their own reputation,
 “ and the advantage of those who re-
 “ presented them.” I made use of many
 “ more arguments, by which he seemed
 “ to be confuted, though not so much
 “ satisfied or convinced, as to retract
 “ his erroneous opinions.”

“ Mr. Canon,” said the curate, in-
 “ terrupting him in this place, “ the sub-
 “ ject you have touched upon awakes
 “ in me an old grudge I have bore to
 “ our modern plays, even equal to that
 “ I entertain against books of chivalry.
 “ Comedy, according to Tully, ought
 “ to be the mirror of life, the exem-
 “ plar of manners, and picture of truth;
 “ whereas, those that are represented
 “ in this age, are mirrors of absurdity,
 “ exemplars of folly, and pictures of
 “ lewdness; for sure nothing can be
 “ more absurd in a dramatick perform-
 “ ance, than to see the person, who in
 “ the first scene of the first act, was
 “ produced a child in swaddling-cloaths;
 “ appear a full grown man with a beard,
 “ in the second; or to represent an old
 “ man active and valiant, a young sol-
 “ dier cowardly, a footman eloquent,
 “ a page a counsellor, a king a porter,
 “ and a prince a scullion. Then what
 “ shall we say concerning their manage-
 “ ment of the time and place, in which
 “ the actions have or may be supposed
 “ to have happened? I have seen a come-
 “ dy, the first act of which was laid in
 “ Europe, the second in Asia, and the
 “ third was finished in Africa; nay,
 “ had there been a fourth, the scene
 “ would have shifted to America; so
 “ that the fable would have traversed

* A Spanish proverb, applicable to a great many modern projectors and reformers.

through all the four divisions of the globe. If imitation be the chief aim of comedy, how can any ordinary understanding be satisfied with seeing an action that passed in the time of King Pepin and Charlemagne, ascribed to the Emperor Heraclius, who being the principal personage, is represented, like Godfrey of Bulloign, carrying the cross into Jerusalem, and making himself master of the holy sepulchre; an infinite number of years having passed between the one and the other. Or, when a comedy is founded upon fiction, to see scraps of real history introduced, and facts misrepresented both with regard to persons and times; not with any ingenuity of contrivance, but with the most manifest and inexcusable errors and stupidity; and what is worst of all, there is a set of ignorant pretenders, who call this the perfection of writing; and that every attempt to succeed by a contrary method is no other than a wild-goose chase*. Again, if we consider those plays that are written on divine subjects, how many false miracles do they contain? how many apocryphal events misunderstood by the author, who frequently confounds the operations of one saint with those of another? Nay, in prophane subjects, they have the assurance to work miracles, for no other respect or consideration, but because they think such a miracle will make a very decent appearance in such a place; and, as they term it, attract the admiration of the vulgar, and bring them in crowds to the play: but all this redounds to the prejudice of truth, the contempt of history, and scandal of our Spanish wits; so that the authors of other nations, who punctually observe the unities of the drama, conclude, that we are barbarous and ignorant, from our absurd and preposterous productions. Neither is it a sufficient excuse to say, that the intent of all well governed commonwealths, in permitting publick plays to be acted, is to entertain the common people with some honest recreation, in order to divert those bad humours which idleness usually engenders; and that, since this end

is answered by any play whatever, either good or bad, there is no occasion to cramp and limit the authors or actors to the just laws of composition; the purpose of the legislature being, as I have said, accomplished without any such restriction. To this suggestion I answer, that the same end, without any sort of comparison, will be much better answered by good than bad comedies; for, after having seen an artful and well-digested play represented, the hearer will go away, delighted with the comick parts, instructed by the serious, and agreeably surprized with the incidents; collecting information from the dialogue, precaution from the deceits of the fable, experience from the examples exhibited, affection for virtue, and indignation for vice. All these sensations, I say, will a good comedy excite in the spectator's mind, let it be never so stupid and uncultivated; for of all impossibilities, it is the most impossible, that a comedy, thus perfect in all it's parts, should not yield more entertainment, satisfaction, and delight, than one that is defective in each particular, as the greatest part of our modern pieces are. Neither is this want of correctness always to be laid to the author's charge; for there are some poets among us who are perfectly well acquainted with the rules of writing, and could easily avoid any such errors of composition; but as their pieces are made for sale, they say, and it is very true, that the players would not purchase them, if they were of any other stamp: so that the author is fain to accommodate himself to the demand of the actor who pays him for his work. The truth of this observation evidently appears in a great number of comedies which have been composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms†, with so much wit, pleasantry, elegance of versification, genteel dialogue, sententious gravity, and finally, with such elocution and sublimity of stile, that the whole world resounds with his fame; yet in suiting himself to the false taste of the actors, he hath not been able to bring them all to the requisite point of per-

* *Buscar gullirias*, signifies to seek dainties.

† Lopez de Vega Carpio.

fection. Others again are so inconsiderate in their productions, that after representation, the players have been frequently obliged to fly and abscond, for fear of chastisement, on account of having exhibited something to the prejudice of royal heads, or dishonour of noble families; now, all these inconveniences, with many more that I do not chuse to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court some person of taste and learning, appointed to examine every dramattick performance before it's appearance on the stage; and this precaution should affect not only the plays composed in Madrid, but all pieces whatever to be represented within the monarchy of Spain; for, without the approbation of this licenser, signed and sealed, no magistrate should allow any production to be acted within the bounds of his jurisdiction. In consequence of this expedient, the actors would take care to submit every play to the censure of the examiner, that they might afterwards represent them with safety; and the authors would employ more caution and study in their compositions, knowing that they must pass the rigorous examination of an intelligent judge; in this manner, good comedies would be produced, and the aim of such writings happily accomplished, to the entertainment of the people, and the credit of Spanish wits; while the actors would represent them with security and advantage, and the state be exempted from the trouble of chastising such delinquents. And if the same licenser, or any other person, were invested with the charge of examining books of chivalry, before they see the light, some performances of that sort would certainly appear in all the perfection you have described, enriching our language with the delightful and precious treasure of eloquence; while the old romances would be entirely eclipsed by the light of the new, that would furnish rational amusement, not only for the idle, but also for those who are most industrious; seeing it is impossible for the bow to continue always bent, or that feeble nature can subsist without some innocent recreation.'

Thus far had the canon and curate

proceeded in their conversation, when the barber coming up to them, said to his townsman, 'Mr. Licentiate, this is the place in which I proposed to halt, that the oxen might have fresh pasture in abundance.' The curate approved of the hint, and communicated their intention to the canon, who resolved to stay with them, being invited by the situation of a delicious valley that presented itself to his view; that he might therefore enjoy the agreeable spot, together with the conversation of the curate, for whom he had already conceived an affection, and be more particularly informed of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered his domesticks to proceed to an inn, which was not far off, and bring from thence victuals sufficient for the whole company; for he was resolved to spend the afternoon where he was. One of the servants told him that the sumpter-mule, which by that time had reached the inn, carried provision enough, and that they should want nothing but barley for the beasts. 'If that be the case,' said the canon, 'carry the rest to the inn, and bring the sumpter-mule hither.'

Meanwhile, Sancho perceiving that he might now speak to his master, without being overheard by the curate and barber, of whom he was suspicious, approached the cage, and thus addressed himself to the knight: 'Truly, Sir, in order to disburden my conscience, I must tell you something concerning this same enchantment. These people, with masks on their faces, are no other than the curate and barber of our town, who, I verily believe, have contrived to carry you off in this manner, out of pure envy and spite, because your worship has got the heels of them in your famous achievements: now, this being supposed, it follows as plain as the nose upon my face, that you are not enchanted, but rather fooled and bamboozled. As a proof of which, I desire to ask you one question, which if you answer, as I do believe you will, your worship may clap your ten fingers on the trick, and perceive that you are not enchanted, but that your whole brain is turned topsy-turvy.' — 'Ask what you will, son Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will freely answer, and satisfy your doubts to the

best of my power; with regard to your saying, that those who attend us are our friends and townsmen, the curate and barber, so indeed they may appear to your eye; but that they are really and effectually so, you must by no means believe: on the contrary, you are to conclude, that if they resemble our friends, the inchanters, who can assume what form they please, have taken that appearance and resemblance, to mislead your credit, and bewilder your imagination in such a labyrinth of perplexity, that even the clue of Theseus would not extricate your thoughts. Besides, they may have done it with a view of confounding my judgment, that I might not be able to guess from what quarter my misfortune proceeds; for, if on one hand you affirm that I am attended by the barber and curate of our town; and on the other, I find myself encaged; though I am sensible that nothing but supernatural force could suffice to confine me thus, what would you have me say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds every thing I have read in all the histories that treat of enchanted knights? Wherefore let your heart at rest, and take it for granted, that these are as far from being the persons you have mentioned, as I am from being a Turk. With respect to thy desire of asking me questions, I repeat my promise of answering, even if thy interrogation should last till to-morrow morning.—“God’s blessed mother!” cried the squire, with great vociferation, “is it possible that your worship can be so thick-skulled and brainless, as not to perceive the truth of what I allege, and see that this imprisonment and misfortune is more owing to magic than to enchantment? But seeing it is so, I will venture to prove, beyond all contradiction, that you are no more enchanted than my ass. Tell me, therefore, as God shall deliver you from this mischance, and as you hope to see yourself in the arms of my Lady Dulcinea, when you least expect any such good luck—” “Truce with thy conjuration,” said the knight, “and ask what thou wilt, I have already promised to answer with the utmost punctuality.”—“That is my request,” answered Sancho; “and what

I want to know is, that your worship will tell me, without eking or curtailing God’s precious truth, but in honest simplicity of heart as it ought to be, and always is told those who, like your worship, profess the occupation of arms, under the title of knights-errant—” “I tell thee,” cried the knight, interrupting him, “I will not in the least prevaricate. Dispatch then, Sancho, for truly I am quite tired with so many salvos, foliations, and preambles.”—“I make so bold,” replied the squire, “because I am well aware of my master’s goodness and sincerity, which being as it were to the purpose, I ask (with reverence be it spoken) whether or not, since you have been confined, and as you suppose enchanted in this cage, your worship hath felt any motion or desire to undam either way, as the saying is?”—“I do not know what you mean by undamming,” answered Don Quixote; “you must be more explicit, Sancho, if you expect an answer to the purpose.”—“Is it possible,” said the squire, “that your worship should be ignorant of the meaning of the word undamming, which is the first thing the boys learn at school?” “Well, then, you must know, I wanted to ask if you never had any inclination to do that which nobody else can do for you?”—“Now I understand thee, Sancho,” said the knight; “verily, I have had divers calls of that nature, one of which is at present very importunate; pray fall upon some method to disembarraß me, for I believe all is not so sweet and clean as it ought to be.”

C H A P. XXII.

THE SAGE CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHE PANZA AND HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.

“**H**A!” cried Sancho, “have I caught you at last? This is what I wanted to know with all my heart and soul: come on, Sir, there is no denying of what is commonly said, when any person is in the dumps, I know not what is the matter with such an one; he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose,”

‘poſe, when he is ſpoke to; ſure the man muſt be enchanted: from whence we are to conclude, that thoſe who are enchanted neither eat, drink, ſleep; nor do their natural occaſions, as I have obſerved. But this is not the caſe with ſuch as are diſturbed with the inclination that your worſhip at preſent feels, drinking when they can get liquor, eating when they can lay hold on food, and giving plain anſwers to every queſtion that is aſked.’

—‘Thou art in the right,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘but I have already told thee; that there are different kinds of enchantment; and time may have ſo entirely altered the faſhion, that thoſe who are under the power of enchantment in this age, may, like me, retain the uſe of their faculties, though it was quite otherwiſe of old; ſo that there is no arguing or drawing conſequences againſt the different practice of different times. I am ſenſible and certain of my being enchanted, and this is ſufficient for the quiet of my conſcience, which would give me great uneaſineſs if I had the leaſt doubt about my fate, and allowed myſelf to be in this cage like an idle coward, deceitfully withholding my ſuccour from a great number of the needy and oppreſſed, who at this very hour muſt be in the moſt abſolute and extreme neceſſity, from the want of my aid and protection.’—‘Nevertheless,’ answered the ſquire, ‘for your more abundant ſatisfaction, your worſhip, methinks, might try to eſcape from this priſon; for my own part, I’ll be bound not only to give my aſſiſtance, but even to work your deliverance, and then you may endeavour to remount your truſty Roſinante, who trudges along as melancholy and ſad as if he was enchanted alſo. This being performed, let us try our fate once more in queſt of adventures; and if they do not turn out to our expectation, it will be time enough to return to the cage, in which I promiſe, on the faith of a true and loyal ſquire, to ſhut myſelf up with your worſhip, if perchance, through your ill fortune or my folly, this that I mention ſhould not ſucceed.’—‘I am content to follow thy counſel,’ brother Sancho,’ replied the knight; ‘and whenever thou ſhalt perceive a proper conjuncture for effecting my

‘deliverance, I will implicitly obey thee in every thing, but thou wilt ſoon find thyſelf deceived in thy opinion of my miſhap.’

This converſation between the knight-errant and the erring ſquire, laſted until they arrived at the place in which the curate, canon, and barber, who had already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner immediately unyoking his oxen, turned them looſe in that verdant and delicious ſpot, the coolneſs of which was extremely inviting, not only to enchanted people like Don Quixote, but alſo to perſons of intelligence and diſcretion like his ſquire, who beſought the curate to let his maſter come out of the cage for a few minutes; becauſe, without ſuch permiſſion, the priſon would not be quite ſo clean as the decency of ſuch a knight required. The curate, underſtanding what he meant, told him that he would willingly grant his requeſt, were he not under ſome apprehenſion that his maſter, finding himſelf at liberty, would play one of his old pranks, and be gone where men ſhould never ſee his face again. ‘I will be bound for his good behaviour,’ answered Sancho; ‘and I alſo,’ ſaid the canon, ‘eſpecially if he will promiſe, on the word of a knight, not to ſtir from our preſence, until he ſhall have obtained our conſent.’

‘I will,’ cried the knight (who overheard all that paſſed;) ‘the more ſo, as one who, like me, is enchanted, cannot be at liberty to make uſe of his own perſon; for the inchanter can ſo utterly deprive him of all motion, that he ſhall not be able to ſtir from the place for three whole ages: and if he ſhould make his eſcape, would whiſk him back through the air in a twinkling.’ This being the caſe, he ſaid they might very ſafely uncape him, eſpecially as ſuch indulgence would redound to the benefit of the whole company; for he proteſted that if they did not comply with his preſent neceſſities, he ſhould be obliged to incommode their ſenſe of ſmelling, unleſs they removed to a greater diſtance from the place of his confinement.

The canon, conſiding in his word and honour, took him by the hands, tied as they were, and helped him to deſcend from his cage: then the knight, being infinitely rejoiced at his momen-

tary deliverance, stretched every joint in his body, and going up to Rozinante, gave him a slap on the buttocks, saying, 'I still hope in God and his blessed mother, thou flower and mirror of steeds! that in a short time we shall both obtain our heart's desire; thou prancing under the agreeable pressure of thy lord, and I mounted upon thy trusty back, exercising the employment for which Heaven sent me into the world.' Having pronounced this apostrophe, he retired with Sancho to a remote place, from whence he returned much eased and comforted, and more desirous than ever of executing the project of his squire. The canon could not help gazing upon him, being struck with admiration at the strange unaccountable symptoms of his disorder; for in all his conversation and replies, he gave evident proofs of an excellent understanding, and never lost himself except on the subject of chivalry, as we have formerly observed: he was therefore touched with compassion for his infirmity, and when the whole company were seated on the grass, waiting for the return of the sumpter-mule, addressed himself to the knight in this manner:

'Is it possible, good Sir, that the idle and unlucky reading of books of chivalry can have so far impaired your judgment, as that you should now believe yourself enchanted, and give credit to other illusions of the same kind, which are as far from being true as truth is distant from falsehood? Is it possible that the human understanding can suppose that ever this world produced that infinite number of Amadis's, with the whole crowd of famous knights, so many emperors of Trebifond, Fleximarte's of Hyrcania, palfreys, damsels, serpents, dragons, and giants; so many incredible adventures, enchantments of different kinds, battles, dreadful encounters, magnificence of apparel, enamoured princesses, squires created earls, witty dwarfs, billets, amorous expressions, valiant ladies, and finally, such extravagant events as are contained in books of knight-errantry? For my own part, when I read a performance of that sort, without reflecting that it is a legend of vanity and lies, my

imagination is a little amused; but as soon as I begin to consider it in the right point of view, I dash the volume against the wall, and would even commit it to the flames, (if I should chance to be near a fire) as a criminal richly deserving such punishment on account of its falsehood and imposture, so contrary to nature, and bewildered from the track of common-sense, and as an inventor of new sects and preposterous ways of life, misleading and inducing the ignorant vulgar to believe the absurdities which it contains; nay, so presumptuous are such productions, as to disturb the minds of gentlemen of birth and education, as may be too plainly perceived by their effects upon you, Signior, whom they have reduced to such a pass as to make it necessary that you should be cooped up in a cage, and transported from place to place on a waggon, like a lion or tyger exhibited as a shew for money. Go to, Signior Don Quixote! have pity upon yourself, return into the bosom of discretion, and put those happy talents which Heaven hath been pleased to bestow upon you to a better use, employing your genius in other studies, which may redound to the increase of your honour, as well as to the good of your soul; or, if swayed by your natural inclination, you are still desirous of reading the histories of exploits and achievements, you may have recourse to the book of Judges in the Holy Scripture, and there you will find real miracles of might, and actions equally valiant and true. Portugal produced a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a count Fernan Gonçales, Valencia a Cid, Andalousia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Padredes, Xerez a Garcia Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon; the history of their valiant exploits will afford entertainment, instruction, surprize, and delight, to readers of the most sublime conception. Such study as this would be worthy of the good sense of Signior Don Quixote, who would thus become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, improved

‘in worth, bettered in morals, brave without rashness, cautious without cowardice; while the whole would redound to the honour of God, his own particular emolument, and the renown of La Mancha, from whence I understand his family and origin is derived.’

Don Quixote listened with infinite attention to this harangue; and even after he perceived it was finished, looked stedfastly at the canon for some time, before he answered in these words: ‘Signior Hidalgo, if I am not mistaken, the scope of your discourse was to convince me that there never were knights-errant in this world; that all the books of chivalry are false, deceitful, unprofitable, nay, mischievous, in a commonwealth; that I have been much to blame in reading, more so in believing, and most of all in imitating, the characters they describe, by following the most painful profession of knight-errantry; and, lastly, you deny that ever there was an Amadis, either of Gaul or Greece, or that any one of that vast number of knights recorded in those writings had any real existence.’—‘You have exactly summed up my allegations,’ said the canon. ‘You were likewise pleased to add,’ resumed the knight, ‘that such books had done me infinite prejudice, impaired my judgment, and reduced me to the necessity of being confined in a cage; and that I would do well to amend and alter my course of studies, and to use performances which contain more truth, instruction, and delight.’—‘That,’ said the canon, ‘was my precise meaning.’—‘Why, then,’ cried Don Quixote, ‘in my opinion the person impaired in his judgment, and enchanted, is no other than your worship, who have presumed to utter such blasphemies against an order so well received in the world, and established as truth, that he who like you denies it, deserves the same punishment you inflicted upon those books that gave you disgust; for, to say that there never was such a person as Amadis, or any other of those adventurous knights with whom history abounds, is like an endeavour to persuade

‘people that frost is not cold, that the sun yields no light, and the earth no sustenance. Will any earthly eloquence make a man believe, that the story of the infanta Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy, is false; or that of Fierabras, with the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and I vow to God is as true as that the sun shines at noon-day? If this be a lye, you may also affirm that there never was such an event as the Trojan war, nor such persons as Hector and Achilles, or the Twelve Peers of France, or Arthur king of England, who to this day survives in the likeness of a raven, and is every moment expected to ascend his throne. People may as well venture to say, that the history of Guarino Mesquino, and the suit of St. Grial, are pure fiction; and look upon the amours of Don Trifan and queen Iseo, with those of Ginebra and Lancelot, as altogether apocryphal; though there are people who almost remember to have seen the Duenna Quintanona, who was the best wine-sinker in Great Britain: this is so true, that I myself have heard my grandmother by the father’s side often say, when she happened to see a duenna with a reverend biggen, “Grandson, there is a person very like the Duenna Quintanona.” From whence I conclude, that she must either have known her personally, or at least seen some picture of that venerable matron. Then, who can deny the history of Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona, since, to this day may be seen in the royal armoury the very peg that turned the wooden horse upon which the valiant Peter travelled through the air; by the same token, that it is something larger than the pole of a coach, and stands near the saddle of Babieca. Nay, at Roncevalles you may see Orlando’s horn, as big as a weaver’s beam. From all which circumstances we may justly infer, that the Twelve Peers, the Peters, the Cids, with all those who were called knights-errant, actually existed, according to the records of their fame; otherwise they may as well deny that the valiant Portuguese, Juan de

• *Toca*, which is the original word, signifies a woman’s coif, veil, or handkerchief.

• *Merlo*,

Merlo, was a knight-errant; though it is well known, that he went to Burgundy and fought in the city of Ras, with the famous lord of Charne, called Monseigneur Pierre, and afterwards in the city of Basil, with Monseigneur Henrique de Renetton; gaining the victory in each of these combats, with abundance of honorable fame. Neither, I suppose, will they credit the valiance of his adventures that were also achieved in Burgundy, by those valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Gutierrez Quixada, (from whom I am lineally descended on the father's side) who conquered the sons of the Count de St. Paul: nay, let them likewise refuse to own that Don Fernando de Guevara went in quest of adventures into Germany, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the household to the Duke of Austria; and say that the jousts and tournaments at Suero de Quinones, and the pass, were mere illusion, as well as the enterprizes of Monseigneur Lewis de Falses, against Don Gonçalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight, together with many other exploits performed by Christian warriors belonging to these and other foreign realms; so authentick and true, that (I repeat my asseveration) he who denies them is void of all reason and common sense.

The canon was struck with admiration, when he heard Don Quixote utter such a medley of fiction and truth; and perceiving that he was intimately acquainted with every circumstance regarding and concerning the achievements of knight-errantry, answered him in these words: 'Signior Don Quixote, I cannot deny but what you have said is partly true, particularly that which regards the Spanish knights; I grant also, that there was an order called the Twelve Peers of France, but cannot believe that they performed all those exploits recounted by archbishop Turpin; for the truth is, they were a set of knights chosen by the kings of France, under the title of the Twelve Peers, because they were all equal in point of virtue, rank, and valour; at least, if they were not, they ought to have been possessed of this parity of qualifications; for it was an association resembling the modern orders of St. Jago and Calatrava, which sup-

pose that every member is valiant, virtuous, and noble; and as we now say a knight of St. Juan or Alcantara, in those days they said a knight of the Twelve Peers; because those who professed that military order were equal in all respects, and twelve in number; that there were such persons as the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio, I make no question; but whether or not they performed all those exploits which are ascribed to them, is, I believe, extremely doubtful; with respect to the peg of Count Peter, which you say stands by the saddle of Babieca in the royal armoury, to my shame be it spoken, I am either so ignorant or short-sighted, that although I have seen the saddle, I could never observe the peg, large as you have been pleased to describe it.'— 'But there it certainly is,' replied the knight; 'and what makes it the more remarkable, it is said to be kept in a case of calves leather, that it may not rust.'— 'It may be so,' said the canon; 'but, by my holy orders! I do not remember to have seen any such thing; yet, granting it to be in that place, I am not therefore bound to believe the stories that are recounted of so many Amadis's, and such a rabble of knights; nor is it reasonable, that a person of honour, like you, endowed with so many happy talents, should give credit to such extravagant rhodomontades as are related in the lying legends of knight-errantry.'

CHAP. XXIII.

OF THE SAGE CONTEST BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE CANON —WITH OTHER EVENTS.

A Good jest, truly!' replied Don Quixote, 'that books printed with the licence of kings, and approbation of those who are appointed to examine them, read with universal delight, celebrated by great and small, rich and poor, knights and plebeians, the learned and illiterate; finally, by persons of all ranks and degrees whatever, should contain nothing but lies; notwithstanding the appearance of truth which they maintain, in mentioning the father, mother, coun-

try,

try, relations, condition, birth-place; and in giving an exact journal of the exploits peculiar to every individual knight; cease, therefore, good Sir, to vent such blasphemy, and believe that in this particular, I advise you to act according to the dictates of good sense: read them again, and you will see what pleasure you will reap for your pains; for what can be more entertaining than to see, as it were, before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, through which an infinite number of serpents, snakes, and alligators, with many other kinds of fierce and terrible creatures, are continually winding and writhing along; then to hear a most dismal voice that seems to issue from the middle of this pitchy pool, pronounce, "O knight, whosoever thou art, that now standest gazing at the dreadful lake, if thou wouldst enjoy the bliss that is concealed beneath these fable waves, display the valour of thy dauntless breast, and dart thyself amidst these black and burning billows; otherwise, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders deposited and contained within the seven castles of the seven nymphs, that dwell below this fullen flood." Scarce hath the sound of this dismal voice ceased to vibrate on his ear, when the knight, without the least hesitation, or reflecting upon the danger he incurs, nay, without putting off his heavy armour, but recommending himself to God and his mistress, plunges at once into the burning lake; and when he neither cares nor knows what will be his fate, finds himself in the midst of a delightful plain, by which the Elysian fields are infinitely excelled: there the heaven seems more transparent, and the sun shines with new lustre; the eye is entertained with an agreeable forest of tall and leafy trees, whose verdure delights the view, while the ear is regaled with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little painted warblers that hop from bough to bough; here he perceives a brook, whose refreshing waters, clear as liquid crystal, run murmuring on the yellow sand, and glistening pebbles, that emulate the purest pearls, and heaps of sifted gold.

In one place springs an artificial

fountain adorned with variegated Jasper and polished marble; in another rises a rustick grotto, in which the small shells of the mussel, and the white and yellow twisted domes of the snail, placed in beauteous disorder, and mixed with bits of shining crystal and counterfeit emeralds, compose such an agreeable variety, that nature seems to be excelled by imitative art. In a third place, all of a sudden, appears a strong castle or magnificent palace, the walls of massy gold, the battlements of diamond, the gates of hyacinth, and, finally, the workmanship so admirable, as infinitely to excel the materials, which are no less than adamant, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and gold. Nay, after having thus feasted his eyes, there still remains for him to see a fair bevy of damsels coming out at the castle-gate, dressed in such gay and splendid attire, that were I to describe it minutely, as it is represented in the history, I should never have done. Then she who appears the principal, takes by the hand the undaunted knight who threw himself into the boiling lake, and silently leading him into the rich castle or place, strips him as naked as he was when his mother bore him, and bathes him in water of an agreeable temperature, then anoints his whole body with aromatick essences, and puts upon him a shirt of the finest lawn, all scented and perfumed; then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, which, at least, is usually valued at the price of a whole city, or more. After all this ceremony, what a sight it is, when, as they relate, he is conducted into another hall, in which a table is furnished with such elegance as to excite his admiration and suspense! when they sprinkle upon his hands water distilled from amber and odoriferous flowers! when he is seated upon a chair of ivory, and attended by all those damsels, who serve him in amazing silence! when he is allured by such a variety of dishes, and so savourily cooked, that the appetite is confounded in its choice! Then to hear musick during his repast, without seeing the minstrel, or knowing from whence the sound proceeds; and, after he has refreshed himself, and the table is

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uncovered,

uncovered, while he lolls at ease upon his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, he is surprized with the sight of another young lady, much more beautiful than any of the former, who enters the hall, and sitting down by the knight, begins to tell him whose castle that is, and how she is enchanted within it, relating other circumstances which create wonder in him, and raise the admiration of those who read the story. I need not farther expatiate on this subject, since, from what hath been said, it plainly appears, that any part whatever, of the history of any knight-errant whatever, must yield pleasure and surprize to any reader whatsoever. Believe me, therefore, good Sir, and as I have already hinted, take the trouble of reading those books, and you will see what effectual antidotes they are against melancholy, and how they improve the disposition, when it is bad. For my own part I can safely aver, that since I professed the order of knight-errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities, and enchantment; and though I so lately found myself shut up in a cage, like a madman, I hope, by the valour of this my arm, provided Heaven shall favour, and fortune cease to oppose me, in a few days to see myself sovereign of some kingdom, when I shall be enabled to demonstrate the gratitude and generosity which reside within my breast; for, truly, Signior, a poor man is incapable of exerting the virtue of liberality, let him possess it in never so eminent a degree; and that gratitude which is restrained to good-will alone, is like faith without works, no more than the ghost of virtue. Wherefore I wish fortune would speedily furnish me with an opportunity of making myself an emperor, that I may exercise the virtues of my heart, in bestowing benefits on my friends, especially on my poor squire Sancho Panza, one of the best men in the world, whom I intend to create an earl, in consequence of a promise which he obtained from me long ago, though I fear he wants capacity to manage his estate.

These last words being overheard by

Sancho, he said to his master, 'Signior Don Quixote, I wish you would take the trouble to give me that same earldom, which is as firmly promised by your worship as expected by me, and I will undertake to find ability to manage it; or, if I should find myself at a loss, I have heard it often said, that there are certain persons who farm the estates of great noblemen at so much a year, and take charge of the whole, while the owner lolls at his ease, enjoying his income, without troubling his noddle about any other affairs. Now, I would live in the very same manner, minding the cares of this world as little as possible; but leaving off all sorts of business, enjoying my rents, like any duke, and let the world wag.'—'Brother, Sancho,' said the canon, 'that is to be understood only of the spending your income; but the lord of a great estate must have regard to the administration of justice, which requires ability, sound judgment, and principally an upright intention; for if this be wanting in the beginning, the middle and end will always be involved in error; and therefore Heaven usually assists the righteous intent of the simple, while it confounds the wicked aims of the cunning.'—'I know nothing of these philosophies,' answered the squire; 'but this I know, that I wish to God I had this earldom, as soon as I should find understanding to manage it; for I have as big a soul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that has more; and would be as much a king in my own estate, as any he that wears a head: and so being, I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should please myself; and pleasing myself, I should be satisfied; and in being satisfied, I should have nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, there would be an end; so let the earldom come a God's name! I wish we could see it, as one blind man said to another.'—'These are no bad philosophies, as you call them, Sancho,' said the canon; 'but, for all that, there is much to be said on the subject of earldoms.'—'I know not what more can be said,' replied Don Quixote; 'for my own part, I do no more than follow the example transmitted to me by the great Amadis de Gaul, who created

created his squire earl of the Firm Island; and therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, bestow the same honour on Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever served knight-errant.'

The canon was amazed at the methodical madness of Don Quixote, manifested in his description of the Knight of the Lake; and in the impression which the false adventures of chivalry had made upon his imagination; neither was his wonder diminished, when he considered the folly of Sancho, who so ardently desired the possession of that island which his master had promised to give him, as the reward of his services.

By this time the canon's servants had returned from the inn, with the sumpter-mule; and, instead of a table, spread a carpet on the green grass, under the shade of some trees, where the company seating themselves all round, went to dinner, that the waggoner might not lose the opportunity of such a convenient situation, as we have already observed. While they thus enjoyed themselves, their ears were struck with a sudden noise, and the sound of a bell, issuing from the midst of some briars and thickets that surrounded the place where they sat; and immediately appeared a beautiful she-goat, her skin speckled with spots of white, black, and grey, followed by the goatherd; who, in his rustick dialect, called to her to stop and return to the fold. The fugitive goat trembling with affright, came towards the company, and there stopped, as if to implore their protection; while her keeper, seizing her by the horns, accosted her in these words, as if she had been possessed of sense and understanding; 'Ah! you spotted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late; the wolves will feast upon you one day; what is the matter with you, my pretty child? Yet what else can it be, but that you are a female, and consequently inconstant! a plague upon your disposition, and all those you resemble: return, return, my darling; and if you are not so happy, at least you will be more secure, in the fold among your companions; for if you, who ought to watch over and guide the rest, stray about in this imprudent manner, what must become of them?'

These words of the goatherd diverted those who heard them, especially the

canon; who said to him, 'I beseech you, brother, to pacify yourself, and be not in such a hurry to drive back your goat, which being a female, as you observe, will follow her natural disposition, in spite of all you can do to oppose it. Take this morsel, and assuage your choler with a cup of wine, and in the mean time the goat will repose herself.'

So saying, he presented to him, on the point of a fork, the hind-quarter of a cold rabbit, which was thankfully accepted by the goatherd; who having taken a long draught, and composed himself, said to the company, 'Gentlemen, you must not take me for a simpleton, because I talk to this animal as if it were a rational creature; for really there is a mystery concealed beneath the words I have uttered. I am a peasant, 'tis true, yet not so rustick but that I know how to converse with men as well as beasts.'—'I firmly believe what you say,' replied the curate; 'for I myself have experienced that the mountains produce learned men, and that philosophers are to be found within the shepherd's cot.'—'At least,' resumed the goatherd, 'the cottage may contain those who are warned by woeful experience; and to convince you feelingly that what I alledge is true, I, though undesired, and self-invited, saving the good pleasure of this good company, entreat a moment's hearing, while I recount a true story, which will confirm what that gentleman,' pointing to the curate 'and myself have observed.'

To this proposal Don Quixote replied, 'As this affair seems to bear something of the shadow of an adventure, I for my part will gladly give you the hearing, brother, and so will all those gentlemen, who are persons of taste, and lovers of curious novels, that surprize, delight, and entertain the sensible hearer; for I hope your story will certainly produce these agreeable effects: begin then, friend, we are all attention.'—'By your leave,' cried Sancho, 'I will e'en betake myself with this piece of pastry to yonder brook, and lay in store for three days; for I have heard my master Don Quixote observe, that the squire of a knight-errant ought to eat as often and as much as he can; because they are frequently so bewil-

‘dered in woods and forests, that it
 ‘will take them six whole days to dis-
 ‘engage themselves; and if a man’s
 ‘belly or his bags be not well lined
 ‘with provision, there he may stay, as
 ‘he often does, till he withers into
 ‘perfect mummy.’—‘You are in the
 ‘right, Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘go
 ‘where you will, and eat as much as
 ‘you please; for my own part, my
 ‘grosser appetite is satisfied, and now I
 ‘want refreshment for the mind, which
 ‘I shall enjoy in listening to this honest
 ‘countryman’s story.’—‘We shall all
 ‘share in the repast,’ replied the canon,
 ‘who intreated the peasant to perform his
 promise.’

Then the goatherd gave the goat,
 which he held by the horns, two slaps
 on the buttocks, saying, ‘Lie down by
 ‘my side, you speckled Nanny; we shall
 ‘have time enough to return to the
 ‘fold.’ The creature seemed to under-
 stand his meaning, for he was no sooner
 set than she lay down very quietly, and
 looking in his face, gave him to under-
 stand that she was attentive to what he
 was going to say; upon which he began
 his story in these words.

THE STORY WHICH THE GOAT-
 HERD RECOUNTED TO THE CON-
 DUCTORS OF DON QUIXOTE.

‘**T**HREE leagues from this val-
 ‘ley stands a village, which
 ‘though small, is one of the richest
 ‘in all this country; and therein dwelt
 ‘a farmer in great repute: and albeit
 ‘respect follows worldly wealth, he
 ‘was more beloved for his virtue than
 ‘respected for his riches; but what he
 ‘regarded as the best part of his good
 ‘fortune, (as he himself was wont
 ‘to say) was a daughter he had, of
 ‘such exceeding beauty, rare discre-
 ‘tion, modesty, and grace, that every
 ‘one who saw and knew her, mar-
 ‘velled at the happy talents with
 ‘which Heaven and nature had en-
 ‘riched her body and her soul. In
 ‘the cradle she was handsome, and
 ‘continually increased in beauty, till
 ‘at the age of sixteen she was a most
 ‘enchancing creature: the fame of her
 ‘charms began to spread over all the
 ‘neighbouring villages; but what
 ‘need I say the neighbouring villages!

‘it extended to distant cities, and
 ‘even made it’s way into the king’s
 ‘court, filling the ears of all sorts of
 ‘people, who came from all parts to
 ‘see her, as if she had been some
 ‘great curiosity, or miracle-working
 ‘image. Her father watched over
 ‘her with great care, and she took
 ‘great care of herself; for truly, a
 ‘maiden’s own prudent reserve is a
 ‘better guard upon her conduct than
 ‘all the bolts, and spies, and padlocks
 ‘upon earth. The father’s wealth
 ‘and the daughter’s beauty moved a
 ‘great many people, both of town and
 ‘country, to demand her in marriage;
 ‘but he, like one who has the dispo-
 ‘sal of a rich jewel, was perplexed
 ‘in his mind, and could not deter-
 ‘mine in favour of any one of the
 ‘infinite number that solicited his
 ‘consent. Among the crowd of her
 ‘suitors, I was one who conceived
 ‘great and flattering hopes of success,
 ‘because her father knew me to be
 ‘his townsman, of an honest family,
 ‘in the flower of my age, rich in
 ‘wealth, and in point of understand-
 ‘ing not very poor. She was also
 ‘courted by another young man of
 ‘our town, who was in every respect
 ‘my equal; so that her father was
 ‘perplexed, and wavered in his choice,
 ‘because he thought his daughter
 ‘would be well bestowed upon either
 ‘of us; wherefore, in order to deli-
 ‘ver himself from this suspense, he
 ‘resolved to communicate our de-
 ‘mands to Leandra, (for that is the
 ‘name of this wealthy maiden, who
 ‘hath made me miserable) and since
 ‘we were equal in all qualifications, to
 ‘refer the whole affair to the choice and
 ‘decision of his beloved daughter.
 ‘An example worthy to be followed
 ‘by every father in the settlement of
 ‘his children: not that I would have
 ‘parents leave them to their own
 ‘choice, in things that are manifestly
 ‘wicked and base; but first propose
 ‘a number of prudent schemes, out
 ‘of which they may be allowed to
 ‘fix upon that which is most to their
 ‘liking. I know not to which of
 ‘us Leandra gave the preference;
 ‘this only I know, that her father
 ‘put us off, on pretence of his daugh-
 ‘ter’s tender years, in general terms,
 ‘which neither laid him under any
 ‘obligation

obligation nor gave us any cause of complaint. I think proper to tell you, that I am called Eugenio, and my rival Anselmo, that you may be acquainted with the names of the persons principally concerned in this tragedy, which is still depending; though one may easily foresee, that it must have a melancholy end.

But, to return to my story: just about that time, there came to our town one Vincent de La Rosa, the son of a poor labouring man that lived in the village: this Vincent, who was just returned from being a soldier in Italy, and other foreign parts, had been carried away, when he was a boy about twelve years of age, by a captain that chanced to march through the town with his company; and now, after an absence of another dozen of years, he returned, in the garb of a soldier, pinked up in a thousand colours, and bedecked with a power of glass toys and slender-chains of steel. To-day he dressed himself out in one gay suit, to-morrow in another; but all his finery and gewgaws were of little weight or value. The labouring people, who are naturally malicious, nay, when idleness gives them opportunity, downright malice itself, observed and took an exact account of all his ornaments and fine apparel, and found that he had no more than three suits of different colours, with garters and hose; but he found means to disguise them by such inventions, that one who had not been at the pains to detect him, would have sworn that he had appeared in more than ten different dresses, and in upwards of twenty plumes of feathers; and you must not think it impertinent or foolish in me to give you this account of his cloaths, because they bear a considerable share in the story. He used to seat himself upon a stone, under a tall poplar that grew in our market-place, and there keep us all gaping around him at the exploits which he recounted; if you would take his word for it, there was not a country on the face of the earth, which he had not seen, nor a battle in which he had not served: he had killed a greater number of Moors than ever Tunis or Morocco produced; and, by his own account,

fought more single combats than were ever maintained by Gante, Luna, Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand more whom he named, gaining the victory in each, without losing one single drop of his blood; then he would shew the marks of wounds, which though not to be distinguished, he gave us to understand were the effects of musket-shot he had received in different actions and encounters; finally, with incredible arrogance, he used to *thou* his own equals, even those who knew his extraction, and say that his own arm was his father, his family the work of his own hands, and being a soldier, he owed nothing even to the king himself: with all his boasting, he knew something of musick, and could thrum upon the guittar so as that some people said he made it speak. But his talents did not end here; for he was also a piece of a poet, and wrote ballads a league and a half long; upon every silly trifle that happened in the village. Well, then, this soldier whom I have described, this Vincent de La Rosa, this braggadocio, this gallant, this musician, and poet, was often seen and observed by Leandra from the window of her apartment, that looked towards the market-place. She was captivated by the tinsel of his gaudy cloaths, and enchanted by his ballads; for he gave away twenty copies of each that he composed; the feats he related of himself, reached her ears: in short, (as the devil himself must certainly have ordained) she fell in love with him, even before he had the presumption to make any attempt upon her heart; and, as in the affairs of love every thing is easily accomplished by the man who is already in possession of the woman's affection, Leandra and Vincent soon came to a right understanding; and before any one of her numerous admirers had the least inkling of her inclination, she had already gratified it, by leaving the house of her loving and indulgent father, (mother she had none) and running away with the soldier, who triumphed in that enterprize, and more effectually than in any one he had ever undertaken.

‘ This event filled not only the whole village, but likewise all who heard of it, with admiration : I, for my part, was amazed, Anselmo astonished, the father overwhelmed with sorrow, and the relations with shame. Justice, however, being solicited, the troopers immediately took the road, examined every copse and thicket thereabouts, and after a search of three days, found the giddy Leandra in the cave of a mountain, naked to the smock, and stripped of a great quantity of money and precious jewels, which she had carried off when she made her escape. When she was brought back to the presence of her afflicted father, and questioned about her misfortune, she frankly owned that Vincent de La Rosa had imposed upon her; that under promise of marriage, he had persuaded her to forsake her father’s house, promising to conduct her to Naples, which, he said, was the most beautiful and flourishing city in the whole world; that she inadvertently and fondly believed his false professions, and robbing her father, put herself under his protection : that same night she was missed, when he carried her to a rocky mountain, and confined her in the cave where she was found : she likewise affirmed that the soldier, without making any attempt upon her virtue, had stripped her of all she had, and left her in that forlorn condition; a circumstance that surprized all who heard it, the soldier’s continence being so incredible; but she insisted upon it with such earnest asseverations, that the disconsolate father was in some sort comforted, making little account of the money he had lost, since his daughter was allowed to keep the jewel which when once lost there is no hope of retrieving.

‘ The same day that Leandra appeared, her father removed her from our eyes, and shut her up in a monastery of a neighbouring town; hoping that time would efface some part of the bad opinion his daughter had incurred. The tender years of Leandra served as an excuse for her misconduct, especially with those who are not concerned in the affair; but those who know her discretion

‘ and good sense, do not ascribe her fault to ignorance, but to mere levity, and the natural disposition of women, which is always injudicious and imperfect. Leandra being thus secured, Anselmo’s eyes were blind to every thing that could yield him pleasure; and mine remained in darkness, without the least glimpse of light to direct them to any agreeable object: the absence of Leandra increased our affliction, and exhausted our patience; we cursed the soldier’s finery, and exclaimed against her father’s want of care. At length we agreed to quit the village, and repair to this valley, where he feeding a vast flock of sheep, which are his own property, and I tending a numerous fold of goats, which are also mine, we spend our lives under the cool shade of lofty trees, and give vent to our passion, either by singing, in concert, the praise or dispraise of the beautiful Leandra, or each by himself sighing in the lonely grove, and ejaculating his complaint to Heaven. In imitation of us, many more of Leandra’s lovers have betaken themselves to these rugged mountains, and the exercise of the same employment; so that this spot seems to be transformed into a pastoral Arcadia, every field being crouded with shepherds and folds, and every corner resounding with the name of the fair Leandra. One curses and calls her fickle, inconstant, and immodest; a second condemns her credulity and lightness of behaviour; a third acquits and forgives her, while she is arraigned and reproached by a fourth; some celebrate her beauty; others find fault with her disposition: in short, she is censured and adored by them all; nay, to such a pitch hath their extravagance risen, that some of them complain of her disdain, though they never spoke to her; and others, in their lamentations, pretend to feel the rage of jealousy, which is a passion she never inspired; for, as I have already mentioned, her fault was known before her inclination was suspected: there is not the hollow of a rock, the margin of a rill, nor the shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, recounting his misfortune to the winds; wherever an echo can be formed, it repeats the
‘ name

name of Leandra; the hills resound with Leandra; the rivulets murmur Leandra;—in short, Leandra keeps us all enchanted and perplexed, hoping we know not how, and dreading we know not what. Among the wrong-headed society, he that shews the least, though he has the greatest share of judgment, is my rival Anselmo; who, notwithstanding all the cause he has to be dissatisfied, complains of absence only, turning his lamentation to the sound of the rebeck, which he touches with admirable skill, in verses that shew the excellence of his genius. I follow a more easy, and in my opinion, a wiser course; namely, to inveigh against the levity of the female sex; their fickleness, their double dealing, their rotten promises, their broken faith; and, finally, their want of judgment in bestowing their affections. These, gentlemen, are my reasons for the discourse you heard me address to my goat, whom (because she is a female) I despise, although she be the best of the fold. This is the story I promised to recount, and if I have been prolix in the narration, I shall not be brief in what service you shall please to command. Hard by is my cottage, in which I have plenty of new milk, and most savoury cheese, with abundance of the fruit in season, no less agreeable to the taste than to the view.

CHAP. XXV.

OF THE QUARREL THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERD, WITH THE CURIOUS ADVENTURE OF THE DISCIPLINANTS, WHICH THE KNIGHT HAPPILY ATCHIEVED WITH THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW.

THIS story of the goatherd gave infinite pleasure to all that heard it, especially to the canon, who observed, with admiration, his manner of relating it, as distant from the rustick phrase of a peasant as near approaching to the polite stile of a courtier; and therefore, he said the curate had justly observed, that the mountains sometimes produced learned men. Every body made proffers of service to Eugenio, but he that shewed himself

most liberal in compliment was Don Quixote, who said to him, 'Truly, brother goatherd, were it possible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith set forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monastery, in which she is, doubtless, detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all that should oppose my design; and would put her into your hands to be treated according to your good will and pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, by which all damsels are protected from wrongs: though I hope in God, that a malicious inchanter shall not so far prevail, but that he may be excelled in power, by another of a more righteous disposition; and then you may depend upon my favour and assistance, according to the duty of my profession, which is no other than to succour the wretched and the weak.'

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and being struck with admiration at his rueful aspect and dishevelled locks, said to the barber who sat near him, 'Signior, pray, who is that man who looks and talks so wildly?'—'Who should it be,' answered he barber, 'but the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha! the redresser of grievances, the righter of wrongs, the protector of damsels, the terror of giants, and thunderbolt of war?'—'That discourse,' replied the peasant, 'puts me in mind of those books which treat of knights errant, who were commonly distinguished by such titles as you bestow on that man: but, I suppose, you are pleased to be merry, or else the apartments of this poor gentleman's skull are but indifferently furnished.'

'Your are a most impudent rascal!' (cried the knight, over-hearing what he said) 'it is your skull that is unfurnished and unsound; but mine is more pregnant than the abominable whore that brought you forth.' So saying, he snatched up a loaf, and flung it at the goatherd with such fury, that he levelled his nose with his face.

Eugenio, who did not understand raillery, finding himself maltreated in earnest, without any respect for the carpet, table-cloth, or company, leaped upon the knight, and laying hold of his

his collar, with both hands, would certainly have strangled him, if Sancho Panza had not at that instant sprung to his master's assistance, and pulling his antagonist backwards, tumbled him over upon the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all went to wreck. Don Quixote finding himself disengaged, arose, and in his turn, got upon the goatherd, who being battered by the master, and kicked by the man, was creeping about on all fours in quest of a table-knife, with which he intended to take some bloody revenge, but was prevented by the canon and curate: the goatherd, however, managed matters so as that he got the knight under him, when he rained such a shower of kicks and cuffs upon his carcase, that our hero's countenance was as much overflowed with blood as his own; the curate and canon were ready to burst with laughing, the troopers capered about with joy, and the whole company hallooed, according to the practice of the spectators when two dogs are engaged: Sancho Panza alone was distracted, because he could not get out of the clutches of one of the canon's servants, who hindered him from assisting his master. In fine, when every body was thus regaled and rejoiced, except the combatants, who worried each other, they heard a trumpet utter such a melancholy note, that they could not help turning their heads, and looking towards the place from whence the sound seemed to come: but he on whom it made the greatest impression was Don Quixote; who, though lying under his antagonist, very much against his inclination, and more than sufficiently pummelled, said to the goatherd, 'Brother devil, (for sure thou canst be nothing else, who hast strength and valour sufficient to overcome my efforts) I beg a truce for one hour only; because the doleful sound of that trumpet which salutes our ears, seems to summon me to some new adventure.'

The goatherd being by this time heartily tired of drubbing, as well as of being drubbed, immediately complied with his request; and Don Quixote starting up, directed his view towards the place whence the sound seemed to issue, where he descried a great number of people dressed in white like disci-

plinants, coming down the side of a neighbouring hill. That year the heavens had withheld refreshing showers from the earth; and through all the villages of that district the people instituted processions, disciplines, and prayers, beseeching God to open the fountains of his mercy, and favour them with rain: for this purpose, the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were then going in procession to a holy hermitage built on an eminence that skirted the valley; and Don Quixote seeing the strange dress of the disciplinants*, without recollecting that he had frequently seen such habits before, concluded the whole to be an adventure, which it was the province of him as a knight-errant to achieve: what served to confirm him in this notion, was an image clothed in black, which was carried before them, and which he supposed to be some princess whom those discourteous robbers were carrying off by force.

This whim no sooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility to Rozinante, who was feeding very quietly, and taking the bridle and shield, which hung upon the pommel of the saddle, clapped the bit in his mouth in a twinkling, and demanding his sword from Sancho, mounted his steed, and braced his target, calling aloud to the company, 'Now, honourable gentlemen, ye shall perceive the importance of those who profess the order of knight-errantry! now, I say, ye shall, in the deliverance of that excellent lady, who is at present a captive, behold how much knights-errant ought to be esteemed.'

So saying, he clapped heels to Rozinante, (spurs he had none) and at a hand-gallop (for we do not find in this true history that ever Rozinante went full-speed) rode up to attack the disciplinants. Though the canon, curate, and barber, made efforts to detain him, they found it impracticable; he was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bawled with great vociferation: 'Where are you going, Signior Don Quixote? what devil possesses and provokes you to act against our Catholick faith! take notice—a plague upon me!—take notice that this is no other than a procession of disciplinants, and that lady carried on the bier the blessed

* Persons hired to whip themselves on such occasions.

* image

'image of the immaculate Virgin!
'Consider, Signior, what you are
'about, for sure I am you do not
'know!'

In vain did Sancho strain his lungs: his master was so intent upon overtaking the apparitions, and setting the lady in black at liberty, that he heard not one syllable; nor if he had, would he have returned, even if the king had commanded him so to do. When he approached the procession, he stopped Rozinante, who was already out of breath, and with a hoarse disordered voice, pronounced, 'You there, who perhaps disguise yourselves for no good, stop, and give ear to what I am going to say.'

Those who carried the image were the first that halted, and one of the four priests who sung the litanies, observing the strange aspect of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, with other ridiculous circumstances belonging to both, answered in these words: 'Friend, if you have any thing to say, speak quickly; for these our brethren are all this while scourging their own flesh; and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should tarry to hear any thing that cannot be comprehended in two words.'—'I will comprehend what I have to say in one,' replied the knight; 'and it is this: I command you instantly to set free that beautiful lady, whose tears and melancholy deportment clearly demonstrate that you are carrying her off, contrary to her inclination, after having done her some notorious wrong; and I, who was born to redress such grievances, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until she shall have obtained that liberty she deserves.'

From these words, concluding that he must be some madman, all of them began to laugh very heartily; and their mirth acting as a train of gunpowder to the knight's choler, he drew his sword, and without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his share of the load to his companions, opposed himself to this aggressor, brandishing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they supported the bier. Don Quixote, with a furious back-stroke, cut this implement in two; but with the piece which remained in the hand of the de-

fendant, received such a thwack upon the shoulder above his sword-arm, that his buckler was unable to sustain the shock of such a rude assault, and down came the poor knight, in a most lamentable condition.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing after his master, seeing him fall, called aloud to his antagonist to forbear; for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never done the least harm to man, woman, or child; but the peasant's forbearance was not owing to this exclamation of the squire, so much as to the situation of Don Quixote, who neither moved hand nor foot; so that believing he had done his business, he hastily gathered up his frock, and fled through the field as nimble as a buck. By this time the whole company were come up to the place where Don Quixote lay; and those belonging to the procession seeing so many people running towards them, accompanied by the troopers with their cross-bows, began to be in dread of some mischievous event, and formed themselves into a circle around the image: then the disciplinants lifting up their hoods, and wielding their scourges, and the priests their long tapers, waited the assault, with full determination to defend themselves, and, if possible, act offensively against all who should attack them. But fortune disposed of things more favourably than they expected; for all that Sancho did, was to throw himself upon the body of his master, who he believed, was actually dead, and utter the most doleful and ludicrous lamentation that ever was heard. The curate was immediately known by a brother of the cloth, who belonged to the procession, and this acquaintance dispelled the apprehension which both squadrons had begun to conceive. Our licentiate told his friend in a few words who Don Quixote was, upon which he and the whole crowd of disciplinants went to see whether or not the poor knight was dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, lamenting in these words: 'O flower of chivalry, who, by the single stroke of a cudgel, hast finished the career of thy well-spent life! O thou honour of thy family, thou glory of La Mancha! aye, and of the whole world, which being deprived of thee, will soon be filled
O o ' with

‘with evil-doers, who will prosper without fear of chastisement for their wicked deeds! Oh, thou wast more liberal than all the Alexanders that ever lived! for thou gavest me, for eight months service only, the best island that ever the sea surrounded. Oh! thou wast humble with the haughty, and haughty with the humble, tempting dangers, enduring disgraces, in love without cause, imitating the good, scourging the wicked, a professed enemy to every thing that was base; in short, a knight-errant, and that is every thing in one word!’

The cries and groans of Sancho revived his master, and the first words he pronounced were these: ‘He who is condemned to live absent from thee, most amiable Dulcinea! is subjected to much greater hardships than these. Friend Sancho, help to lay me on the enchanted car; for I am incapable of pressing Rozinante’s saddle, this whole shoulder being crushed to pieces.’—‘That I’ll do very willingly, dear master,’ replied the squire; ‘and let us return to our own habitation, in company of these gentlemen, who wish you well; and there we will lay a scheme for another sally, which, I hope, will be more fortunate and creditable.’—‘You are in the right,’ Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘and it will be very prudent in us to let the malign influence of the stars pass over.’

The canon, curate, and barber, approved of his intention, and being extremely diverted with the squire’s simplicity, conveyed the knight to his former situation in the waggon. The procession was formed anew, and set forwards accordingly: the goatherd took his leave of the company; the troopers, being unwilling to go farther, were paid by the curate for their trouble; the canon having intreated the priest to inform him by letter of Don Quixote’s fate, with regard to the continuation or cure of his extravagance, bade him farewell, and proceeded on his journey; in short, there was a general separation, till at length the curate, barber, Don Quixote, and Panza, were left by themselves, with the trusty Rozinante, who, with the patience of his master, bore and beheld every thing that passed.

The waggoner yoking his oxen, accommodated the knight with a truss of hay, and with his usual phlegm jogged on according to the priest’s directions, till, at the end of six days, they arrived at their own village, which they entered about noon; and it chancing to be Sunday, the market-place through which they were obliged to pass was crowded with people, who running to see what was in the cage, recognized their townsman, and were struck with astonishment. A boy ran immediately to his housekeeper and niece, whom when he informed of their master’s arrival, in a most meagre, withered condition, stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon; it was a piteous thing to hear the cries that were uttered by these worthy ladies, who buffeted themselves through vexation, and vented bitter curses against the wicked books of chivalry; which lamentations, buffettings, and curses, were repeated with greater violence than ever, when they saw the knight enter his own gate.

Sancho Panza’s wife, who had got intimation that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his squire, hearing of his return, ran straight to her husband, and the first question she asked was, whether or not the ass was in good health? when the squire answered, that the ass was in better health than his master, ‘Thanks be to God,’ cried she, ‘for that and all his other mercoies. But, now tell me, friend, what good you have got by your squireship? Have you brought home a new petticoat for me, or shoes for your children?’—‘I have brought no such matters, my dear,’ replied Sancho, ‘but things of greater consideration and importance.’—‘I am glad of that, with all my heart!’ said the wife; ‘pray shew me these things of greater consideration and importance, that the sight of them may rejoice my heart, which hath been so sad and discontented all the weary time of your being away.’—‘You shall see them at home,’ answered Sancho; ‘and heark’ee, wife, make yourself easy for the present; for, as it please God that we set out again in quest of adventures, you shall speedily behold your husband an earl, or governor of an island; I don’t mean your common islands, but one of the best that
ever

‘ever was seen.’—‘The Lord in heaven grant it, husband; for I am sure we have need enough of such wind-falls: but tell me, what is an island; for, truly, I know not the meaning of the word?’—‘Honey was not made for the mouth of an ass,’ said the squire; ‘you shall see what it is, all in good time, my dear; aye, and admire to hear all your vassals call you, my lady.’—‘What is that you say, Sancho, of ladies, islands, and vassals?’ cried Joan Panza; for that was the name of the squire’s wife, though she was not related to Sancho before marriage; but it is the custom in La Mancha for the women to take the names of their husbands. ‘Don’t be in such a hurry to know every thing,’ Joan, replied the squire; ‘it is sufficient that I tell thee nothing but truth; let this, therefore, stop that mouth of thine. Mean time, however, I care not if I tell thee, that it is one of the most pleasant occupations in the world for an honourable person, like me, to be squire to a knight-errant, when he is in quest of adventures. True it is, the greatest part of them do not fall out quite so much to one’s liking as one could wish; for, out of a hundred in which we are engaged, ninety-nine are generally crofs and unfortunate. That I know by experience, having been sometimes threshed, and sometimes blanketed; but, howsoever, it is a curious pastime to be always in expectation of adventures, crossing huge mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting cattles, lodging at inns, where we live at rack and manger, and the devil a farthing to pay.’

While this conversation passed between Sancho and his wife, the house-keeper and niece received Don Quixote, whom they undressed and put to bed in his old chamber, while he eyed them askance, without being able to comprehend where he was. The curate laid his injunctions on the niece to cherish her uncle with great tenderness, and charged them both to take especial care that he might not escape again, giving them an account of the trouble he had been at in bringing him back to his own house. Here they raised their voices again

in concert, renewing their curses upon the books of chivalry, and beseeching Heaven to confound the authors of such madness and lyes to the lowest pit of hell; in short, they were half-distracted with the apprehension of losing him again, as soon as his health should be re-established; and this was actually the case.

But the author of this history, although he enquired with the utmost curiosity and diligence, concerning the actions of Don Quixote in his third fall, could never find any satisfactory and authentick account of them; only, some hath preserved some memoirs in La Mancha, by which it appears that Don Quixote, when he set out the third time, went to Saragossa, where he was present at a most celebrated tournament, in which many things happened to him worthy of his genius and valour: but with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information; and must have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, which he said he found under the foundation of an ancient hermitage that was repairing. This box contained some skins of parchment, on which were written in Gothick characters and Castilian verse, many of our knight’s exploits, with a description of Dulcinea’s beauty, Rozinante’s figure, Sancho’s fidelity, and Don Quixote’s own funeral, celebrated by divers epitaphs, and panegyricks on his life and morals. All that could be read, and fairly copied, are those which are here inserted by the faithful author of this new and surprizing history, who, in recompence for the immense trouble he has undergone in his enquiries, and in examining the archives of La Mancha, that he might publish it with more certainty, desires the reader to favour him with the same credit which intelligent persons give to those books of chivalry that pass so currently in the world; and herewith he will rest fully satisfied; and perhaps be animated to search after, and find out other histories, if not as authentick, at least as full of invention and entertainment.

The verses which were written in the first skin of parchment found in the leaden box were these—

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA, A TOWN OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

MONICONGO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

E P I T A P H.

THE bully that La Mancha deck'd
With spoils that shame the Cretan
Jafon,
Whose judgment ripe, and wit uncheck'd,
The trumpet of renown shall blazon;
That arm, whose valour did extend
To Gæta, from remote Cathay;
That muse, which did the welkin rend
With verse which brazen plates display;
Who Amadis left far behind,
And deem'd Galaor a mere baby,
Whose valour with such lustre shin'd,
As shew'd ev'n Belianis shabby;
He that on Rozinante rode,
Now mingles with this clay-cold clod!

PANIGUADO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

S O N G.

THE maid, you see, with cheeks so blousy,
High-chested, vigorous, and frouzy,
Dulcinea, fam'd Toboso's princess,
Don Quixote's gen'rous flame evinces:
For her, on foot, he did explore
The fable mountain o'er and o'er,
Through many a weary field did halt,
And all through Rozinante's fault,
Hard fate! that such a dame should die
In spite of him and chivalry;
That he whose deeds e'en stones proclaim,
Should mourn a disappointed flame!

CAPRICHOSO, A MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF ROZINANTE, THE RENOWNED STEED OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

ON a proud trunk of Adamant,
Whose bloody branches smell'd of war,
La Mancha's frantick wight did plant
His standard glitt'ring from afar.

There hung his arms; there gleam'd his sword,

That wont to level, hack, and hew;
Yet shall the wond'ring muse afford
For new exploits, a stile that's new.
Let Gaul of Amadis be proud,
Greece boast the champions she hath bore;
Don Quixote triumphs o'er the crowd
Of all the warlike knights of yore:
For neither Gaul nor Greece can vie
With fam'd La Mancha's chivalry.
Ev'n Rozinante wears the bay;
Let Brilladore and Bayard bray*.

BURLADOR, AN ARGAMASILLAN ACADEMICIAN, ON SANCHE PANZA.

S O N G.

HERE Sancho view of body small,
But great in worth, in action clear,
The best and simplest squire of all
The world e'er saw, I vow and swear.
And earl he surely might have been,
Had not this knavish age of brags,
With insolence and envious spleen,
Conspir'd against him and his as;
That as, on which he gently trotted
At gentle Rozinante's tail!
Vain man, with flatt'ring hope besotted,
How, in a dream, thy prospects fail!

CACHIDIABLO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

E P I T A P H.

ON Rozinante's back
The knight that whilome travell'd
Thro' highway, path, and track,
Is here bemir'd and gravell'd:
And eke as stiff as he,
The block of Sancho Panza,
A trusty squire, perdie!
As ever mortal man saw.

TIQUITOCK, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

HERE lies Dulcinea, once so plump,
But now her fat all melts away;
For death, with an inhuman thump,
Has turn'd her into dust and clay.

* The horse of Orlando Furioso was called Brigliadoro; as Bayardo was the name of the steed belonging to Ruggiero, the second, if not the first hero in Ariosto's incomparable poem.

Of a true breed she surely sprung,
And wanted not external grace;
Don Quixote's heart with love she stung,
And shone the glory of her race.

These were all the verses which could
be read; the rest being worm-eaten,
were delivered to an academician, that

he might attempt to unravel their meaning by conjecture. This task we understand, he has performed with infinite pains and study, intending to publish them to the world, in expectation of the third sally of Don Quixote.

Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



P R E F A C E.

PART II. VOL. III.

HEAVENS! with what eagerness, must thou be waiting for this prologue, courteous reader, whosoever thou art, gentle or simple, in hopes of finding it replete with resentment, reproaches, and revenge, against the author of the Second Don Quixote; him, I mean, who, it is reported, was engendered at Tordeillas, and brought forth in Tarragona. But, truly, I have no intention to give thee that satisfaction: for, although injuries may awaken indignation in vulgar breasts; mine, I hope, will always be an exception to that rule. Thou wouldst be glad; perhaps, to find me bestowing upon him the epithets of ass, blockhead, and insolent coxcomb; but such low revenge never once entered my imagination: his own conscience will sufficiently chastise him; let him therefore chew the cud of remorse, and digest it if he can. I own, I cannot help feeling the unjust reproach, when he taxes me with lameness and old age, as if it had been in my power to retard the lapse of time; or that I had been maimed in some tavern-brawl, and not on the most glorious occasion that ever the past or present age beheld, or posterity can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not brighten in the eyes of every spectator, they are at least esteemed by those who know where they were acquired*; and who thinks that a soldier who falls in battle makes a much more noble appearance than he who saves himself by flight. This opinion is so rooted within my own breast, that, were such an impossibility proposed and effected, I would rather be lame as I am, with the share I had in that stupendous action, than sound of body, without the honour of having been there. The wounds that appear in a soldier's countenance and bosom, are so many stars to guide the rest of mankind to the haven of honour, and the desire of honest praise; and it ought to be observed, that an author does not write with his grey hairs, but according to the dictates of his understanding, which is usually improved by years and experience. I perceive also, that he calls me envious; and, as if I were utterly ignorant, is at the pains to describe the nature of envy; though I protest, of the two kinds, I only harbour that which is pure, virtuous, and noble. This being the case, as it undoubtedly is, I have not the least inclination to inveigh against any priest, especially one who bears the office of familiar to the holy inquisition; and if what he says be advanced in behalf of him whose cause he seems to espouse, he is altogether mistaken, in my opinion, of that person, whose genius I adore: I admire his works, together with his continual occupation in the practice of virtues; but I am actually obliged to this honourable author, for saying that my novelst† are more satirical than exemplary, though he owns they are good of

* The battle of Lepanto.

† *Novelas Exemplares*.

their kind; for, without being exemplary, they cannot possibly be good.

I suppose, gentle reader, thou art by this time of opinion, that I walk with great circumspection, and scrupulously confine myself within the bounds of modesty, conscious that it is inhuman to heap affliction on the afflicted; and that this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, and in the face of Heaven, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had been guilty of high treason: tell him, therefore, in my name, if ever thou shouldst chance to find him out, that I do not at all think myself injured by what he has done, for well do I know, what temptations the devil spreads before us; and that one of his most effectual snares, is to make a man believe that he has capacity to write a book, by which he shall obtain an equal share of money and reputation. In confirmation of what I say, I will beg the favour of you to tell him a short story.

There was in Seville, a certain madman seized with the most diverting whim that ever entered the brain of a lunatick. He used to walk with a hollow cane, pointed at one end; and whenever he met with a dog in the street, or in any other place, he clapped his foot on one of the creature's hind-legs, pulled up the other with his hand, and applying, as well as he could, the pipe to his posteriors, instantly blew him up as round as a ball. This operation being performed, he clapped him twice on the belly, and dismissed the patient, saying, very gravely, to the mob that never failed to gather round him, 'Gentlemen, I suppose, now, you think it is an easy matter to blow up a dog!' In like manner, I say, 'I suppose your worship thinks it an easy matter to write a book.' If this story should not be to his liking, be so good, friendly reader, as to tell this other, which also relates to a dog and a madman.

There was another ideot in Cordova, who had a trick of carrying upon his head a piece of marble, or heavy stone; and, as often as he perceived any dog off his guard, he would approach him slyly, and let it fall plump upon his head. This was no joke to the poor dog, who used to run barking and howling the length of three whole streets, before he ventured to look behind. But, among others, he one day happened to discharge his burden on a cap-maker's favourite dog; down went the stone upon his head, and the injured beast set up the howl: the master seeing what passed, was filled with indignation, snatched up his measure, and falling out upon the lunatick, did not leave a whole bone in his skin; saying, at every blow he bestowed, 'Dog! rascal! use my spaniel in this manner! Did not you see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel!' Thus repeating the word spaniel a great many times, he beat the aggressor into jelly.

The madman being documented, sneaked off, and kept his chamber a whole month; at the end of which, he returned to his former pastime, with a greater stone than ever, and coming up to a dog that lay asleep, considered him with great attention, but was afraid of discharging the stone, saying, 'Ware spaniel!' In short, all the dogs he afterwards met with, whether curs or mastiffs, were in his opinion spaniels; so that he never ventured to repeat his experiment.—Now this may be the fate of our historian, who will not chuse to open the flood-gates of his wit again, in composing books, which, if bad, are harder than stone.

Tell him, likewise, that I value not his threats a farthing, when he says that his performance will deprive me of bread; but answer him with a quotation from the famous interlude of the Perendenga: ‘To four and twenty, live, my lord, and Christ be with us all.’ Long live the great Count de Lemos, whose well-known Christian generosity supports me against all the strokes of adverse fortune; and long life to the transcendent charity of the most illustrious archbishop of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; if there was not one printing-press in the whole world, or if more books were published against me than there are letters in the couplets of Mingo Rebulgo; these two princes, unsolicited by any adulation or other kind of praise on my part, but purely out of their own benevolence, have been pleased to honour me with their countenance and favour, in which I think myself infinitely more happy and rich, than if I had been conducted to the highest pinnacle of fortune, in the ordinary way. Honour may be enjoyed by a poor, but never by a vicious man; nobility may be clouded by indigence, but never altogether obscured; for virtue, shining by its own internal light, even through the inconveniences and crannies of poverty, will recommend itself to the esteem of high and princely minds, and of consequence obtain their favour and protection. Thou needest say no more to him; nor will I give thee any farther trouble, except to observe that thou art to consider this second part of Don Quixote, as a work of the same artificer, and composed of the same materials with the first, in which I present the knight at full length; and, in short, exhibit him dead and buried; that no man for the future, may presume to raise fresh evidence against him; those already examined being sufficient for the purpose. The more so, as a man of honour has already given an account of his ingenious follies, without any intention to resume the subject; for there may be too much even of a good thing; and the scarcity of those things which are in themselves indifferent, often brings them into some degree of estimation. I had almost forgot to tell thee, that thou mayest expect the *Perfiles*, which I am now finishing, together with the second part of *Galatea*.



A P P R O B A T I O N.

BY order of Signior Doctor Gutierrez de Cetina, vicar-general of the city of Madrid, where his majesty keeps his court, I have perused the second part of the sage knight, Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; in which I can find nothing unworthy of a zealous Christian, or deviating from that respect which is justly due to good example and moral virtue. On the contrary, the performance contains much erudition and profitable amusement; not only in the well-supported sequel of his design, to extirpate those vain and lying books of chivalry, which had already too far spread their infection; but also in the purity of his Castilian language, unadulterated with insipid affectation, which every man of sense abhors; and in his manner of correcting the vicious, who generally feel the point of his satire. Yet he so wisely observes the laws of Christian rebuke, that the patient labouring under the infirmity which he intends to cure, may, in such sweet and palatable medicine, even without his own knowledge, or the least hindrance and loathing, swallow down an effectual detestation for vice; so that he will find himself at once delighted and reformed, in consequence of an art which is known to few. There are many authors, who not knowing how to blend and mix instruction with delight, have seen all their tedious labours miscarry; because, not being able to imitate Diogenes, as a learned philosopher, they have presumed licentiously, not to say obscurely, to mimick him as a cynic, giving ear to slander, and inventing things that never happened, by which means they enlarge the vicious capacity of those whom their harsh reproofs stigmatize; and, perhaps, strike out new paths of lewdness hitherto unknown; so that instead of reformers, they become teachers and abettors of vice. In this manner they grow hateful to men of sense, and lose all their credit, if they had any, with the people, who refuse to encourage their writings; while the vicious are rather hardened than amended by their rash and imprudent corruption; for the knife and caustick are not proper for all kinds of tumours, some of which are more successfully treated by soft and gentle remedies, by the application of which, the experienced and learned physician often attains his end of discussing them; a period much more eligible than that which is obtained by the barbarity of steel.

The writings of Miguel de Cervantes have met with a very different reception, not only from our nation, but likewise from strangers; who, as if he was something miraculous, are inflamed with the desire of seeing the author of those books which have met with such general applause, on account of the decency and decorum, as well as the agreeable sweetness of his stile, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders. This I can with great truth affirm, that on the twentieth and fifth day of February, in this year of God, one thousand six hundred

dred and fifteen, I attended my master, his grace Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, when he returned the visit of the French ambassador, who came to treat about a double match between the princes and princesses of France and Spain; and several gentlemen of that country, belonging to the embassy, who were equally sensible and well-bred, as well as lovers of the Belles Lettres, in their conversation with me and the other chaplains of the cardinal, desired to know what books of genius were in highest esteem among us; I chanced to mention this performance, which was then under my examination: but no sooner did they hear the name of Miguel de Cervantes, than they began to expatiate upon the high esteem in which France and the neighbouring kingdoms held his productions; namely, the *Galatea*, which one of them could almost repeat, with the novels, and the first part of *Don Quixote*. Such were the commendations they bestowed upon them, that I offered to introduce them to the author, whom they honoured with a thousand demonstrations of regard. They were curious to know his age, profession, quality, and fortune; and when I found myself obliged to tell them he was a soldier and a gentleman, oppressed with poverty and old age; one of them replied in these very words: ‘What! does not Spain load such a man with riches, and maintain him out of the publick treasury?’—Another of those gentlemen, hearing this observation, interposed, saying, with great vivacity, ‘If necessity compels him to write, God grant that he may never enjoy affluence; but, in being poor, enrich the world with his works.’

I believe this will be thought rather too much for a certificate; and some will say, that I have even incroached upon the bounds of flattery; but the truth of my allegation disproves that suspicion, and acquits me of the charge; besides, in this age, adulation is bestowed upon none but those who are in a capacity of greasing the fist of the flatterer; who, though he praises in fulsome fiction, expects to be rewarded in substantial truth.

Madrid, Feb. 27,
1615.

THE LICENTiate MARQUES TORRES.

THE ORDINARY LICENCE.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have caused to be examined, the book specified in this petition: which book contains nothing to the prejudice of religion or morals; but, on the contrary, is fraught with much lawful amusement, blended with moral philosophy; wherefore it may be allowed to be printed.

Madrid, Nov. 5.
1615.

DOCTOR GUTIERREZ DE CETINA.

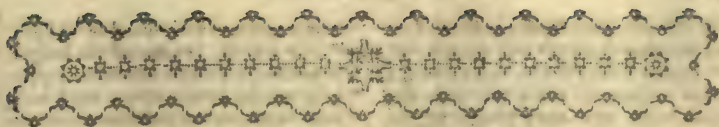
A P P R O B A T I O N.

BY order and command of the lords of council, I have perused the second part of *Don Quixote de La Mancha*, written by Miguel de Cervantes; a book that contains nothing to the prejudice of

our holy catholick faith, or sound morals; on the contrary, much honest recreation, and agreeable amusement, such as the ancients judged not only allowable, but convenient for the commonwealth: even the severe Lacedemonians erected a statue to the goddess of laughter; and the Thessalians instituted festivals to the same power, according to Pausanias, quoted by Vossius, lib. ii. *De signis eccles.* cap. 10. for exhilarating the melancholy, and raising the dejected spirits; as observed by Tully in his first book, *De Legibus*; and by the poet, who says, ‘*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*’ Which maxim hath been the guide of this author, who has mingled fiction with truth, delight with instruction, and morals with pleasantry; disguising the hook of reproof with the bait of sprightly entertainment, and fulfilling the sequel of his well-executed scheme, to depreciate and expel the books of chivalry, from the mischievous contagion of which he hath purged these kingdoms, with admirable diligence and dexterity. In short, it is a work worthy of that great genius which is the honour and ornament of our nation, and the envy and admiration of strangers. This is my opinion, with submission, &c.

Madrid, March 17,
1615.

JOSEPH DE VALDIVIELSO.



THE
ATC HIEVEMENTS
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

PART II. BOOK I.

VOLUME III.

CHAP. I.

OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE CURATE AND BARBER, WITH REGARD TO DON QUIXOTE'S INFIRMITY.



THE ID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, containing the third fully of Don Quixote, relates that the curate and barber forbore to visit him for a whole month, that they might not revive and recal to his imagination the remembrance of things past; but, during all that time, they frequently went to see the housekeeper and niece, on whom they laid strong injunctions to cherish the knight with great care and tenderness, and treat him with such comfortable food as should be most agreeable to his stomach and brain, in which they reasonably supposed that his whole disorder lay. The ladies assured them it was their chief study, which they would prosecute with all imaginable care and satisfaction; for they began to perceive that their master, at certain intervals, gave tokens of being in his right wits. This information afforded great pleasure to the two friends, who now concluded they had acted wisely in bringing him home on

the enchanted waggon, as hath been recounted in the last chapter of the first part of this sublime and punctual history; and determined to pay him a visit, that they might be convinced of his amendment, which they deemed almost impossible; though they agreed to avoid, with great care, the subject of chivalry, that they might run no risk of ripping up the wound so lately closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, and found him sitting upon his bed, in a waistcoat of green baize, and a red Toledan night-cap, so meagre, shrunk, and withered, that he looked like an Egyptian mummy; he received them very courteously, and when they enquired into the state of his health, spoke of his indisposition and himself with great judgment and elocution. The conversation happening to turn on what is called reasons of state, and modes of administration, they amended certain abuses, and condemned others, reforming one custom, and banishing another; as if each of the three had been a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or regenerated Solon; and in such a manner did they furbish up the common-wealth, that one would have imagined they had committed it to a forge, and brought out another quite different from that which they put in. Don Quixote spoke on every subject that was handled, with such

such discretion, as actually convinced the two examiners, that he was quite sound, and had recovered the right exercise of his judgment; while the niece and housekeeper, who were present all the time, thought they could never be thankful enough to God, when they heard their master talk so sensibly. But the curate altering his first resolution, which was to avoid the subject of chivalry, now determined to make an experiment, by which he should be thoroughly satisfied, whether the knight's cure was real or imaginary; with this view, he from one thing to another came to mention some news from court; and among other pieces of intelligence, said he was certainly informed that the Turk had taken the sea, with a powerful armament, though his design was not known, nor could it be guessed where the expected storm would burst; but that these preparations, which keep us almost constantly in arms, had alarmed all Christendom; and that his majesty had ordered the coasts of Naples and Sicily, with the island of Malta, to be provided against all attempts. To this intimation Don Quixote replied, 'His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior, in providing for the safety of his dominions, that the enemy may not find them unprepared; but, if he would take my advice, I would furnish him with an expedient, which I believe our sovereign at present little thinks of.'

The curate no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, 'Lord have mercy upon thee, poor Don Quixote! if I am not mistaken, thou art just going to cast thyself headlong from the highest pinnacle of madness, into the profound abyss of thy folly.' But the barber, who immediately adopted the same suspicion, asked the knight what that expedient was, which he thought should be put in practice by way of prevention; observing, that it was, perhaps, such a scheme as deserved to be inserted in the list of those impertinent advices usually offered to crowned heads. 'Mine, Mr. Shaver,' said Don Quixote, 'will be pertinent, not impertinent.'—'I don't say otherwise,' replied the barber; 'I only made that observation, because experience hath shewn that all, or the greatest part of those projects which have been offered to his majesty, are either impossible,

extravagant, or prejudicial to the state.'—'My scheme,' answered the knight, 'is neither impossible nor extravagant; but, on the contrary, the most easy, just, brief, and expeditious, that ever projector conceived.'—'Methinks your worship is very slow in delivering it, Signior Don Quixote,' said the priest. 'I should not chuse,' answered the knight, 'to have what I say here carried by to-morrow morning, to the ears of the lords of the council; by which means, another may reap the credit and reward of my labour.'—'For my own part,' cried the barber, 'I here give my word, before God! never to disclose what your worship shall impart, either to king or knave, or any mortal man; an oath I learned in the romance of the Curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the robber that stole his hundred ducats, and ambling mule.'—'I am not acquainted with the story,' said Don Quixote, 'but the oath is a good oath, because I am convinced that Mr. Nicholas is an honest man.'—'Be that as it will,' replied the curate, 'I will be bound for him, and undertake, that with regard to this affair, he shall speak no more than if he was actually dumb, on pain of whatever penalty you shall think proper to inflict.'—'And who will be security for you, Mr. Curate?' said the knight. 'My profession,' answered the priest, 'by which I am bound to keep secrets.'—'Body of me!' cried Don Quixote, 'his majesty has nothing to do, but to issue a proclamation, commanding all the knights-errant in Spain to assemble at his court, by such a day; and although not more than half a dozen should come, among these one may be found, who is alone sufficient to overthrow the whole Turkish power. Pray, gentlemen, give attention, and take me along with you; is it such a new thing, for a single knight to cut in pieces a whole army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one common throat, or were made of ginger-bread? How many histories are there, think you, filled with such marvellous exploits? Unfortunate it is for me, (I will not say, for any other) that the renowned Don Belianis is not now alive, or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul; for if any one of them was now liv-

ing,

ing, to confront the Turks, in good sooth, I should not chuse to farm their conquests; but God will provide for his own people, and produce some champion, who, if not equal in valour to former knights-errant, at least will be inferior to none of them in point of courage*; Heaven knows my meaning; I will say no more.' — 'Lack-a-day!' cried the niece, when she heard this insinuation, 'I'll be hanged, if my uncle is not resolved to turn knight-errant again.' — 'A knight-errant,' replied Don Quixote, 'I will live and die; and the Turks may make their descents or ascents, when they will, with all the power they are masters of. I say again, Heaven knows my meaning.' Here the barber interposing, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I beg you will give me leave to tell a short story of what happened at Seville; it comes so pat to the purpose, that I have a strong inclination to relate it.' Don Quixote and the curate granted his request, and the rest yielded him attention, when he began in these words.

'There was in the mad-house at Seville, a certain lunatick, whom his relations had sent thither on account of the defect in his judgment; he had taken his degrees in the canon law, at Ossuna; and many were of opinion, that if he had acquired them at Salamanca, he would not have been a bit the wiser; this graduate, having been confined some years, took it in his head, that he was quite well, and restored to his right wits; and in this imagination, wrote to the archbishop, earnestly entreating him, with many sensible arguments, to give order that he should be extricated from the misery in which he lived; since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost judgment, though his relations kept him still in confinement, that they might enjoy his estate, and,

in despite of truth, were resolved that he should be mad to the day of his death. The archbishop, persuaded by the many sensible and pathetick letters he received, ordered one of his chaplains to go to the rector of the mad-house, and enquire into the truth of what the licentiate alledged, and even to talk with himself, that, if he should find him quite recovered, he might bring him away, and set him at liberty. The chaplain obeyed the command of his grace, and the rector assured him that the man was still mad; for although he would very often talk like a person of excellent understanding, at the long run he commonly broke out into folly and nonsense, as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational and discreet; however, he himself might make the experiment, by conversing with the licentiate. The chaplain accordingly went to his apartment, and talked with him a whole hour and more, during which time the lunatick did not utter one vague or incoherent sentence; but, on the contrary, spoke so judiciously, that the chaplain could not help believing him quite sound of intellect; among other things, he told him the rector was his enemy, and pronounced him still distracted, though with lucid intervals, that he might not lose the presents which he received from his relations; so that the greatest cause of his misfortune was no other than his own affluent estate, which to enjoy, his adversaries craftily pretended to doubt of the mercy which the Lord had vouchsafed him, in re-converting him from a beast into a man; in short, he talked so effectually as to render the rector suspected, to prove his relations covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him forthwith to the archbishop, that his grace might be personally satisfied of the truth. With

* Ridiculous as this scheme may seem to be, such an expedient has actually succeeded in practice. During the captivity of John King of France, his dominions were ravaged by above one hundred thousand peasants, who, under the name of *Jacqueiers*, assembled in arms to exterminate the nobles; and among other horrid outrages, murdered every gentleman that fell in their way. The Dukes of Normandy and Orleans, together with three hundred ladies of rank, retired for protection to Meaux, where they were surrounded, and would have actually perished by the swords of these banditti, had they not been rescued by the Count de Foix, and the capital of Buch; who, hearing of their distress, hastened to their relief with no more than sixty knights; and, without hesitation, attacked that furious multitude with such bravery and vigour, that they were soon routed and dispersed.

* this laudable intention, he desired the
 * rector to order the licentiate to be dressed
 * with the cloaths in which he entered the house: the rector again advised him to consider what he was about; for the licentiate was, without all question, still distracted. But these cautions and counsels had no effect in dissuading the chaplain from carrying him off, and the rector seeing the archbishop's order, was obliged to obey; so that the licentiate received his own cloaths, which were decent and new. Seeing himself thus divested of the badge of his disorder, and habited again like a person of sound intellects, he besought the chaplain, that he would be so charitable as to allow him to go and take leave of his companions in affliction; the other granted his request, and said he would accompany him, in order to see the patients; upon which they went up stairs, followed by several persons who chanced to be then present. The licentiate, going to the gate of a cell, in which there was a furious madman, though at that time he was calm and quiet, said to him, "Brother, have you any commands for me? I am going to my own house, for God, of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, hath been pleased to restore unto me the use of my reason, and I am now perfectly recovered; so that there is nothing impossible to the power of the Almighty; put, therefore, your hope and trust in him, who, as he hath restored me to my former state, will grant the same indulgence to you, if you confide in his protection. I will take care to send you some cordial food, and be sure, at all events, to eat it; for, you must know, I conclude from experience, that all our disorder proceeds from an empty stomach, and the brain's being filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for despondence under misfortune consumes the constitution, and hastens the stroke of death." This discourse being overheard by another lunatick, who was confined in a cell opposite to that of the furious patient, he started up stark naked from an old mat on which he lay, and

* roared aloud, "Who is that going away so sober and so sound?" The licentiate replied, "'Tis I, brother, who am going home, being under no necessity of tarrying longer in this place; thanks be to Heaven for the signal favour I have received!"—"Take care what you say, Mr. Licentiate, and let not the devil deceive you," answered the madman: "halt a little, stay where you are, and spare yourself the trouble of being brought back."—"I know that I am perfectly recovered," said the licentiate, "and shall have no farther occasion to visit the Stations*."—"You recovered!" cried the other, "good! we shall see—adieu—but, I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that, for the transgression this day committed in Seville, by discharging you from the house, as a person of sound judgment, I will take such vengeance as shall be a monument of wrath for ever and ever, amen. Do'st thou not know, pitiful licentiate, that all this is in my power, being, as I have already observed, Jove the thunderer, who wield the flaming bolts, with which I use to threaten, and can destroy the universe? But with one evil only will I chastise this ignorant people; I will not suffer one drop of rain to fall upon the city, nor it's confines, nor indeed in any part of this district, for the space of three whole years, reckoning from the day and minute in which this dreadful menace is made. Thou free! thou sound! thou recovered! and I mad! I distracted and confined! I will sooner hang myself than rain one spoonful." The by-standers were very attentive to the vociferous exclamations of this madman, when our licentiate turning to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand, said, "Dear Sir, give yourself no uneasiness or concern about what he says; for if he who is Jupiter, withholds refreshing showers from the earth, I who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, will rain as often as I please, should there be occasion for it, in consequence of the privilege I possess." To this promise the chaplain

* A certain number of churches through which they made circuits, uttering an appointed prayer at each.

* replied,

replied, "Nevertheless, Signior Neptune, it will not be politick to incense Signior Jupiter; therefore, your worship will be so good as to stay where you are, till some other day, when we may have more leisure and convenience to remove you." The rector and the rest of the company could not help laughing, the chaplain was out of countenance, the licentiate was stripped, and sent back to his cell; and so ends my story.

And this is the story, Mr. Barber, said Don Quixote, which came so pat to the purpose, that you could not help relating it? Ah, Mr. Shaver! Mr. Shaver! he must be blind indeed, that cannot see through the bottom of a sieve. Is it possible your worship does not know that comparisons in point of genius, virtue, beauty, and descent, are always odious and ill received? I, Mr. Barber, am not Neptune, god of waters; neither do I set up for being thought a wise man, knowing that I am not so: the sole end of my labours is to convince the world of it's error, in not seeking to renew those most happy times when the order of knight-errantry exerted itself in full perfection; but this depraved age of ours is unworthy of tasting that felicity which was enjoyed by those ages, when knights-errant undertook the charge, and burdened their shoulders with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the relief of wards and orphans, the chastisement of the proud, and the promotion of the humble. The greatest part of your modern knights rattle in damasks, brocades, and other rich and splendid attire, instead of rattling in coats of mail; no knight now sleeps in the open field, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, armed at all points cap-a-pee; no warrior, in this degenerate age, sits on horseback, and without disengaging his feet from the stirrups, but leaning upon his lance, endeavours to take as it were a snatch of sleep, after the example of former knights-errant; no champion, now-a-days, coming out of some dreary wood, immediately enters another rocky wilderness, through which he reaches the barren and deserted coast of the rough and stormy sea, where, finding in some creek, a

crazy boat without oars, sails, mast, or tackle, he intrepidly throws himself into it, and launches out upon the implacable billows that whirl him aloft to heaven, and then sink him to the profound abyss, while his unshaken soul defies the storm; then, when he dreams of no such matter, he finds himself three thousand leagues and more from the place where he embarked, and leaping ashore on some remote and unknown country, attends adventures worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass. But now sloth triumphs over activity, idleness over toil, vice over virtue, arrogance over valour, and the theory over the practice of arms, which obtained and shone resplendent in those golden ages that produced knights-errant: Pray, tell me, who could be more honourable and valiant than the famous Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more insinuating and pliant than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who more hacked and hacking than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? or, who more daring than Felixmarte of Hircania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more desperate than Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamont? who more prudent than King Sobrino? who more bold than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more gallant and courteous than Rugero? from whom (according to Turpin, in his *Cosmographia*) the present Dukes of Ferrara are descended. All these, with many more which I could name, Mr. Curate, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry; these, or such as these, are the champions proposed by my scheme, which, should it take place, would effectually serve his majesty's purpose, spare an infinite expence, and the Turk would even tear his own beard in despair; in that case I would tarry where I am, since the chaplain would not think fit to enlarge me; and if Jupiter, as the barber said, would not rain, here am I ready to frustrate his intent; this I mention; that Mr. Bascon, there, may know I understand his meaning.—Verily, Signior Don Quixote," said Mr. Nicholas, "I meant no harm, so help me God! my

'intention was good, and therefore your worship ought not to be displeased.'—'Whether I am displeased or not,' replied the knight, 'I myself know best.'

Here the curate interposing, said, 'Though I have hitherto scarce opened my mouth, I cannot be easy under a scruple which tears and gnaws my conscience, and which arose from what Signior Don Quixote hath just now asserted.'—'In greater mat-

ters, Mr. Curate may command me,' answered the knight; 'out with your scruple, then; for scruples of conscience are very uncomfortable companions.'—'With your good permission,' replied the priest, 'this it is: I can by no means persuade myself that the whole tribe of knights-errant, whom your worship have named, were really and truly earthly persons of flesh and blood; on the contrary, I imagine all these things are fictions, fables, and lying dreams, recounted by men who are awake, or rather by those who are half asleep.'

—'That,' said Don Quixote, 'is another error incident to many people, who do not believe that any such knights ever existed; and I have, on divers and sundry occasions, endeavoured to dissipate that almost general mistake by the light of truth. Sometimes, indeed, I have not succeeded in my attempts; however, I have frequently gained my point, by supporting it on the shoulders of demonstration; and truly the case is so clear, that I could almost affirm I have with my own eyes beheld Amadis de Gaul, who was a tall man, of a fair complexion, well furnished with a black beard, his aspect something between mild and severe, concise of speech, slow to anger, and soon appeased. In the same manner, methinks, I could delineate and paint all the knights-errant that ever were recorded in history; for, according to the ideas formed by reading these histories, and by comparing their exploits and dispositions, sound philosophy may discover their lineaments, statures, and complexions.'—'Signior Don Quixote,' said the barber, 'how large do you think the giant Morgante must have been?'—'As to the affair of giants,' answered the

knight, 'there are different opinions; some affirming, and others denying, the existence of any such beings: but the Holy Scriptures, which surely cannot fail one atom in point of truth, put that affair beyond all dispute, in relating the story of that Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and an half in height; a most amazing stature! Besides, in the island of Sicily, several thigh and shoulder-bones have been dug up, so large as to manifest, that the persons to whom they belonged must have been huge giants, as tall as high towers; and this can be proved by mathematical demonstration; but, nevertheless, I will not pretend to ascertain the size of Morgante; though I believe he was not very tall, because I find in the history which gives a particular account of his exploits, that he often slept under a roof: now, if there was any house capacious enough to receive him, his magnitude could not be very extraordinary.'—'No, surely,' said the curate: who, being diverted with his extravagant assertions, asked his opinion concerning the looks and persons of Reynaldo de Montalban, Don Orlando, and the rest of the Twelve Peers of France, who were all knights-errant. 'With regard to Reynaldo,' answered Don Quixote, 'I will venture to say, he was broad visaged, and of a ruddy complexion, with large rolling eyes, full of punctilio, excessively cholerick, and a friend to robbers and vagabonds. As for Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, (for he is mentioned in history by all these names) it is my opinion, and I affirm, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, of a dark complexion and carrotty beard, hairy all over, with a frowning aspect, sparing of speech, though very affable and well bred.'—'If Roldan was not more comely than you have represented him,' replied the curate, 'I do not wonder that Angelica the Fair disdained and deserted him, for the gallantry, mirth, and pleasantry of the little smock-faced Moor, to whose embraces she yielded; and, surely, she was in the right, to prefer the smoothness of Medoro to the rough-

'nefs of Roldan.'—'That fame Angelica, Mr. Curate,' said the knight, 'was an unsettled rambling young woman, that longed after novelties, and left the world as full of her impertinent actions as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand noblemen, a thousand valiant and discreet admirers, and contented herself with a yellow haired page, who had neither fortune nor reputation, but that of being grateful to his friend. The renowned Ariosto, who sung the praises of her beauty, either not daring or not designing to rehearse what happened to her after her base intrigue, because he deemed it a theme not extremely honourable for his muse, dropped her at these lines:

"Another bard may sing, in loftier lay,
How he obtain'd the sceptre of Cathay."

'And truly this was a sort of prophecy, for the poets are also called *vates*, which in Latin signifies *diviners*, and it was plainly verified in the event, an Andalusian bard having since that time sung in verse her tears and lamentation, as the most famous and sublime genius of Castile hath celebrated her beauty.'

'Pray tell me, Signior Don Quixote,' said the barber, 'among all those authors who have written in her praise, hath not some one or other composed a satire against my Lady Angelica?'—'I firmly believe,' replied the knight, 'that if Sacripante or Roldan had been bards, they would have made the damsel smart severely, it being natural and peculiar to poets, who are disdained and rejected by their false mistresses, whether real or imaginary, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons; a resentment altogether unworthy of generous breasts; but hitherto I have not met with any such defamatory verses against the Lady Angelica, though she made strange confusion in the world.'—'That is a wonder, indeed!' said the curate.—When hearing the housekeeper and niece, who had some time before quitted the company, bawling aloud in the yard, they ran out to see what was the occasion of such noise.

CHAP. II.

THE NOTABLE PRAY THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN SANCHE AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER—WITH OTHER DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

THE history relates, that the noise which Don Quixote, the curate, and barber heard, was occasioned by the niece and housekeeper scolding at Sancho, who struggled to get in and see his master, while they defended the door. 'What does the swag-bellied lurcher want in this house?' said the housekeeper: 'get you home, brother; it was you, and none but you, that turned my poor master's brain, enticing him from his own home, to stroll about the highways.' To this apostrophe Sancho replied, 'Housekeeper of Satan! 'tis my brain that's turned; 'twas I that was enticed to stroll about the highways, and not thy master, for he carried me a rambolling; so that you have reckoned without your host. 'Twas he that wheedled me from my own house, with the promise of an island, which I expect to this good hour.'—'Devil choak thee with islands, thou cursed cormorant!' cried the niece: 'and pray what is an island; is it any thing to eat, thou gorballed glutton, ha?'—'No, not to eat, but to govern,' answered Sancho, 'and a fat government it is. Better than four cities, or the places of any four of the king's alcades.'—'Be that as it will,' said the housekeeper, 'thou shan't set foot in this house, thou bag of mischief, and bundle of malice! go and look after thy own family, fatten thy hogs, and let us hear no more of these islands or oil-lands.'

The curate and barber were highly entertained with this dialogue; but Don Quixote fearing that Sancho would open his budget, and disburden himself of some mischievous load of folly, by blabbing things not much to his credit, called him in, bidding the women hold their tongues, and give him entrance. Sancho being accordingly admitted, the curate and barber took their leave of Don Quixote, whose recovery they despaired of, seeing him so unalterably

fixed in his folly, and so wholly possessed with the frantick spirit of knight-errantry. 'You shall see, neighbour,' said the curate to the barber, 'that when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will make another fall-y.'— 'That I make no doubt of,' answered the barber, 'but I don't wonder so much at the madness of the knight, as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so devoutly in this island, that I think all the invention of man could not extract it from his skull.'— 'God mend them!' replied the curate: 'meanwhile, let us keep a strict eye over their behaviour, and observe the operation of their joint extravagance; for the madness of the master seems to have been cast in the same mould with the foolishness of the man, and in my opinion, the one without the other would not be worth a turning.'— 'True,' said the barber; 'and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of.'— 'I dare say,' replied the curate, 'the niece and housekeeper will give us a good account of their conversation; for they are none of those who can resist the opportunity of listening.'

In the mean time, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his apartment with Sancho, said, 'It gives me much concern, Sancho, to hear thee say, as thou dost, that I enticed thee from thy cottage, when thou knowest that I, at the same time, quitted my own house; together we set out, lived and travelled together, sharing the same fortune and the same fate. If thou hast been once tossed in a blanket, I have been bruised an hundred times; and this is the only pre-eminence I enjoyed.'— 'And that's but reasonable,' replied Sancho, 'according to your worship's own remark, that misfortune belongs more to knights-errant than to their squires.'— 'There you are mistaken, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'for the Latin adage says, *Quando caput dolet, &c.*'— 'Nay,' quoth Sancho, 'I understand no lingo but my mother-tongue.'— 'The meaning,' said the master, 'is, When the head aches, all the members are affected. I, therefore, as thy lord and master, am thy head, and thou, as my servant, art a part of me; so that whatever mischief has happened, or may happen to me,

ought to extend to thee likewise, in the same manner as I bear a share in all thy sufferings.'— 'So it ought to be,' said Sancho, 'but when I, as a member, was tossed in a blanket, my head sat peaceably on the other side of the wall, and beheld me vaulting in the air, without feeling the least uneasiness; and since the members are obliged to ache with the head, I think it is but just that the head should ache with the members.'— 'How canst thou affirm, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that I felt no pain while thou was tossed in the blanket? Say, or think so no more; for I was, at that time, more afflicted in mind than thou in body.'

But let us wave this subject for the present, and time will, no doubt, offer an opportunity of considering it more maturely, and of setting every thing to rights: and tell me, friend Sancho, how am I spoke of in this place? What say the vulgar? What character do I bear among the gentry? and how am I treated by the knights? What is their opinion of my valour, exploits, and courteous behaviour? and how do they relish the design I have undertaken of raising and restoring to the world the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry? In short, Sancho, I desire that thou wilt inform me of every thing thou hast heard on this subject, without adding to the good, or subtracting from the evil; it being the duty of faithful servants to represent the truth to their masters in it's own native form, neither exaggerated by adulation, nor diminished by any other vain respect: and let me tell thee, Sancho, if the naked truth was always conveyed to the ears of princes, undisguised by flattery, we should see better days, and other æras would deserve the name of the iron age more than the present, which would be justly looked upon as the age of gold. Remember this advice, Sancho, and inform me with honesty and discretion, of all that thou knowest in regard to what I have asked.'— 'That I will with all my heart, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'on condition that your worship won't be offended with the truth, since you desire to see it in it's nakedness, just as it came to my knowledge.'— 'I shall not be offended in the least,' replied Don Quixote: 'speak

‘speak therefore freely, without going about the bush.’

‘Well, then,’ said the squire, ‘in the first place, you must know that the common people think your worship a stark-staring madman, and me a most notorious fool: the better sort say, that, scorning the rank of a private gentleman, you have put Don before your name, and dubbed yourself knight, with a small garden, a few acres of land, and a doublet clouted on both sides. The knights, forsooth, are affronted that your small gentry should pretend to vie with them, especially those needy squires who sole their own shoes, and darn their black hose with green silk.’—‘That observation,’ said Don Quixote, ‘cannot affect me; for I always wear good cloaths, and never appear patched. My doublet may, indeed, be torn, but then it is by my armour, not by time.’—‘Touching the valour, courtesy, adventures, and design of your worship,’ said Sancho, ‘there are different opinions. Some say, he is mad, but a diverting madman; others allow that he is valiant, but unlucky; a third set observe that he is courteous, but impertinent; and in this manner we are handled so severely, that neither your worship nor I have a whole bone left.’—‘You see, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that whenever virtue shines in an eminent degree, she always meets with persecution. Few or none of the celebrated heroes of antiquity could escape the calumnies of malice: Julius Cæsar, a most daring, wise, and valiant general, was accused of being ambitious, and not over-cleanly in his customs or apparel; Alexander, who by his achievements acquired the name of Great, was said to be a drunkard; and Hercules, renowned for his labours, reported to have been lewd and effeminate; Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, was grumbled at for being excessively quarrelsome; and Amadis himself ridiculed as an arrant whiner. Therefore, son Sancho, among so many aspersions thrown upon such great men, I may well overlook what is said against me; since it is no worse than what thou hast repeated.’—‘That’s the very thing, body of my father!’ replied Sancho. ‘What, is

there any thing more!’ said his master. ‘More!’ cried the squire, ‘the tail is yet unfleeced. What you have heard is but cakes and gingerbread; but, if your worship would know all the backbitings we suffer, I will this moment bring hither one who can inform you of every circumstance, without losing a crumb; for, last night, the son of Bartholomew Carrasco arrived from Salamanca, where he has been at his studies, and got a bachelor’s degree; and when I went to welcome him home, he told me there was a printed book of your worship’s history, in which you go by the name of The Ingenious Squire Don Quixote de La Mancha; and that I am mentioned in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, as well as my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things that passed between you and me only; at hearing of which I crossed myself through fear, wondering how they should come to the knowledge of the historian.’—‘You may depend upon it, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote; ‘the author of our history must be some sage inchanter; for nothing is hid from writers of that class.’—‘How can he be a sage inchanter,’ said Sancho, ‘when bachelor Sampson Carrasco (for that’s the name of him who told me) says the author of our history is called Cid Hamet Bean-and-jelly?’—‘That name is Moorish,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘Very like,’ said the squire; ‘for I have often heard, that the Moors are very fond of beans and jellies.’—‘Thou must certainly be mistaken,’ Sancho, said Don Quixote, ‘in the surname of that Cid, which, in Arabick, signifies Signior.’—‘Very possible,’ answered the squire; ‘but if your worship desires to see the bachelor, I will bring him hither in a twinkling.’—‘Thou wilt oblige me very much, my friend,’ said Don Quixote; ‘for what thou hast told me has bred such doubts and suspense within me, that I cannot eat a morsel with any satisfaction, until I am informed of the whole affair.’—‘Then I’ll go seek him,’ replied Sancho: who, leaving his master, went in quest of the bachelor, with whom he returned in a little time, and a most pleasant dialogue ensued.

C H A P. III.

THE LUDICROUS CONVERSATION
THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON
QUIXOTE, SANCHE PANZA, AND
THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CAR-
RASCO.

DON Quixote remained extremely pensive, in expectation of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself, in print, according to Sancho's information; though he could hardly persuade himself that there could be such a history extant; the blood of his enemies whom he had slain, being scarce, as yet, dry upon the blade of his sword, and yet they would have his high achievements already recorded in printed books. He therefore imagined that some sage, either friend or foe, had cast them off, by the power of enchantment: if a friend, in order to aggrandize and extol them above the most distinguished exploits of knight-errantry; if an enemy, to annihilate and depress them beneath the meanest actions that ever were recorded of any squire. 'Although,' said he, within himself, 'the deeds of squires are never committed to writing; and if my history actually exists, seeing it treats of a knight-errant, it must, of necessity, be pompous, sublime, surprising, magnificent, and true.' This reflection consoled him a little; but he became uneasy again, when he recollected that his author was a Moor, as appeared by the name of Cid; and that no truth was to be expected from that people, who are all false, deceitful, and chimerical. He was afraid that his amours were treated with some indecency, that might impair and prejudice the honour of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, wishing for nothing more than a true representation of his fidelity, and the decorum he always preserved, in refusing queens, empresses, and damsels of all ranks, thus keeping the impulse of his passions under the rein. Tossed, therefore, and fluctuating on these and many other fancies, he was found by Sancho and Carrasco, whom the knight received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was not very big, but a great wag, of a pale complexion and excellent understanding; he was about the

age of four and twenty; had a round visage, flat nose, and capacious mouth, all symptoms of a mischievous disposition, addicted to jokes and railery; as appeared when he approached Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees, saying, 'Permit me to kiss your most puissant hand, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha; for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have received no other orders than the first four, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that ever were, or ever will be, within the circumference of the globe! Blessed be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who wrote the history of your greatness! and thrice blessed that curious person who took care to have it translated from the Arabick into our mother-tongue, for the entertainment of mankind!' Don Quixote, raising him up, said, 'Tis true, then, that there is a history of me, and that the sage who composed it is a Moor.'—'So true, Signior,' said Sampson, 'that, to my certain knowledge, there are twelve thousand volumes of it this day in print; let Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they were printed, contradict me if they can. It is even reported to be now in the press at Antwerp; and I can easily perceive, that there is scarce a nation or language into which it will not be translated.'—'One of the things,' said Don Quixote on this occasion, 'which ought to afford the greatest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to live and see himself celebrated in different languages, and his actions recorded in print, with universal approbation; I say, with approbation; because, to be represented otherwise, is worse than the worst of deaths.'—'In point of reputation and renown,' said the bachelor, 'your worship alone bears away the palm from all other knights-errant; for the Moor in Arabick, and the Christian in his language, have been careful in painting the gallantry of your worship to the life; your vast courage in encountering dangers, your patience in adversity, your fortitude in the midst of wounds and mischance, together with the honour and chastity of your platonick love for my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.'

Here Sancho interposing, said, 'I never

‘ never heard my lady called Donna Dulcinea, but simply the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so that there the history is wrong.’— ‘ That is no material objection,’ answered Carrasco. ‘ No, sure,’ replied the knight. ‘ But tell me, Mr. Batchelor, which of my exploits is most esteemed in this history.’— ‘ As to that particular,’ said the batchelor, ‘ there are as many different opinions as there are different tastes. Some stick to the adventure of the wind-mills, which to your worship appeared monstrous giants; others, to that of the fulling-mills; this reader, to the description of the two armies, which were afterwards metamorphosed into flocks of sheep; while another magnifies that of the dead body, which was carrying to the place of interment at Segovia: one says, that the deliverance of the galley-slaves excels all the rest; and a second affirms, that none of them equals the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and your battle with the valiant Biscayner.’

Here Sancho interrupting him again, said, ‘ Tell me, Mr. Batchelor, is the adventure of the Yangueshians mentioned, when our modest Rozinante longed for green peas in December*.’— ‘ Nothing,’ replied Sampson, ‘ has escaped the pen of the sage author, who relates every thing most minutely, even to the capers which honest Sancho cut in the blanket.’— ‘ I cut no capers in the blanket,’ answered Sancho; ‘ but in the air, I grant you, I performed more than I desired.’— ‘ In my opinion,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ there is no human history that does not contain reverses of fortune, especially those that treat of chivalry, which cannot always be attended with success.’— ‘ Nevertheless,’ resumed the batchelor, ‘ some who have read your history, say they should not have been sorry, had the author forgot a few of those infinite drubbings which, in different encounters, were bestowed on the great Don Quixote.’— ‘ But in this consists the truth of history,’ said the squire.

Don Quixote observed, that they might as well have omitted them; for those incidents, which neither change nor effect the truth of the story, ought to be left out, if they tend to depreciate the chief character. ‘ Take my word for it,’ said he, ‘ Æneas was not so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is exhibited by Homer.’— ‘ True,’ said Sampson; ‘ but it is one thing to compose as a poet, and another to record as an historian: the poet may relate or rehearse things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; whereas an historian must transmit them; not as they ought to have been, but exactly as they were; without adding to, or subtracting the least tittle from the truth.’— ‘ Since this Moorish gentleman has told all the truth,’ said Sancho, ‘ I don’t doubt that, among the drubbings of my master, he has mentioned mine also; for they never took the measure of his shoulders, without crossing my whole body: but at this I ought not to wonder, since, as he observes, when the head aches, the members ought to have their share of the pain.’— ‘ You are a sly rogue, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ and I find you don’t want memory, when you think proper to use it.’— ‘ If I had all the mind in the world,’ said Sancho, ‘ to forget the blows I have received, the marks, which are still fresh upon my carcase, would by no means allow me.’

‘ Hold your peace, Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘ and don’t interrupt Mr. Batchelor, whom I intreat to proceed; and let me know what more is said of me in this same history.’— ‘ Aye, and of me too,’ cried Sancho; ‘ who, they say, am one of the principal personages of it.’— ‘ You mean persons, and not personages, friend Sancho,’ said Sampson. ‘ What! have we got another reprimander of words?’ said the squire; ‘ since it is come to this, we shall never have done.’— ‘ Plague light on me! Sancho!’ replied the batchelor, ‘ if you are not the second person of the his-

* *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*, signifies to look for tartuffles in the sea; a proverb applicable to those who are too sanguine in their expectations, and unreasonable in their desires.

‘tory; and there are many who would rather hear you speak than the first character in the book; though some there be also, who say you are excessively credulous, in believing there could be any foundation for the government of that island, which was promised to you by Signior Don Quixote, here present.’—‘There is no time lost*,’ said Don Quixote; ‘while thou art advancing in years, Sancho, age will bring experience; and then thou wilt be more qualified and fit to govern than thou art at present.’—‘Fore God! Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘the island which I cannot govern with these years, I shall never govern, were I as old as Methusalem: the mischief is, that this same island is delayed I don’t know how; not that I want noddle to govern it.’—‘Recommend it, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘to the direction of Heaven, which does all for the best, and may, perhaps, exceed your expectation; for not a leaf can move upon a tree, without the permission of God.’—‘True,’ said Sampson, ‘if it be the will of God, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands, much less one, to govern.’—‘I have seen governors in my time,’ quoth Sancho, ‘who, to my thinking, did not come up to the sole of my shoe, and yet they were called your lordship, and served in plate.’—‘Those were not governors of islands,’ replied Sampson, ‘but of other governments more easily managed; for such as govern islands ought at least to have some grammatical knowledge.’—‘I know very well how to cram†,’ said Sancho; but as to the matted cawl, I will neither meddle nor make, because I don’t understand it; but leaving this government in the hands of God, who will dispose of me the best for his own service, I am, Mr. Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, infinitely pleased and rejoiced that the author of our history has spoke of me in such a manner as not to give offence; for, by the faith of a good squire! if he had said any thing of me, that did

‘not become an old Christian, as I am, the deaf should have heard of it.’—‘That were a miracle, indeed!’ answered Sampson. ‘Miracle or no miracle,’ said Sancho, ‘let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes into his jolter-head.’

‘One of the faults that are found with the history,’ added the batchelor, ‘is, that the author has inserted in it a novel, intitled, The Impertinent Curiosity. Not that the thing itself is bad, or poorly executed, but because it is unseasonable, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship Signior Don Quixote.’—‘I’ll lay a wager,’ cried Sancho, ‘that this son of a cur has made a strange hodge-podge of the whole.’—‘Now I find,’ said the knight, ‘that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant prater, who, without either judgment or premeditation, has undertaken to write it at random, like Orbaneja the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered, “Just as it happens;” and when he would sometimes scrawl out a mishapen cock, was fain to write under it in Gothick letters, “This is a cock;” and my history being of the same kind, will need a commentary to make it intelligible.’—‘Not at all,’ answered Sampson, ‘it is already so plain, that there is not the least ambiguity in it; the very children handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud it; in short, it is so thumbed, so read, so well known by every body, that no sooner a meagre horse appears, than they say, “There goes Rozinante!” but those who peruse it most, are your pages; you cannot go into a nobleman’s antichamber where you won’t find a Don Quixote, which is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some intreating for a sight of it; in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for in the whole book there is

* *Aun ay sol en las bardas.* There is still sun-shine on the wall. i. e. It is not yet too late.

† Finding it impossible to translate the original pun or blunder, I have substituted another in it’s room, on the word Grammatical, which I think has at least an equally good effect.

‘not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good Catholick.’—‘To write otherwise,’ said Don Quixote, ‘were not to publish truth, but to propagate lies; and those historians who deal in such, ought to be burnt like coiners of false money; but I cannot imagine what induced the author to avail himself of novels and stories that did not belong to the subject, when he had such a fund of my adventures to relate: he, doubtless, stuck to the proverb, So the gizzard is crammed, it matters not how*; for truly, had he confined himself to the manifestation of my reveries, my sighs, my tears, my benevolence, and undertakings, he might have compiled a volume larger, or as large, as all the works of Tostatus bound together†. Really, Mr. Batchelor, according to my comprehension, it requires great judgment, and a ripe understanding, to compose histories, or indeed any books whatever; for to write with elegance and wit, is the province of great geniuses only. The wittiest person in the comedy is he that plays the fool; for he must be no simpleton who can exhibit a diverting representation of folly. History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth; and where truth is, there the divinity will reside: yet there are some who compose and cast off books, as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes.’

‘There is no book so bad,’ said the batchelor, ‘but you may find something good in it.’—‘Doubtless,’ replied the knight; ‘but it frequently happens, that those who have deservedly purchased and acquired great reputation by their writings, lose it all, or at least forfeit a part of it, in printing them.’—‘The reason,’ said Sampson, ‘is, that printed works are perused with leisure, consequently their faults easily observed; and the greater the reputation of the author is, the more severely are they scrutinized:

men celebrated for their genius, great poets, and illustrious historians, are, for the most part, if not always, envied by those whose pleasure and particular entertainment consists in criticising the works of others, without having obliged the world with any thing of their own.’—‘That is not to be wondered at,’ said Don Quixote; ‘for there are many theologists who make but a poor figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent in discerning the faults and superfluities of those who preach well.’—‘That is all true, Signior Don Quixote,’ said Carraasco; ‘and I could wish that those censurers were either a little more compassionate, or something less scrupulous, than to insist upon such blemishes of the work they decry, as may be compared to little spots in the sun, and as *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, consider how long the author watched, in order to display the light of his performance, with as little shade as possible. Perhaps, too, those things which disgust them are no other than moles, that sometimes add to the beauty of the face on which they grow; and therefore I affirm, that he who publishes a book runs an immense risk; because it is absolutely impossible to compose such an one as will please and entertain every reader.’—‘I believe few will relish that which treats of me,’ said the knight. ‘Quite the contrary,’ answered Sampson; ‘for, as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, the number of those who are delighted with your history is infinite; though some accuse the author’s memory as false or faulty, because he has forgot to tell who the thief was that stole Sancho’s Dapple; of whom there was not a word mentioned: we can only infer from the history, that he was stolen; and by-and-by we find the squire mounted on the same beast, without knowing how he was retrieved. They say, likewise, that he has omitted telling what Sancho did with

* The original is, ‘*De paja, y di beno, el jergonelleno*’; i. e. ‘The bed is filled, though it be with hay and straw.’

† Alphonfus Tostatus, bishop of Avila, was said to have known every thing that could be known. He made a figure at the council of Basil; wrote twenty-seven volumes; and dying in the fortieth year of his age, was interred in the church of Avila, with this epitaph:—*Hic stupor est mundi, qui scibile discutit omne.*

‘ those hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau, in Sierra Morena; and which are never mentioned though many people desire to know what use he made of them; and this is one of the chief defects in the work.’

‘ Mr. Sampson,’ answered the squire, ‘ I am not in an humour at present to give accounts and reckonings of that affair; for I feel a certain qualmishness in my stomach, and if I don’t recruit it with a couple of draughts of old stingo, I shall be in most grievous taking *; I have the cordial at home, and my dame waits for me; but when I have filled my belly, I will return and satisfy your worship, and all the world, in whatever they shall desire to ask, both with regard to the loss of my beast, and the spending of the hundred crowns.’ So, without expecting a reply, or speaking another word, he hied him home, while Don Quixote desired and intreated the batchelor to stay and do penance with him. The batchelor accepted the invitation, and stayed; a pair of pigeons was added to the knight’s ordinary; he talked of nothing but chivalry at table, and Carrasco encouraged the discourse. The repast ended, they took their afternoon’s nap, Sancho returned, and the former conversation was renewed,

CHAP. IV.

IN WHICH SANCHE PANZA SATISFIES THE DOUBTS, AND ANSWERS THE QUESTIONS OF BATCHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO; WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE RECALLED AND KNOWN.

SANCHE returning to his master’s house, resumed the former conversation, to gratify Mr. Sampson, who said he wanted to know when, in what manner, and by whom his ass had been stolen; ‘ You must know, then,’ said he, ‘ that very night we fled from the holy brotherhood, and got into the Brown Mountain, after the misventuresome adventure of the galley-

slaves, and the corpse that was carrying to Segovia, we took up our quarters in a thicket, where my master and I, being both fatigued, and sorely bruised in the frays we had just finished, went to rest, he leaning upon his lance, and I lolling upon Dapple, as if we had been stretched upon four feather-beds; I, in particular, slept so sound, that the thief, whosoever he was, had an opportunity of coming and propping me up with four stakes, fixed under the corner of my pannel, on which I was left astride; so that he slipped Dapple from under me, without my perceiving it in the least.’—‘ And this is no difficult matter, nor new device,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ for the same thing happened to Sacripante at the siege of Albraca, where, by this contrivance, his horse was stolen from between his legs by the famous robber Brunelo †.’—‘ When morning came,’ proceeded Sancho, ‘ I no sooner began to stretch myself, than the stakes gave way, and down I came to the ground with a vengeance; I looked for my beast, and finding he was gone, the tears gushed from my eyes, and I set up a lamentation, which, if the author of our history has not set down, you may depend upon it, he hath neglected a very excellent circumstance; a good many days after this mischance, as I chanced to be travelling with my lady the Princess Micomicona, descrying a person riding towards me in the habit of a gypsy, I immediately knew my own ass, and discovered the rider to be Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and notorious malefactor, whom my master and I delivered from the galley-chain.’

‘ The error lies not in that part of the history,’ replied the batchelor, ‘ but consists in the author’s saying that Sancho rode on the same ass, before it appears that he had retrieved him.’—‘ As to that affair,’ said the squire, ‘ I can give you no satisfactory answer; perhaps it was an oversight in the historian, or owing to the carelessness of the printer.’—‘ Doubtless it was so,’ replied Sampson; ‘ but what became

* In Spanish, *Me pondra en la espina de Santa Lucia*; i. e. ‘ Will put me on St. Lucia’s thorn:’ applicable to any uneasy situation.

† As related in the famous poem of Orlando Inamorato, composed by Boyardo, of which the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto is the continuation,

‘ of those hundred crowns ? were they laid up or laid out ?—’ ‘ I laid them out,’ answered Sancho, ‘ in necessities for my own person, my wife, and children ; and those crowns were the cause of my gossip’s bearing patiently my ramblings and roving in the service of my lord and master Don Quixote ; for if, after such a long absence, I had come home without my ass, and never a cross in my pocket, I might have expected a welcome the wrong way. Now, if you have any thing else to ask, here I am ready to answer the king in person ; and it matters not to any person, whether I did or did not bring them home, or whether I spent them or lent them ; for if the blows I have received in our peregrinations were to be repaid with money, rated at no more than four maravedis a-piece, another hundred crowns would not quit one half of the score ; therefore, let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and not pretend to mistake an hawk for a hand-saw* ; for we are all as God made us, and a great many of us much worse.’

‘ I will take care,’ said Carrasco, ‘ to apprise the author of the history, that if it should come to another edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho observes, as it will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work.’—‘ Mr. Batchelor,’ said the knight, ‘ did you, in reading it, perceive any thing else that ought to be amended ?’—‘ There might be some things altered for the better,’ replied Carrasco ; ‘ but none of such consequence as those already mentioned.’—‘ And pray,’ resumed Don Quixote, ‘ does the author promise a second part ?’—‘ Yes,’ said Sampson, ‘ but he says he has not yet found it, nor does he know in whose possession it is ; so that we are still in doubt, whether or not it will see the light : on that account, therefore, and likewise because some people say, that second parts are never good, while others observe, that too much already hath been written concerning Don Quixote, it is believed that there will be no second part ; though there is a third sort more jovial than wise, who cry, “ Quixote for ever ! let the knight

engage, and Sancho Panza harrangue ; come what will, we shall be satisfied.”—‘ And how does the author seem inclined ?’ said the knight. ‘ How,’ answered Carrasco, ‘ to set the press a-going, as soon as he can find the history, for which he is now searching with all imaginable diligence ; thereto swayed by interest, more than by any motive of praise.’—‘ Since the author keeps interest and money in his eye,’ said Sancho, ‘ it will be a wonder if he succeeds ; for he’ll do nothing but hurry, hurry, like a taylor on Easter-eve ; and your works that are trumped up in a haste, are never finished with that perfection they require : I would have Mr. Moor take care, and consider what he is about ; for my master and I will furnish him with materials, in point of adventures and different events, sufficient to compose not only one, but a hundred second parts. What ! I suppose the honest man thinks we are now sleeping among straw ; but let him lift up our feet, and then he will see which of them wants to be shod ; all that I shall say is, if my master had taken my advice, we might have been already in the fields, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, according to the use and custom of true knights-errant.’

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when their ears were saluted by the neighing of Rozinante, which Don Quixote considered as a most happy omen, and determined in three or four days to set out on his third expedition ; accordingly, he declared his intention to the batchelor, whose advice he asked with regard to the route he should take. Sampson said, that in his opinion, he ought to direct his course towards the kingdom of Arragon, and go to Saragossa, where, in a few days, was to be held a most solemn tournament on the festival of St. George ; there he would have an opportunity of winning the palm from the Arragonian knights, which would raise his reputation above that of all the champions upon earth : he applauded his design as a most valiant and honourable determination, and begged he would be more cautious in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but the property of

all those who had occasion for protection and succour in distress.

'That is the very thing I repose, Mr. Sampson,' said the squire; 'for my master thinks no more of attacking a hundred men in arms, than a hungry boy would think of swallowing half a dozen pippins*. Body of the universe! Mr. Batchelor, if there are times for attacking, there are also seasons for retreating; the cry must not always be "St. Jago! charge, Spain†!" especially as I have heard, and, if I remember aright, my master himself has often observed, that valour lies in the middle, between the extremes of cowardice and rashness; this being the case, I would not have him fly without good reason, nor give the assault when he is likely to be overpowered by numbers; but, above all things, I give my master notice, that if he carries me along with him, it shall be on condition that he fight all the battles himself, and I be obliged to do nothing, but tend his person, that is, take care of his belly, and keep him sweet and clean; in which case, I will jig it away with pleasure‡; but to think that I will put hand to sword, even against base-born plebeians with cap and hatchet, is a wild imagination: for my own part, Mr. Sampson, I do not pretend to the reputation of being valiant, but of being the best and loyalist squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in consideration of my great and faithful services, shall be pleased to bestow upon me one of those many islands which his worship says will fall in his way, I shall very thankfully receive the favour; and even if he should not keep his word, here stand I, simple as I am, and one man must not depend upon another, but trust in God alone; besides, the bread I eat, without a government, mayhap will relish better than the dainties of a governor; and how do I know but the devil may, in these governments, raise some stumbling-block, over which I

shall fall and beat out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho will I die; but, nevertheless, if by the favour of Providence, I could fairly and softly, without much risk or anxiety, obtain an island, or some such matter, I am not such a ninny as to throw it away; for, as the saying is, When the heifer is offered, be ready with the rope; and, When good fortune comes to thy door, be sure to bid it welcome.'

'Brother Sancho,' said the batchelor, 'you have spoke like a professor; but for all that, put your trust in God, and Signior Don Quixote, who instead of an island, will give you a whole kingdom.'—'The one as likely as the other,' answered Sancho; 'though I dare venture to assure Signior Carrasco, that the kingdom, which my master shall bestow upon me, will not be put into a rotten sack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health sufficient to rule kingdoms and govern islands, as I have, upon many other occasions, hinted to my master.'—'Consider, Sancho,' said the batchelor, 'that honours often change the disposition; and, perhaps, when you come to be governor, you will not know the mother that bore you.'—'That may be the case,' answered the squire, 'with those who were born among mallows; but not with me, who have got four inches of old christian suet on my ribs; then if you come to consider my disposition, you will find I am incapable of behaving ungratefully to any person whatever.'—'God grant it to be so,' said the knight; 'but this will appear when you arrive at the government, which methinks I have already in mine eye.'

He then intreated the batchelor, if he was a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses on his intended parting from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, and desired that every line might begin with a letter of her name, so that the initials being joined together, might make Dulcinea del Toboso. Carrasco, though he owned he was not one of the

* Literally, *badens*, a kind of water melon.

† This is the cry uttered by the Spaniards when they charge in battle.

‡ *Baylar el agua delante*, is a phrase applicable to those who do their duty with alacrity, taken from the practice of watering the courts in Spain, an office which the maids perform with a motion that resembles dancing.

famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half, * promised to compose such an acrostic as he desired, which, by the bye, he foresaw would be no easy task, because the name consisted of seventeen letters, and if he should make four stanzas of four lines each, one must be left out; or should they be composed of five, called decimas or roundelays, three letters would be wanting to compleat the number; however, he would endeavour to sink one letter as much as he could, so that in four stanzas the name *Dulcinea del Toboso* should be included. 'That must be done, at all events,' said Don Quixote; 'for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that she was the subject of the poem.' This affair being thus settled, as also the time of their departure, which was fixed at the distance of eight days, Don Quixote charged the batchelor to keep it secret, especially from the curate, Mr. Nicholas, his niece, and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valiant determination. Carrasco, having promised to observe this caution, took his leave of the knight, whom he begged to favour him on every occasion, with an account of his good or evil fortune; and Sancho went home, to provide every thing necessary for their expedition.

CHAP. V.

OF THE SAGE AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE MOST HAPPILY RECORDED.

THE translator says he looks upon this chapter as apocryphal, because it represents Sancho Panza speaking in a stile quite different from that which might be expected from his shallow understanding, and making such ingenious observations, as he thinks it impossible he should know; but he would not leave it out, that he might punctually

perform the duty of a faithful translator, and therefore proceeds in these words.

Sancho returned to his own house in such high spirits, that his wife perceived his gaiety at the distance of a bow-shot, and could not help saying, 'What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you seem so joyful?' To this question the squire answered, 'An it pleased God, wife, I should be very glad if I were not so joyful as I seem to be.'—'Truly, husband,' replied Teresa, 'I don't understand you; and cannot conceive what you mean, by saying you should be very glad, an it pleased God, you were not so joyful; for, simple though I be, I am always glad with what makes me joyful.'—'Mark me, Teresa,' said the squire, 'I am rejoiced, because it is determined that I shall return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is going to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I must accompany him in his expedition; for so my destiny will have it, together with the comfortable and lively hope of finding another hundred crowns like those I have expended: on the other hand, sorry am I to part with thee and my children; and if God would permit me to eat my bread dry-shod at home, without dragging me over cliffs and cross-paths; (and this might be done at a small expence, if he would only say the word) it is plain that my joy would be more firm and perfect; whereas that which I feel at present, is mingled with the melancholy thoughts of leaving thee, my duck; wherefore I justly said I should be glad, an it pleased God, I were less joyful.'—'Verily, Sancho, said his wife, ever since you made yourself a member of knight-errantry, you talk in such a round-about manner, that there is no understanding what you say.'—'Let it suffice,' answered the squire, 'that I am understood by God, who is the undersander of all things; and there let it rest: meanwhile, take notice, gossip, it will be convenient for you to tend Dapple for these two or three days with special care; let his allowance

* Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the *Auracana*; Juan Rufo de Cordova, author of the *Aufriada*; Christopher Verves de Valentia, author of the *Monferratte*; and as for the half, Cervantes in all probability meant himself.

† Sancho's wife has already been mentioned under the names of Juana and Mary, and now she is called Teresa.

'be doubled, that he may be enabled to carry arms; and look out for the pannel and the rest of the tackle, for we are not going to a wedding, but to traverse the globe, and give and take dry blows with your giants, dragons, and hobgoblins, and hear nothing but hissing, roaring, bellowing, and bleating; and all this would be but flowers of lavender, were it not our doom to encounter with Yanguessians and enchanted Moors.'—'I very well believe that squires-errant do not eat the bread of idleness,' replied Teresa; 'and therefore, husband, I shall continually pray to our Lord, to deliver you from such misfortunes.'—'I tell thee, wife,' said Sancho, 'if I did not expect to see myself in a little time governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot.'—'By no means, dear husband,' cried Teresa, 'Let the hen live, though she have the pip; and I hope you will live, though the devil run away with all the governments upon earth; without a government did you come from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived to this good hour; and without a government shall you go or be carried to your grave, in God's own time: there are many in the world who have no governments, and yet, for all that, they live and are numbered among the people. Hunger is the best sauce, and as that is never wanting among the poor, they always relish what they eat; but take care, Sancho, if you come to a government, that you do not forget me and your children: consider, Sanchito has already fifteen good years over his head, and that it is time for him to go to school, if in case his uncle the abbot has a mind to breed him to the church: consider too, that your daughter Mary Sancha, will not break her heart if we marry her, for I am much mistaken if she does not long for a husband, as much as you do for a government; and the short and long of it is, you had better have your daughter ill buckled as a wife than well kept as a concubine.'

'Take my word for it,' answered Sancho, 'if by the blessing of God I come to any sort of government, I intend, my dear, to match Mary Sancha so high, that nobody shall come near her, without calling her, *your ladyship*.'—'Never think of that, Sancho!'

cried Teresa, 'match her with her equal, which will be more prudent than to raise her from clogs to pattens, from good fourteen-penny hoyden grey, to farthingales and petticoats of silk, and from *Molly* and *thou*, to *Donna* and *my lady such-a-one*; the girl's head would be quite turned, and she would be continually falling into some blunder, that would discover the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding.'—'Shut that foolish mouth of thine,' said Sancho; 'in two or three years practice, quality and politeness will become quite familiar to her; or, if they should not, what does it signify? Let her first be a lady, and then happen what will.'—'Meddle, Sancho, with those of your own station,' replied Teresa, 'and seek not to lift your head too high; but remember the proverb that says, When your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose, and take him in. It would be a fine thing, truly, to match our Mary with a great count or cavalier, who would, when he should take it in his head, look upon her as a monster, and call her country wench, and clod-breaker's and hemp-spinner's brat; that shall never happen in my life-time, husband; it was not for that I brought up my child; do you find a portion, and as to her marriage, leave that to my care: there is Lope Tocho, old John Tocho's son, a jolly young fellow, stout and wholesome, whom we all know, and I can perceive that he has no dislike to the girl; besides, he being our equal, she will be very well matched with him; for we shall always have them under our eye, and the two families will live together, parents and children, sons-in-law and grandsons, and the peace and blessing of God will dwell amongst us; wherefore you shall not match me her in your courts and grand palaces, where she will neither understand nor be understood.'—'Hark ye, you beast and yoke-fellow for Barrabas!' replied Sancho, 'why wouldst thou now, without rhyme or reason, prevent me from matching my daughter, so as that my grand-children shall be persons of quality? remember, Teresa, I have often heard my elders and betters observe, He that's coy when fortune's kind, may after seek but never find. And should not I be to blame, if,

'now

‘ now that she knocks at my door, I
‘ should bolt it against her? Let us,
‘ therefore, take the advantage of the
‘ favourable gale that blows.’

It was this uncommon stile, with
what Sancho says below, that induced
the translator to pronounce the whole
chapter apocryphal.

‘ Can’t you perceive, animal, with
‘ half an eye,’ proceeded Sancho, ‘ that
‘ I shall act wisely, in devoting this
‘ body of mine to some beneficial go-
‘ vernment that will lift us out of the
‘ dirt, and enable me to match Mary
‘ Sancha according to my own good
‘ pleasure: then wilt thou hear thyself
‘ called Donna Teresa Panza, and find
‘ thyself seated at church upon carpets,
‘ cushions, and tapestry, in despite and
‘ defiance of all the small gentry in the
‘ parish; and not be always in the same
‘ moping circumstances, without in-
‘ crease or diminution, like a picture in
‘ the hangings: but no more of this;
‘ Sanchica shall be a countess, though
‘ thou shouldst cry thy heart out.—
‘ Look before you leap, husband,’ an-
‘ swered Teresa: ‘ after all, I wish to
‘ God this quality of my daughter may
‘ not be the cause of her perdition; take
‘ your own way, and make her duchess
‘ or princess, or what you please, but
‘ I’ll assure you, it shall never be with-
‘ my consent or good-will; I was al-
‘ ways a lover of equality, my dear,
‘ and can’t bear to see people hold
‘ their heads high without reason.
‘ Teresa was I christened, a bare and
‘ simple name, without the addition,
‘ garniture, and embroidery of Don or
‘ Donna; my father’s name is Cascajo,
‘ and mine, as being your spouse, Te-
‘ resa Panza, though by rights I should
‘ be called Teresa Cascajo: but as the
‘ king minds, the law binds; and with
‘ that name am I contented, though it
‘ be not burdened with a Don, which
‘ weighs so heavy, that I should not be
‘ able to bear it; neither will I put it in
‘ the power of those who see me dressed
‘ like a countess or governor’s lady, to
‘ say, “Mind Mrs. Porkfeeder; how
‘ proud she looks! it was but yesterday
‘ she toiled hard at the distaff, and went
‘ to maul with the tail of her gown
‘ about her head, instead of a veil; but
‘ now, forsooth, she has got her fine far-
‘ thingales and jewels, and holds up her

“ head as if we did not know her.” If
‘ God preserve me in my seven or five
‘ senses, or as many as they be, I shall
‘ never bring myself into such a quan-
‘ dary: as for your part, spouse, you
‘ may go to your governments and
‘ islands, and be as proud as a peacock;
‘ but as for my daughter and me, by
‘ the life of my father! we will not stir
‘ one step from the village; for, The
‘ wife that deserves a good name, stays
‘ at home as if she were lame; and, The
‘ maid must be still a doing, that hopes
‘ to see the men come a wooing. You
‘ and Don Quixote may therefore go to
‘ your adventures, and leave us to our
‘ misventures; for God will better our
‘ condition, if we deserve his mercy;
‘ though truly I cannot imagine who
‘ made him a Don; I am sure, neither
‘ his father nor grandfather had any
‘ such title.’—‘ I tell thee, wife,’ re-
‘ plied the squire, ‘ thou hast certainly
‘ got some devil in that carcase of thine;
‘ the Lord watch over thee, woman!
‘ what a deal of stuff hast thou been
‘ tacking together, without either head
‘ or tail? What the devil has your Cas-
‘ cajos, jewels, proverbs, and pride, to
‘ do with what I have been saying?
‘ Hark ye, you ignorant beast, for
‘ such I may call thee, as thou hast
‘ neither capacity to understand my dis-
‘ course, nor prudence to make sure of
‘ good fortune when it lies in thy way,
‘ were I to say, that my daughter shall
‘ throw herself from the top of a steeple,
‘ or go strolling about the world, like
‘ the Infanta Donna Uraca, thou
‘ wouldst have reason to contradict my
‘ pleasure; but if, in two turnings of a
‘ ball and one twinkling of an eye, our
‘ good fortune should lay a title across
‘ our shoulders, and raising thee from
‘ the stubble, set thee in a chair of state,
‘ under a canopy, or lay thee upon a
‘ sofa, consisting of more velvet almo-
‘ hadas*, than there are Moors in all the
‘ family of the Almohadas in Morocco;
‘ wherefore wouldst not thou consent,
‘ and with me enjoy the good-luck that
‘ falls?’—‘ I’ll tell thee wherefore,
‘ husband,’ replied Teresa, ‘ because, as
‘ the saying is, What covers, discovers
‘ thee; the eyes of people always run
‘ slightly over the poor, but make an
‘ halt to examine the rich; and if a per-
‘ son so examined was once poor, then

* Almohada signifies a cushion.

* comes

‘ comes the grumbling and the slander-
ing; and he is persecuted by back-
biters, who swarm in our streets like
bees.’

‘ Give ear, Teresa, and listen to what
I am going to say,’ answered Sancho:
‘ for mayhap thou hast never heard such
a thing in all the days of thy life;
and I do not now pretend to speak
from my own reflection, but to repeat
the remarks of the good father who
preached last Lent in our village. He
said, if I right remember, that all
objects present to the view, exist, and
are impressed upon the imagination,
with much greater energy and force,
than those which we only remember
to have seen.’ (The arguments here
used by Sancho, contributed also to
make the translator believe this chapter
apocryphal; because they seem to ex-
ceed the capacity of the squire, who
proceeded thus :) ‘ From whence it hap-
pens, that when we see any person
magnificently dressed, and surrounded
with the pomp of servants, we find
ourselves invited, and, as it were,
compelled to pay him respect; although
the memory should, at that instant,
represent to us some mean circum-
stances of his former life; because
that defect, whether in point of fa-
mily or fortune, is already past and
removed, and we only regard what
is present to our view; and if the
person, whom fortune hath thus rais-
ed from the lowness of oblivion to
the height of prosperity, be well-
bred, liberal, and courteous, without
pretending to vie with the ancient no-
bility, you may take it for granted,
Teresa, that nobody will remember
what he was, but reverence what he
now is, except the children of Envy,
from whom no thriving person is se-
cure.’—‘ I really do not understand
you,’ said Teresa: ‘ you may do what
you will; but seek not to distract my
brain with your rhetorick and har-
anguing, for if you be revolved to
do what you say—’ ‘ You must call
it resolved, woman, and not revolved,’
cried Sancho. ‘ Never plague yourself
to dispute with me, husband,’ answer-
ed Teresa: ‘ I speak as God pleases,
and meddle not with other people’s
concerns. If you are obstinately bent
upon this same government, I desire

‘ you will carry your son Sancho along
with you, and from this hour teach
him the art of that profession; for it
is but reasonable that the sons should
inherit and learn the trade of their
fathers.’—‘ As soon as I have obtain-
ed my government,’ said Sancho, ‘ I
will send thee money for him by the
post, as by that time I shall have
plenty; for there are always people in
abundance that will lend to a gover-
nor who has no money of his own;
and be sure you cloath him in such a
manner as to disguise his present con-
dition, and make him appear like
what he is to be.’—‘ Send you the
money,’ answered Teresa, ‘ and I
will dress him up like any branch of
palm*.’—‘ Well, then,’ said Sancho,
‘ we are agreed about making our
daughter a countess—’ ‘ That day
I behold her a countess,’ cried the
wife, ‘ I shall reckon her dead and
buried; but, I tell you again, you
may use your pleasure: for we women
are born to be obedient to our hus-
bands, though they are no better than
blocks.’

So saying, she began to weep as bit-
terly as if she had actually seen her
daughter laid in her grave. Sancho
consoled her, by saying, that although
she must be a countess, he would defer
her promotion as long as he could.
Thus ended the conversation, and the
squire went back to Don Quixote to
concert measures for their speedy de-
parture.

CHAP. VI.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON
QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE, AND HOUSE-
KEEPER, BEING ONE OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS OF
THE WHOLE HISTORY.

WHILE this impertinent conver-
sation passed between Sancho
Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo,
Don Quixote’s niece and housekeeper
were not idle; for, collecting from a
thousand symptoms that their master
wanted to give them the slip a third
time, and return to the exercise of his
unlucky knight-errantry, they endeav-
oured, by all possible means, to divert

* Alluding to the bough that is adorned and carried in procession on Palm Sunday.

him from his extravagant design; but all they could say was like preaching to the desert, or hammering cold iron. However, among many other arguments, the housekeeper said to him, 'As I hope to be saved, dear master, if your worship will not settle at home in your own house, but are resolved to stray about the mountains and valleys, like a troubled ghost, in quest of what you term adventures, but what I call mischances, I will complain in person, and raise up my voice to God and the king, that they may apply some remedy to your disorder.' To this declaration, the knight replied, 'Mrs. Housekeeper, how God will accept of thy complaints I know not; neither can I guess in what manner his majesty will answer thy petition: this only I know, that if I were king, I would excuse myself from answering that infinite number of impertinent memorials which are daily presented; for one of the greatest of the many fatigues that attend royalty, is that of being obliged to listen and reply to all petitions; therefore I would not have his majesty troubled with any affair of mine.'—'Pray, Sir,' said the housekeeper, 'are there no knights, at court?'—'Yes, there are many,' answered Don Quixote; 'and it is reasonable, that there should be always a good number in attendance to adorn the court, and support the pomp and magnificence of majesty.'—'Would it not be better, then, for your worship,' replied the matron, 'to be one of that number, and serve your king and master quietly and safely at court?'—'You must know, good woman,' said Don Quixote, 'all knights cannot be courtiers; neither can or ought all courtiers to be knights-errant: there ought to be plenty of both; and though we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one sort and the other; your courtiers, without crossing the thresholds of their own apartments, travel over the world, in maps, gratias, and never know what it is to suffer either heat, cold, hunger, or thirst, in their journey; whereas, we real knights-errant measure the whole globe with our own footsteps, exposed night and day, on horse-back and afoot, to

the summer's sun and winter's cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather; we not only seek to see the picture, but the person of our foe, and on all emergencies and occasions attack him, without paying any regard to the trifling rules of challenges; whether, for example, his sword and lance be shorter or longer than our own; whether he wears about him any relic or secret coat of mail; or whether the sun and wind be equally divided; with other ceremonies of that nature, which are usually observed in duelling, and which, though I know them punctually, thou art little acquainted with: thou must also know, that a good knight-errant, though he sees ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, with legs like lofty steeples, and arms resembling the masts of vast and warlike ships; while each eye, as large as a mill-wheel, beams and burns like a glass furnace, is by no means confounded or abashed; but on the contrary, with genteel demeanour, and intrepid heart, approaches, assaults, and, if possible, vanquishes and overthrows them in a twinkling, though they are armed with the shell of a certain fish, said to be harder than adamant; and instead of a sword, use a keen scymitar of damasked steel, or a huge club, armed with a point of the same metal, as I have seen on a dozen different occasions. All this I have mentioned, good woman, that thou mayest see what difference there is between knights of different orders; and every prince ought, in reason, to pay greater respect to this second, or rather this first species of knights-errant, among whom, as we read in history, there have been some who were the bulwarks not only of one, but of many kingdoms.'

'Ah, dear Sir,' cried the niece, interrupting him, 'consider that all those stories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and invention; and every one of the books that contain them deserve, if not to be burnt, at least to wear a *san benito**, or some other badge, by which it may be known for an infamous perverter of virtue and good sense.'—'By the God that pro-

* A dress put upon convicted hereticks.

' tests me!' cried the knight, ' wert thou not undoubtedly my niece, as being my own sister's-child, I would chastise thee in such a manner, for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the whole world would resound with the example. How! shall a pert baggage, who has scarce capacity enough to manage a dozen lace-bobbins, dare to wag her tongue in censuring the histories of knights-errant? What would Signior Amadis say to such presumption? But, surely, he would forgive thy arrogance; for he was the most humble and courteous knight of his time, and besides the particular champion and protector of damsels: but thou mightest have been heard by another who would not treat thee so gently; for all are not affable and well-bred; on the contrary, some there are extremely brutal and impolite. All those who call themselves knights, are not intitled to that distinction; some being of pure gold, and others of baser metal, notwithstanding the denomination they assume. But these last cannot stand the touchstone of truth: there are mean plebeians, who sweat and struggle to maintain the appearance of gentlemen; and, on the other hand, there are gentlemen of rank who seem industrious to appear mean and degenerate; the one sort raise themselves either by ambition or virtue, while the other abase themselves by viciousness or sloth; so that we must avail ourselves of our understanding and discernment, in distinguishing those persons, who, though they bear the same appellation, are yet so different in point of character.—' Good God!' said the niece, ' that your worship should be so learned, that even, if need were, you might mount the pulpit, or go a-preaching in the streets, and yet remain in such woeful blindness and palpable folly, as to persuade the world that you are a valiant and vigorous righter of wrongs, when you are old, feeble, and almost crippled with age; but, above all things, to give yourself out for a knight, when you are no such thing; for, though rich gentlemen may be knighted, poor gentlemen, like you, seldom are.'

' There is a good deal of truth in what thou hast observed, cousin,' replied Don Quixote; ' and I could

tell thee such things, concerning families, as would raise thine admiration; but these I suppress, that I may not seem to mix what's human with what's divine. Take notice, however, my friends, and be attentive to what I am going to say: all the families in the world may be reduced to four kinds, which are these; one that, from low beginnings hath extended and dilated to a pitch of power and greatness; another, that from great beginnings hath continued to preserve and maintain it's original importance; a third, that from vast beginnings hath ended in a point, diminishing and decaying from it's foundation, into an inconsiderable point like that of a pyramid, which in respect of it's base, is next kin to nothing; a fourth, and that the most numerous, had neither a good foundation, nor reasonable superstructure, and therefore sinks into oblivion, unobserved; such are the families of plebeians and ordinary people. The first, that from low beginnings hath mounted to power and greatness, which it preserves to this day, is exemplified in the house of Ottoman, that from an humble shepherd, who gave rise to it, attained that pinnacle of grandeur on which it now stands; the second sort of pedigree, that without augmentation hath preserved it's original importance, is exhibited in the persons of many princes, who are such by inheritance, and support their rank without addition or diminution, containing themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions; of those who, from illustrious beginnings have dwindled into a point, there are a thousand examples in the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the tribe, if they may be so called, of our Median, Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Barbarian princes, monarchs, and great men. All these families and states, together with their founders, have ended in a very inconsiderable point; since, at this day, it is impossible to trace out one of their descendants; or, if we could, he would be found in some base and low degree. I have nothing to say of the plebeians, who only serve to increase the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or panegyrick. From what I have said, I would have

you

‘you infer, my precious wife-acres, that there is a great confusion of pedigrees; and that those only appear grand and illustrious, whose representatives abound with virtue, liberality, and wealth: I say, virtue, liberality, and wealth; because the vicious great man is no more than a great sinner; and the rich man without liberality, a mere covetous beggar; for happiness does not consist in possessing, but in spending riches; and that not in squandering them away, but in knowing how to use them with taste. Now a poor knight has no other way of signalizing his birth, but the practice of virtue, being affable, well-bred, courteous, kind, and obliging; a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander; and, above all things, charitable; for, by giving two farthings cheerfully to the poor, he may shew himself as generous as he that dispenses alms by sound of bell: and whosoever sees him adorned with these virtues, although he should be an utter stranger to his race, will conclude that he is descended of a good family. Indeed, it would be a sort of miracle to find it otherwise; so that praise is always the reward of virtue, and never fails to attend the righteous. There are two paths, my children, that lead to wealth and honour: one is that of learning, the other that of arms; now I am better qualified for the last than for the first; and (as I judge from my inclination to arms) was born under the influence of the planet Mars; so that I am, as it were, obliged to chuse that road, which I will pursue in spite of the whole universe: you will therefore fatigue yourselves to no purpose, in attempting to persuade me from that which Heaven inspires; fortune ordains, reason demands, and, above all things, my own inclination dictates; knowing, as I do, the innumerable toils annexed to knight errantry, I am also well acquainted with the infinite benefits acquired in the exercise of that profession. I know the path of virtue is very strait, while the road of vice is broad and spacious. I know their end and issue is different: the wide extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death; while the narrow toilful path of virtue leads to

‘happiness and life—not that which perisheth, but that which hath no end; and I know, as our great Castilian poet observes—

“By these rough paths of toil and pain,
“Th’ immortal seats of bliss we gain,
“Deny’d to those who heedless stray
“In tempting pleasure’s flow’ry way.”

‘Ah! woe is me!’ cried the cousin, my uncle is a poet too! he knows every thing, and can do every thing: I’ll lay a wager, if he should turn bricklayer, he could build a house like any cage.—‘I do assure thee, niece,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘if those knightly sentiments did not wholly engross my attention, there is not a thing on earth that I could not make, nor a curiosity that should not go through my hands, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks.’

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knocking at the gate; which, as they found upon enquiry, was made by Sancho; whose presence was no sooner intimated, than the housekeeper ran away to hide herself, that she might avoid the sight of him whom she abhorred: the niece, therefore, opened the door, and his master came out to receive him with open arms; then, shutting themselves up together, another dialogue passed, no ways inferior to the former.

CH A P. VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE; WITH OTHER SURPRIZING INCIDENTS.

THE housekeeper seeing that her master and Sancho were locked up together, immediately guessed the subject of the conversation; and imagining, that the result of this consultation would be a third sally, she put on her veil, and full of trouble and anxiety, went in quest of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking, that as he was a well spoken man, and her master’s new friend, he might persuade him to lay aside such an extravagant design: accordingly, she found him taking a turn in his own yard, and fell upon her knees before him, in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. Carrasco seeing her appear with such marks of sor-

row and consternation, said, 'What is the matter, Mrs. Housekeeper? what hath befallen you? something seems to have harrowed up your very soul?'—'Nothing at all, dear Mr. Sampson,' cried the housekeeper, 'only my master is breaking out; he is certainly breaking out!'—'How breaking out?' said Sampson; 'is any part of his body unbound?'—'Where should he break out?' replied the other, 'but through the gate of his madness? My meaning, dear bachelor of my soul! is, that he is going to make another folly, (and that will be the third) searching up and down the world for what he calls adventures, though I cannot imagine why they should have that name: the first time, he returned so battered and bruised, that they were fain to lay him across an ass, like a sack of oats, because he could not sit upright; the second time, he was brought home in a waggon, stretched and cooped up in a cage, in which he imagined himself enchanted, in such a woeful plight, that he could scarce be known by the mother that bore him, so lank and meagre, with his eyes sunk into the lowest pit of his brain; so that before I could bring him into any tolerable degree of strength, I expended more than six hundred new-laid eggs, as God and all the world know, as well as my hens, that will not suffer me to tell a lye.'—'That I verily believe,' said the bachelor; 'your hens are so good, plump, and well bred, that they would rather burst than say one thing, and mean another. Well, then, Mrs. Housekeeper, nothing else hath happened, neither have you met with any other misfortune, but the apprehension of what your master Don Quixote will do?'—'Nothing else,' said she. 'Give yourself no trouble then,' resumed the bachelor, 'but go home a-God's name, and get ready something hot for my breakfast; and in your way, repeat St. Apollonia's prayer, if you can; I will follow, in a little time, and then you shall see wonders.'—'Dear heart!' cried the housekeeper, 'St. Apollonia's prayer, say you? that I should repeat if my master had the tooth-ache; but, lack-a-day! his dis-

temper lies in his skull.'—'I know what I say,' answered Sampson: 'take my advice, Mrs. Housekeeper, and do not pretend to dispute with me; for I would have thee to know that I am a bachelor of Salamanca; there's no higher batcheleering than that.' She accordingly moved homeward, while Sampson went to communicate to the curate that which will be in due time disclosed.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closeted together, there passed between them a conversation which the history recounts with great punctuality and truth. 'Signior,' said the squire, 'I have at length traduced my wife to consent that I shall attend your worship wherefoever you please to carry me.'—'Say reduced, and not traduced, Sancho,' replied the knight. 'I have once or twice, if my memory serves me,' said Sancho, 'intreated your worship not to correct my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you can't make it out, I desire you would say, "Sancho" or devil, "I don't understand thee;" then if I fail in explaining myself, you may correct me as much as you please; for I am so foolish.'—'I do not understand thee now,' cried Don Quixote, 'nor can I comprehend what thou wouldst be at, in saying I am so foolish.'—'So foolish!' said the squire; 'that is, whereby as how I am just so.'—'Nay, now thou art more and more unintelligible,' replied the knight. 'If your worship does not understand me now,' answered Sancho, 'I know not how to express it; for I am already at my wit's end, and Lord have mercy upon me.'—'O! now I conceive thy meaning,' said the knight; 'thou wouldst say thou art so docile, gentle, and tractable, as to comprehend every thing I say, and retain whatsoever I shall teach thee.'—'I'll lay a wager,' said the squire, 'that from the beginning, you knew my meaning by my mumping, but wanted to confound me by leading me into a thousand more blunders.'—'It may be so,' said the knight, 'but in reality, what says Teresa?'—'Teresa,' answered Sancho, 'says I must be sharp with your worship,

• The original, *ventura*, signifies good luck as well as adventures.

‘Fast bind, fast find; He that shuffles does not always cut; and that, A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush: now I know, that A wife’s counsel is bad, but he that will not take it is mad.’—‘So say I,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘proceed, friend Sancho, you speak like an oracle to-day.’—‘Why then the case is this,’ resumed Sancho; ‘your worship very well knows we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; for the lamb goes as fast as the dam; and no man in this world can promise himself more hours of life than God is pleased to grant him; because death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of life is always in a hurry, and will not be detained either by fair means or force, by sceptres or mitres, as the report goes, and as we have often heard it declared from the pulpit.’—‘All this is very true,’ said the knight, ‘but I cannot guess what you drive at.’—‘What I drive at,’ answered Sancho, ‘is, that your worship would appoint me a certain monthly salary for the time I shall serve you, to be paid out of your estate; for I do not chuse to depend upon recompences that come late, or low, or never. God will protect me with my own. In short, I would know what I have to trust to, whether little or much; for, The hen clucks though but on one egg; Many lillies make a mickle; and, He that is getting aught, is losing nought. True it is, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your worship can give me that island you have promised me so long; I am not so greedy or ungrateful, but that I will suffer my rent to be appraised, and my salary deducted in due portion*.’—‘To be sure, friend Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘all portions ought to be proportioned.’—‘I understand you,’ replied the squire, ‘I should have said proportion, instead of portion; but that is of no signification, since my meaning is comprehended by your worship.’—‘Aye, and so thoroughly comprehended,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that I have penetrated into the inmost recesses of thy thoughts, and perceive the mark at which those innumerable shafts of thy proverbs

are aimed. Look you, Sancho, I would appoint thee a salary, if I could find in any history of knights-errant, one precedent, by which I might discover, or have the least glimpse of what they used to give monthly or yearly; but I have carefully perused all, or the greatest part of those histories, and cannot remember to have read, that any knight-errant ever paid a certain salary to his squire. I only know, that all of them trusted to favour, and when it was least in their thoughts, provided their masters chanced to be fortunate, they found themselves rewarded with an island, or something equivalent, and at least were honoured with rank and title. If with these hopes and expectations, you are willing to return to my service, do it a-God’s name; but if you think I will unhinge and deviate from the ancient customs of chivalry, you are grievously mistaken: wherefore, friend Sancho, you may go home again, and declare my intention to your wife Teresa; and if she is pleased, and you are willing to depend upon my favour, *bene quidem*; if not, let us shake hands and part: while there are peas in the dove-house, I shall never want pigeons; and remember, my child, that it is better to be rich in hope, than poor in possession; and that a good claim is preferable to bad pay. I talk in this manner, Sancho, to shew that I can pour forth a volley of proverbs as well as you; and finally, I must and will give you to understand, that if you do not chuse to serve me on those terms, and share my fortune, whatsoever it may be, I pray God may prosper and make a saint of you; for my part, I shall not want squires more obedient and careful, though less troublesome and talkative than your worship.’

When Sancho heard this firm resolution of his master, the sky began to lough, and down flagged the wings of his heart in a moment; for he had believed that the knight would not set out without him for all the wealth in the world. While he thus remained pensive and dejected, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece, who was very desirous to hear with what arguments he

* I have substituted this play upon the word proportion, in lieu of Sancho’s blundering on *rafa*.

would dissuade her uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, no sooner entered, than embracing the knight, as at first, he pronounced with an audible voice, 'O flower of knight-errantry, resplendent sun of arms, thou glory and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please the Almighty, of his infinite power, that if any person or persons shall raise any impediment to obstruct thy third sally, they may never extricate themselves from the labyrinth of their desires, or accomplish what they so unjustly wish!' Then turning to the duenna, 'Mrs. House-keeper,' said he, 'you need not now repeat St. Apollonia's prayer; for I know it is the precise determination of the stars, that Signior Don Quixote shall again execute his new and lofty plan: and I should greatly burden my conscience if I forbore to intimate, and desire, that this knight will no longer withhold and detain the force of his valiant arm, and the virtue of his heroick soul; because, by his delay he retards the righting of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honour of maidens, the favour of widows, the support of wives, with many other things, of that nature, which regard, concern, depend upon, and appertain, to the order of knight-errantry. Courage! Signior Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; may your worship and grandeur set out before to-morrow morning; and if any thing be wanting to forward your expedition, here am I, ready to make it good with my person and fortune; and, if need be, to serve your magnificence in quality of squire; an office, in the execution of which I should think myself extremely happy.'

Don Quixote hearing this proffer, turned to Sancho, saying, 'Did not I tell thee, Sancho, that I should not want for squires? Take notice who it is that offers to attend me; who, but the unheard-of batchelor Sampson Carrasco; the perpetual darling and delight of the court-yards belonging to the Salamancan schools; sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endued with all those qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant: but Heaven will not permit me, for my own satisfac-

tion, to break and demolish this pillar of learning, this urn of sciences, and to hew down such an eminent branch of the liberal arts. No, let this new Sampson stay at home, and honour the place of his nativity, together with the grey hairs of his ancient parents; while I make shift with any sort of squire, since Sancho will not vouchsafe to go along with me.'

'Y— yes, I do vouchsafe!' cried Sancho, blubbering; 'it shall never be said of me, dear master, that when the victuals were eaten up, the company sneaked off; I am not come of such an ungrateful stock; for all the world, and especially my own townsmen, know what sort of people the Panzas were, of whom I am descended; besides, I have perceived, and am sensible, by many good works, and more good words, that your worship is actually inclined to do for me; and if I have haggled more than enough about my wages, it was to please my wife, who, if she once takes in hand to persuade me to any thing, no cooper's adze drives the hoops of a barrel as she drives at her purpose, until she hath gained it; but, after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman: now, I being a man every inch of me, when or wheresoever I please to shew myself, (that I cannot deny) I am resolved to be master in my own house, in spite of the devil, the world, and the flesh; and therefore your worship has no more to do but prepare your will, with the codicil, so as that it cannot be rebuked; and then let us take our departure, that we may not endanger the soul of Mr. Sampson, whose conscience, he says, prompts him to persuade your worship to make a third sally through the world; and here I promise again to serve your worship faithfully and lawfully, as well as, and better than, all the squires that ever attended the knights-errant, either in past or present time.'

The batchelor was astonished at hearing the manner and conclusion of Sancho's speech; for although he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed him so diverting as he is there represented; but now, hearing him talk of the will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he was convinced of the truth of what he had read, and confirmed in the opinion

of his being one of the most solemn simpletons of the present age; saying, within himself, two such madmen as the master and his squire, are not to be paralleled upon earth. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho were reconciled, and embraced each other; and, in consequence of the opinion and assent of the great Carrasco, whom they looked upon as an oracle, it was determined that they should depart in three days, during which they would have time to provide themselves with necessaries for the journey, and find a complete helmet for the knight, who insisted upon carrying one along with him into the field. Sampson, accordingly, undertook to accommodate him, saying he could command an helmet that was in possession of a friend of his; though the brightness of the metal was not a little obscured by the rust and mould which it had contracted.

Innumerable were the curses which were vented against the batchelor by the housekeeper and niece, who tore their hair, and scratched their faces; and like the hired mourners, formerly in use, lamented the departure, as if it had been the death of their master. But Sampson's view in persuading him to another folly, was to execute a design which he had concerted with the curate and barber, as will appear in the sequel. In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with every thing they thought they should have occasion for; the squire pacified his wife, the knight appeased his niece and housekeeper, and on the evening of the fourth day, without being perceived by any living soul but the batchelor, who insisted upon accompanying them half a league out of town, they set out, and took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote mounted on his trusty Rozinante, and Sancho throned upon his old friend Dapple, with a pair of bags well-lined with belly-timber, and a purse of money, which his master deposited in his hands, in case of accidents in their expedition.

Sampson, embracing the knight, intreated him to write an account of his good or evil fortune, that he might congratulate or sympathize with him, as the laws of friendship require. Don Quixote assured him, he would comply with his request; the batchelor return-

ed to the village, and the other two pursued their way towards the great city of Toboso.

CHAP. VIII.

AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, IN HIS JOURNEY TO VISIT HIS MISTRESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

BLESSED be the almighty Ala, faith Cid Hamet Benengeli, in the beginning of this chapter; and this benediction he repeats three times, in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again; observing, that the readers of this agreeable history may assure themselves that, from this period, the exploits of the knight and his squire begin. He therefore persuades them to forget the former adventures of our sage hero, and fix their attention upon those which are to come; and which now begin in the road to Toboso, as the others took their origin in the field of Montiel; and truly his demand is but reasonable, considering the fair promise he makes. Thus, therefore, he proceeds.

Scarcely had Sampson left Don Quixote, and Sancho by themselves, when Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray most melodiously; a circumstance which was looked upon by both our adventurers as a fortunate signal and most happy omen; though, to deal candidly with the reader, the brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the horse; from whence Sancho concluded, his fortune would surmount and overtop that of his master. But whether or not he founded his belief on his knowledge in judicial astrology, I cannot determine, the history being silent on that subject; yet certain it is he had been heard to say when he stumbled or fell, that he wished he had not stirred over his own threshold; for nothing was to be got by a stumble or fall but a torn shoe, or broken bone; and truly, simple as he was, he had some reason for making that observation.

'Friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'the night is so far advanced, that we shall not be able to reach Toboso by day-light; yet thither I am determined to go, before I engage in any other

other adventure, that I may receive the benediction and good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, by the help of which I shall certainly atchieve, and happily perform the most perilous exploits; for nothing in this life exalts the valour of knights-errant so much as the favour of their mistresses.'—'I am of the same way of thinking,' replied the squire; 'but I believe your worship will find some difficulty in seeing her in a proper place for courtship, or indeed for receiving her blessing, unless she throws it over the pales of the yard through which I saw her for the first time, when I carried the letter that gave an account of the folly and mad pranks I left your worship committing in the heart of the brown mountain.'—'Didst thou then actually imagine,' said Don Quixote, 'that those were the pales of a yard, over or through which thou sawest that paragon of gentleness and beauty? Certainly they could be no other than galleries, arcades, or corridors, such as belong to rich and royal palaces.'—'It may be so,' answered Sancho, 'but either my memory fails me very much, or to me they seemed no better than the pales of a farmer's yard.'—'Be that as it will,' resumed Don Quixote, 'thither we will go, and at any rate get sight of her: for be it through pales, windows, crannies, or the rails of a garden, so the least ray of that sun of beauty reach mine eyes, it will enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart in such a manner, that I shall remain the unequalled phoenix of valour and discretion.'—'Truly Sir,' said the squire, 'when I saw that same sun of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays at all; but the case was, the wheat that her ladyship was winnowing, as I told you before, raised such a cloud of dust about her, as quite darkened her countenance.'—'Wilt thou still persist, Sancho,' replied the errant, 'in saying, thinking, believing, and affirming, that my mistress Dulcinea was employed in such a mean office, so wide of all that is or ought to be practised by persons of rank, who are created and reserved for other exercises and amusements, that denote their quality at the distance of a bow-shot. Thou seemest to forget, O

Sancho! those verses of our poet, in which he paints the labours that in their chrystal bowers engrossed the four nymphs, who, raising their heads above the waves of their beloved Tagus, sat down to work in the verdant meadow those rich and silken webs, which, as the ingenious poet describes, were with gold and pearls adorned and interwaved. In this manner my mistress must have been employed when thou sawest her; but some wicked inchanter, envious of my happiness and fame, converts and perverts every thing that yields me pleasure, into shapes and figures different from its real appearance; and in that history of my atchievements which they say is printed, if the author be some sage who is an enemy to my success, I am afraid he hath confounded one thing with another, and clogged every fact with a thousand falsehoods; straying from his subject, to recount actions quite foreign to the skilful detail of a true history. O envy! thou root of infinite mischief, and canker-worm of virtue! The commission of all other vices, Sancho, is attended with some sort of delight; but envy produces nothing in the heart that harbours it but rage, rancour, and disgust.'—'So say I, master,' answered Sancho; 'and I suppose, in this legend or history of us, which Batchelor Carrasco says he has seen, my reputation goes like a jolting hackney-coach, and is tossed about, as the saying is, like a tennis-ball; though in good faith, I never spoke an ill word of any inchanter whatsoever; nor am I rich enough to stir up envy in any living soul: true it is I am a little waggish, and have a small spice of knavery at bottom: but all this is crowned and covered with the broad cloak of my simplicity, which is always natural and never affected; and if there was nothing else but my believing, as I always do firmly and sincerely, in God, as well as in all that is owned and believed by the holy Roman catholick church; and my being a mortal enemy, as I certainly am, to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and use me tenderly in their writings: but let them say what they will, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain: though, pro-

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vided I see myself mentioned in a book, and circulate through the world from hand to hand, I don't value what they can say of me a fig's end.'

'That observation,' said Don Quixote, 'puts me in mind of what happened to a famous poet of this age, who having composed a severe satire against the court ladies, omitted to insert one in particular, by name, so that it was doubtful whether or not she was implied in any part of the performance. The lady, thus neglected, complained to the poet, asking what he had seen in her character unworthy of being described among the rest, and desiring him to enlarge the satire, that she might be included in the supplement, or look to himself. The author complied with her request, lasting her in terms not fit to be named; and she was perfectly well satisfied with the fame of being infamous. Of a piece with this ambition was that reported of the shepherd, who set fire to the celebrated temple of Diana, reckoned one of the wonders of the world, with no other view than to render his name immortal; and although there was a severe edict, prohibiting all persons whatever from making mention of his name, either by word or writing, that he might not accomplish his aim, it is very well known at this day, that his name was Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to that occurrence which passed at Rome, between that great emperor Charles the Fifth, and a certain knight. The emperor went to visit the famous temple of the Rotunda, which was of old called the Pantheon, but is now more happily named the Church of All-saints, the most entire edifice that remains of heathen Rome, and which most of all evinces the grandeur and magnificence of it's founders. It is built in the shape of half an orange, of a vast extent, and very well lighted; though it has but one window, or rather a round lanthorn at it's top, from whence the emperor considered the inside of the structure, being attended by a Roman knight, who described the excellence and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable work; and, after they had descended, said to him, "Sacred Sir, a thousand times was I seized with an inclination to clasp your majesty in my arms, and throw myself

"down from the lanthorn, in order to eternize my name."—"I thank you," replied the emperor, "for having refuted such a wicked suggestion, and henceforward will never give you an opportunity of repeating such a proof of your loyalty; avoid my presence, and never presume to speak to me again." But, notwithstanding this severe command, he conferred upon him some extraordinary favour. My meaning, Sancho, is; that the desire of fame is a most active principle in the human breast. What dost thou imagine was the motive that prevailed on Horatius to throw himself from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the river Tyber? what induced Mutius to burn his hand and arm? what impelled Curtius to dart himself into the flaming gulph which opened in the midst of Rome? what prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, in spite of all the unfavourable omens that appeared? and, to give you a more modern instance, what consideration bore the ships, and left on shore, encompassed with enemies, those valiant Spaniards in the new world, under the conduct of the most courteous Cortez? All these, and many other great and various exploits, are, were, and shall be performed; in consequence of that desire of fame, which flatters mortals with a share of that immortality which they deem the merited reward of their renowned achievements; although we catholick Christian knights-errant ought to pay greater attention to that glory which is to come, and eternally survives within the etherial and celestial mansions, than to the vanity of that fame, which is obtained in this present perishable state, and which, considered in it's longest duration, must end at length with the world itself, which hath it's appointed period. Wherefore, Sancho, our works must not exceed the limits prescribed by the Christian religion, which we profess. We must, in slaying giants, extirpate pride; get the better of envy by benevolence and virtue; resist anger with patience and forbearance; conquer gluttony and sloth by temperance and watchfulness; luxury and lewdness by our fidelity to those whom we constitute mistresses of our inclination; and idleness by travelling through all parts of

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‘ the world in quest of opportunities to
 ‘ evince ourselves not only Christians,
 ‘ but, moreover, renowned knights.
 ‘ Thus, Sancho, thou seest the means
 ‘ of acquiring that superlative praise
 ‘ which produces fame and reputation.’

‘ All that your worship hath hither-
 ‘ to said,’ replied the squire, ‘ I un-
 ‘ derstand perfectly well; but, for all
 ‘ that, I wish you would dissolve me
 ‘ one doubt, which hath this moment
 ‘ struck me in the noddle.’—‘ Thy
 ‘ meaning is resolve, Sancho,’ said the
 ‘ knight: ‘ in good time, out with it, and
 ‘ I will give thee satisfaction, as far as
 ‘ my own knowledge extends.’—‘ Tell
 ‘ me, then, Signior,’ proceeded Sancho,
 ‘ where now are all those Julys’ and
 ‘ Augusts, and adventuresome knights
 ‘ who died so long ago?’—‘ The Hea-
 ‘ thens,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ are
 ‘ doubtless in hell; and the Christians,
 ‘ if they were good catholicks, either
 ‘ in purgatory or in heaven.’—‘ Right,’
 ‘ said the squire; ‘ let us next enquire,
 ‘ if the tombs that contain the bodies
 ‘ of that sort of gentry are lighted with
 ‘ silver lamps; or the walls of their
 ‘ chapels adorned with crutches, wind-
 ‘ ing-sheets, perriwigs, legs, and eyes,
 ‘ made of wax; if not, pray in what
 ‘ manner are they adorned?’ To this
 ‘ question Don Quixote answered, that
 ‘ the sepulchres of the heathen heroes
 ‘ were, for the most part, sumptuous
 ‘ temples; the ashes of Julius Cæsar
 ‘ were placed upon the top of a stone
 ‘ pyramid, of vast dimensions, still to
 ‘ be seen at Rome, under the name of
 ‘ St. Peter’s obelisk; the emperor Adri-
 ‘ an’s tomb was a building as large as
 ‘ a good village, formerly called Moles
 ‘ Adriani, but at present the Castle of St.
 ‘ Angelo; and Queen Artemisia buried
 ‘ her husband Mausolus in a monument,
 ‘ that was accounted one of the seven
 ‘ wonders of the world: but none of
 ‘ these sepulchres, nor any other be-
 ‘ longing to the heathens, were adorned
 ‘ with shrouds, offerings, or marks, to
 ‘ denote the sanctity of the persons
 ‘ there buried. ‘ So I perceive,’ said
 ‘ Sancho; ‘ and now tell me, whether it
 ‘ be more meritorious to slay a giant,
 ‘ or raise up the dead to life again?’—
 ‘ The answer is plain,’ replied the
 ‘ knight; ‘ it is more meritorious to re-
 ‘ animate the dead.’—‘ Then I have
 ‘ caught you fairly,’ cried the squire;
 ‘ he who revives the dead, restores sight

‘ to the blind, straightens the crooked,
 ‘ heals the sick; before whose tomb the
 ‘ lamps continually burn, whose cha-
 ‘ pels are filled with devout people who
 ‘ adore his relicks upon their knees;
 ‘ I say, he shall have more fame in this
 ‘ world, and that which is to come, than
 ‘ all the heathen emperors and knights-
 ‘ errant that ever lived have left or will
 ‘ leave behind them.’—‘ I am very sen-
 ‘ sible of the truth of what you alledge;’
 ‘ answered the knight. ‘ Now this fame,
 ‘ this grace, this prerogative, or what
 ‘ you call it,’ resumed the squire, ‘ is
 ‘ vested in the bodies and relicks of the
 ‘ saints; and with the approbation and
 ‘ licence of our holy mother-church,
 ‘ they have their lamps, tapers, shrouds,
 ‘ crutches, pictures, perriwigs, eyes,
 ‘ and legs, whereby the devotion of the
 ‘ people is increased, and their own
 ‘ Christian fame promulgated; the bo-
 ‘ dies and relicks of saints are carried
 ‘ upon the shoulders of kings, who kiss
 ‘ the very fragments of their bones,
 ‘ with which they enrich and adorn
 ‘ their most precious altars and orato-
 ‘ ries.’—‘ What wouldst thou have me
 ‘ infer from all this?’ said Don Quix-
 ‘ ote. ‘ My meaning,’ replied Sancho,
 ‘ is, that we should turn saints imme-
 ‘ diately, and so with the greater dis-
 ‘ patch acquire that fame which we are
 ‘ in search of; and pray take notice,
 ‘ Signior, it was but yesterday, or t’other
 ‘ day, as one may say in comparison,
 ‘ that they canonized and beatified two
 ‘ bare-footed friars; and people now
 ‘ think it a great happiness to be al-
 ‘ lowed to touch and kiss the iron chains
 ‘ with which they girded and torment-
 ‘ ed their poor bodies, and which are
 ‘ in greater esteem than the sword of
 ‘ Orlando, which, as the report goes,
 ‘ is kept in the armoury of our lord the
 ‘ king, whom God in Heaven blefs:
 ‘ wherefore, dear master, it is better to
 ‘ be an humble friar of any order what-
 ‘ ever, than the most valiant knight
 ‘ that ever breathed; for, with God,
 ‘ two dozen of disciplines will more
 ‘ avail than as many thousand back-
 ‘ strokes, whether they be bestowed on
 ‘ giants, dragons, or hobgoblins.’—
 ‘ All this is very true,’ answered Don
 ‘ Quixote; ‘ but we cannot all be friars;
 ‘ and various are the paths by which
 ‘ God conducts the good to Heaven.
 ‘ Chivalry itself is a religious order,
 ‘ and some that were knights are now
 ‘ saints

'faints in glory.'—'True,' resumed the squire; 'but I have often heard it observed, that there are more friars than knights in Heaven.'—'The reason,' said the knight, 'is, because there is a greater number of monks than of the other order.'—'And yet there are many knights-errant,' replied the squire. 'There is, indeed, a good number,' answered Don Quixote; 'but very few that deserve the name.'

In this, and other such discourse, they passed that night and the following day, without encountering any thing worthy of being mentioned; a circumstance that chagrined our knight not a little. Next day, however, in the twilight, they descried the great city of Toboso; at sight of which Don Quixote's spirits were exhilarated, and Sancho's depressed, because he did not know where to find the house of Dulcinea, whom he had never seen, neither had his master ever beheld this peerless princess; so that the one suffered perturbation from the desire of seeing her, and the other because he had not seen her; and, indeed, Sancho could not contrive how to manage the affair, when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city in the dark; and with this view they tarried in a grove of oaks, not far from the gate, till the night was advanced; then entered the town, where they met with things which amount to things indeed.

CHAP. IX.

WHICH CONTAINS WHAT YOU WILL
SEE IN THE PERUSAL OF IT.

IT was midnight, or thereabout, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their covert, entered the city of Toboso, which was then in profound silence, all its inhabitants being asleep, and lying with outstretched legs, as the saying is. The night was clear, though Sancho wished it otherwise, that in the darkness he might find an excuse for his imposition; and nothing was heard in the whole town but the barking of dogs, which thundered in Don Quixote's ears, and very much disturbed the heart of Sancho; yet, from time to time, they were saluted by the braying of asses, the grunting of hogs, and the

mewing of cats; which different notes being augmented by the stillness of the night, were considered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who, nevertheless, said to his squire, 'Son Sancho, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, whom, perhaps, we shall find awake.'—'Body of the sun!' cried Sancho, 'what palace should I lead to? when I saw her highness she was in a very small cottage.'—'Then she must have been retired,' answered the knight, 'to some small apartment of her castle, to divert herself with her damsels, according to the use and custom of princesses and ladies of rank.'—'Signior,' said the squire, 'since your worship, in spite of all that I can say, will have my Lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gate open? and will it be decent for us to throw the whole family into confusion and uproar, by making a racket, and demanding entrance, at this time of night? Do you think we are going to a bawdy-house, like your fornicators, who rap and knock, and enter at any hour of the four and twenty?'—'First of all, let us fairly find the castle,' replied the knight, 'and then I will tell thee what is to be done; and take notice, Sancho, for either mine eye-sight fails me, or that great shadowy building before us is the palace of Dulcinea.'—'Advance, then,' answered Sancho; 'perhaps it may be so; and yet, though I should see it with mine eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it as much as I believe it is now twelve o'clock at noon.'

Don Quixote, however, proceeded; and having gone about two hundred paces, came up with the building that produced the shadow, and perceiving it an high steeple, found it was no castle, but in reality the principal church in town. 'We are arrived at the cathedral, Sancho,' said he. 'So I perceive,' replied the squire, 'and God grant we be not arrived at our graves! for it is no good sign to be strolling about church-yards at these hours; besides, I have already told your worship, (if my memory serves me right) that my lady's house stands in a blind alley.'—'The curse of God light on thee, for a blockhead as thou art!' cried Don Quixote; 'where didst thou ever hear of castles and royal pa-

laces built in blind alleys?'—'Signior,' answered Sancho, 'every country has it's own customs; and perhaps it is the custom here, in Toboso, to raise palaces and grand edifices in blind alleys; I therefore humbly beseech your worship to let me search all the streets and alleys I shall meet with; and who knows but in some corner I may light on this same cattle, which I wish the dogs had devoured, before it had brought us to such perplexity and confusion?'—'Talk respectfully, Sancho, of those things that appertain to my mistress,' said the knight; 'let us spend our holiday in peace, and not throw the helve after the hatchet.'—'Well, I will be pacified,' answered the squire; 'though how can I endure your worship should expect that I who have seen my lady's house but once, should know it always, and even find it out in the middle of the night, when you yourself are at a loss, though you must have seen it a thousand times?'—'You distract me, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote; 'heark ye, here-tick, have not I told you a thousand times, that in all the days of my life, I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace, being only enamoured by hearsay, and the great reputation of her beauty and discretion?'—'I hear your worship say so now,' replied Sancho; 'and tell you in my turn, that if you have not seen her, no more have I.'—'That is impossible,' resumed the knight; 'at least, you told me you had seen her winnowing wheat, when you brought back an answer to the letter with which I sent you to her habitation.'—'Truly, Signior, you must not depend upon that,' answered Sancho; 'for you must know, my seeing her, and bringing back the answer, was also upon hearsay; and I am as incapable of giving any account of the Lady Dulcinea, as I am of pulling the moon by the nose.' 'Sancho! Sancho!' said Don Quixote, 'there is a time for jesting, and a time when jokes are very unseasonable; though I say I have never seen' or spoke with the mistress of my soul, there is no reason for thy making the

same declaration, which thou knowest is so contrary to the truth.'

While they thus conversed together, they perceived a person passing that way with a couple of mules; and by the noise of a plough-share, which they dragged along, justly concluded that he was a peasant who had risen before day to go to labour: they were not mistaken; it was actually a labourer, who went along singing the ballad of Ronscevalles*; which the knight no sooner heard, than he exclaimed, 'Let me die, Sancho! if any thing lucky will befall us to-night; don't you hear what that peasant is singing?'—'Yes,' said Sancho; 'but what has the defeat at Ronscevalles to do with our affair? If he had sung the ballad of Calaynos, it would have been the same thing with regard to our good or evil fortune.'

Don Quixote said to the peasant, who was by this time come up, 'Can you tell me, honest friend, and the blessing of God attend you, in what part of this city stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?'—'Signior,' answered the young man, 'I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in town, in the service of a rich farmer, whose lands I till; but in that house that fronts you live the curate and sexton of the parish, and either or both can give your worship an account of that same princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso, though, I believe, there is no such thing as a princess in the whole place: there are, indeed, many ladies of fashion, and every one may be a princess in her own house.'—'She whom I ask for must be one of these,' said the knight. 'It may be so,' answered the peasant; 'but I shall be overtaken by the morning.' So saying, he drove on his mules, without waiting for any more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and over and above dissatisfied, 'Signior,' said he, 'day begins to break, and it will not be altogether convenient to let the sun find us here in the street: we had better quit the city, and look out for some wood in the neighbourhood, where your worship may

* Like our Chevy Chase.

enjoy the cool shade; and I will return by day, and search every hole and cranny in Toboso for this house, castle, or palace of my lady, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if I cannot find it; and if I have the good luck to meet with her ladyship, I will tell her where and how I have left your worship, in expectation of her contriving some means whereby you may visit her, without any prejudice to her honour and reputation.—Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, “thou hast uttered a thousand sentences within the compass of a few words: the counsel thou hast given me I relish, and most willingly receive. Come, my son, let us go in quest of some thicket, where I may embower myself, while thou shalt return to seek, see, and talk with my mistress, from whose courtesy and discretion I hope to receive more than miraculous favours.”

Sancho burned with impatience to see his master fairly out of town, that he might not detect the falsehood of the answer which he pretended to bring from Dulcinea, while he remained in the Brown Mountain: he therefore pressed him to depart, and about two miles from the city they found a thicket or wood, where Don Quixote took up his residence, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; and, in the course of his embassy, met with adventures that demand new credit and fresh attention.

CHAP. X.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE STRATAGEM WHICH SANCHE PRACTISED, IN ORDER TO INCHANT THE LADY DULCINEA—WITH OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES EQUALLY LUDICROUS AND TRUE.

THE author of this stupendous history, when he comes to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he would have willingly passed it over in silence, because he was afraid that it would not be believed; for here the madness of Don Quixote soars to the highest pitch of extravagance that can be imagined, and even by two bowshots, at least, exceeds all credit and conception: yet, notwithstanding this

jealousy and apprehension, he has recounted it in the same manner as it happened, without adding to the history, or detracting one tittle from the truth, undervaluing the risk he runs of being deemed apocryphal: and surely he was in the right; for truth may bend, but will never break, and always surmounts falsehood, as oil floats above water. Wherefore he proceeds in the narrative, saying—

Don Quixote having taken his station in the forest, grove, or wood, near to the great city of Toboso, ordered Sancho to go back to town, and not return to his presence before he should have spoken to his mistress, and begged, in his name, that she would be pleased to grant an interview to her captive knight, and deign to bestow upon him her blessing, through which he might expect the most happy issue to all his attempts and enterprizes.

The squire, having undertaken to execute this command, and to bring back as favourable an answer as he had brought the first time; “Go, my son,” said the knight, “and be not confounded when you find yourself beamed upon by that resplendent sun of beauty, which is the object of your enquiry: happy thou, above all the squires that ever lived! Be sure to retain in thy memory every circumstance of thy reception; observe if she changes colour, while thou art delivering my message; if she is discomposed, and under confusion at the mention of my name; whether she sinks upon her cushion, or happens at the time to be seated under the rich canopy of her authority; if she be standing, take notice whether or not she sometimes supports herself on one foot, sometimes on the other; and if she repeats her answer more than once, changing it from kind to harsh, from sour to amorous; and if she lifts up her hand to adjust her hair, although it be not disordered; finally, son, mark all her gestures and emotions; and if thou bringest me an exact detail of them, I shall be able to divine her most abstruse sentiments, touching the concerns of my passion: for know, Sancho, if thou art still to learn, among lovers, the least gestification in their external behaviour, while the conversation turns upon their amours, is, as it were, a messenger

‘fenger that brings a most certain account of what passes within the soul. Go, friend, and enjoy thy fate, so much more favourable than thy master’s; and return with much more success than that which I dread and expect in this cruel solitude, where I now remain.’—‘I go,’ replied Sancho, ‘and will return in a twinkling; therefore, good your worship, do encourage that little heart of yours, which, at present, must be no bigger than a hazle-nut; and consider, as the saying is, A stout heart flings misfortune; Where you meet with no hooks, you need expect no bacon; and again, The hare often starts, where the hunter least expects her. This I observe, because, though we did not find the palace and castle of my lady in the night; now that it is day, I hope to stumble upon it, when I least expect to see it; and if so be I once catch it, let me alone with her.’—‘Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘God grant me better fortune in my desires than you have in the application of the proverbs you utter.’

This was no sooner said, than Sancho switching Dapple, quitted the knight, who remained on horseback, resting his legs upon his stirrups, and leaning upon his lance, his imagination being engrossed by the most melancholy suggestions. Here let us leave him, and proceed with Sancho Panza; who, parting from his master, in equal perplexity and confusion, no sooner found himself clear of the wood, than looking back, and perceiving that Don Quixote was not in sight, he alighted from his ass, and sitting down at the root of a tree, began to catechise himself in these words: ‘Brother Sancho, be so good as to let us know, where your worship is going? Are you in search of some stray beast?—No, truly!—What then is your errand?—Why, really, I am going in search of a thing of nought, a princess, God wot! and in her, the sun and the whole heaven of beauty.—And, pray, where may you expect to meet with this that you mention, Sancho?—Where, but in the great city of Toboso.—Well, and by whose order are you going upon this enquiry?—By order of the renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, the righter of wrongs, who gives thirst to the hungry, and food to those that are dry.—

‘All this is mighty well; but do you know the house, Sancho?—My master says, it must be some royal palace, or stately castle.—But have you never once seen this same princess?—Neither I nor he ever set eyes on her.—And do you think it will be well bestowed, if the inhabitants of Toboso, getting notice that you are come with an intention to wheedle away their princesses, and disturb their dames, should break every bone of your skin, and grind your ribs to a paste, with pure cudgelling?—Verily they would not be much to blame, unless they considered, that I do nothing but execute my master’s command, and being only a messenger, am not in fault.—Never trust to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as cholerick as honourable, and will not suffer themselves to be tickled by any person whatever. Ecod! if you are once smocked, you will come but scurvily off.—Bodikins! since that be the case, why should I plague myself, seeking a cat with three legs, for another man’s pleasure?—Besides, you may as well seek for a magpye in Rabena, or a batchelor in Salamanca, as for Dulcinea in Toboso.—The devil, and none but the devil, has sent me on this fool’s errand!’

The result of this soliloquy was another, that broke out in these words: ‘There is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose yoke we must all pass, will we nill we, when this life is at an end. This master of mine, as I have perceived by a thousand instances, is mad enough to be shackled among straw; and truly I am not much behind him in folly; nay, indeed, I am more mad than he, seeing I serve and follow him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says, Tell me your company, and I will tell you your manners: and the other, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed. Now he being, as he certainly is, a madman; aye, and so mad as for the most part to mistake one thing for another, affirming white to be black, and black to be white; as plainly appeared when he took the windmills for giants, the mules of the friars for dromedaries, the flocks of sheep for opposite armies; and a great many other things in the same stile: I

‘say,

‘ say, it will be no difficult matter to make him believe the first country-wench I shall meet with to be his mistress Dulcinea; and if he boggles at swallowing the cheat, I will swear lustily to the truth of what I affirm; and if he swears also, I will swear again; and if he is positive, I will be more positive; so that come what will, my obstinacy shall always exceed his. Perhaps, by this stubborn behaviour, I shall get rid of all such troublesome messages for the future; when he finds what disagreeable answers I bring; or perhaps, which I rather believe, he will think that one of those enchanters, who, he says, bear him a grudge, hath transmographed her shape, in order to vex and disquiet him.’

Sancho having found out this expedient, was quite calm and satisfied in his mind, and thinking he had brought the business to a good bearing, remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had sufficient time to execute his orders, and return. Every thing succeeded so well to his wish, that when he got up to mount Dapple, he descried three country wenches riding from Toboso, towards the place where he stood, upon three young he or she-asses, for the author does not declare their sex; though in all likelihood they were of the female gender, as your village maidens commonly ride upon she-asses; but this being a circumstance of small importance, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to ascertain it.

In short, Sancho no sooner perceived the wenches, than he rode back at a round trot to his master, whom he found sighing bitterly, and pouring forth a thousand amorous complaints; the knight seeing him arrive, ‘ Well, friend Sancho,’ said he, ‘ is this day to be marked with a white or black stone?’ — ‘ Your worship,’ answered the squire, ‘ had better mark it with red ochre, like the titles on a professor’s chair, that it may be seen the better by those who look at it.’ — ‘ At that rate,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ thou bringest me good news.’ — ‘ So good,’ answered Sancho, ‘ that your worship has nothing to do but to mount Rozinante, and gallop into the plain, where you will see my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso and two of her damsels coming this way to pay you a visit.’ — ‘ Gracious God!’

cried the knight, ‘ what is that you say, friend Sancho? Take care how you deceive me! endeavouring, by feigned joy, to enliven my real sadness.’ — ‘ What should I get by deceiving your worship?’ said the squire. ‘ Besides, you can easily be satisfied of the truth of what I say. Make haste, Signior, come and see our mistress the princess, arrayed and adorned; in short, as she ought to be; her damsels and she are all one flame of gold; all covered with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and brocade, more than ten hands deep; their hair flowing loose about their shoulders, like so many sun-beams waving with the wind; and moreover they are mounted on three pined belfreys, that it would do one’s heart good to see them.’ — ‘ Palfreys, you mean, Sancho,’ said the knight. ‘ There is no great difference,’ answered the squire, ‘ between palfreys and belfreys; but, be that as it will, they are the finest creatures one would desire to see, especially my Lady Dulcinea, who is enough to stupify the five senses.’ — ‘ Come, then, my son,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ and as a gratuity for bringing this piece of news, equally welcome and unexpected, I bestow upon thee the spoils of the first adventure I shall achieve; and if thou art not satisfied with that recompence, I will give unto thee the foals that shall this year be brought forth by my three mares, which thou knowest we left with young upon our town common.’ — ‘ I stick to the foals,’ cried the squire, ‘ for as to the spoils of our first adventure, I question whether or not they will be worth accepting.’

By this time, they were clear of the wood, and in sight of the three country-maidens; when the knight lifting up his eyes, and surveying the whole road to Toboso, without seeing any thing but them, began to be troubled in mind, and asked Sancho if the ladies had got out of town when he left them. ‘ Out of town?’ said Sancho. ‘ What! are your worship’s eyes in the nape of your neck, that you don’t see them coming towards us, glittering and shining like the sun at noon?’ — ‘ I see nobody,’ replied the knight, ‘ but three country-wenches riding upon asses.’ — ‘ God deliver me from the devil!’ cried the squire, ‘ is it pos-
sible

‘fible that three belfreys, or how-d’ye-call-ums, white as the driven snow, should appear no better than asses in your worship’s eyes? By the Lord! I’ll give you leave to pluck off every hair of my beard if that be the case.’ — ‘Then I tell thee, Sancho,’ said his master, ‘they are as certainly he or she-asses as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza; at least, so they seem to me.’ — ‘Hold your tongue, Signior,’ replied Sancho, ‘and never talk in that manner, but snuff your eyes; and go and make your reverence to the mistress of your heart, who is just at hand.’

So saying, he advanced towards the damsels, and alighting from Dapple, seized one of their beasts by the halter; then fell upon his knees before the rider, to whom he addressed himself in this manner: ‘Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, will your highness and greatness be pleased to receive into grace and favour your captive knight, who sits there stupified to stone, utterly confounded and deprived of pulse, at seeing himself in presence of your magnificence; I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the perplexed and down-trodden knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.’

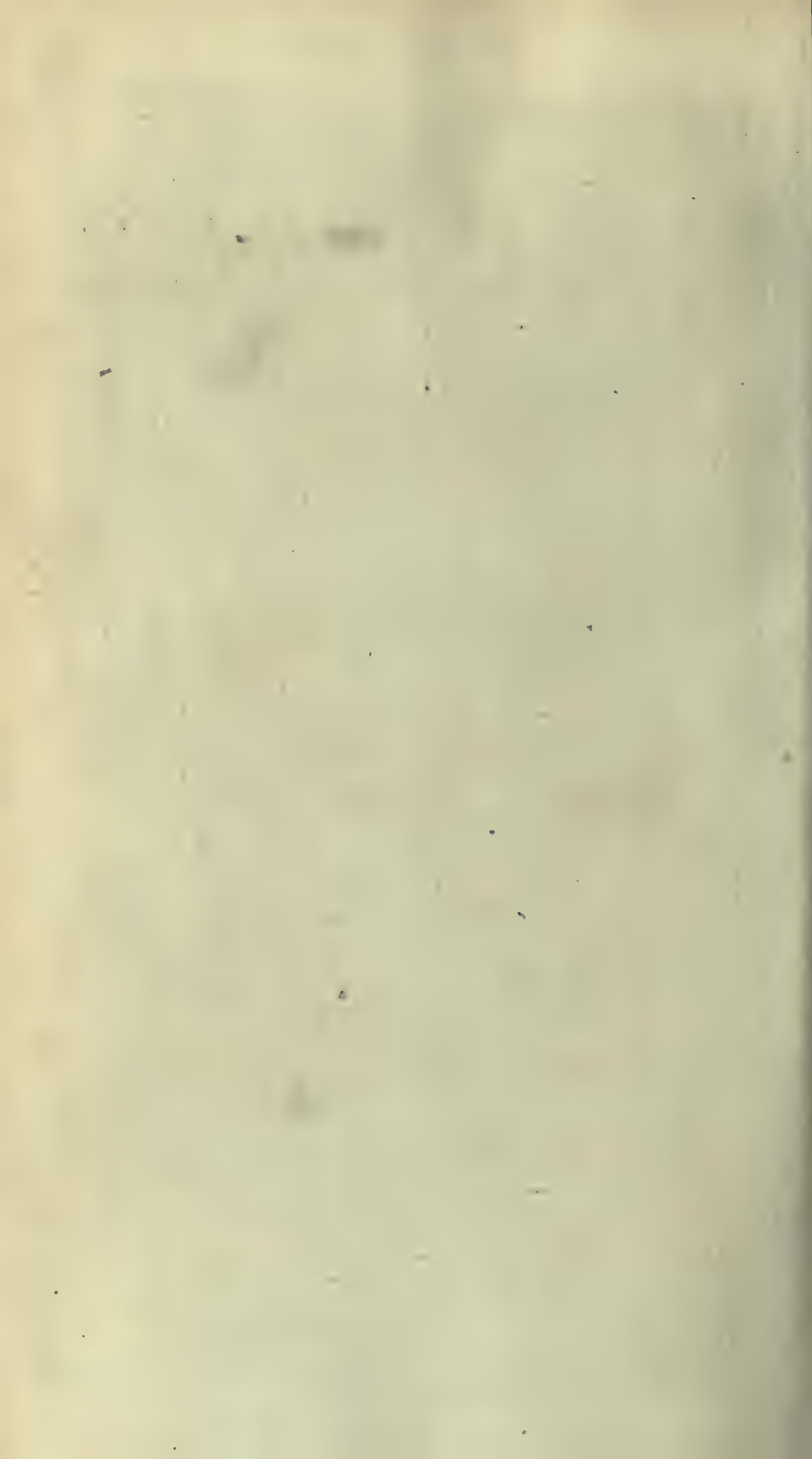
By this time Don Quixote having placed himself on his knees, by Sancho, gazed with staring eyes and troubled vision, upon the object which the squire called queen and princess; and perceiving nothing but a country-wench’s visage, and that none of the most agreeable, for it was round and flat-nosed, he remained in the utmost confusion and surprize, without daring to open his lips. The other two damsels were equally astonished at seeing a couple of such different figures kneeling before their companion, whom they had detained; but she, breaking silence, pronounced in a most ungracious and resentful manner, ‘Get out of the way, and let us pass, for we are in a hurry.’ To this apostrophe Sancho replied, ‘O princess and universal Lady of Toboso! do not your magnificent bowels yearn, to see upon his marrow-bones before your sublimated presence, the very pillar and prop of knight-errantry?’ One of the other two hearing this pathetick remonstancé, bawled aloud,

‘Would I had the currying that ass’s hide of thine: mind, forsooth, how your small gentry come and pass their gibes upon us country-folks; as if we could not give them as good as they bring: Go about your business, friend, and leave us to mind our’n, and so God b’w’ye.’

Here the knight interposing, said, ‘Rife, Sancho, I can plainly perceive that fortune, not yet tired of persecuting me, hath barred every avenue by which any comfort could arrive at the miserable soul that this carcase contains; and thou! the essence of every thing that is desirable in nature, thou sum of human perfection, and sole remedy of this afflicted heart, by which thou art adored! although that malicious inchanter, my inveterate enemy, hath spread clouds and cataclysts before mine eyes, to them and them only changing and transforming thy unequalled beauty into the appearance of a poor country-wench; if he hath not also altered my figure into that of some frightful spectre horrid to thy view, deign to look upon me with complacency and love; because thou mayest perceive, by this submissive posture I have assumed, even before thy person thus disguised; the humility with which my soul adores thy charms.’ — ‘You may go kiss my grannam,’ cried the damsel; ‘I’m a fine Madam, truly, to hear such gibberish; we should be more obliged to you if you would get out of our way, and let us go about our own affairs.’

Sancho accordingly quitted his hold, leaving her free to go whither she would, and highly pleased with the issue of his stratagem. The supposititious Dulcinea no sooner found herself at liberty, than pricking her palfrey with a goad which was in the end of a stick she had in her hand, the creature galloped across the field with great speed, and feeling the application more severe than usual, began to plunge and kick in such a manner, that my lady fell to the ground. Don Quixote perceiving this accident, ran with great eagerness to raise her up, and Sancho made haste to adjust and gird on the pannel; which had got under the ass’s belly. This affair being set to rights, the knight went to lift his enchanted mistress in his arms, and place her on her seat again; but





but she, starting up from the ground, saved him that trouble; for, retreating a few paces backward, she made a small run, and clapping both hands upon the crupper, leaped upon the pannel as nimble as a falcon, seating herself astride like a man.

‘By St. Roque!’ cried Sancho, ‘my lady mistress is as light as a hawk, and can teach the most dextrous horse-man to ride; at one jump she has sprung into the saddle, and, without spurs, made her palfrey fly like any zebra: and truly, her damfels are not a whit behind; for they go scouring along as swift as the wind.’ This was actually true; for Dulcinea was no sooner remounted than the other two trotted after her, and at last disappeared, after having gone more than half a league, at full speed, without once looking behind them.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, until they vanished; then turning to his squire, ‘Sancho,’ said he, ‘thou seest how I am persecuted by enchanters, and mayest perceive how far the malice and grudge they bear me extends; seeing they have deprived me of the pleasure I should have enjoyed at the sight of my mistress in her own beauteous form. Surely, I was born to be an example of misery; the very mark and butt for all the arrows of misfortune; nay, thou art also to observe, Sancho, that those traitors were not contented with a simple metamorphosis of my Dulcinea, but have transformed and changed her into the base and homely figure of that country-wench; robbing her, at the same time, of that which is so peculiar to ladies of fashion, I mean, that sweet scent which is the result of their living among flowers and perfume; for know, my friend, when I went to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou sayest it was, though to me it seemed neither more nor less than a she-ass, I was almost suffocated and poisoned with a whiff of undigested garlick!’

‘O ye miscreants!’ cried Sancho, ‘O ye malicious and mischievous enchanters would to God, I could see you all strung by the gills, like so many haddocks!’ much you know, much you can, and much more will you still be doing. Was it not enough, ye knaves, to change the

‘pearls of my lady’s eyes into a couple of cork-tree galls, and her hair of shining gold into the bristles of a red cow’s tail; and, in short, so transmogrify every feature of her countenance; without your meddling with the sweetness of her breath, by which they might have discovered what was concealed beneath that bark of homeliness: though, to tell the truth, I saw not her homeliness but beauty, which was exceedingly increased by a mole upon her upper lip, something like a whisker, consisting of seven or eight red hairs, like threads of gold, as long as my hand.’—‘According to the correspondence which the moles of the face have with those of the body,’ said Don Quixote, ‘Dulcinea must have just such another on the brawny part of her thigh, of the same side; but hairs of such a length are, methinks, rather too long for moles.’—‘I do assure your worship,’ answered Sancho, ‘they seemed as if they had come into the world with her.’—‘I very well believe what you say, my friend,’ replied the knight; ‘for nature hath bestowed nothing on Dulcinea but what is perfectly finished; wherefore, if thou hadst seen an hundred such moles, in her would they be so many moons and resplendent stars: but tell me, Sancho, that which you adjusted, and which to me seemed a pannel, was it a plain pad or a side-saddle?’—‘It was a great side-saddle,’ answered the squire, ‘so rich that half the kingdom would not buy it.’—‘And why could not I see all this?’ said the knight. ‘I say again, Sancho, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men.’

The rogue Sancho, finding his master so dextrously gulled, and hearing him talk in this mad strain, could scarce refrain from laughing in his face; in fine, a good deal more of this sort of conversation having passed between them, they remounted their beasts, and took the road to Saragosa, where they expected to arrive time enough to be present at the solemn festival yearly celebrated in that famous city; but before they accomplished their journey, they met with adventures, which, for their variety, novelty, and greatness, deserve to be read and recorded, as in the sequel.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE
WHICH BEFEL THE VALIANT DON
QUIXOTE, WITH THE CART OR
WAGGON CONTAINING THE PAR-
LIAMENT OF DEATH.

DON Quixote jogged along exceedingly pensive, his thoughts being engrossed by the scurvy trick which the enchanters had played him, in transforming his mistress Dulcinea into the disagreeable figure of a country-wench; and he could not conceive what remedy he should find for restoring her to her former shape. So much was he absorbed in this reflection, that he insensibly dropped the reins upon the neck of Rozinante, who being sensible of the liberty he enjoyed, at every two steps turned aside to take a pluck at the inviting pasture with which those fields abounded. At length Sancho Panza roused him from this fit of musing, saying, 'Signior, melancholy was not made for beasts, but for men; and yet if men encourage melancholy too much, they become no better than beasts: good your worship be contented, mind what you're about, take hold of Rozinante's reins, rouse up, awake, and shew that gaiety which all knights-errant ought to have. What the devil is the meaning of all this faint-heartedness? Sure you don't know whether we are here or in France! let Satan rather run away with all the Dulcineas upon earth; for the health of one single knight is of more value than all the enchanted persons or transformations that ever were known.'—'Peace, Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, with a voice that was none of the faintest, 'Peace, I say! and utter not such blasphemies against that enchanted lady, of whose disgrace and misfortune I am the sole cause: for, from the envy of my wicked foes, her mischance hath sprung.'—'So say I,' answered Sancho; 'for, He that hath seen her before, let him look at her now, and her fortune deplore.'—'Well mayest thou make that observation,' Sancho, said the knight, 'seeing thou sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; as the enchantment did not extend so far as to disturb thy vision, or conceal her charms from thy view.

'Not against me alone, and my longing eyes, was the force of it's poison directed! Yet, nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help observing, that you made but an indifferent picture of her beauty; for if I rightly remember, you likened her eyes to pearls; now, eyes resembling pearls, are more peculiar to dead whittings than to living beauties; and, in my conjecture, Dulcinea's must be rather like green emeralds, arched over with two celestial rainbows: those pearls, therefore, must be compared to her teeth, which, without doubt, you have mistaken for her eyes.'—'Nothing more likely,' answered the squire, 'for I was as much confounded by her beauty as your worship by her ugliness; but let us recommend this whole business to God, who fore-ordains every thing that is to happen in this vale of tears; in this evil world of ours, where scarce any thing is to be had, without a mixture of falsehood, knavery, and sin. One thing, dear sir, of all others, gives me the greatest pain; and that is, to think what method is to be fallen upon, when your worship, after having vanquished some giant or knight, shall command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea; where will this poor giant, or this poor miserable object of a vanquished knight, find out the person to whom he is sent? Methinks I see them strolling up and down, and gaping about thro' the streets of Toboso, in quest of my Lady Dulcinea; and if they should stumble upon her in their way, they would no more know her than they would know my father.'—'Sancho,' resumed Don Quixote, perhaps the enchantment will not extend so far as to disguise Dulcinea to the eyes of those vanquished giants and knights who shall present themselves before her; and in one or two of the first whom I shall conquer and send thither, we will make the experiment, commanding them to return and give me an account of what shall happen to them, with regard to that affair.'—'Truly, Signior,' said Sancho, 'I heartily approve of your worship's scheme; because, by this artifice, we will soon learn what we want to know; and if so be that she is only concealed from your worship, you are the most unfortunate person
' of

‘ of the two; for as my Lady Dulcinea enjoys good health and satisfaction, we will comfort ourselves, and make the best of a bad bargain, going about in quest of adventures, and leaving the rest to time, who is the best physician for these and other greater calamities.’

Don Quixote would have replied, but was prevented by the appearance of a sort of waggon that crossed the road, full of the strangest figures that can be imagined, and conducted by a frightful dæmon that drove the mules. The cart being altogether open, without tilt or cover, the first figure that struck the eyes of Don Quixote, was Death itself in human shape; next to which appeared an angel with broad painted wings; on one side, stood an emperor with a crown (seemingly) of gold, upon his head; and hard by Death, was the god Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but without the bandage on his eyes; there was likewise a knight armed cap-a-pee, except that he wore neither helmet nor head-piece, but a hat adorned with a plume of variegated feathers. Besides these, there were other personages of different countenance and dress; so that the whole grouse appearing of a sudden, discomposed our hero a little, and filled the heart of Sancho with fear; but Don Quixote soon recollected himself, and rejoiced, because he looked upon it as some new and perilous adventure. On this supposition, and with an effort of courage capable of encountering the greatest danger, he placed himself before the wain, and with a loud and threatening voice, pronounced, ‘Driver, coachman, devil, or whatsoever thou art, tell me straight, whether thou art going, and who those people are whom thou drivest in that carriage, which looks more like Charon’s bark than any modern vehicle.’ The devil stopping his waggon very courteously replied, ‘Signior, we are players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo, and have, this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, been representing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the piece called the Parliament of Death, which we are going to act over again, this very evening, in that other village now in sight; we therefore travel in our habits, to save ourselves the trouble of

undressing and dressing anew; this young man plays the part of Death, that other represents an angel; the woman, who is the author’s wife, acts the queen; he with the plume of feathers is our hero; the emperor you may distinguish by his gilded crown; and I am the devil, which is one of the best characters in the performance, for I myself am the chief actor of this company. If your worship is desirous of knowing any thing else concerning our affairs, question me freely, and I will answer with the utmost punctuality, for being a devil I understand every thing.’

‘By the faith of a knight-errant!’ said Don Quixote, ‘when I first descried the waggon, I thought myself on the eve of some great adventure; and now I affirm, that a man ought to examine things with more senses than one, before he can be assured of the truth; proceed, my honest friends, a God’s name, in order to exhibit your entertainment, and if I can serve you in any respect, you may command my endeavours, which shall be heartily and freely exerted for your advantage; for, from my childhood, I have been a great lover of masques and theatrical representations.’

While this conversation passed between them, they chanced to be overtaken by one of the company, dressed in motley, hung round with a number of morrice-bells, with a pole in his hand, to the end of which were tied three blown ox-bladders. This merry-andrew advancing to Don Quixote, began to fence with his pole, beating the ground with his bladders, and skipping about, so that his bells rung continually: till at length Rozinante, being disturbed at the uncommon apparition, took the bridle between his teeth; and the knight being unable to restrain him, began to gallop across the plain with more nimbleness than could have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho seeing his master in danger of falling, leaped from Dapple, and ran with all dispatch to give him all possible assistance; but before he came up the knight was overthrown close by Rozinante, who had come to the ground with his lord; and this was the usual end and consequence of all his frolicksome adventures. Scarce had Sancho quitted his beast, to run to the

assistance of his master, when the bladder-shaking devil jumped upon Dapple, and began to belabour him with his rattle; so that being frightened at the noise, rather than with the smart of the application, he took to his heels, and flew towards the village where they intended to perform. Sancho seeing, at the same time, the career of Dapple, and his master's fall, scarce knew which of these misfortunes he ought first to remedy; but at length, as became a loyal servant and trusty squire, his love for his master prevailed over his tenderness for the beast; though every time he saw the bladders raised aloft, and discharged upon Dapple's buttocks, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and would rather have received every thwack upon the apple of his own eye than have seen it fall upon the least hair of his ass's tail.

In this state of perplexity and tribulation, he arrived at the place where Don Quixote lay in a very indifferent plight, and helping him to mount Rozinante, 'Signior,' said he, 'the devil has run away with Dapple.'—'Which devil?' cried the knight. 'He with the bladders,' answered the squire. 'I will retrieve him,' replied Don Quixote, 'even if he should conceal him, in the darkest and deepest dungeon in hell; follow me, Sancho, the waggon moves slowly, and the mules shall atone for the loss of Dapple.'

'There is no occasion for putting ourselves to that trouble,' said the squire: 'good your worship, be pacified! for I see the devil has quitted my ass, and returned to the rest of his crew.'

This observation was actually true; Dapple and his new rider had come to the ground, in imitation of the knight and Rozinante: upon which the devil trudged on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his right owner. 'For all that,' said Don Quixote, 'it will not be amiss to punish the troop for that devil's incivility, though it should be in the person of the emperor himself.'—'I hope your worship's imagination will harbour no such thoughts,' answered Sancho; 'take my advice, and never meddle with players, who are a set of people in such high favour with the publick, that I have known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet scape scot-free:

'your worship must know, that being the ministers of mirth and pleasure, they are favoured, protected, assisted, and esteemed by every body; especially if they belong to the king's company, or to some grandee; in which case all, or most of them, look like princes in their manners and dress.'—'Nevertheless,' replied the knight, 'that farcical devil shall not escape unpunished, or applaud himself for what he has done, though all mankind should appear in his favour.'

So saying, he rode towards the waggon, which was by this time pretty near the village, and called aloud, 'Stay, my merry men; halt a little, and I will teach you how to treat the asses and cattle belonging to the squires of knights-errant.' Don Quixote hallooed so loud as to be heard and understood by the people in the waggon, who judging, by his words, the intention of the speaker, Death instantly jumped out of the cart, and was followed by the Emperor, the Devil-driver, and the Angel, with the Queen and Cupid in their train; in short, the whole company armed themselves with stones, and, drawing up in order of battle, stood without flinching to receive the assailant at point of pebble.

The knight perceiving them arranged in such a formidable squadron, their arms lifted up in a posture that threatened a powerful discharge of stones, checked Rozinante, and began to consider in what manner he should attack them, with least hazard to his person. During this pause, Sancho came up, and seeing him bent upon assaulting such a well-compacted brigade, 'It will be the height of madness,' said he 'to attempt any such adventure: consider, dear Sir, that there is no kicking against the pricks; and that there is no armour upon earth sufficient to defend your body from such a shower, unless your worship could creep into a bell of brass; you ought also to remember, that it savours more of rashness than of true valour, for one man to attack a whole army, in which Death and emperors fight in person, being aided and assisted both by good and evil angels; and if that consideration will not prevail upon you to be quiet, you ought to be diverted from your purpose, by knowing certainly, that among all those enemies, in the appearances

‘pearances of kings, princes; and emperors, there is not so much as one single knight-errant.’—‘Now, indeed,’ cried Don Quixote, ‘thou hast hit upon the sole reason that can and ought to dissuade me from my determined design; I neither can nor ought to draw my sword (as I have told thee, on many other occasions) against any person who hath not received the honour of knighthood; to thee, Sancho, it belongs, if so thou art inclined, to take vengeance for the injury done to Dapple, while I from hence will assist and encourage thee with salutary advice.’—‘Signior,’ answered the squire, ‘there is no occasion to take vengeance of any person whatever; for it is not the part of a good Christian to revenge the wrongs he hath suffered: besides, I will prevail upon my ass to leave the affair to my inclination, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall grant me in this life.’—‘Since that is thy determination,’ replied the knight, ‘honest Sancho, discreet Sancho, christian and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantoms, and go in quest of adventures, more dignified and substantial; for this country seems to promise a great many, and those very extraordinary too.’

He accordingly turned his horse, Sancho went to catch Dapple, while Death, with his whole flying squadron, returned to their waggon, and proceeded on their journey. Thus was the dismal adventure of the waggon of Death happily terminated by the wholesome advice which Sancho Panza gave to his master; who next day met with another equally surprizing, in the person of an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAP. XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE
THAT HAPPENED TO THE VAL-
LIANT DON QUIXOTE, IN HIS EN-
COUNTER WITH THE KNIGHT
OF THE MIRROURS.

THE night that followed the encounter with Death, Don Quixote and his squire passed among some tall and shady trees; the knight, by Sancho's persuasion, having eaten of what was found in the store that Dapple car-

ried. During this meal, Sancho said to his master, ‘What a fool should I have been, Signior, if I had chosen, by way of gratification, the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the three foals? Verily, verily, a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.’—‘But, for all that,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘hast thou suffered me to attack them, as I intended, thou wouldst have enjoyed among the spoils the emperor's golden crown, with Cupid's painted wings, which I would have stripped off against the grain, and put into thy possession.’—‘The sceptres and crowns of your stage-emperors are never made of pure gold, but of tin or tinsel,’ replied the squire. ‘True,’ said the knight, ‘the ornaments of comedy ought not to be rich and real, but feigned and artificial, like the drama itself, which I would have thee respect, Sancho, and receive into favour, together with those who represent and compose it; for they are all instruments of great benefit to the commonwealth, holding, as it were, a looking-glass always before us, in which we see naturally delineated all the actions of life; and no other comparison whatever represents to us more lively what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and her attendants; for example, hast thou never seen a play acted, in which kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and many other characters were introduced? One acts the ruffian, another the sharper, a third the merchant, a fourth the soldier, a fifth the designing fool, and a sixth the simple lover; but the play being ended, and the dresses laid aside, all the actors remain upon an equal footing.’—‘Yes, I have seen all this,’ answered Sancho. ‘Then the very same thing,’ said the knight, ‘happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, where one meets with some people playing the parts of emperors, others in the characters of popes; and, finally, all the different personages that can be introduced in a comedy; but when the play is done, that is, when life is at an end, Death strips them of the robes that distinguished their stations, and they become all equal in the grave.’—‘A brave comparison!’ cried Sancho, ‘though not so new but I have heard

‘ it made on divers and sundry occasions, as well as that of the game of chess, during which every piece maintains a particular station and character; and when the game is over, they are all mixed, jumbled, and shaken together in a bag, like mortals in the grave.’— ‘ Sancho,’ resumed the knight, ‘ every day you become less simple and more discreet.’— ‘ Yes,’ said the squire, ‘ some small portion of your worship’s discretion must needs stick to me; as lands which are, in their own nature, sapless and barren, being well dunged and cultivated, come to yield excellent fruit. My meaning is, that your worship’s conversation hath fallen like dung upon the barren desert of my understanding, which being cultivated by the time of my service and communication, will, I hope, produce blessed fruit, such as shall not disgrace, nor stray from the path of that good breeding which your worship hath bestowed on my narrow capacity.’

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the affected terms in which Sancho delivered himself, though what he said of his own improvement was actually true: for at certain times he talked to admiration; and yet, when he attempted to argue, or speak in a polite stile, his efforts always, or for the most part, ended in precipitating himself from the pinnacle of simplicity to the depth of ignorance; his chief talent laying in his memory, which never failed to furnish him with proverbs that he lugged into his discourse, whether they were pat to the purpose or not, as may be seen and observed through the whole course of this history.

In this, and other such conversation, the greatest part of the night elapsed, when Sancho began to be inclined to let fall the portulicues of his eyes, as he termed it, when he wanted to go to sleep: he therefore unpannelled Dapple, to let him graze among the rich pasture with which the place abounded; but Rozinante’s saddle he would not remove, in consequence of his master’s express order, which was never to unsaddle his steed while they were in the field, or did not sleep under cover; it

being an ancient established custom, observed by all knights-errant, in these cases, to take the bridle out of the horse’s mouth, and hang it upon the pummel of the saddle, but to leave the saddle itself untouched. This expedient was accordingly performed by Sancho, who turned Rozinante loose with Dapple; and between these two animals such a strict reciprocal friendship subsisted, that, according to tradition from father to son, the author of this true history wrote particular chapters on this very subject; but, in order to preserve the decency and decorum which belongs to such an heroic composition, omitted them; though sometimes he seems to neglect this precaution, and writes, that these two friends used to approach and scrub each other most lovingly; and after they had rested and refreshed themselves, Rozinante would stretch his head more than half a yard over Dapple’s neck, while the two were wont to stand in this posture, with their eyes fixed upon the ground, three whole days together; at least, till they were parted, or compelled by hunger to go in quest of sustenance: nay, it is confidently reported, that the author had compared their mutual attachment to the friendship of Nisus or Euryalus, or that which subsisted between Pylades and Orestes. If this be the case, we may with admiration conceive how firm the fellowship of those two pacifick animals must have been; to the utter confusion of mankind, who so little regard the laws of friendship and society, according to the common saying, ‘ There is no trust in profession; the staff will turn into a spear*’; and, as the song goes, ‘ The modes of the court so common are grown, that a true friend can hardly be met.’ Let no man imagine the author went out of his road, in comparing the friendship of brutes with that of the human species; for men have received valuable hints, and learned many things of importance from beasts, such as the clyster from storks, gratitude and the use of vomits from dogs, vigilance from the crane, foresight and frugality from the ant, honesty from the elephant, and loyalty from the horse.

In fine, Sancho went to sleep at the

* As the original quotation is a fragment that will not compleat the sense, I have taken the liberty to make the allusion altogether English.

root of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote began to slumber under an oak; but being in a very little time awaked by a noise behind him, he started up, and employing both eyes and ears to distinguish whence it proceeded, he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop, as it were, from the saddle, said to the other, 'Alight, my friend, and unbite the horses; for this place seems to abound with pasture for them, and with silence and solitude, which are the necessary food of my amorous thoughts.' He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he threw himself upon the ground, and his armour rattled as he fell, furnishing Don Quixote with a manifest proof of his being a knight-errant: he therefore approached Sancho, who was asleep, and shaking him by the arm, with no small difficulty, brought him to himself; saying, in a low voice, 'Brother Sancho, here is an adventure.'—'God grant it may be a good one,' answered the squire; 'and pray, Signior, whereabouts may her ladyship be?'—'Where?' said Don Quixote, 'turn thine eyes this way, and behold lying upon the grass a knight-errant, who, by what I have already observed, cannot be over and above easy in his mind? for I saw him throw himself upon the ground, with evident marks of vexation, and heard his armour clatter in his fall.'—'But how has your worship found that this is an adventure?' replied the squire. 'I will not positively say that it is altogether an adventure,' answered the knight, 'but rather the beginning of one; for thus they usually commence: but hark! he seems to tune a lute or rebeck, and by his hawking and hemming, I suppose he is going to sing.'—'In good faith, it is even so,' said Sancho, 'and he must be some knight-errant in love.'—'All knights-errant are so,' resumed Don Quixote; 'but let us listen, and by the thread of his song, discover the clue of his thoughts; for, From the abundance of the heart the tongue speaketh.'

Sancho would have made some reply, but was prevented by the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very sweet nor disagreeable; and, listening with surprize, they heard him sing the following song:

I.

'SUBJECTED to thy sov'reign will,
' Ah, cruel maid! my fate decrees:
' The sentence, tho' inhuman, still
' Shall never be declin'd by me.

II.

'Say, that my death thy joy would move,
' My breath with freedom I'll resign—
' Or wouldst thou listen to my love,
' The God himself shall whisper mine.

III.

'This heart, thy vassal whilst I live,
' Like ductile wax, and diamond hard,
' Thy stamp will yieldingly receive,
' And keep th' impression unimpair'd.'

The Knight of the Wood finished this complaint with an 'Ah!' that seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his soul, and soon after exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone, 'O thou most beautiful and ungrateful woman upon earth! is it possible, that the most serene Casilda de Vandalia has doomed this her captive knight to consume and exhaust himself in continual peregrinations, in harsh and rugged toils? Is it not enough that I have established the fame of thy beauty above all comparison, by the extorted confession of all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Tartesia, Castile, and finally of La Mancha?

'Not so, neither,' cried Don Quixote, interposing; 'for I, who am of La Mancha, never made any such acknowledgment; neither could I, or ought I, to make a confession so prejudicial to the beauty of my own mistress: therefore, Sancho, this knight must certainly be disordered in his judgment; but let us listen, perhaps he will explain himself.'—'Very like,' answered the squire, 'he seems to be in the humour of complaining for a whole month.'

But this was not the case; for the Knight of the Wood, hearing people talk so near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but starting up, called with a courteous and sonorous voice, 'Who is there? are you of the number of the happy or afflicted?'—'Of the afflicted,' replied Don Quixote. —'Come hither, then,' resumed the stranger, 'and depend upon it you will find

‘ find the very essence of sorrow and affliction.’

Don Quixote hearing him speak in such civil and pathetic terms, went towards him, with Sancho at his back, when the complaining knight took him by the hand, saying, ‘ Sit down, Sir knight, for that you are one of those who profess knight-errantry, I am convinced by finding you in this place, accompanied by solitude and the dews of night, which are the peculiar companions of those who belong to our order.’

To this address Don Quixote replied, ‘ I am a knight of that order you mention; and though melancholy, mischance, and misfortune have taken up their habitation in my soul, they have not been able to banish from it that compassion which I feel for the unhappy. From the soliloquy you just now uttered, I gather that your misfortunes are of the amorous kind; I mean, that they proceed from the passion you entertain for that beautiful ingrate whom you named in your complaint.’ While this conversation passed, they sat down together upon the grass, with all the marks of amity and good fellowship, as if at break of day they had not been doomed to break each other’s head. ‘ Perchance, Sir Knight,’ said the stranger, ‘ you are in love?’— ‘ By mischance I am so,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ though the vexation that proceeds from well placed affection ought rather to be deemed a benefit than misfortune.’— ‘ True,’ said the Knight of the Wood, ‘ if our judgment and reason are not disturbed by disdain, which, if exerted severely, seems a-kin to revenge.’— ‘ I never was distressed by my mistress,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘ No, indeed,’ (cried Sancho, who stood hard by) ‘ my lady in as meek as a lamb, and as soft as butter.’

The stranger knight asked if that was his squire; and the other answering in the affirmative, ‘ I never saw a squire,’ said he, ‘ that, like him, durst intrude upon his master’s conversation; at least, I can say so much for mine, who, though as tall as his father, was never known to open his lips, when I was engaged in discourse.’— ‘ In good faith!’ cried Sancho, ‘ I have spoke, and will speak again, before as good a man as—but let that

rest—the more you stir it, the more it will—’

Here the other squire took hold on Sancho by the arm, saying, ‘ Let you and I go somewhere, and talk our bellies-full, in our own way, and leave our masters at liberty to recount their amours; for sure I am, the night will be spent before they are done.’— ‘ With all my heart,’ replied Sancho, ‘ and I will tell your worship who I am, that you may see whether or not I am qualified to be ranked among your talking squires.’ They accordingly retired together, and between them passed a conversation every bit as merry as that of their masters was grave.

CHAP. XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD—WITH A SAGE, UNCOMMON, AND AGREEABLE DIALOGUE, THAT PASSED BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES.

THE knights and their squires being thus parted, the first entertained each other with the story of their loves, while the last indulged themselves with a reciprocal account of their own lives: but the history first of all records the conversation of the domesticks, and then proceeds to relate what passed between the masters. The squires, therefore, having chosen a situation at a convenient distance from the knights, he of the wood accosted Sancho in these words: ‘ Signior, this is a troublesome life that we squires to knights errant lead; in good sooth, we earn our bread with the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God denounced against our first parents.’— ‘ It may also be said,’ replied Sancho, ‘ that we earn it with the frost of our bodies; for no creatures on earth suffer more heat and cold than the miserable squires of knight-errantry; and even that would be more tolerable, if we had any thing good to eat; for, hearty fare lightens care, as the saying is; but we often pass a whole day, nay sometimes two, without ever breaking our fast, except upon the winds of heaven.’— ‘ All this,’ said the other, ‘ may be endured, with the hope of reward; for if the knight-

errant-is not extremely unfortunate, his squire must, in a very little time, see himself recompensed with the handsome government of some island, or with the possession of a profitable earldom.'—'For my own part,' answered Sancho, 'I have already told my master, that I shall be satisfied with the government of an island, which he has been so noble and generous as to promise me, divers and sundry times.'—'And I,' said the stranger, 'am contented with a canonship, which my master has already bespoke for me, on account of my faithful services.'—'It seems, then, your master must be an ecclesiastical knight,' replied Sancho, 'seeing he can provide for his squire in the church: but as for mine, he is a mere layman; though I remember, that certain very wise persons (and yet, I believe, not very honest at bottom) advised him to procure for himself an archbishoprick; but he would be nothing but an emperor: and I was then in a grievous quandary, for fear he should take it in his head to be of the church; in which case, I should not have been qualified to hold a benefice; for your worship must know, though I look like a man, I am no better than a beast at church-matters.'—'Verily,' said he of the wood, 'your worship mistakes the matter quite; your governments of islands are not at all desirable; some are vexations, some are beggarly; others attended with much melancholy and fatigue; in short, the most creditable and orderly brings along with it a load of care and inconvenience, that lies heavy on the shoulders of the unhappy person whose lot it is to bear it: it would be abundantly better for us to undergo this accursed slavery, to return to our own homes, and there amuse ourselves with more agreeable pastime; such, for example, as hunting or fishing; for what squire is there on earth, so poor as to want a horse, a couple of hounds, and a fishing-rod, wherewith to entertain himself at his own habitation?'—

'For my own part,' answered Sancho, 'I want none of these conveniences: true it is I have not a horse, but then I am in possession of an ass, which is worth my master's steed twice over. God let me never see a joyful Easter, if I would truck with him

for four bushels of barley to boot; you may laugh, if you will, at the price I set upon Dapple, (for that is the colour of my beast;) then, I should never be in want of hounds; for there are plenty, and to spare, in our town, and you know nothing is so relishing as to hunt at another's expence.'—'Really and truly, Signior Squire,' resumed the stranger, 'I am fully resolved and determined to quit these knights-errant, with all their crazy pranks, and betake myself to my own town, where I will bring up my children; for, thank God, I have three, like as many oriental pearls.'—'And I have a couple,' said Sancho, 'that may be presented to the pope in person; especially my daughter, whom I breed up to be a countess, by the blessing of God, though it be contrary to her mother's inclination.'—'And of what age may this young lady be, whom you are breeding for a countess?' said the squire of the wood. 'Fifteen years, or thereabouts,' answered Sancho; 'but she is as tall as a spear, fresh as an April morn, and strong as a porter.'—'These are qualifications not only for a countess, but even for the nymph of the green-wood-tree,' said the other: 'ah, the whoreson baggage! what a buxom jade she must be.' Sancho, nettled at this epithet, replied, 'She is no whore, neither was her mother before her; nor shall either of them be so, an please God, whilst I live: so I think you might talk more civilly; for, considering your worship has been bred among knights-errant, who are, as it were, courtesy itself, methinks your words might be better chosen.'—'How little are you acquainted with the nature of commendation, Signior Squire?' answered he of the wood. 'Don't you know, that when any cavalier, at a bull feast, wounds the bull dexterously, or when any person behaves remarkably well, the people exclaim, "How cleverly the son of a whore has done it!" and that which looks like reproach, is on such occasions a notable commendation. Take my word, Signior, you ought to renounce all children, if their behaviour does not entitle the parents to such praise.'—'I do renounce them,' answered Sancho; 'at that rate, and for that reason, your worship may call my wife and

‘daughter as many whores as you please; for both in word and deed, they richly deserve the name; and that I may see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from this mortal sin, which will be the case, if he delivers me from this dangerous employment of squire, which I have incurred a second time, being seduced and inticed by a purse of one hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the Brown Mountain; and the devil continually sets before mine eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of doubloons, which, at every step, methinks I have fast in my clutches, hugging it in my arms, and carrying it home to my own house, where I purchase mortgages and estates, and live like any prince; and while I please myself with these notions, I bear, without murmuring, all the toils and fatigues I undergo, in the service of the wise-acre my master, who, I know, is more of a madman than a knight.’

‘So that, according to the proverb,’ replied the stranger, ‘Covetousness buries the bag. But if you talk of wise-acres, there is not a greater in the universe than my master, who is one of those concerning whom people say, He is burdened like an ass, with another man’s load; for truly he is turned mad, that another knight may turn wise, and is going about in quest of that which, when he hath found it, may hit him in the teeth.’—‘And pray, is he in love?’ said Sancho. ‘Yes,’ replied the other, ‘he is enamoured of one Casildea de Vandalaria, the most fickle dame that ever was seen; but her cruelty is not the fault that he halts upon at present: he has got other crotchets of greater importance grumbling in his gizzard, which ere long will more plainly appear.’—‘There is no road so smooth,’ resumed Sancho, ‘but you’ll meet with rubs and hollows in it. Other people use beans, but I boil whole kettles full. Madness is always more accompanied and followed after, than discretion; but if it be true, as it is commonly alledged, that company in affliction lessens the weight of it, I shall comfort my-

self by reflecting that your worship serves a master who is as distracted as mine.’—‘Distracted, I grant you,’ said he of the wood, ‘but valiant; and still more mischievous than valiant or distracted.’—‘That is not the case with my master,’ replied Sancho, ‘he has nothing at all mischievous about him; on the contrary, is as dull as a beetle, and knows not what it is to harm man, woman or child, or to harbour the least malice, but seeks to do good unto all mankind. A child may persuade him that it is night at noon; and, indeed, for that very simplicity, I love him as my own bowels, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, notwithstanding all the mad pranks he is guilty of.’—‘But for all that, Signior and brother of mine,’ said the stranger, ‘if the blind lead the blind, they are both in danger of falling into the ditch. We had much better retire fair and softly, and return to our own habitations; for they who go in search of adventures do not always find them to their liking.’

About this time Sancho began to hawk a kind of dry spitting; which being observed by the charitable squire of the wood, ‘Methinks,’ said he, ‘we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths; but I have got something that will agreeably moisten them, at my saddle-bow.’ He accordingly got up, and going aside to his horse, soon returned with a large leathern bottle of wine, and a pye half a yard long: and this is really no exaggeration; for it contained a whole fed rabbit, so large, that when Sancho felt it, he took it for a whole goat or a large kid at least, crying, as soon as he perceived it, ‘How! does your worship usually carry such provision as this about with you?’—‘What d’ye think?’ answered the other, ‘d’ye take me for a hackney squire? I carry a better cupboard on my horse’s crupper than ever a general on his march.’

Sancho fell to, without staying for intreaty, and swallowed, in the dark, huge mouthfuls, with as much ease as if it had been slummary, saying be-

* Literally, ‘a squire of wool and water,’ an allusion to a custom among the Spaniards, who sometimes have domesticks to attend them to masts, and sprinkle them with holy watery these are generally shabby fellows, who have very poor appointments.

tween whiles, 'Yes, indeed, your worship is a true and loyal squire, well dammed and grifted, as the saying is, grand and magnificent withal, as plainly appears from this banquet, which, if it did not come hither by the art of enchantment, at least seems so to have done; this is not the case with such an unlucky poor devil as me, who carry nothing in my bags but a piece of cheese hard enough to knock out a giant's brains, accompanied by three or four dozen of car-robes, and as many hazle-nuts; thanks to the niggardliness and opinion of my master, and the rule he observes, by which knights-errant must maintain and support themselves with nothing but dried fruits, and the herbs of the field.'—'In good faith, brother!' resumed he of the wood, 'my stomach was not made for your sweet thistle, wild pear, and mountain roots; let our masters please themselves with their own opinions and rules of chivalry, and live according to their meagre commands; for my own part, I always carry some cold pastry, happen what will, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-bow, which I love so devoutly, that I kiss and embrace it almost every minute.' So saying, he handed it to Sancho, who lifting it up to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars a whole quarter of an hour, and when his draught was out, he hung his head on one side, pronouncing with a long sigh, 'Ah, whoreson! how catholicick it is!'—'You see now,' said he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whoreson, 'how you have praised the wine, by giving it such a title.'—'I am sensible,' replied Sancho, 'and confess that it is no disparagement to any body to be called the son of a whore, when it is understood in the way of commendation; but tell me, Signior, by the life of what you best love, is not this wine from Cividad Real?'—

'You have an excellent taste,' answered he of the wood, 'it comes from no other part, I'll assure you; and has, moreover, some good years over it's head.'—'Let me alone for that,' said Sancho, 'you'll never catch me tripping in the knowledge of wine, let it be never so difficult to distinguish; is it not an extraordinary thing, Signior Squire, that I should have such a sure and natural instinct

in the knowledge of wine, that give me but a smell of any sort whatever, and I will tell you exactly it's country, growth, and age, together with the changes it will undergo, and all other circumstances appertaining to the mystery? But this is not to be wondered at; for, by my father's side, I had two kinsmen who were the most excellent tasters that La Mancha hath known for these many years; as a proof of which, I will tell you what once happened to them. A sample of wine was presented to them out of a hog'shead, and their opinions asked concerning the condition and quality; that is, the goodness or badness of the liquor to which it belonged; one of them tasted it with the tip of his tongue, the other did no more than clap it to his nose; the first said the wine tasted of iron, the other affirmed it had a twang of goats leather; the owner protested that the pipe was clean, and the contents without any sort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taste of iron, or the smell of goats leather: nevertheless, the two famous tasters stuck to the judgment they had given; time passed on; the wine was sold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a small key, tied to a leathern thong. By this your worship may perceive, whether or not one who is descended from such a race, may venture to give his opinion in cases of this nature.'—'Therefore, I say,' replied the stranger, 'that we ought to quit this trade of going in quest of adventures, and be contented with our loaf, without longing for dainties; let us return to our own cottages, where God will find us, if it be his blessed will.'—'I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa,' said Sancho, 'and then we shall come to a right understanding.'

In fine, the two honest squires talked and drank so copiously, that sleep was fain to tie up their tongues, and allay their drought, which it was impossible to remove; each, therefore, grasping the bottle, which by this time was almost empty, fell asleep, with the morsel half chewed in his mouth. In this situation we will leave them for the present, and relate what happened between the knight of the wood, and him of the rueful countenance.

CHAP. XIV.

WHEREIN THE ADVENTURE OF THE
KNIGHT OF THE WOOD IS CON-
TINUED.

IN the course of the conversation that passed between the two knights, the history relates, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, 'Finally, Sir Knight, you must know, my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to place my affection on the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she has no equal, either in point of stature, quality, fortune, or beauty. Now this lady, in return for all my virtuous inclination and amorous desires, like the stepmother of Hercules, employs me in many various toils and dangers, promising, at the conclusion of each, that with the next my cares shall be finished; but thus she goes on, stringing one labour to another, without number, and I know not which will be the last that is to produce the accomplishment of my wishes. At one time she commanded me to go and challenge that famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda*, who is so valiant and strong, (her body being made of brass) and who, without shifting her station, is the most changeable and fickle female in the whole world. I came, saw, and conquered; fixing her motionless to one point, for during a whole week, the wind blew from the north. Another time, she ordered me to weigh the ancient figures called the Valiant Bulls of Guisando†; an enterprize more suitable to porters than to knights; nay, she even commanded me to throw myself headlong into the gulph of Cabra, an adventure equally new and dangerous, and bring to her a particular account of what is contained in that dark and deep abyss. I fixed the inconstant Giralda, weighed the bulls of Guisando, precipitated myself into the gulph, and brought to light the secrets of it's abyss; and yet my hopes are dead; ah, how dead! while her cruelty and disdain are still alive;

ah, how much alive! In short, to conclude, she ordered me to traverse all the provinces of Spain, and compel every knight-errant in the kingdom to confess that she is preferable, in point of beauty, to all the women upon earth; and that I am the most valiant and amorous knight in the world. In consequence of this command, I have travelled over the greatest part of Spain, and vanquished many knights who have presumed to contradict my assertion; but I value and applaud myself chiefly for having conquered in single combat, that so renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea. Now, in that single conquest, I deem myself superior to all the knights in the universe; for that same Don Quixote hath vanquished all his contemporaries; and I, in conquering him, have transferred and conveyed to my own person all his honour, glory, and reputation; the victor being always honoured in proportion to the fame of his vanquished foe; wherefore, the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are placed to my credit, as if they were the effects of my own personal prowess.'

Don Quixote was astonished at hearing the knight of the wood talk in this manner, and was a thousand times tempted to give him the lye; nay, 'You lye,' was at the very tip of his tongue; but repressing his indignation as well as he could, that he might make the stranger's own tongue convict him of falsehood, he replied very calmly, 'That your worship, Sir Knight, may have vanquished the greatest part of the knights-errant in Spain, and even in the whole world, I do not pretend to question; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de La Mancha, I doubt very much; perhaps it might be another who resembles him, though there are few such.' — 'How! not conquer him?' cried he of the wood; now, by yon canopy of Heaven, under which we sit, I engaged, overcame, and subjected that very indi-

* A brass statue on a steeple at Seville, serving for a weather-cock.

† These are stone statues of bulls, erected by the Romans at Guisando, a town in Castile; all the inscriptions are effaced, except the name of A. Quintus Cæcilius, Consul II.

• vidual Don Quixote; he is a tall,
 • meagre, long-legged, lanthorn-jawed,
 • stalking figure; his hair inclining to
 • grey, his nose hooked and aqualine,
 • with long, straight, black multachios;
 • in his excursions he assumes the name
 • of the Knight of the Rueful Coun-
 • tenance; and is attended by a pe-
 •asant called Sancho Panza, who serves
 • him in quality of squire; he presses
 • the loins, and governs the reins of a
 • famous steed hight Rozinante; and,
 • in fine, he avows, as the mistress of
 • his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboso,
 • formerly known by the name of Al-
 • donza Lorenzo; in like manner, my
 • own mistress, whose name is Casildea,
 • being a native of Andalusia, is now
 • distinguished by the appellation of
 • Casildea de Vandalia. If all these
 • proofs are not sufficient to evince my
 • veracity, here is my sword, which
 • shall make a convert of incredulity
 • itself.

• Have a little patience, Sir Knight,'
 said Don Quixote, 'and give ear unto
 • what I am going to say. You must
 • know, that same Don Quixote you
 • mention, is the dearest friend I have
 • upon earth; so that I may say, I love
 • him as well as my own individual
 • person; now your description of him
 • is so punctual and exact, that I should
 • never doubt but he is actually the
 • person you have vanquished, did I
 • not see with my eyes, and, as it were,
 • feel with my hands; the impossibility
 • of the fact; and yet, as divers in-
 • chanters are his enemies, particularly
 • one who persecutes him incessantly,
 • some one among them may have as-
 • sumed his figure, and allowed him-
 • self to be overcome, in order to de-
 • fraud the knight of that fame which
 • his gallant exploits had collected and
 • acquired through the whole known
 • world; in confirmation of this con-
 • jecture, I must also tell you, that
 • about two days ago, those perverse in-
 • chanters transformed the shape and per-
 • son of the beautiful Dulcinea del To-
 • boso, into that of a mean and plebeian
 • country-wench; so that Don Quixote
 • must have also undergone a transfor-
 • mation. And if all this is not
 • enough to ascertain the truth of what
 • I say, here is Don Quixote himself,
 • who will maintain it by force of arms,
 • on horseback or on foot, or in any
 • shape you please.

So saying, he started up, and grasping
 his sword, stood waiting for the resolu-
 tion of the Knight of the Wood, who
 with great deliberation replied; 'A
 • good paymaster needs no pawn, Sig-
 • nior Don Quixote; he who could van-
 • quish you when you was transformed,
 • may well hope to reduce you in *pro-
 pria persona*; but as it is unseemly
 • for knights to perform their exploits
 • in the dark, like robbers and ruffians,
 • let us wait for day, that the sun may
 • shine upon our works; and let this
 • be the condition of our combat, that
 • the vanquished shall comply with the
 • will of the victor, and do every thing
 • that he shall desire, provided his com-
 • mands be such as a knight-errant can
 • decently obey.'

Don Quixote assured him, that he
 was extremely well satisfied with the
 condition and proviso; upon which they
 went in quest of their squires, who were
 found snoring in the very same atti-
 tudes in which sleep had surprized them.
 They awakened, and ordered them to
 get their horses ready; for by sun-rise
 they intended to engage in a most un-
 paralleled and bloody single combat.
 Sancho was astonished and confounded
 at this piece of news; despairing of his
 master's safety, when he recollected
 what the other squire had told him con-
 cerning the valour of the knight of
 the wood. The two squires, however,
 without pretending to make any words,
 went to look for their cattle, and found
 the three steeds, with Dapple, (for they
 had smelled each other out) very sociably
 met together. While they were thus em-
 ployed, 'Brother,' said he of the wood
 to Sancho, 'you must know that it is
 • customary with your warriors of An-
 • dalousia, when they are godfathers in
 • any quarrel, not to stand idle, with
 • their arms across; while their godsons
 • are engaged. This I hint, by way of
 • apprising you that, while our masters
 • are at it, we must exchange a few dry
 • blows too.'— 'That custom, Signior
 • squire,' answered Sancho, 'may pass
 • current with those ruffians and war-
 • riors you mention; but that it prevails
 • among the squires of knights-errant,
 • I can by no means believe; at least, I
 • have never heard such a custom men-
 • tioned by my master, who knows all
 • the ordinances of chivalry by rote.
 • Besides, granting it to be fact, and
 • expressly ordained, that the squires
 • must

‘ must go to loggerheads while their masters are engaged; I will by no means comply with it, but pay the penalty incurred by peaceable iquires, which I am sure cannot exceed a couple of pounds of wax; and that will not cost me so much as the pence I should expend in the cure of my head, which I should lay my account with having split and divided into two halves; and moreover, it is impossible that I should fight, because I have got no sword, and never wore one in my born days.’—‘ I know a very good remedy for that inconvenience,’ said the stranger: ‘ here are a couple of linen bags, of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and play away upon each other with equal arms.’—‘ With all my heart,’ answered Sancho; ‘ that sort of exercise will serve to dust our jackets, without hurting our skin.’—‘ Not quite so neither,’ resumed the other, ‘ for that the bags may not flap in the air, we will clap into each half a dozen clear smooth pebbles, of equal weight and magnitude; so that we may thwack one another without hurt or damage.’—‘ Body of my father,’ cried Sancho, ‘ mind what fable furs and flakes of carded cotton he would line the bags withal, to prevent them from grinding our skulls, and making a paste of our bones! Hark ye, master of mine, I’ll have nothing to do with them, though they were stuffed with balls of silk; let our masters fight as they shall think proper, but for our parts, let us drink and live quietly; for old father Time will take care to rid us of our lives, without our seeking occasions to throw them away before the appointed season, at which, being ripe, they drop off of their own accord.’

‘ But, for all that,’ replied he of the wood, ‘ we must have a bout, if it should not last half an hour.’—‘ By no means,’ said Sancho; ‘ I shall not be so uncivil and ungrateful as to have any difference, let it be never so small, with a person at whose cost I have both eaten and drank: besides, who the devil do you think can fight in cool blood, without any sort of anger or provocation?’—‘ I know how to remove that objection,’ resumed the stranger: ‘ before we begin the battle, I will come up fair and softly, and give your worship two or three such

‘ hearty boxes on the ear, as will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it should sleep sounder than a dormouse.’—‘ Against that expedient,’ answered Sancho, ‘ I know another twice as good: for I will lay hold on a good cudgel, and before your worship comes to awaken my choler, give your own such a lullaby of dry beating, that it shall never wake but in the next world, where you’ll have reason to know that I am not a man who will suffer his nose to be handled by any person whatsoever; wherefore, let every one look to his own affairs. Though it would be the wisest course for every man to let his own choler lie still and sleep: for nobody knows the heart of his neighbour, and some who go out for wool, come home quite shorn. God himself bestowed his blessing upon peace, and curse upon contention; for if a cat that is confined, provoked, and persecuted, turns into a lion, the Lord knows what I, who am a man, may turn into: I therefore, Signior Squire, give your worship notice, that all the mischief and damage which shall proceed from our quarrel, must be charged to your account.’—‘ Mighty well,’ replied the stranger, ‘ we shall see what is to be done, when God sends us morning.’

Now a thousand kinds of painted birds began to warble from the trees, and in their various and sprightly notes seemed to welcome and salute the fresh and joyous morn, which already, through the gates and balconies of the east, disclosed her beautiful visage; while from her hair distilled an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious liquor the herbs being bathed, seemed to sprout and rain a shower of seed-pearl upon the earth. The willows shed savoury manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows adorned themselves at her approach.

But scarce had the light of day rendered objects distinguishable, when the first thing that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of his brother squire, which was so large as almost to over-shadow his whole body. It is actually said to have been of excessive magnitude, crooked in the middle, and studded all over with warts of a mulberry colour, like the fruit called

berengena;

berengena; and it hung down two fingers breadth below his mouth. The lize, colour, warts, and curvature of this feature, rendered the face so frightful and deformed, that Sancho no sooner beheld it than he began to shake in every limb, like a child troubled with convulsions; and resolved, in his heart, to endure two hundred buffetings, before his choler should be awaked, so as to fight with such a hobgoblin.

Don Quixote surveying his antagonist, found his vizor already down, and closed in such a manner as effectually concealed his face; but he perceived him to be a muscular man, of a middling stature. Over his arms he wore a loose coat or caslock, to all appearance of the finest cloth of gold, powdered with a number of small moons formed of the brightest looking-glass, which had a most magnificent, gay, and shewy effect. Over his helmet waved a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; and his lance, which leaned against a tree, was excessively long and large, armed with above a hand's breadth of pointed steel. All these particulars were observed and considered by Don Quixote, who concluded, from what he saw and observed, that the said knight must be a person of Herculean strength. Nevertheless, far from being afraid, like Sancho Panza, he, with the most gallant intrepidity, thus addressed himself to the Knight of the Mirrors: 'I entreat you, by your courtesy, Sir Knight, if your eager desire of fighting hath not destroyed that quality, to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether or not the grace of your countenance corresponds with the gallantry of your demeanour.'—'Signior cavalier,' replied he of the looking-glasses, 'whether you are victor or vanquished in this enterprize, you will have time and opportunity more than sufficient to consider my visage: my reason for not satisfying your desire at present, is, that I should deem it a notable injury to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to spend so much time as it would take to lift up my beaver, before I compel you to confess what you know I pretend to maintain.'—'Yet, while we mount our steeds,' said Don Quixote, 'you may easily tell me if I am that same Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome.'—'To that question I an-

swer,' said he of the mirrors, 'that you are as like the knight I overcame, as one egg is like another; but as you say you are persecuted by incantations, I will not venture to affirm whether or not you are the same person.'—'That is enough,' replied Don Quixote, 'to convince me that you are mistaken: nevertheless, to persuade you beyond all possibility of doubt, let us have recourse to our horses, and in less time than you would have taken to lift your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I shall see your face; and you will see I am not that conquered Don Quixote whom you suppose me to be.'

Thus breaking off the conversation, they mounted their horses; and Don Quixote turned Rozinante, in order to take a sufficiency of ground for returning to encounter his antagonist, while he of the mirrors took the same precaution. But the first had not proceeded twenty paces when he was called back by the other, and the two meeting again half way, 'Take notice, Sir Knight,' said he of the looking-glasses, 'the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I have already observed, must be at the discretion of the conqueror.'—'I know it,' answered Don Quixote, 'provided the commands imposed upon the vanquished be such as do not transgress the bounds of chivalry.'—'So I understand the conditions,' answered he of the mirrors.

At that instant the strange nose of the squire presented itself to the eyes of Don Quixote, who was no less astonished than Sancho at the sight; inasmuch that he took him for some monster, or new-fashioned man, such as are not commonly found in this world. Sancho, seeing his master set out, in order to take his career, would not stay alone with nozzle, being afraid, that one flint of such a snout in his face would determine the quarrel, and lay him stretched along the ground, either through fear or the severity of the blow, he therefore ran after his master, and laying hold of one of Rozinante's stirrups, when he saw him ready to turn, 'I beseech your worship, dear master,' cried he, 'before you turn to begin the combat, help me in climbing this cork-tree, from whence I may behold, more to my liking than from the ground, your worship's gallant encounter with
' that

‘that same knight.’—‘I rather believe,’ Sancho, said Don Quixote, ‘that thy motive for clambering up is to see the bull-fight from a scaffold, without any danger to thyself.’—‘The truth is,’ answered Panza, ‘the outrageous nose of that squire fills me with such astonishment and affright, that I dare not tarry along with him.’—‘It is such indeed,’ replied the knight, ‘that were I any other than what I am, I should be scared at it’s appearance: come, therefore, and I will help thee to ascend to the place you mention.’

While Don Quixote stopped until Sancho should get up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrours took as much ground as he thought necessary, and imagining that Don Quixote had done the same, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or other signal, he turned his horse, which was not a whit superior to Rozinante, either in fleetness or appearance, and at his full speed, which was a middling trot, rode forwards to encounter his antagonist; but seeing him busy in the exaltation of Sancho, he pulled in the reins, and halted in the middle of his career; a circumstance that gave infinite joy to his steed, which was already so tired, that he could not move another step. Don Quixote perceiving his enemy approaching with such speed, drove his spurs stoutly into the meagre flanks of Rozinante, and made him spring forwards in such a manner, that the history says, this was the only occasion on which he was ever known to gallop; for, at all other times, his swiftest pace was no other than a downright trot; and with this hitherto unseen fury he arrived at the spot where the Knight of the Mirrours sat, thrusting his spurs rowel-deep into the sides of his horse, without being able to move him one finger’s breadth from the place where he had made his halt. In this confusion and dilemma Don Quixote found his antagonist embroiled with his horse, and embarrassed with his lance, which, either through want of knowledge or of time, he had not as yet fixed in the rest. Our Manchegan, who never minded these incumbrances, safely, and without the least danger to his own person, encountered him of the mirrours with such vigour, as to bring him, very much against his inclination, to the ground, over the crupper of his horse, with such

a fall, that he lay without sense or motion, to all appearance bereft of life.

Sancho, no sooner saw him unhorsed, than sliding down from the cork-tree, he ran down to his master, who having alighted from Rozinante, stood over the Knight of the Mirrours, untying his helmet, in order to see, whether or not he was actually dead, and to give him air, in case he should be alive. Then it was he saw—who can relate what he saw, without creating admiration, wonder, and affright in those who hear it! He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies, the very perspective of the batchelor, Sampson Carrasco; and this he no sooner beheld, then raising his voice, he cried, ‘Come hither, Sancho, and behold what thou shalt see, but not believe; quick, my child, and contemplate the power of magicks: here thou wilt see what those wizards and inchanters can do.’ Sancho accordingly approached, and seeing the face of batchelor Carrasco, began to cross and bless himself a thousand times.

Mean while, the overthrown knight, giving no signs of life, Sancho said to Don Quixote, ‘In my opinion, master, right or wrong, your worship should thrust your sword through the jaws of this miscreant, who seems to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and in him, perhaps, you may slay one of those inchanters who are your enemies.’—‘That is no bad advice,’ said the knight, ‘for the fewer enemies the better.’ So saying, he drew his sword, in order to put in execution the advice and counsel of Sancho, when the squire belonging to the Knight of the Mirrours, came up without his frightful nose, and cried aloud, ‘Take care what you do, Signior Don Quixote; he who lies at your feet is your friend the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and I am his squire.’

Sancho seeing him without his original deformity, ‘And the nose?’ said he. ‘I have it here,’ replied the other; who putting his hand in his right side-pocket, pulled out a paste-board nose, covered with varnish, such as we have already described. Sancho having considered him more and more attentively, broke out into a loud exclamation of wonder, crying, ‘Blessed virgin watch over me! Sure this is not my neigh-
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‘four and gossip Tommy Cecial?’—‘The very same,’ answered the unsnouted squire, ‘Thomas Cecial I am, your own friend and gossip, Sancho Panza, and I will presently tell you by what round-about conduits, tricks, and mischievous stories, I have been brought hither: in the mean time, supplicate and beseech your master’s worship not to treat, maltreat, wound, or slay, the Knight of the Looking-glasses, who now lies at his feet; for, without all doubt, he is no other than our townsman, the inconsiderate and ill-advised batchelor Sampson Carrasco.’

About this time, the Knight of the Mirrours came to himself; and Don Quixote perceiving he had recovered the use of his senses, clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, saying, ‘Knight, you are a dead man, if you do not instantly confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia; in beauty; and in the next place, you must promise, (provided you escape with life from this contention and overthrow) to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her, in my name, that she may dispose of you according to her good pleasure; and if she leaves you at your own disposal, you shall return in quest of me; for the tracks of my exploits will serve as a guide to conduct you to the place where I shall be, and give me an account of what hath passed between you; these conditions being conformable to what we agreed upon before the combat, and not deviating from the customs of knight-errantry.’—‘I confess,’ said the vanquished knight, ‘that the clouted dirty shoe of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, excels the dishevelled, though shining locks of Casildea: I promise to go and return from her to your presence, and give you a full and particular detail of what you demand.’

—‘You must, in like manner, confess and believe,’ added Don Quixote, ‘that the knight whom you overcame neither was nor could be Don Quixote de La Mancha, but some other who resembled him; as I confess and believe, that although you appear to be the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, you are not really he, but another clothed in his appearance, with which my enemies have invested you, in order to arrest my arm, and restrain the im-

petuosity of my rage, so as that I may bear the glory of my conquest with moderation.’—‘I confess, judge, and perceive, in all respects, as you believe, judge, and perceive,’ answered the discomfited knight; ‘and I beseech you to allow me to rise, if the severity of my fall, which hath put me in a miserable plight, will permit me to get up.’

He was accordingly assisted in rising, by Don Quixote and his own squire Tommy Cecial, from whose person Sancho could not withdraw his eyes, while he asked a thousand questions; the answers to which manifestly shewed, that he was really and truly the individual Tommy Cecial, whom he pretended to be; but the apprehension which Sancho had conceived, from what his master said touching the inchanters, who had metamorphosed the Knight of the Mirrours into the Batchelor Carrasco, hindered him from giving credit to the truth of what he saw with his own eyes. Finally, both master and man remained under the influence of that deception, while he of the mirrours, with his squire, in exceeding bad humour and evil plight, took his leave of Don Quixote and Sancho, to go in quest of some place where he might beplaster and besplinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to the prosecution of their journey; in which the history leaves them, to explain the mystery of the knight of the looking-glasses and his snouted squire.

CHAP. XV.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT AND INFORMATION OF THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRROURS AND HIS SQUIRE.

DON Quixote went on his way rejoicing; he gloried, he triumphed in the importance of his conquest; imagining the knight of the mirrours to be the most redoubtable of all knights that had yet ever appeared; and what afforded him likewise great matter of comfort was, that this knight, having engaged himself by the ties of honour, from which he could not deviate, without forfeiting his title to the order, he conceived hopes of hearing soon from Dulcinea, and of being certainly in-

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formed whether the enchantment of that princess still continued; though, indeed, it happened, that he and the knight of the mirrors thought, at that time, differently upon this subject; inasmuch as the latter was solely intent upon thinking how he should repair the damage done to his carcase.

And here the historian informs his readers, that when Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume the profession of knight-errantry, it was in consequence of mature consultation between him, the curate, and the barber, when they deliberated upon the means of keeping him in peace and quiet at home, so that his brains, for the future, should not be disturbed in pursuit of those wild extravagances; the result of which was, that the only way to cure the frenzy of this unhappy man, was at present not to check his ungovernable obstinacy, but to humour it, and encourage him to go out again, as they saw it was impossible to prevent him; that Sampson should arm himself, and take an opportunity of meeting and challenging him, as a knight errant; that he should settle the terms with him, that the vanquished should be at the disposal of the conqueror; that, in consequence of this agreement, Don Quixote, when overcome, (which they looked upon as a matter of little doubt and difficulty) should be ordered to return home, and not to pass the bounds of his own village for the space of two years, without the good-will and permission of the other; that, no doubt, this he would religiously comply with, as not daring to violate the laws of the order; and that there might be hopes, he would either in that space of time be naturally cured of those extravagant follies, or they might find out some method of diverting his mind from the farther pursuit of them. Carrasco undertook the affair very readily; and this Thomas Cecial, an intimate friend and companion of Sancho, and a queer sort of fellow, proffered his service to go upon the expedition, in the quality of squire. Sampson got himself accoutred in the manner you have read, and Cecial appeared in the terrors of that tremendous paste-board nose, to disguise himself from Sancho; and being thus equipped, they followed him so close, that they were very near coming up with him at the adventure of

the waggon of Death; they met him however in the wood, where ensued what the attentive reader must already be acquainted with; and where, had it not been for Don Quixote's heated imagination, which hurried him into the belief that the batchelor was not the batchelor Signior Sampson Carrasco, would have been effectually stopped in the progress of his university degrees, and would not even have found a nest where he expected a flight of sparrows.

Thomas Cecial, finding the unhappy success that attended their undertaking, said, 'Mr. Carrasco, I cannot in my conscience see why we ought to complain; it is one thing to undertake, but another thing to finish: we looked upon Don Quixote as mad, and ourselves as hugely wise; but, behold the end! we take our march back again, both from a fool's errand, and you most handsomely drubbed to boot, while he pursues his journey in safety and triumph; and I should really be curious to know which is the greatest fool, he who is made so by nature, or he who makes himself one?'—'There is this difference,' replied the batchelor, 'between a natural and a wilful fool; that the former will always remain so, the latter may cease to be so when he has a mind.'—'As that is the case,' said Thomas, 'I think I have been a monstrous fool in coming here to attend you as your squire; and therefore, that I may be so no longer, I will this instant bid me to my own habitation.'—'In that particular, you may do what seems good unto you,' replied Sampson; 'but as for me, I see not the place of my dwelling, until I shall have taken bodily vengeance upon Don Quixote: 'tis not now from motives of charity or benevolence; no, 'tis revenge, and the anguish of my ribs, that prompt me to persevere in attempting the work of his reformation.'

They entertained one another in this manner, till they came to a village, where they had the good fortune to find a bone-setter, who put the batchelor's ribs somewhat to rights; and Cecial took the route for his own village, leaving Carrasco deep in his meditations, projecting schemes of revenge. In due time, the history will again mention him;

him; but, at present, let us share with Don Quixote in the transports of his joy.

CHAP. XVI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE WITH A GRAVE GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA.

DON Quixote, as we have observed, went on his way, glorying in his success. From that day, he dated himself the most renowned and invincible of all knights that had ever yet gone through a course of labours on this our earth: he looked upon all dangers, all difficulties that possibly could come in his way, as already vanquished, already overcome: he now valued not a rush the machinations of the most powerful enchanters. The very traces of former misfortunes, those drubbings out of number he had undergone, in discharging the functions of knighthood, were now quite obliterated from his memory. He thought no more of the shower of stones which had so sorely afflicted his jaw-bones, nor the mortifying ingratitude of the galley-slaves; nor did he think any more of the pack-staves of the Yanguessian carriers, who had the hardness to make his sides resound like the dusting of a carpet: in short, the idea he conceived of his own felicity was so great, that, 'Could I,' said he to himself, 'but accomplish the great point of delivering my celestial princess from the power of enchantment, I should not envy the glory that ever was or will be purchased by any knight in the universe.'

He was lost in these reveries, when Sancho interrupted him: 'Signior, you will hardly believe what a fool I am; but it is an actual truth, that I cannot keep myself from thinking on that horrid and unmeasurable nose of my neighbour Tom Cecial.'—'And dost thou really believe,' replied the other, 'that the Knight of the Mirrors was Sampson Carraasco; and that thy old companion, Thomas Cecial, was his squire?'—'As to that affair, I can say nothing to it,' answered Sancho; 'only one thing I am positive in, that no one but himself could have given me such an account of my house, my wife, and my children; and as to his face,

when that nose was split off, it was the very individual face of Thomas Cecial, just as I have beheld it many a time, when we were next door neighbours in our village: and as for his voice, I will take my oath, it is the same to a tittle.'—'Come, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'let us reason coolly upon this head: what probability is there, that Sampson Carraasco should come, as a knight-errant, armed cap-a-pee, to offer me combat? Am I his enemy, or did I ever give him occasion to bear resentment against me? Do you imagine I am his rival, or that he has entered into the profession of chivalry, as envying the glory I have acquired by arms?'—'But then, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'what account can we give of the resemblance of that same knight and his squire to Sampson Carraasco, and my old friend Thomas Cecial? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world but them whose likenesses they could assume?'—'It is all design,' answered the other; and the contrivance of those cursed enchanters that persecute me, who easily foreseeing I should be victorious in the combat, changed the form of the vanquished knight into that of the batchelor, that the friendship I have for him might check the fury of my sword, and shield him against the effects of my just indignation; and by that means save the life of him who by treachery and artifice had attempted to take away mine. But what farther proof need there be of the power of those enchanters, to change the appearance of human countenances, the fair into the deformed, and the deformed into the fair, than what thou thyself hast lately found by certain experience? Thou, who not two days since beheld the peerless Dulcinea in all the charms and lustre of perfect beauty, while at the same time she appeared to me an ugly rustick wench, with bleared eyes, and stinking breath; and doubtless, if the wicked magician could effect such a diabolical enchantment as that, it is not to be wondered at, if he did the like by Carraasco and Thomas Cecial, to rob me of the glory of my victory: however, this is my consolation, that the prowess of my arm

'hath prevailed against my enemy, whatever shape he has assumed.'—
'It is God alone who knows the truth of all things,' answered Sancho: who, well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was the effect of his own enchantments, upon that account was not quite convinced by his master's arguments; but durst not mutter the least word, lest something should have dropped from him, by which he might have betrayed himself.

While they were discoursing in this manner, a gentleman, mounted in the jockey-fashion, on a fine flea-bitten mare, came up with them, dressed in a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and a hunting-cap of the same; his furniture of a piece, murrey-coloured and green; he had a belt of green and gold, at which hung a Moorish scymitar, and his buskins were wrought in the same manner; his spurs were not gilt, but so finely varnished with green, that as they were more of a piece with the rest of his dress, they looked better than if they had been pure gold. When this gentleman overtook them, he saluted them with great politeness, and was spurring on, in order to pass them, when Don Quixote calling to him, said, 'Signior, if you are not in haste, and are a going this way, I should be exceeding glad to join company with you.'—'Sir,' answered the other, 'I should not have been in such haste to pass you, but was afraid your horse might be unruly, in the company of my mare.'—'If that be all,' answered Sancho, 'you may stop your mare when you please, with great safety; ours is the most sober and most discreet horse in the world, and has more breeding than ever to let his naughtiness get the better of him upon such occasions, and never transgressed in this particular but once, and then my master and I both suffered severely in the flesh for it: I say once more, your worship may stop; for if your mare was served up in a dish, our steed would not so much as smell to her.' Upon this assurance, the gentleman stopped, and looked with amazement at the air and appearance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which hung like a wallet before Sancho, at the pommel of his ass's pannel: and, on the other hand, Don

Quixote beheld him with no less attention, conceiving him to be some person of figure and distinction. The traveller seemed to be a man about fifty; he had some, though few, grey hairs; his features were sharp, and in his looks appeared neither levity nor moroseness; in short, his appearance bespoke him a man of consequence. He looked with a kind of astonishment at Don Quixote, as having never beheld such a phenomenon before; the lankness of the horse, and the tall stature of the person that rode him, the sepulchral meagreness of his aspect, his solemn gravity, the strangeness of his armour, all together forming such a composition as perhaps had never before been seen in that country.

Don Quixote observed with what attention the traveller considered him; and, by the surprize he saw him in, guessing what he wanted to know, as he was himself the very flower of civility, and of excessive complaisance, he was resolved to be beforehand with him, and save him the trouble of asking any question: 'Signior,' said he, 'I am not at all surprized to find, that with amazement you contemplate this my appearance, so new to you, and so different from that of other mortals; but your wonder will cease, when I have told you that I am of the fraternity of those knights whom people distinguish by the title of adventure-hunters. I have left my native home, mortgaged my all, bid adieu to ease and pleasure, and cast myself upon fortune, to dispose of me as she shall think proper; my design being to awaken the lost and decayed spirit of knight-errantry: it is now some time since I entered upon the resolution of accomplishing this aim, during which period I have suffered a variety of fortune, tossed about from one adventure to another, sometimes triumphant, at other times not so successful, until I have in a great measure fulfilled my design, having relieved many disconsolate widows, afforded protection to many distressed damsels, and been of aid and assistance to divers married women and fatherless children, the true duty and intent of our order; so that, by numberless exploits becoming a Christian hero, I am now celebrated in print through almost all the nations of the habitable

habitable globe. Thirty thousand copies of my renowned history are already in the hands of the publick; and if Heaven does not think proper to put a stop to it, in all likelihood there will be a thousand times as many more. In one word, Sir, I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise stiled the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and though I own it is illiberal to sound one's own praises, yet am I sometimes obliged to do it; but then, never unless when no one is by to do it for me; so that, Signior, after what I have told you, neither my lance nor my shield, my horse nor my squire, the wanness of my countenance, nor the lankness of my person, and all my whole composition together, ought any more to affect you with surprize, since you know the profession I am of, and the order I belong to.'

There Don Quixote stopped to give the traveller an opportunity of reply; but he was so long before he opened his mouth, that it seemed as if he could make no answer; however, after a long pause, 'Sir Knight,' said he, 'you was not mistaken, when, by the surprize you saw me in, you guessed the desire I had to be informed; but I am still as much surprized as ever, and though what you say may be right, that my knowing who you are ought to have made my wonder cease, it is yet far from having that effect upon me; can it be possible, that there are indeed now in the world knights-errant really existing, and that there are published accounts of real adventures? I should never have once dreamed that there was such a thing upon earth as any one who assisted married women and orphans, relieved widows, and protected damsels, if I had not had this opportunity of being convinced by now seeing you; and Heaven be praised, that this noble history of your real and glorious achievements is in print, as it must efface and discredit those numberless romances about knights-errant, who never had being, and with which the world was so pestered and abused, to the apparent corruption of the mind of the readers, and the discredit of real and true history.' As to that circumstance, Sir, there is much to be said, and you must not be too rash

in believing, that the histories of knight-errantry are all fable.—'Is there any one,' answered the traveller, 'who makes a doubt of it?'—'I do, for one,' answered Don Quixote; 'but we will drop that subject for the present, as I doubt not but, if we continue any time travelling together, I shall be able, by the blessing of God, to convince you of your error, and to shew you that you are prejudiced only by the number of those who have entertained a notion, that such accounts are fictitious.'

These last words of Don Quixote gave the gentleman in green a suspicious idea of his understanding; he had a notion that he must be disordered in his senses, and was expecting some other proof of it; but, without entering into farther discourse, Don Quixote desired his companion to let him know who he was, as he himself had given an account of his life and situation. To which request the gentleman replied, 'Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I am a gentleman born in a village where, if it pleases God, we shall all dine to-day; my fortune is better than moderate, and my name Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my time cheerfully, with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are fishing and hunting; but I neither keep hounds nor hawks, all I have are some decoy-partridges and a good ferret. My library consists of about some six dozen of Spanish and Latin books; some are books of history, others of piety; for as to books of chivalry, I have not yet allowed them to come under my roof: I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, if the subjects they treat of are of an innocent nature, if the stile is engaging, and the incidents affecting and surprizing; but, indeed, Spain produces mighty few performances of this sort. I live in terms of good neighbourhood with all about me; sometimes I go to their houses, sometimes I invite them to mine; my table is neat and clean, and sufficiently affluent, without extravagance. I slander no one; nor do I allow backbiters to come near me; my eyes pry not into the actions of other men, nor have I any impertinent curiosity to know the secrets of their lives. I go to mass every day,

and

‘and the poor man partakes of my substance; I make no ostentation in the good I do; that I may defend myself against the attacks of hypocrisy and vain glory, well knowing, that the best fortified heart is hardly proof against these sly deceivers. As far as I have an opportunity, I am a reconciler of differences among my neighbours: I particularly pay my devotions to the blessed mother, and have an entire dependance on the mercies of God our Saviour.’

Sancho had listened with uncommon attention to what the gentleman in green said; and this discourse seemed to him of such exalted piety and virtue, that he immediately conceived such a man must be endowed with the power of working miracles: fully persuaded of the truth of this supposition, he threw himself off his ass, ran up to the gentleman, seized his right stirrup, and with a heart overflowing with devotion, and eyes full of tears, fell a kissing his feet. Which humility, when the traveller perceived, ‘What is the matter, friend,’ said he; ‘what is the meaning of these embraces?’—‘Pray let me alone,’ said Sancho; ‘for in my life before, excepting your worship, did I never know a saint mounted on horseback.’—‘I have no title to be thought so,’ answered the gentleman; ‘on the contrary, I am a miserable sinner; but the simplicity of your behaviour, my friend, shews, that you yourself must be a very good man.’ Upon this declaration Sancho quitted him, and again remounted Dapple, having by his behaviour unbended the solemn gravity of his master into a smile, and increased the wonder of Don Diego.

Don Quixote then made enquiry into the number of children he had, informing him at the same time, that the ancient sages, who were not enlightened with the knowledge of the true God, reckoned the gifts of fortune and nature, abundance of friends and increase of dutiful children, as constituting part of the supreme happiness. ‘Sir,’ answered Don Diego, ‘I have one son; and if I had none, should, peradventure, think myself happier than I am; not that he is very bad, but because he does not come up to what I would wish him to be. He is now eighteen years of age, six of which he has spent at Salamanca, studying Greek and La-

tin; and when I would have had him apply to something else, I found him so dipt in poetry, if that deserves the name of science, that I could not prevail upon him to take to the study of the law, which was what I wanted he should do; nor would he apply to divinity, the first and noblest of all sciences. I was desirous to make him the honour and ornament of his family, as we live in an age, and under a monarch, where useful and virtuous learning is so amply recompensed: for what is learning without virtue; no better than pearls on a dunghill! He will spend whole days in examining whether such a verse in Homer’s Iliad be expressed with propriety, whether such an epigram of Martial is to be construed into a lewd sense or not, and whether such a verse in Virgil will bear this or that meaning. In a word, these authors, with Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus, engross the whole of his time and conversation. As to the modern authors of his own country, he seems to have no great relish for them, though, notwithstanding his seeming disregard, he is now busied in making a kind of commentary upon four verses, which, I believe, are designed as a subject for a prize in the schools.’

To this information, the other answered, ‘Signor, children are to be considered as part of the bowels of the parents, and be they good or bad, we must treat them as such, and cherish them accordingly. It is incumbent upon parents to lead them betimes into the paths of decency and virtue, to instil into them sound principles, and train them up in Christian discipline, that by these means they may be the stay of their declining years, and an honour to their own descendants. I am not against using persuasion to incline them either to the study of this or that science, but look upon using force as altogether unwarrantable; more especially as the young gentleman does not study in view of getting his livelihood, he being so fortunate as to have that secured by inheritance: then I think he should be indulged in pursuing whatever his genius or inclination mostly prompts him to; and though in poetry there is more pleasure than utility, it generally does honour to the person who has a vein for it.

it. I liken poetry to a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, that is, all the other sciences, are assiduous to ornament, enrich, and embellish; now as she makes use of them all, so likewise does she reflect a lustre upon them all. But then this tender virgin is not to be handled roughly; she is not to be dragged through the streets, exposed in publick places, or stand as a prostitute at the gates of palaces. She is a kind of alchemy of such rare virtue, that whoever knows the nature of her composition may change her into pure gold of inestimable value: whoever would keep her must narrowly look after her; she must not be indulged in the indecency of obscene satire, nor allowed to run into insipid sonnets; and though she may enjoy the profits arising from heroick poetry, weeping tragedy, or laughing comedy, yet the muse must not be venal; no buffoons must have any thing to do with her, and she must be kept sacred from the unhallowed multitude, who neither know nor esteem those hidden treasures she carries about her. And think not that by the multitude I only mean the common rank of men; no, under that class I number all who are strangers to real knowledge, be they peers or be they princes. But, whoever is possessed of those qualifications I have been mentioning, and with them attempts the study and execution of poetry, I say, his name will be famous and held in veneration wherever politeness extends its influence. As to what you say of your son's not esteeming the poetry of his own country, I don't think he is quite right in that opinion, and for this reason: the mighty Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, for the same reason that he was a Roman; and, in general, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the language of his own country, and did not seek for another to clothe the majesty of his ideas. As this is the case, I think it should be a prevailing maxim in all countries; nor should we undervalue the German poet for writing in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his; but, perhaps, your son does not dislike Spanish poetry, but Spanish

poets, as being destitute of the knowledge of other languages or sciences, that might contribute to cultivate, assist, and enliven their own natural genius; and even this prejudice may be carried too far; for the maxim that a poet is born with his talent, is certainly just; that is, a real poet comes forth a poet into the world, and with this natural endowment, implanted in him by his Creator, produces, without the help of study or cultivation, such things as verify that of the poets when they say, "*Est Deus in nobis.*" One so born a poet, if he cultivates his genius by the assistance of art, must be much better, nay, greatly preferable to him who, without natural fire, attains to the knowledge of the rules only; for it is obvious, that as art does not exceed nature, but serves to polish and bring it to perfection, so art assisting nature, and nature so assisted by art, form the accomplished poet. To conclude, Signior, my advice is, that your son should be allowed to follow the bent of his own inclination; and as he must be already an exceeding good scholar, having mastered the learned languages, which may be looked upon as having mounted the first steps in his progress to the seat of the sciences, by the assistance of that knowledge he will be able, without more help, to climb to the top of human literature, which as much adorns and sets off a gentleman as a mitre does a bishop, or the long robe the counsel-learned in the law. If you find him writing satires injurious to private characters, burn his works and rebuke him; but if he composes discourses, that comprehend for their subject of satire vice in general, as Horace did with so much elegance, then commend him: for, though it be unlawful to mark and single out particular persons, it is allowable to write against particular vices; for example, to write against envy, or to lash the envious, and so of others. Here are some poets, indeed, who, rather than baulk their fancy of saying a smart thing, will risk being sent to the isles of Pontus. As the manners, so will the verses be; if the former are chaste, the latter will be so likewise; writing is the interpreter of the mind, which will always produce what is consonant to it's

‘it’s own native conceptions; and when kings, and the great men of the earth, once see this wonderful gift of poetry employed on subjects of wisdom, virtue, and dignity, they bestow marks of honour, esteem, and munificence upon the poet; they crown him from the leaves of that tree, which is proof against the glancing thunder-bolt, emblematically denoting, that such as wear that crown ought to be secure against all hurt or offence.’

The traveller wondered so much at Don Quixote’s discourse, that he began to be staggered in his mind, whether he was a madman or not. But as this conversation did not altogether hit Sancho’s taste, he had, in the midst of it, gone out of the road, to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking ewes hard by; and the gentleman in green, who seemed very fond of the good sense and ingenious conversation of Don Quixote, was going to renew their dialogue, when the Don, suddenly lifting up his eyes, saw a carriage with the king’s colours meeting them upon the road, and taking this for some new adventure, called to Sancho to bring his helmet. Sancho, hearing the voice of his master, left the shepherd in great hurry, and mounting Dapple, arrived where Don Quixote was, to whom there happened a very terrible and tremendous adventure.

CHAP. XVII.

WHICH SETS BEFORE THE READER THAT HIGHEST AND MOST EXALTED PINNACLE, WHICH THE INCREDIBLE, MAGNANIMITY OF DON QUIXOTE EVER DID, OR EVER COULD ARRIVE AT—WITH THE HAPPY ISSUE OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.

THE history then proceeds to inform us, that when Don Quixote called upon Sancho to bring him his helmet, he, Sancho, was deep in bargain with the shepherds about some curds; and finding himself summoned in such violent haste by his master, was at a prodigious loss what to do with them, for he had paid for them, and could not bear the thoughts of losing his purchase: in this extremity he had recourse to his master’s helmet, in which he safely stowed them, and hugging himself in this

lucky thought, away he trotted to receive the commands of his lord and master, who desired him to deliver his helmet; ‘For,’ said he, ‘if I know aught of adventures, that which I desire yonder will prove such a one as will oblige me to have recourse to arms.’

Don Diego, upon hearing this declaration, looked about him every where, but could discover nothing, except a carriage coming towards them, with two or three flying flags, by which he guessed the carriage might be loaded with some of the king’s money, and mentioned this observation to Don Quixote, who minded not what he said; his brain wandering so upon adventures, that every thing must be one, and nothing but a series of one adventure upon the back of another; he therefore answered the gentleman to this effect: ‘Sir, forewarned and fore-armed is half the day; I am not now to learn that I have enemies of all kinds, visible and invisible; neither know I the time, the place, the hour, nor under what appearance they will attack me.’ With these words, turning about, he demanded his helmet of Sancho; who not having time to disengage the curds from it, was obliged to deliver it, with that lining in the inside, to his master, who took it, and without farther examination, clapped it in a great hurry upon his head, which pressing and squeezing the curds, the whey began to ooze down his beard; and this circumstance so startled him, that he called out to Sancho, ‘What can this mean? Is my skull softening, or my brains melting, or do I sweat from head to foot? Surely, this I can say, that if I do sweat, it is not through fear, though I am fully persuaded this will prove a most terrible adventure. If you have got any thing, let me have it to wipe me; for this deluge of sweat blinds my eyes.’ Sancho replied not, but gave him a cloth, and with it sent up his thanks to the Almighty, that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote, after rubbing himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that sat so cool upon his head, and, perceiving something white and clotted, put it to his nose, and snuffed at it: ‘By the life of my Lady Dulcinea de Toboso,’ cried he, ‘thou hast put curds into my helmet, thou traitor, thou ill-bred squire!’ To which apostrophe,

strophe, Sancho answered with great unconcern and tranquillity, 'If they are curds, let me have them to eat; but the devil ought rather to eat them, for I am sure it must be he who put them there. I offer to defile your worship's helmet! in good troth, I can perceive, by the help of that understanding God has given me, that I am not without my inchanters too, who are at me, as a sort of member and limb of your worship; and I'll be sworn, have put that nastiness there, to infligate your worship to wrath against me, and stir up your worship to anoint my ribs in the manner your worship was wont to do. But this time they have missed their aim, I trow, as I can depend upon the just sentence of my master, who will easily weigh with himself, that I had neither curds, cream, nor any such stuff; and that, if I had, it was more likely I should have crammed them into my own guts than put them into his worship's helmet.'—'All this is possible,' cried Don Quixote: and all this the other gentleman saw, and saw with astonishment, more especially when our hero, after having cleaned his head, beard, chops, and helmet, clapped the latter upon his skull, and fixing himself in his seat, tried whether or not his sword could be easily drawn; then grasping his spear, 'Now,' cried he, 'happen what will happen, here am I, determined for the combat, should the prince of the evil spirits set himself in battle array against me.'

By this time the carriage with the streamers was come up, attended only by the driver (who rode one of the mules) and a man who sat upon the fore-part of it. Don Quixote wedged himself directly in their way, and called out, 'Whither, my brethren, are you bound? what carriage is this? what does it contain? what ensigns are those displayed?' To which interrogations the waggoner replied, 'The carriage itself belongs to me, and within are two savage lions, which the general of Oran sends to court to his majesty: the streamers are the ensigns of our lord the king, to shew that what is here contained belongs to the crown.'—'Are these lions large?' answered Don Quixote.—'So large,' replied the man, who sat upon the fore-part of the waggon, 'that

lions of a more monstrous size never came from Barbary into this kingdom. I am their keeper, and have had several under my charge before now, but never any so big as they: there is a male and a female; the he is in the first cage, and the female in the other; they are now ravenous with hunger, having had no food to-day, and therefore I must entreat you to get out of the way, as we must make haste to the place where they are to be fed.' To which intreaty, Don Quixote answered with a half smile, 'What are your lion whelps to me, and at this time of day too! are lion whelps brought against me! I'll make those who sent them hither—yes, by the holy God! I'll make them see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Come, honest friend, get off; and as you are their keeper, open the cages and turn them out; for, in the midst of this plain, will I make the savage beasts of the wilderness know who Don Quixote de La Mancha is, in defiance of the inchanters who have sent them against me.'

'Aha!' said Don Diego to himself, 'I think our Knight of the Rueful Countenance has now given us a pretty incontestable sample of what he is; these curds have certainly soaked his skull, and suppurated his brains.' Then Sancho came up to Diego, and said, 'For God's sake, Signior, take care that my master's worship does not encounter these lions, or belike we shall all of us be tore to pieces.'—'What,' answered he, 'is your master then really so much out of his wits, that you believe and dread he will engage these savage monsters?'—'He is not out of his wits,' replied Sancho, 'but prodigious bold.'

'I'll make him give over,' answered the other; then going up to Don Quixote, who was pressing the keeper to open the cages, he said, 'Signior, gentlemen of the order of knights-errant ought to go upon adventures that have a probability of success, not such as are quite desperate; for that courage which is almost temerity, favours rather of madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions do not come with any hostile design against you; no, they think of nothing less; they are going to be presented to the king, and as they are on their way

'to court, I think they should not be stopped in their journey.'—'Pray, good Signior,' said Don Quixote, 'if you will please to get away from hence, and look after your ferrets and decoy-partridges, do, and leave every one to mind his own business: this is my business, and it behoves me to know whether or not these lions come against me.' Then turning to the keeper, 'Sirrah,' said he, 'if you do not immediately open the cages, I swear by the living God, I will this instant pin you to the place where you sit.'

The carter seeing the obstinate resolution of this armed phantom, who addressed him, begged for the sake of charity, he would let him take off his mules, and get with them out of danger, before the lions were uncaged, 'For should my cattle be slain,' said he, 'I am undone for ever, having nothing to depend upon for bread but this cart and these mules.'—'Man of little faith,' said Don Quixote, 'alight; take off thy mules, and do what thou wilt; but thou shalt quickly see thou hast laboured in vain, and that thou mightest have spared thyself this unnecessary trouble.'

The carter then got off, and unharnessed in great hurry, and the keeper spoke aloud, 'I call all present to witness that I am forced, against my will, to open the cages, and let loose the lions; and I here declare, that this gentleman is chargeable with, and answerable for, all the harm they shall do, as also for my salary and perquisites over and above. And now, gentlemen, pray take care of yourselves, and get out of the way; for, as to me, I know they will do me no harm.' Don Diego again urged him to forbear attempting so extravagant an action, alledging it was tempting of God, to think of going about such a desperate undertaking. The other replied, that he knew what he did; and Don Diego once more desired him to think well of what he was about, as he was certain that he deceived himself. 'Signior,' said Don Quixote, 'if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will be a tragical adventure, set spurs to your mare, and provide for your own safety.' Sancho, upon this intimation, fell a blubbering, and earnestly be-

sought him not to think of entering upon this adventure; 'For, in comparison of this,' said he, 'the windmills, the terrible adventure of the fulling-mill hammers, nay, all the exploits your worship has performed during the course of your life, are but custards and puff-paste. Consider, Sir,' continued he, 'that there can be no incantment in this cage; I myself have peeped through the cage, and there I saw the claw of a real living lion; and sure I am, that the beast that owns such a claw must be bigger than a mountain.'—'Be he large or small,' answered Don Quixote, 'thy fear would magnify him to the bigness of one half of the globe. Be gone, leave me: if I die, you know our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea. I say no more!' He spoke several other things, which shewed he was determined on what he was about, and that all attempts to dissuade him were in vain.

Don Diego would willingly have stopped him; but had neither weapons nor armour equal to the other's, and, besides, did not think it prudent to engage with a man who was frantick; for, by this time, he was convinced that Don Quixote was so in all respects; who still pressing the keeper, and repeating his threats, Don Diego clapped spurs to his mare, Sancho applied his heels to Dapple, the carter put forward his mules, and all endeavoured to get as fast out of the way as they could, before the beasts were let loose. Sancho deplored the fate of his master, who he believed was just going to be sacrificed by the lions: he bewailed his own hard fortune, and cursed the hour when he thought of serving him again; however, amidst the intenseness of his grief, he ceased not to punch and jog on his ass, that he might get from the cart as fast as possible. The keeper, seeing that these runaways were now safe at a sufficient distance, renewed his expostulations with Don Quixote, who said, 'I hear you, friend; but give yourself no more trouble with arguments or entreaties, it will all signify nothing; and therefore I desire you will make haste.'

While the keeper protracted the time in opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether he had best alight for the combat, or con-

tinue





tinue on the back of Rozinante; and determined, at last, to fight on foot, left his steed might take fright at the sight of the lions. Accordingly, he leaped upon the ground, threw away his lance, braced his shield, and drew his sword; in which attitude, approaching with great steadiness, he placed himself just before the cart, recommending himself, with great devotion, first to the protection of the Almighty, and then to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso.

We must observe, that at this place the author of this history breaks out into pathetick exclamations, expressing himself to this purpose: O Don Quixote de La Mancha! renowned for fortitude, brave beyond human expression; thou mirror, in which all heroes of the earth may contemplate their own perfections! thou second and other Don Manuel de Leon, glory and ornament of Spanish knights! how shall I find words worthy to relate this matchless achievement: by what power of argument shall I make it gain credit among future generations? for what encomiums ever so exalted, even beyond the hyperbole, can there be, but what thou deservest? On foot thou stood'st, collected within thy magnanimous self, with a sword far from being sharp, with a shield far from bright and shining; there, I say, didst thou stand, waiting and expecting two of the fiercest lions that were ever yet engendered in the dens of Libya. I want words wherewithal to embellish thy great achievements: let thy own exploits, then, be the harbinger of thy praises, O heroick Manchegan!

The author here breaks off his exclamation, and proceeds in the recital of the history, saying,—

The keeper seeing Don Quixote fixed in this posture, and finding himself under a necessity of letting loose the helion, to avoid the resentment of this enraged and intrepid hero, flung the door of the first cage open, where the lion appeared lying, of a monstrous bigness and terrifying aspect: he immediately turned himself round in the cage, put out one of his paws, and stretching himself at full length, yawned and gaped with great composure, and then, with a tongue of about half a yard long, cleaned his face and eyes; after which he thrust his head out of the

cage, and stared around him with eyes like firebrands; a sight sufficient to have struck a damp into the most intrepid heart: but Don Quixote only fixed his eyes attentively upon him, wishing for the minute he would leap out of the cart, that he might engage and cut him in pieces; to such an unaccountable degree had his frenzy worked up his disturbed imagination. But the lion, naturally generous, and more inclinable to be gentle than rough, heeded not his bravadoes or flourishing: on the contrary, after having looked around him, as we have observed, turned about, and shewing our hero his backside, with great composure and tranquillity, laid himself down again to rest; which circumstance Don Quixote perceiving, ordered the keeper to rouse him by blows, and oblige him to come forth. ‘Nay, that I won’t,’ answered he; ‘for, should I enrage him, he would immediately tear me to pieces: come, Sir Knight, be contented with what you have done, which is all that can be expected from any man’s courage, and give over tempting fortune any more. The door of his cage is open, and he may come forth, or not, as he pleases; but as he has not come out now, he will not all day. The intrepidity of your worship’s valour is sufficiently vouched: I apprehend the bravery of no combatant needs do more than challenge his adversary, and await him in the field; and if the enemy won’t meet him, the imputation of cowardice lies with him, and the crown of victory devolves upon the other.’—‘You say true,’ said Don Quixote; ‘shut the door, my friend, and let me have, under your hand, in the best manner you are able to draw it, a certificate of what you have now seen; for I think it is highly fitting mankind should know that you opened the lion’s cage; that I waited for him, and he came not out; and that I waited for him again, and he came not out; and that again he laid himself down. I am not bound to do any more; so inchantments ayaunt, and God prosper truth, justice, and noble chivalry! shut the door therefore, and I will wave a signal for those who have run off to return and have an account of this action from your own mouth.’

The keeper obeyed; and Don Quixote

ote clapping upon the point of his lance the cloth Sancho had given him to wipe off the curds, called out to them who were still pursuing their flight, and at every step, all in a body, turning about their heads, and Don Diego leading them on; but Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the linen cloth, 'I'll be bound to be crucified,' said he, 'if my master has not got the better of the lions; for he now calls to us.' They all stopped, and perceived it was Don Quixote who made the sign; upon which the violence of their terrors somewhat abated, and they approached nearer and nearer by degrees, till they could distinctly hear the voice of Don Quixote calling to them; at last they came back to the cart, and Don Quixote said to the carter, 'Harness your mules again, my friend, and go on in your journey; and, Sancho, give him and the keeper two crowns of gold, as a recompence for the time I have detained them.'— 'That I will most willingly do; but where are the lions, dead or alive?' Then the keeper very circumstantially, and dividing his discourse with great propriety, gave an account of the issue of this adventure, exaggerating, with all his might, and all the power of rhetoric he could muster up, the courage of Don Quixote: 'At sight of whom,' said he, 'the lion, overawed, would not, or rather durst not, venture out of the cage, though I held the door open a considerable time; and that, upon remonstrating to the great knight, that it was tempting of God to provoke the lion so far as to oblige him to come out by force, as he wanted him to have done, and was going to make him do whether he would or not, his honour had suffered the cage-door to be shut.'— Sancho, said Don Quixote, 'what dost thou think now; can enchantments avail aught against true courage? They may, indeed, and with ease, stand in the way of my good fortune; but of valour and resolution they never can deprive me.' Sancho gave the crowns to the people; the carter harnessed his mules, and the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hand for his liberality, and promised, when he arrived at court, he would give an account of this heroick atchievement to his majesty himself. 'Should the king,' said Don Quixote, 'perchance enquire

'who performed it, tell him, it was the Knight of the Lions; for I am determined, that, from this time forward, the title I have been hitherto distinguished by, of Knight of the Rueful Countenance, shall be changed, bartered, and sunk, into that of Knight of the Lions; and in this alteration I imitate the example of knights-errant of old, who, as they pleased, altered their designations as it best suited their purposes.'

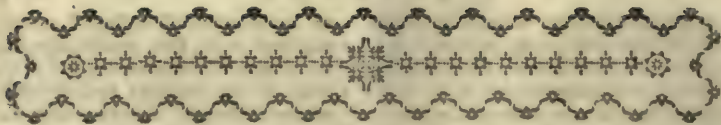
The carriage went forward, Don Quixote, Sancho, and the traveller in green, pursued their journey; and, during all this time, Don Diego de Miranda was so attentive to remark and observe the actions of Don Quixote, that he had not opened his mouth; but looked upon him as a man whose good sense was blended with a strange sort of madness: the reason was, he knew as yet nothing of the first part of his history; had he read that, his amazement at the knight's words and actions would have vanished, as it would have cleared up to him the nature of his frenzy; but as he knew not that, he was at times divided in his opinion, sometimes believing him in his senses, and at other times thinking him frantick; because what he spoke was sensible, consistent, and genteelly expressed; but his actions discovered all the symptoms of wildness, folly, and temerity. 'For what greater sign of disorder,' said he to himself, 'can there be, than for a man to clap on a helmet full of curds, and then take it into his head that some magician had liquified his skull; and what more certain proof of foolishness and wild frenzy, than for a person, in spite of all that can be said to him, to resolve to engage lions?'

Don Quixote interrupted these reflections and soliloquy of his fellow traveller, by saying, 'Signior Don Diego de Miranda, I don't doubt but that, in your judgment, I must pass for an extravagant madman; and, indeed, no wonder; for, to be sure, my actions would seem to declare me such: but, at the same time, I must beg leave to say to you, that I am not so disorderd, or so bereft of understanding, as to you I may have seemed. The gay cavalier, who in burnished armour, before the ladies, prances over the lists, makes a gallant appearance! The adventurous knight too shews off

to great advantage, when in the midst
 of the spacious square, in view of his
 prince, he transfixes the furious bull.
 And a noble appearance make those
 knights, who, in military exercises,
 or such like, are the life, spirit, and
 even honour of their prince's court.
 But a much more noble figure than all
 these makes the knight-errant, who,
 in the solitudes of the desert, through
 the almost impervious passages of the
 forest, and over the craggy moun-
 tains, goes in quest of perilous ad-
 ventures, to bring them to a success-
 ful issue, and that only to obtain
 glory, honour, and an immortal name.
 A knight-errant, I say, makes a more
 glorious appearance, when he assists
 the widow in some solitary plain,
 than the courtier knight, when he
 lavishes his gallantry on a town-
 lady. All cavaliers have their different
 spheres, in which they act; let the
 courtier pay his attendance to the la-
 dies, adorn the court of his prince
 with the splendor of his equipage, en-
 tertain gentlemen of inferior fortunes
 with the hospitality of his sumptuous
 table; let him propose matches of dif-
 ferent exercise, and direct the jousts
 and tournaments; let him shew him-
 self splendid, liberal, and munifi-
 cent; and above all, approve himself
 a good Christian: in acting thus, he
 will discharge the duties that belong
 to him. But for the knight errant,
 let him explore the most hidden re-
 cesses of the universe, plunge into
 the perplexities of the labyrinth; let
 him, at all times, not be afraid of
 even impossibilities; in the barren,
 wasteful wilderness, let him defy the
 scorching rays of the solstitial sun,
 and the piercing chillings of the nip-
 ping frost. Lions must not frighten
 him, phantoms must not terrify him,
 nor dragons dismay him; for, in
 searching after such, engaging with
 and getting the better of all difficul-
 ties, consists his true and proper oc-
 cupation. It being my fortune, then,

to be of this last order, I cannot,
 consistent with that, avoid engaging
 in whatever I deem to be part of the
 duty of my calling; and for these
 reasons, though I knew, that en-
 countering the lions was in itself an
 act of the greatest temerity, yet it
 immediately belonged to my profes-
 sion: I am very sensible that true for-
 titude is placed between the two ex-
 tremes of cowardice and fool hardi-
 ness; but then, it is better valour
 should mount even to an over-daring
 hardness, than be debased to pusil-
 lanimity; for, as the prodigal is more
 likely to become truly generous than
 the miser, so will the over-courageous
 sooner be brought to true valour, than
 the coward to be courageous at all;
 and in undertaking adventures, I as-
 sure you, Don Diego, it is much bet-
 ter to overdo than underdo, and much
 better does it sound in the ear of him
 to whom it is related, that a knight
 is daring and presumptuous, than
 that he is pusillanimous and
 faint-hearted.

Signior Don Quixote, answered
 Diego, 'I think all you have said is
 consonant to the rule of right reason;
 and I am of opinion, that if the laws
 and statutes of true chivalry were lost,
 they would be found deposited and
 faithfully recorded in your breast; but
 if you please, we will put on, for it
 grows late; let us get towards my
 house and village, that you may have
 some rest, and taste of some refresh-
 ment after your late fatigue, which,
 if it does not weary the body, must
 be heavy upon the mind, the labours
 of which often affect the body like-
 wise.'—'I accept of your invitation,'
 Don Diego, said the other, 'as a fa-
 vour and mark of politeness.' And
 hastening forward a little quicker than
 they had done before, they arrived about
 two in the afternoon at the habitation
 of Diego, on whom Don Quixote be-
 stowed the appellation of the Knight of
 the Green Surtout.



THE
ATC HIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

D O N Q U I X O T E
D E L A M A N C H A,

PART II. BOOK II.

C H A P. I.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE
AT THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF
THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN
SURTOUT—WITH OTHER OUT-
OF-THE-WAY MATTERS.



ON Quixote found that Diego's house, like the houses of most country gentlemen, was large and roomy, with the arms of the family over the great gates, cut out in rough stone; the buttery was in the yard, the cellar was under the porch, and around were placed divers jars, which jars being of the manufactory of Toboso, recalled the memory of the metamorphosed and enchanted Dulcinea; upon which, without reflecting what he said, or before whom he poured out his sighs and tears: 'O dearest pledges,' said he, 'which now I find in bitterness of sorrow, but sweet and ravishing when Heaven's high will ordained it so; O jars of Toboso, which have recalled into my mind the dear idea of my greatest sorrow!' This exclamation was overheard by the young poet, Diego's son; who, along with his mother, had come down to receive Don Quixote. Both mother and son were struck

with his uncouth figure; and he, alighting from Rozinante, with great good breeding, begged leave to kiss the lady's hand. To which intreaty Don Diego added, 'Madam, receive, with your usual politeness, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, knight-errant, whom I here introduce to you as a gentleman of the brightest parts and most intrepid courage of any in the world.' Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him with all the marks of respect and esteem; and Don Quixote overpaid them in polite and mannerly acknowledgments; the same kind of intercourse passed between him and the young scholar, whom he took by his conversation to be a gentleman of vivacity and acuteness.

The author here minutely describes Don Diego's house, gives an inventory of the furniture usually contained in the house of a rich country gentleman: but the translators of this history have thought it advisable not to mention these and such other particular matters, as being rather foreign from the main scope of this history, in which truth has more energy than needless and languid digressions.

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho disarmed him; after which, he remained in his other accoutrements, a pair of wide walloon breeches, and

and a shamoy-leather doublet, stained with the rust of his armour; his band was collegian, neither starched nor laced, his buskins of the colour of dates, and his shoes of waxed leather; he girded upon his thigh his trusty sword, which hung at a belt of seal's skin, for it is believed he had been for some years troubled with an imbecility in his loins; and over all these was a long cloak of good grey cloth; but, before he stirred any farther, he applied to his face five or six pitchers (the precise number not being exactly ascertained) of fair water, which, nevertheless, still ran off exhibiting a whey colour; and it was undoubtedly owing to the irregular appetite of Sancho, and his having made the bargain for these nasty curds, that his master was now scoured so white and so clean. In this equipment, as here described, and with a gallant air and address, Don Quixote walked into another hall, where the young gentleman of the house was waiting to receive and entertain him, till dinner should be got ready; for as to the Lady Donna Christina, she was busy in ordering matters so, upon the arrival of this noble guest, as to let it be seen she knew what reception to give those who came to visit under her roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (that was the name of Diego's son) took the opportunity of that leisure time to ask his father, who that knight was he had brought home to them; 'For,' said he, 'his name and his uncouth figure, and your telling us, at the same time, that he is a knight-errant, puzzle both my mother and me prodigiously.'—'I know not,' said Don Diego, 'what answer to make you; all I can say is, I never saw a madman act more frantically, and have heard him talk so very sensibly, as gave the lie to all his actions: but I would have you enter into conversation with him, and sound the depth of his understanding; you have sense enough, and therefore I would have you form a judgment of him according to your own observation; to say the truth, I myself am more inclined to believe him distracted than otherwise.'

Upon this intimation, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as we have mentioned; who, among other discourse, said to Lorenzo, 'Signior Don

Diego de Miranda; your father has been pleased to inform me a little of your great genius and good judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet.'—'A poet, in some sense, I may be,' said Lorenzo; 'but a great one did I never so much as dare even in my own imagination to think myself.' 'True it is, I am a little fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but don't at all for that reason merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me.'—'I love your reserve,' said Don Quixote; 'for poets are usually far removed from modesty, each thinking himself the greatest in the world.'—'No, rule holds universally,' answered Lorenzo, 'and there may be one who is really a great poet, and yet does not think himself so.'—'There must be very few such,' answered the other; 'but pray, Sir,' continued he, 'what verses are those you are about, which your father says make you so anxious and studious? for, if it be commenting upon some theme, I know somewhat of the art of paraphrasing, and should be glad to see what your performance is; and if they are designed as a poetical prize, let me advise you to obtain the second, for the first is decreed in view of interest, or in favour of the great quality of some person; but merit carries the second: so that, according to the general practice of our universities, the third becomes the second, and the first the third; but, notwithstanding this acceptance, the name of the first makes a great shew.'—'So far, surely,' said Lorenzo to himself, 'this gentleman shews no signs of a disturbed understanding; but we'll go on.—Your worship, I presume, has been long at the schools; pray, Sir, what sciences have you addicted yourself to?'—'That of knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; 'a science equally sublime as your poetry; and, in my humble opinion, even mounted a few steps above it.'—'That science,' answered Lorenzo, 'I am hitherto a stranger to; it has not yet come within the extent of my knowledge.'—'It is a science,' answered the other, 'that includes in itself virtually, most, if not all the other sciences in the world; for he who professes it must be a civilian, and know the laws both of distributive and communicative justice, to determine, with equity and propriety,

propriety, what lawfully and properly belongs to every individual: he must be a good divine and casuist, that he may, with clearness and precision, defend the principles of the Christian faith, which he professes, as often as he shall be required so to do: he ought to be a physician, and particularly a botanist, that, in the midst of deserts and wildernesses, he may know those herbs that are of efficacy in curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn have recourse to a surgeon. He ought to be an astronomer, to distinguish by the stars the time of the night, together with the climate and part of the globe on which he chances to be: he must be learned in the mathematicks, for which he will frequently have occasion; and besides being adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, he ought to descend to other minute branches of science. I say, for example, he must know how to swim like an herring, to shoe an horse, to mend a saddle and bridle; and, returning to what we have observed above, he must preserve his fealty to God and his mistress, he must be chaste in thought, decent in speech, liberal in action, valiant in exploits, patient in toil, charitable with the needy; and finally, an asserter of truth, even though the defence of it should cost him his life. Of all these great and small qualities is a good knight-errant composed; so that Signior Don Lorenzo may judge, whether it be a snivelling science which is learned and professed by a knight-errant: and whether it may not be compared with the sublimest which are taught in colleges and schools.— If that be the case, replied Don Lorenzo, I affirm, that it has the advantage over all others.— How! cried Don Quixote, if that be the case!— What I would say, resumed Lorenzo, is, that I doubt whether there ever were or are knights-errant adorned with so many virtues.— I have often said what I am now going to repeat, answered Don Quixote, that the greatest part of the world believes there never were knights-errant; and, in my opinion, if Heaven does not work a miracle to prove that they both did and do exist, whatever trouble may be taken will fail of success, as I know by repeated experience. I will not,

therefore, spend time at present, in refuting and rectifying the error in which you and many others are involved; but my intention is to pray that Heaven will extricate you from your mistake, and give you to understand how advantageous and necessary knights-errant have been to the world in past ages, and how useful they might be to the present, were it the custom to solicit their assistance: but, now, for the sins of mankind, idleness, sloth, gluttony, and extravagance, prevail and triumph.— Here Don Lorenzo said within himself, Now hath our guest given us the slip; but, nevertheless, he is a whimsical madman, and I should be an idle fool, if I thought otherwise.

In this place their discourse was interrupted by a call to table; and Don Diego asked his son, what he had fairly extracted from the genius of his guest. To this question he replied, All the best physicians and writers that the world contains, will not extract him fairly from the blotted sheet of his madness; but he is a party-coloured maniac, full of lucid intervals. They sat down to eat, and their repast was such as Don Diego had said upon the road he was wont to bestow upon his friends whom he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury; but what yielded more satisfaction to Don Quixote, was the wonderful silence that prevailed over the whole house, which in this particular resembled a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired that Don Lorenzo would repeat the verses designed for the literary contest; and the young gentleman answered, Rather than appear one of those authors, who when they are requested to rehearse their works, refuse to grant the favour, and on the other hand, disgorge them upon those who have no inclination to hear them; I will repeat my gloss, from which I expect no reward, as I composed it solely with a view to exercise my genius.— It was the opinion of an ingenious friend of mine, said Don Quixote, that no man ought to fatigue himself in glossing upon verses; because, as he observed, the gloss could never come up to the text; and very often, or indeed almost always, the gloss was foreign to the original proposition; besides, the laws

‘ of the gloss were extremely narrow,
 ‘ restricting the paraphraiser from the use
 ‘ of interrogations; and, “ Said he,” or,
 ‘ “ I will say;” as well as from changing
 ‘ verbs into nouns, and altering the
 ‘ sentiment; with other ties and shackles
 ‘ incurred by those who try their for-
 ‘ tune in this way, as you yourself un-
 ‘ doubtedly know.”— Verily, Signior
 ‘ Don Quixote,” cried Don Lorenzo, “ I
 ‘ am very desirous of intrapping your
 ‘ worship in false Latin; but it is not
 ‘ in my power, for you slip through my
 ‘ fingers like an eel.”—“ I do not know,”
 answered the knight, “ what you mean
 ‘ by saying I slip through your fingers.”
 —“ I will explain myself some other
 ‘ time,” replied Don Lorenzo; “ mean-
 ‘ while, your worship will be pleased to
 ‘ hear the paraphrase and the text, which
 ‘ run thus—

‘ THE TEXT.

‘ **C**OULD I the moments past renew,
 ‘ Though fate should other joys deny;
 ‘ Or bring the future scenes to view
 ‘ In time’s dark womb that rip’ning lie.

‘ THE GLOSS.

‘ **A**S all things perish and decay;
 ‘ So did that happiness I mourn,
 ‘ On silent pinion fleet away;
 ‘ Ah! never—never to return.
 ‘ At fortune’s feet forlorn I lie:
 ‘ Would she again propitious strew
 ‘ Her favours, who more blest than I,
 ‘ Could I the moments past renew!

‘ No pleasure, palm, or wreath I claim,
 ‘ No wealth or triumph seek to find;
 ‘ For all my wish, and all my aim,
 ‘ Is to retrieve my peace of mind.
 ‘ Ah, fortune! thy returning smile
 ‘ Would change to bliss my destiny,
 ‘ And ev’ry gloomy thought beguile,
 ‘ Though fate should other joys deny.

‘ Fond wish! impossible and vain;
 ‘ No pow’r on this terrestrial ball
 ‘ Can time’s unwearied foot detain,
 ‘ Or his accomplish’d flight recall.
 ‘ He forward flies, nor looks behind;
 ‘ And those misfortune will pursue,
 ‘ Who hope the fugitive to bind,
 ‘ Or bring the future scenes to view.

‘ Perplex’d with hopes and fears I live,
 ‘ Tho’ death at once would ease my pain;
 ‘ What folly, then, for me to grieve,
 ‘ Who can that easy cure obtain?

‘ No! yet a wiser course I’ll steer,
 ‘ Resolv’d my fortune still to try,
 ‘ Until those happier days appear,
 ‘ In time’s dark womb that rip’ning lie.’

Don Lorenzo no sooner concluded his paraphrase, than Don Quixote starting up, took the young gentleman by the right-hand, and raising his voice even almost to a halloo, pronounced, ‘ Now, by the
 ‘ heaven of heavens! noble youth,
 ‘ you are the best poet in the world,
 ‘ and deserve to be crowned with lau-
 ‘ rel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, as an
 ‘ author said, whom God pardon, but
 ‘ by the academy of Athens, did it
 ‘ now subsist, and by those of Paris,
 ‘ Bologna, and Salamanca, which are
 ‘ still in being. Heaven grant, that
 ‘ those judges who deny you the first
 ‘ prize, may be transfixed by the ar-
 ‘ rows of Apollo, and that the muses
 ‘ may never deign to cross the thresh-
 ‘ olds of their doors. Signior, let
 ‘ me hear, if you please, some of your
 ‘ more majestick verses, that I may be
 ‘ thoroughly acquainted with the pulse
 ‘ of your admirable genius.’ Is it not
 diverting to observe, that Don Lorenzo
 was pleased with the applause of Don
 Quixote, although he considered him as
 a madman? O influence of flattery, how
 far dost thou extend! and how unlimit-
 ed are the limits of thy agréable juris-
 diction! This truth is verified in the
 behaviour of Lorenzo; who, in com-
 pliance with the desire and intreaty of
 the knight, repeated this sonnet, on the
 fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

FAIR Thisbe’s charms what bulwarks
 could withstand!

They pierc’d e’en to her gallant-lover’s
 soul;

And Cupid hasten’d from the Cyprian
 strand,

To view the narrow pass by which they
 stole.

Here silence spoke; and through that narrow
 breach,

Which e’en the timid voice durst not essay,
 Th’ intrepid souls to perfect union stretch:
 Inspir’d, empower’d, by love’s almighty
 sway.

Th’ ill-fated pair to death untimely came,
 With flow’ry pleasure’s tempting bait in-
 tic’d:

By the same poignard, monument, and fame,
 At once destroy’d, enclos’d, immortaliz’d.

‘Blessed be God!’ cried Don Quixote, when he had heard the sonnet of Don Lorenzo, ‘that amidst the infinite number of consumptive poets that now exist, I have found one consummate, as your worship has plainly evinced yourself, by the art and execution of those stanzas.’

The knight was sumptuously regaled in the house of Don Diego, for the space of four days; at the expiration of which he thanked his entertainer for the noble treatment he had received from his hospitality, and begged leave to depart; for as it did not become knights-errant to devote much time to ease and banquetting, he was desirous of fulfilling the duty of his profession in seeking adventures, with which he understood that country abounded, and in which he hoped to employ the time till the day of the tournament of Saragossa, whither he was bound; but, first of all, he was resolved to enter the cave of Montesinos, about which so many strange stories were recounted all over that neighbourhood, that he might investigate and discover the origin and real springs of the seven lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son applauded the glorious design, and desired he would supply himself with whatever their house or fortune could afford; for they would, with the utmost good-will, perform that service, which they equally owed to his personal valour and honourable profession. At length arrived the day of his departure, as joyful to the knight as dismal and unfortunate to Sancho Panza, who had lived so much at his ease amidst the plenty of Don Diego’s house, that he could not without reluctance return to the hunger that prevails in dreary forests, and to the poverty of his ill-provided bags, which, however, he now took care to fill and stuff with what he thought most necessary for his occasions.

At parting, Don Quixote addressing himself to Don Lorenzo, ‘I know not,’ said he, ‘whether I have already told your worship, but if I have, let me now repeat the intimation, that when you are inclined to take the shortest and easiest road to the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have no more to do, but to leave on one side the path of poetry, which is pretty narrow, and follow that of knight-errantry, which, though the narrowest

of all others, will conduct you to the throne of empire, in the turning of a straw.’ With this advice did the knight, as it were, sum up the process of his madness; which, however, was still more manifest in this addition: ‘Heaven knows what pleasure I should feel in the company and association of Don Lorenzo, whom I would teach, by my own example, to spare the fallen, and trample the haughty under foot; virtues annexed to the order I profess: but as his tender years do not require such tutorage, nor would his laudable exercises permit him to pursue my steps, I shall content myself with assuring his worship, that being a poet, he may certainly acquire renown, if he will conduct himself rather by the opinion of others, than his own; for no parent ever thought his own offspring ugly, and this prejudice is still more strong towards the children of the understanding.’

Both father and son admired anew the strange medley of Don Quixote’s discourse, in which so much discretion and madness were jumbled together; and were astonished at the wilfulness and obstinacy with which he was so wholly bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, that constituted the very aim of all his desires. Nevertheless, they repeated their offers of service and civility, and with the good leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho set out on Rozinante and Dapple.

CH A P. II.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD—WITH OTHER TRULY DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

A Little way Don Quixote had travelled from the habitation of Don Diego, when he was joined by two persons dressed like ecclesiasticks, or students, and a couple of labouring men mounted upon asses; behind one of the students was a bundle wrapped up in green buckram, seemingly consisting of some linen and two pair of coarse thread stockings; while the other was encumbered with nothing but a couple of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things,

things, which discovered and gave notice, that they were on their return from some great town, where they had made a purchase, and were bringing it home to their own village; and they, as well as the students, were seized with that admiration which was incident to all those who for the first time beheld Don Quixote; indeed, they burned with curiosity to know what sort of a creature he was, so different in appearance from other men.

The knight saluted them courteously, and understanding their road was the same route that he designed to follow, made a proffer of his company, at the same time begging they would slacken their pace, as their beasts travelled faster than his horse. In order to facilitate their compliance with his request, he briefly told them who he was, made them acquainted with his office and profession, which was chivalry, and observed that he was going in quest of adventures, through all parts of the world; giving them to understand, that his proper name was Don Quixote de La Mancha, and his appellation, the Knight of the Lions.

All this information was Greek or gibberish to the countrymen, but not to the students, who immediately discovered the weakness of Don Quixote's brain; nevertheless, they beheld him with admiration, and one of them, in a respectful manner, accosted him thus: 'If your worship, Sir Knight, follows no determined road, as those who go in quest of adventures seldom do, be so good as to accompany us, and you will be an eye-witness of one of the most splendid and opulent weddings that ever was celebrated in La Mancha, or in many leagues around.'

When Don Quixote asked if it was the marriage of any prince, which he so highly extolled, the other replied, 'It is no other than the bridal of a farmer and a country maid; he the richest of all this neighbourhood, and she the comeliest that ever man beheld. The preparations are new and extraordinary; for the marriage is to be celebrated in a meadow adjoining to the village of the bride, who, by way of excellency, is called Quiteria the Beautiful, and the bridegroom is known by the appellation of Camacho the Rich; she is but eighteen, and he

turned of twenty, so that they are extremely well matched; though some curious persons, who remember all the pedigrees in the world, are pleased to say, that her family has in that respect the advantage of Camacho's: but now-a-days these circumstances are altogether overlooked; for wealth is able to repair a number of flaws. In a word, Camacho is liberal, and has taken it in his head to overshadow and cover the whole meadow in such a manner, that the sun will find some difficulty in penetrating, so as to visit the verdant plants with which the ground is adorned. He has likewise bespoke choice dancers, both with swords and morrice-bells; for there are people in the village who can jingle and snap to perfection; not to mention your shoe-flappers, a power of whom are summoned to the nuptials: but none of those things I have mentioned, or of a great many circumstances I have left untold, are likely to render the marriage so memorable as the behaviour which is on this occasion expected from the rejected Basilius.

'This Basilius is a neighbouring swain, and townsman of Quiteria, and there is nothing but a partition-wall between his house and that of her parents, whence Cupid took occasion to renew the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilius became enamoured of Quiteria, even from his tender years, and she smiled upon his passion with all manner of honourable indulgence; inasmuch that the love of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, furnished entertainment and discourse for the whole village. As their age increased, Quiteria's father resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access he had to his house; and, to free himself from all sorts of jealousy and suspicion, proposed a match between his daughter and the rich Camacho, thinking it would not be so well to give her away to Basilius, to whom fortune had not been so kind as nature; though, to tell the truth, without envy or affectation, he is the most active young man we know, an expert pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, and great judge of hand-ball: he runs like a deer, leaps nimbler than a goat, plays at nine-pins as if he used in-

chantment, sings like a sky-lark, touches the guitar so as to make it perfectly speak, and handles a foil like the best fencer in the world.—For that sole accomplishment, cried Don Quixote, the young man deserves not only to be married to the beautiful Quiteria, but even to Queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot, and all those who should endeavour to oppose the match.—Let my wife alone for that, said Sancho Panza, who had hitherto travelled in silent attention; she, good woman, would have every body match with his equal, sticking to the old proverb, that says, Let every goose a gander chuse. What I would willingly see is the marriage of this worthy Basilius; for he has already got my good-will, with that same lady Quiteria; and God grant them peace and plenty, and rest their souls in heaven—[his meaning was quite the reverse]—who prevent lovers from marrying according to their inclinations.—If that was always the case, replied Don Quixote, parents would be deprived of that election and jurisdiction they possess, to marry their children when and how they shall think proper; and if every daughter was at liberty to indulge her own inclination in the choice of an husband, one would perhaps chuse her father's servant, and another place her affection upon some gaudy coxcomb, whom she might chance to see passing along the street, even though he should be a disorderly ruffian: for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, which are so necessary towards the settlement of one's condition in life; and as we are apt to commit very important mistakes in the article of matrimony, it requires great caution, as well as the particular favour of Heaven, to succeed in the choice of a wife. A prudent man, who is resolved to undertake a long journey, will, before he sets out, endeavour to find a safe, quiet, and agreeable fellow-traveller. Then why should not the same pains be taken by the man who is going to travel through the whole journey of life? especially in the choice of a companion for bed, board, and every other purpose for which the wife is subservient to the husband: a man's own wedded wife

is not like a commodity which being once bought may be bartered, exchanged, or returned, but is an inseparable appendage that lasts for life.

Marriage is a noose, into which if the neck should happen to slip, it becomes inexplicable as the Gordian knot, and cannot be undone till cut asunder by the scythe of death. Much more could I add upon this subject, if I were not prevented by the desire I have to know whether Mr. Licentiate has any thing farther to entertain us with, relative to the history of Basilius. To this hint the other, (call him scholar, batchelor, or licentiate) replied, I have not any thing material to add, but that from the time he understood Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the rich, he was never seen to smile, or heard to speak consistently: he is thoughtful and melancholy, talks to himself; all which are undoubted symptoms of a disordered mind. He scarce either eats or sleeps; and what little he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps at all it is upon the bare ground, and in the open air, like the beasts of the field. He every now and then looks up to heaven; at other times, like one stupid, fixes his eyes on the ground, and seems as if he was a cloathed statue, with the drapery flowing to the gales of the wind: in a word, he gives such indications of a fatal passion, that we believe for certain, when Quiteria to-morrow pronounces the word "Yes," she will in that seal the sentence of his death.

God will order things better, said Sancho, for he inflicts the wound, and will also perform the cure. No one knows what may happen; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one hour, even in a moment, down comes the house: I have myself seen sunshine and rain at the same time; a man goes to bed well at night, but cannot bestir himself next morning. Let me know, the best of ye, if any man can brag of having put a spoke in fortune's wheel? No one, to be sure; and between the Yes and No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, and that for a weighty reason, because there would not be room for it; if you will only allow me one thing,

‘ thing, that Quiteria loves Basilius, I’ll yet engage to give him a wallet-full of good-luck; for I have been told, that love wears a pair of spectacles, which spectacles make copper look like gold, and poverty appear to be riches, and specks in the eyes to seem pearls.’—‘ A curse on thee!’ cried Don Quixote, ‘ what is it thou wouldst be at! once thou art set in to stringing thy proverbs, none but Judas, with whom I wish thou wert, can have patience to hear thee out! Say, animal, what knowest thou about spokes or wheels, or any other thing whatsoever?’—‘ O! since you do not understand me,’ answered the squire, ‘ no wonder you think it nonsense what I say; but that signifies nothing: I understand myself, nor have I said many nonsensical things yet, only your worship always plays the cricket upon my words and actions.’—‘ God confound thee, thou confounder of all language!’ said Don Quixote. ‘ Cricket! I suppose thou meanest cricket.’—‘ As to that matter, Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘ be not too severe upon me; you know I was neither bred at court, nor studied at Salamanca, to know when I am right in the letter of a word; and as I hope for mercy from God, I think it unreasonable to expect that the Sayagues * should speak in the same manner as the Toledans; though, for that matter, there are Toledans who are not more nice than other folks at the work of speaking properly.’—‘ Very true,’ said the licentiate, ‘ for how should a man, whose business is in the tan-yards, and in the Zocodover †, speak so good language as they who do nothing but walk from morning to night in the cloysters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans; on the other hand, purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity, are to be found among polite people of sense, though they be natives of Majalahonda; I say, people of sense, because so great a number of people are not so, and sense is the foundation of good language, assisted by custom and use. I must tell you, gentlemen, it has pleased God, for my sins, that I have studied the canon-law at Salamanca, and I

‘ pique myself a little, on being able to converse in clear, easy, and expressive language.’—‘ If you had not piqued yourself more upon your dexterity at these good-for-nothing foils you carry about with you, than upon your knowledge in languages, instead of lagging the hindmost, you might have been at the head of your class,’ said the other student. ‘ I tell you, Mr. Bachelor, that you are the most prejudiced man in the world, in that respect, for treating dexterity at the sword as a matter of no signification.’—‘ It is no prejudice with me, it is a confirmed opinion and truth,’ replied Corchuelo; ‘ and if you please to make the experiment, I will convince you. You carry foils now along with you and an opportunity offers; I’ll shew you that I have nerves and strength, backed with such courage as will prove sufficient to demonstrate to you that my opinion is not the effect of prejudice; get off your ass, and try your measured distances, your wheelings, your longes, and art of defence; and I’ll engage, with only the plain rustick skill I have, to make you see the stars at noon-day; for I trust under God, the man is yet unborn who can make me turn my back; nor have I met with any man whom I will not oblige to give ground.’—‘ As to turning your back, or not turning your back, that is none of my business,’ replied the master of the science; ‘ though it is not impossible but that the first spot you fix your foot on may prove your burying-ground: I mean, it is possible you may be left dead there, for slighting the noble science of defence.’—‘ That we shall see presently,’ replied Corchuelo, jumping hastily upon the ground, and snatching with great fury one of the foils, which the other carried upon his ass.

Here Don Quixote cried out, ‘ Not so, by heavens! I will be umpire of this fencing-match, and judge of this long controverted dispute.’ So saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, planted himself in the very middle of the road, just as master licentiate, in a matterly posture and regular advances, was making towards Corchuelo, who ran at him with

* Poor people that live about Zamora.

† Zocodover, a square in Toledo, like Smithfield, where cattle are sold.

fire, as the saying is, flashing from his eyes; while the two country fellows, without dismounting, sat still as spectators of this most deadly tragedy. Corchuelo assailed him every way with high strokes, low strokes, back-strokes, cuts, thrusts, slashes out of number, and as thick as hail; in short, he fell upon the licentiate like an enraged lion, but was checked a little in the career of his fury by a smart push in the mouth from the licentiate's foil, who made him kiss the button, though with less devotion than if it had been a relic. In a word, the licentiate, by skilful and well-planted thrusts, counted the buttons of his cassock, and went through it so often, that it hung in rags like the tails of the polypos: twice was Corchuelo's hat struck off; and so spent was he, that in rage and spite, and furious choler, he flung the foil into the air with so much force, that one of the countrymen, who went to fetch it, being a kind of scrivener, declared upon oath, that it went near three quarters of a league; which affidavit being preserved, has been, and is, a testimony to demonstrate that art prevails over strength.

Corchuelo, quite tired out, sat down; and Sancho going up to him, 'Mr. Batchelor,' said he, 'if you will be ruled by me, from henceforth challenge no one to fence, but dare them to wrestle and pitch the bar, since now you are of a proper age and strength for that exercise; for I have heard say of these fencers, that they can thrust you the point of a sword through the eye of a needle.'—'I am now convinced,' answered Corchuelo, 'and am taught by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed.'

So getting up, he went and embraced his adversary, and they were now better friends than ever. The company not being willing to wait for the scrivener, who was gone after the foil, imagining he might be too long absent, resolved to put forward as fast as they could, that they might arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all going. As they travelled on their way, the licentiate demonstrated to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, by such convincing arguments, drawn from the nature of truth and mathematical certainty, that every one was convinced of the usefulness of the science; and Corchuelo particularly was made a

convert, and entirely cured of his obstinacy.

The night was just fallen, and before they came to the village, it seemed as if something like a heaven full of an infinite number of bright stars was between them and it; they likewise heard an harmonious but mixed sound of flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, drums, and bells. As they came nearer, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, which was made on one side of the entrance into the village; and this all flaming with lights, which were not in the least disturbed by the wind; for the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air, so much as to move a leaf upon a tree. But the life and spirit of the wedding consisted in the musicians, who in bands ranged up and down that delightful place, some singing, some dancing, and others playing upon the different instruments. In a word, it looked as if joy and delight were sporting and playing through this meadow: a great many were employed in raising scaffolds, that they might view from them more commodiously the plays and dances which were to be in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of Camacho the rich, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to enter the village, though both the batchelor and the countryman invited him: but he pleaded what he thought a sufficient excuse, the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs; and therefore he turned a little aside, grievously against the will of Sancho, who had not yet forgotten the good lodgings he had enjoyed in the house of Don Diego.

CHAP. III.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO BASILIUS THE POOR.

THE fair Aurora had hardly allowed Phœbus time to dry up the liquid pearls that hung upon his golden locks, when Don Quixote shaking from his limbs the drowzy fetters of sloth, got upon his legs, and called to Sancho Panza, who lay stretched along, and snoring; which situation his master seeing,

ing, before he awaked him, broke out into this soliloquy: 'Happy thou, and blessed beyond the fate of other mortals, who, neither envying nor envied, sleepest sound, with unconcern of soul! Inchanters neither persecute, nor enchantments terrify thee: sleep on, I say again, and a hundred times more I say, sleep on; no jealousies on account of a mistress torture thee with perpetual watchings, no anxious cares of paying debts awake thee, no solicitude how thou must to-morrow provide for thyself and little ones breaks in upon thy slumbers. Ambitious views create thee no disquiet, nor the vain pomp of this empty world occasions thee any disturbance; thy concern is centered within the bounds of taking care of thy ass; for, as to taking care of thy person, that is laid upon my shoulders, a charge and burden that both nature and custom have laid upon masters; the servant sleeps, while the master is awake, and thinking how he shall maintain him, advance him in life, or do him some service. The uneasiness that arises from seeing the heavens as it were hard as brass, locked up, and refusing rain to cherish the earth, brings no anxiety upon the servant, but upon the master; who, in the days of dearth and famine, is bound to provide for him who served him in the time of abundant and plentiful harvest.'

To all this effusion Sancho answered not one word, for he was fast asleep, nor would have waked when he did, but that his master jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. He waked yawning and drowsy; and turning his face every way, 'Umph!' said he, 'from yonder shady bower, if my nostrils deceive me not, proceeds rather the steam and savour of broiled rashers of bacon, than the fragrance of thyme and jessamine. O my conscience! weddings that begin in this savoury manner, must needs, in truth, be magnificent and abundant.'—'Thou epicure,' said Don Quixote, 'have done, and let us go see this wedding, and what will be the fate of the slighted Basilius.'—'Let his fate be as it pleases,' quoth Sancho; 'what, he poor and marry Quiteria! A pretty fancy truly, for one not worth a groat to think of matching so high; 'tis my opinion, a man who is poor ought to bless God

for what he finds, and not be diving to find truffles at the bottom of the sea. I'll lay a limb that Camacho can cover this same Basilius from head to foot with sixpenny pieces; and if this be so, as it certainly is, Quiteria would be a pretty lady of a bride, indeed, to refuse all the fine cloaths and fine things that, I warrant you, Camacho has given her already, and can give her still more; and to prefer, instead of them, a pitch at the bar truly, and a pass at the foils, which, it seems, make up Basilius's riches. Go into a tavern for a pint of wine, and see if they will take a pitch of the bar, or a clever push of the foils, in lieu of the reckoning; as for your abilities, and your refinements, and graces, that will bring in none of the ready; Count Dirlos may have them for me: but when they happen to take their resting-place on a man who has where-withal, O then, I wish no better than that my life may shew off as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good house may be raised, and the very best bottom and best foundation of any is wealth.'—'O!' cried Don Quixote, 'have done; have done with this harangue: I do from my soul believe, if one would but suffer thee to go on, thou wouldst lose both thy eating and sleeping in talking.'—'Was your worship possessed of a good memory,' replied Sancho, 'you would remember certain articles stipulated between us, before we sallied forth upon this expedition; one of which was, that I was to talk as much as I pleased, provided it was not scandal against my neighbour, or derogating from your worship's authority; and I imagine that nothing I have hitherto said is a breach of this agreement.'—'I remember no such agreement,' said Don Quixote; 'but, allowing it to be so, it is my pleasure you should give over, and come attend me; for now the instruments we heard last evening send their chearing sounds through the vallies; and beyond all doubt the nuptials will not be put off to the sultry heat of the noon-day, but be solemnized in the fresh cool of the morning.'

Sancho did as he was commanded, and putting on Rozinante's saddle and Dapple's pannel, they both mounted, and gently walked their beasts into the artificial

artificial shade. The first object that presented itself to the eyes of Sancho, was an entire bullock spitted whole, upon an elm, roasting by a fire of wood of the size of a middling mountain, and round it six pots, but not such pots as are cast in common moulds, for they were half jars, and each of them contained a whole shamble of meat; whole sheep found room in them, and were stewed as commodiously as if they had been so many pigeons. There was an innumerable quantity of caud hares, and ready-plucked fowls that hung about the branches of the trees, ready to be swallowed up in these receivers; and an infinite number of wild-fowl, with vast quantities of venison, were likewise hanging about the trees, for the air to cool them. Sancho himself told above threescore skins, which, as it was afterwards discovered, were full of rich wines, every skin containing above twenty-four quarts. Loaves of the whitest bread were piled up like heaps of wheat on a threshing floor; and such a quantity of cheese ranged in the form of bricks, as seemed a wall; two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, were ready for frying their fritters and pancakes; and when fried, they took them out with strong peels, and dipped them in another pot that stood by full of prepared honey. The cooks, men and women, amounted to above fifty, clean, good-humoured, and all busy; in the belly of the roasting bullock were sewed a dozen sucking pigs, to make it tender and savoury. Spices of all sorts, which seemed to have been bought by wholesale and not by retail, stood in a vast chest. In short, the preparations for the wedding were indeed in a rustick taste, but in such plenty and profusion as might have feasted an army.

Sancho looked at every thing, attentively considered each particular, and was in raptures with the whole. But his whole heart and affections were chiefly captivated by the flesh-pots; out of them he would have been glad, with all his heart, to have filled about a moderate barrel. Then the wine-skins made his bowels yearn; and after these the contents of the frying-pans, if vessels of such immoderate size may be so called. He could hold out no longer; it was not in the power of his nature to contain himself; therefore up he went to one of the cooks, who was busy, and

addressing himself to him with a humble and hungry air, begged that he might be permitted to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. To which request the cook replied, 'Hunger does not preside over this day, thanks be to Camacho the rich; e'en alight, and see if thou canst find any where a ladle, and skim-out a fowl or two, and much good may it do thy good heart.'—'I see no ladle,' said Sancho. 'God forgive me all my sins!' cried the cook, 'what a poor helpless thing thou art! stay.' So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and dipping it at once, into one of the half-jar pots, brought up three pullets, and a couple of geese. 'Here,' said he, 'eat; make a breakfast of this scum, and see if you can stay your stomach with it, till dinner-time.'—'I have nothing to put it in,' said Sancho. 'Then take ladle and all,' replied the cook; 'for Camacho's riches and good fortune are sufficient to supply every thing.'

While Sancho Panza passed his time in this manner, Don Quixote was attentive in observing about a dozen of countrymen, who entered in at one side of this spacious harbour, mounted upon beautiful mares, each of them accoutred with rich and gay caparisons, and hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and coursed round the meadow in a body, and, in regular careers, several times, with a joyous Moorish shout, flourishing, and crying out, 'Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the universe.' Which exclamation, Don Quixote hearing, said within himself, 'It is evident they never have beheld the beauty of my Dulcinea del Toboso; had they ever been blessed with a sight of her transcendent charms, they would be more sparing in their praises of this their Quiteria.'

Some time after there entered, at different parts of the harbour, different sets of dancers; one of whom consisted of twenty-four sword dancers, all of them clean, well-made, jolly swains, clad in fine white linen, and white handkerchiefs embroidered with silk of various colours. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth, who led the band of the sword-dancers, whether any of his companions had received any hurt? 'As yet,' replied the other,

other, 'we are all safe and sound, thanks be to God, no one is wounded!' and immediately upon that mixed among his companions with so many twistings and windings, and with such dexterity, that though Don Quixote had been used to behold such dances, he never saw any he approved so much. Another dance likewise pleased him prodigiously; that was another chorus of twelve most beautiful damsels, of such an age, that none appeared under fourteen, nor did any seem to be quite eighteen; they were all clad in green stuff of Cuenca, their locks were, some plaited, some flowing loose, and all so fine and flaxen, as to rival those of Phoebus himself, and crowned with garlands of roses, of jessamine, and of woodbine. This beautiful bevy was led up to the dance by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, both more airy and agile than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their musick, and with modesty in their looks and countenances, and lightness of foot, they danced and tripped it away the prettiest in the world. After these, entered an emblematick dance of eight nymphs divided into two bodies: the God of Love led one, and Interest the other; Cupid with his wings, his bow, his quiver, and arrows; Interest clad in gold, and silk of rich and various colours. The nymphs, attendants on Cupid, had their names displayed in white parchment, and capital letters on their backs: the first was named Poetry, the second Discretion, the third Pedigree, the fourth Bravery. The attendants on Interest were likewise characterised: the first was Liberality, the second Bounty, the third Treasure, the fourth Quiet possession. The whole masque was preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, and so savage they looked, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the front and on each of the four sides of this machine were inscribed these words, 'The Castle of Discretion.' Four able musicians played on the tabor and the pipe. Cupid, who began the dance, after he had made two movements, lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, to whom he pronounced this address—

'I am the God whose pow'r extends
'Thro' the wide ocean, earth, and sky;
'To my soft sway all nature bends,
'Compell'd by beauty to comply.
'Fearless, I rule, in calm and storm,
'Indulge my pleasure to the full,
'Things deem'd impossible perform,
'Bestow, resume, ordain, annul.'

Having repeated these stanzas, he shot an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his station. Then Interest advanced, and performed other two movements; after which the tabors were silent, and the power rehearsed these lines—

'My pow'r exceeds the might of Love;
'For Cupid bows to me alone,
'Of all things fram'd by Heav'n above,
'The most respected, sought, and known.
'My name is Interest, mine aid
'But few obtain, though all desire;
'Yet shall thy virtue, beauteous maid,
'My constant services acquire.'

Interest retiring, was succeeded by Poetry; who, after having performed his motions like the rest, fixed his eyes upon the lady of the castle, and said—

'Let Poetry, whose strain divine
'The wondrous pow'r of song displays,
'His heart to thee, fair nymph, consign,
'Transported, in melodious lays:
'If haply, thou wilt not refuse
'To grant my supplicated boon,
'Thy fame shall, wafted by the muse,
'Surmount the circle of the moon.'

Poetry disappearing, Liberality advanced from the side of Interest, and, after several movements, repeated these lines—

'My name is Liberality,
'Alike beneficent and wise,
'To shun wild prodigality,
'And sordid avarice despise:
'Yet, for thy favour lavish grown,
'A prodigal I mean to prove;
'An honourable vice, I own,
'But giving is the test of love.'

In this manner, all the figures of the two squadrons, advanced and retired, every one performing his movements; and repeating his verses, some of which were elegant, and others foolish enough; but those we have inserted were all that Don Quixote could retain, although his memory was very tenacious: then mix-

ing all together in the dance, they winded and turned with great ease, grace, and agility. Cupid, in passing, shot arrows at the castle, while Interest battered it with round gilded earthen pots: at length, after the dance had continued a good while, this last pulled out a large purse made of Roman cat-skin, to all appearance full of money, and throwing it at the castle, the boards seemed to be disjoined by the blow, and immediately fell asunder, leaving the damsel quite discovered and defenceless; then Interest, with the figures of his train, advancing, and throwing a great gold chain about her neck, seemed bent upon taking and dragging her into captivity. This design being perceived by Cupid and his partisans, they made an effort to release her, and all their motions were performed by the sound of the tabors, to which they danced and capered in concert. Then the savages interposing, and effecting an accommodation, resitted and rejoined the boards of the castle with admirable dispatch, the damsel enclosed herself anew; and thus the dance was finished, to the infinite satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, what author had contrived and composed this entertainment; and being told it was the production of the parson, who had a rare noddle for such conceits, 'I'll lay a wager,' said he, 'that this same batchelor or curate is more a friend of Camacho than of Basilius; and that he is better acquainted with satire than prayer; for he has very artfully interwoven in this mask the talents of Basilius, and the wealth of his rival.' Sancho Panza overhearing this observation, 'My cock is the king,' said he; 'and I hold fast by Camacho.'—'Then am I convinced,' replied the knight, 'that Sancho is one of those low-born peasants, who cry, "Long life to the conqueror."—"I know not," resumed the squire, "what sect I am of; but this I know perfectly well, that I shall never skim from the flesh-pots of Basilius, such a delicate scum as this that I have taken from the boilers of Camacho.' With these words, he produced the kettle full of geese and pullets, and

seizing a bird, began to eat with great glee and satisfaction; saying, in defiance of the talents possessed by Basilius, 'Thou art worth just as much as thou hast, and hast just as much as thou art worth. There are only two families in the world, as my granum was wont to observe, the Have-some-things and the Have-nothings: though she always stuck to the former; and now-a-days, my good master, we are more apt to feel the pulse of property than of wisdom. An ass with golden trappings, makes a better appearance than a horse with a pack-saddle. Therefore, I say again, I hold fast by Camacho, the plentiful scum of whose pots contains geese, hares, and conies, while that of Basilius, if it comes to hand, or even if it should only come to the feet, is no better than dish-washings.'

'Sancho,' cried Don Quixote, 'hast thou finished thy harangue?'—'It shall be finished,' replied the squire, 'as I see your worship is displeased with it; though, if your disgust had not fallen in the way, I had cut out work enough for three days.'—'Grant Heaven,' said the knight, 'that I may see thee dumb before I die!'—'At the rate we follow,' answered Panza, 'before your worship dies, my mouth will be crammed with clay, and then I may chance to be so dumb, that I shall not speak another word to the end of the world, or at least till the day of judgment.'—'Even should that be the case,' replied Don Quixote, 'I say unto thee, O Sancho! thy silence will never counterbalance what thou didst, dost, and wilt say, during the course of thy life; moreover, according to the nature of things, the day of my death will happen before thine; so that I have no hope of ever seeing thee silent; even while thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the greatest favour I could expect.'

'In good sooth, Signior,' said the squire, 'there is no trusting to Mrs. Ghostly, (I mean, death) who gobbles up the goslin as well as the goose; and as I have heard our curate observe, tramples down the lofty turrets of the prince, as well as the lowly

* In the original there is a play upon the words Descarnada, Cordero, and Carnero, which I have endeavoured to imitate, by substituting goose in the room of mutton, which is the literal meaning of the text.

cottage of the swain. That same lady, who is more powerful than coy, knows not what it is to be dainty and squeamish; but eats of every thing, and crams her wallet with people of all nations, degrees, and conditions; she is none of your labourers that take their afternoon's nap, but mows at all hours, cutting down the dry stubble as well as the green grass; nor does she seem to chew, but rather swallows and devours every thing that falls in her way; for she is gnawed by a dog's hunger that is never satisfied; and though she has no belly, plainly shews herself dropical, and so thirsty as to drink up the lives of all the people upon earth, just as one would swallow a draught of cool water.—'Enough, friend Sancho,' cried the knight, interrupting him in this place; 'keep thyself well, now thou art in order, and beware of stumbling again; for, really, a good preacher could not speak more to the purpose than thou hast spoken upon death, in thy rustick manner of expression; I say unto thee, Sancho, if thy discretion was equal to thy natural parts, thou mightest ascend the pulpit, and go about teaching and preaching to admiration.'—'He is a good preacher who is a good liver,' answered Panza; 'and that is all the divinity I know.'—'And that is sufficient,' said the knight; 'yet I shall never understand or comprehend, as the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, how thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of thy Maker, should be so wise?'—'Signior,' replied Sancho, 'I desire your worship would determine in your own affairs of chivalry, without taking the trouble to judge of other people's valour or fears; for my own part, I am as pretty a fearer of God as one would desire to see in any neighbour's child; wherefore, I beseech your worship, let me discuss this same scum; for every thing else is idle chat, of which we shall be able to give a bad account in the other world.' So saying, he renewed his attack upon his kettle, with such keen appetite as awakened that of his master, who would have certainly joined in the

assault, had not he been prevented by that which we must now relate.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH CONTINUES TO TREAT OF CAMACHO'S WEDDING, AND OTHER INCIDENTS.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation related in the preceding chapter, they heard a great noise and shouting, raised by a company mounted on mares, galloping in full cry, to meet the young couple; who came surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments, and accompanied by the curate, the relations, and all the creditable people of the neighbouring villages, in their holiday cloaths. Sancho, seeing the bride, exclaimed with marks of admiration, 'I faith! she looks more like one of your gay court-dames, than a plain country-maid. Now, by the biggest beads of my rosary! instead of a tin brooch*, her breast is bedizened with rich coral, and her hoyden-grey is turned into thirty-piled velvet; and, body o'me! the trimming is not of white linen, but of silk and fatten: then handle me her hands, set off with what? jewels of jet? No! let me never thrive, if they an't decked with rings of gold! aye, and of massy gold, paved with pearls as white as a curd, every one of which is worth a Jew's eye. O the whore'son baggage! and such hair! if it is not false, I never saw any so long, and so fair in my born-days. Do but mind how buxom, straight, and tall she is, and see whether she may not be compared to a moving palm-tree, loaded with clusters of dates; for nothing can be more like the gewgaws and toys that hang from her hair and neck. By my salvation! the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders.' Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustick praises of his squire, owned that, exclusive of his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, she was the most beautiful female he had ever seen.

* The patina was a small consecrated plate which the Spanish women, especially those of an inferior rank, wore upon their breasts.

Nevertheless, the fair Quiteria was paler than usual; and this change of complexion must have been owing to the bad night which brides always pass in adorning themselves for the approaching day of their nuptials. The company repaired to a theatre erected at one side of the meadow, and ornamented with carpets and boughs, where the ceremony was to be performed, and from whence they were to see the masques and other diversions; and they had just arrived at the place when their ears were saluted with a noise behind them, and a voice that pronounced, 'Stay a little, hasty and inconsiderate people.'—In consequence of this address, they turned about, and perceived it was uttered by a man clothed in a loose black coat, interspersed with crimson flames, crowned, as they soon perceived, with a chaplet of funeral cypress, and holding in his hand a truncheon of uncommon size. As he approached, he was known to be the gallant Basilius; at sight of whom they were surprized, and waited in suspense to see the issue of his exclamation, dreading some mischance from such an unseasonable visit. At length, wearied and breathless, he came up to the bride and bridegroom, and thrusting in the ground his staff that was pointed with steel, he fixed his eyes upon Quiteria; and with a pale aspect, and hoarse quavering voice, pronounced these words: 'Thou well knowest, ungrateful Quiteria, that, according to the holy faith we profess, thou canst not espouse another husband while I am alive; nor art thou ignorant, that while I waited until time and diligence should meliorate my fortune, I never sought to deviate from that decorum which thy honour required I should preserve; yet thou, disburdening thyself of all the obligations which thou owest to my honest passion, hast made another person master of what is justly mine; a man whose wealth is not only subservient to his good fortune, but even renders him superlatively happy; which happiness, that he may enjoy to the full (not that I think he deserves it, but because it is the will of Heaven to bestow it) I will, with my own hands, remove the impossibility or inconvenience that may obstruct it, by taking myself out of the way. Long live, long live Camacho the Rich, with Quiteria the Ungrateful, to

enjoy many quiet and happy years; and death be the portion of the poor Basilius, whose poverty clipped the wings of his fortune, and laid him in an untimely grave.'

So saying, he laid hold of the staff which he had stuck in the earth, and drew from it a middling tuck, which was concealed in it as in a scabbard; then fixing that which may be called the hilt on the ground, he threw himself, with great activity and resolution upon the point, which in an instant came out bloody at his shoulder, leaving the unhappy youth weltering in gore, and stretched upon the ground, transfixed with his own weapon. His friends immediately ran to his assistance, pierced with affliction at his misery and lamentable fate; and Don Quixote, dismounting, flew to his relief, held him in his arms, and found that he had not as yet expired. They were inclined to withdraw the tuck; but the curate, who was present, gave his opinion that it should not be withdrawn before he had confessed himself, because his death would be the immediate consequence of pulling out the weapon. Meanwhile, Basilius recovering a little, said, in a faint and piteous tone, 'Ah, cruel Quiteria! wouldst thou, in this last and fatal agony, bestow upon me thy hand in marriage, I should deem my rashness excused, seeing by that I should acquire the happiness of calling thee my own.' The curate, hearing this address, exhorted him to employ his attention upon the health of his soul, rather than upon such carnal pleasures, and earnestly pray to God to pardon his sins, and in particular this last desperate determination. To this remonstrance Basilius replied, that he would by no means confess, until Quiteria should first grant him her hand, a favour which would set his heart at rest, and give him spirits to undergo his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the petition of the wounded man, declared, in an audible voice, that Basilius requested nothing but what was just and reasonable, and besides very practicable; and that Signior Camacho's honour would suffer no more in wedding Signora Quiteria as the widow of Basilius, than in receiving her from her father's own hands; for here nothing was required but the monosyllable of assent, which could have no other effect than the trouble

trouble of pronouncing it, as the bridal bed must also be the tomb of such a marriage. Camacho heard the whole, which kept him in such confusion and suspense, that he knew not what to say or do: but the friends of Basilius were so clamorous in soliciting him to consent to Quiteria's giving her hand in marriage to the hapless youth, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he was persuaded, and as it were compelled to say, that if his bride would grant that favour, he should be satisfied, as it would only for a moment delay the accomplishment of his desires. Immediately they surrounded Quiteria, whom with tears, intreaties, and other pathetick remonstrances, they pressed to give her hand to poor Basilius; but she, more obdurate than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, neither could, would, or desired to answer one word; nor would she have made the least reply, had not the curate desired her to come to a speedy determination, for the soul of Basilius being already between his teeth, would not afford long time for hesitation.

Then the beautiful Quiteria, without speaking one syllable, but seemingly disordered, sad, and sorrowful, advanced to the place where Basilius lay, with his eyes already fixed, breathing short and thick, murmuring the name of Quiteria, and, to all appearance, dying rather like an heathen than a Christian. The bride at length approaching, and kneeling before him, desired by signs he would hold out his hand: then Basilius unfixing his eyes, and stedfastly gazing upon her, 'O Quiteria!' said he, 'thou art become kind at a time when thy kindness must serve as a sword to finish my unfortunate life; seeing I have not strength enough left to obtain that glory which thou wouldst confer in calling me thine, or to suspend the grief that comes so fast to cover mine eyes with the dismal shades of death. What I request, O fatal star of my destiny! is, that thy consent to this exchange of vows may not be a mere compliment to deceive me anew; but that thou wilt confess and declare there is no restraint upon thy inclination, while thy hand is given and delivered to me as thy lawful husband, for it would be cruel to use deceit and dissimulation with one in such extremity,

'who has always behaved to thee with such sincerity and truth.' Having pronounced these words, he fainted away, so that all the by-standers thought his soul would forsake his body in that swoon: but when he retrieved the use of his faculties, Quiteria, all blushing with modesty, took hold of his right hand, saying, 'No force upon earth would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom of inclination, I give thee my hand as thy lawful wife, and receive thine on the same terms, if thou bestowest it with the same good will, undisturbed and unconfounded by the calamity into which thou hast been hurried by thy own precipitate conduct.'—'I do,' answered Basilius, 'without either disorder or confusion; but, on the contrary, with all the clearness of understanding with which Heaven hath thought proper to endow me, I give and deliver myself for thy true and faithful husband.'—'And I take thee for such,' replied Quiteria, 'whether thou mayest live many years, or now be hurried from mine arms to the grave.'—'Considering how desperately this spark is wounded,' said Sancho Panza, 'methinks he talks woundily: make him lay aside his courtship, and mind his soul, which seems to be in his tongue rather than between his teeth.'

The hands of Basilius and Quiteria being joined, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the nuptial benediction, and fervently prayed, that God would grant forgiveness and repose to the soul of the bridegroom; who no sooner perceived the ceremony was performed, than he nimbly sprung upon his legs with incredible activity, withdrew the tuck which was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the by-standers; some of whom, being more simple than curious, began to cry aloud, 'A miracle! a miracle!' But Basilius replied, 'No miracle! no miracle! but sheer industry! nothing but industry!' The curate, confounded and astonished, ran up to feel the wound with both his hands, and found that the blade, instead of passing through the body of Basilius, had run through an iron tube fitted to the part, and full of blood, which, as they afterwards understood, was prepared so as to retain it's fluidity: in a word, the curate and Camacho, with almost all the company,

ny, found themselves fairly out-witted. The bride, however, expressed no mortification at the deceit: on the contrary, hearing somebody observe that such a marriage, obtained by fraud, could not be valid, she said she confirmed it anew. From which circumstance every one concluded, that the stratagem had been contrived and executed with her privity and consent. This supposition enraged Camacho and his adherents to such a degree, that they referred their revenge to the prowess of their hands, and, unsheathing a great many swords, assaulted Basilius, in whose favour almost an equal number were instantly produced, Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, well armed with his lance and shield, made the whole company give ground; while Sancho, who had no delight or comfort in such exploits, retired to the jars from which he had extracted his agreeable scum, looking upon that place as a sacred sanctuary and respected retreat. The knight exclaimed, in an audible voice, 'Forbear, gentlemen, forbear: it is unjust to revenge the grievances of love; for, in this particular, love and war are the same; and, as in the last, it is lawful and customary to use feints and stratagems against the enemy; so likewise in amorous contests and competitions, all sorts of tricks and contrivances are allowed in attaining the accomplishment of the lover's desire, provided they do not tend to the disparagement or dishonour of the beloved object. Quiteria was fated to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable determination of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how his inclination shall require; whereas Basilius has but this one poor sheep, of which he ought not to be deprived by any person, how powerful soever he may be; for those whom God hath joined, no man shall put asunder; and he who attempts it must first pass through the point of this lance.' So saying, he brandished it with such strength and dexterity, as filled the hearts of those who did not know him with fear and consternation; and the disdain of Quiteria made such a deep impression upon the imagination of Camacho, that he shook her from his heart in an instant; so that the persuasions of the curate, who was a pru-

dent and well-meaning priest, pacified and quieted him and his partizans, who, in token of peace, sheathed their weapons, blaming the inconstancy of Quiteria more than the contrivance of Basilius; and Camacho himself observed, that if she loved Basilius before marriage, the same love would have continued after it; and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for having lost, than he should have had for obtaining such an help-mate.

Camacho, and those of his train, being thus consoled and appeased, the friends of Basilius took no step to disturb their peace; and Camacho the Rich, in order to shew how little he resented or thought of the trick which had been played him, desired that the entertainments might proceed as if he was really to be married: but Basilius, with his bride and followers refusing to partake of them, set out in a body for the place of his habitation; for the poor, who are virtuous and discreet, will always find people to honour, attend, and support them, as well as the rich with all their parasites and companions. In consequence of their earnest intreaty, they were accompanied by Don Quixote, whom they esteemed as a prodigy of valour and integrity; and nothing was cloudy but the soul of Sancho, when he found it impossible to enjoy the splendid banquets and diversions of Camacho, that lasted till night: he therefore, in a fretful and melancholy mood, followed his master, who joined the troop of Basilius; leaving behind the flesh-pots of Egypt, although he still retained them in his fancy; and the half-finished scum of his kettle inhanced the glory and abundance of the benefit he had lost; so that, pensive, sullen, and sad, yet without hunger or dismounting from Dapple, he silently trudged after the heels of Rozinante.

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE VAST ADVENTURE OF THE CAVE OF MONTESINÓS; IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, WHICH WAS HAPPILY ATCHIEVED BY THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE.

GREAT and manifold were the treats and particulars of respect paid to Don Quixote by the new-married couple, who thought themselves greatly

greatly obliged by the readiness he had shewn to defend their cause, and looked upon his discretion to be equal to his valour; indeed, they esteemed him a perfect Cid in arms, and a Cicero in elocution. Honest Sancho regaled himself three days at their expence, during which it was known that the contrivance of the fictitious wound had not been communicated to Quiteria, but was hatched by the ingenuity of Basilius himself, in hope of meeting with that success which, as we have seen, he actually attained; true it is, he confessed he had imparted his design to some of his friends, that they might, in case of necessity, favour his intention, and facilitate the execution of his deceit.

‘Whatsoever hath virtue for it’s ultimate aim,’ said Don Quixote, ‘neither can or ought to be called deceit; and surely no aim can be more excellent than the union of two lovers in the holy bands of marriage.’ He observed, that the greatest enemy of love is hunger and necessity; for love is altogether sprightly, joyous, and satisfied, especially when the object of desire is in possession of the lover, whose fierce and declared adversaries are want and inconvenience. He made these observations with a view to persuade Signior Basilius to quit the exercise of those talents he possessed, which, though they acquired reputation, would not earn a farthing of money, and to employ his attention in augmenting his estate by legal and industrious means, that never fail the prudent and the careful. The poor man of honour (if a poor man can deserve that title) possesses, in a beautiful wife, a jewel; and when that is taken away, he is deprived of his honour, which is murdered: a beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of triumph; for beauty alone attracts the inclinations of those who behold it, just as the royal eagle and soaring hawk stoop to the savoury lure; but if that beauty is incumbered by poverty and want, it is likewise attacked by ravens, kites, and other birds of prey; and if she who possesses it firmly withstands all these assaults, she well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. ‘Take notice, dearest Basilius,’ added the knight, ‘it was the opinion of a certain

sage, that there was but one good wife in the whole world; and he advised every husband to believe she had fallen to his share, and accordingly be satisfied with his lot. I myself am not married, nor hitherto have I entertained the least thought of changing my condition; nevertheless, I will venture to advise him who asks my advice, in such a manner, that he may find a woman to his wish: in the first place, I would exhort him to pay more regard to reputation than to fortune; for a virtuous woman does not acquire a good name, merely by being virtuous, she must likewise maintain the exteriors of deportment, for the honour of the sex suffers much more from levity and freedom of behaviour in publick, than from any private misdeeds. If thou bringest a good woman to thy house, it will be an easy task to preserve and even improve her virtue; but, shouldst thou chuse a wife of a different character, it will cost thee abundance of pains to mend her; for it is not very practicable to pass from one extreme to another: I do not say it is altogether impossible, though I hold it for a matter of much difficulty.’

Sancho hearing these remarks, said to himself, ‘This master of mine, whenever I chance to utter any thing pithy or substantial, will say I might take a pulpit in hand, and travel through the world, teaching and preaching to admiration; now, I will say for him, that when he begins to string sentences, and give advice, he might not only take one pulpit in hand, but even a couple on each finger, and stroll about the market-towns. Wit, whether wouldst thou? May the devil fetch him for a knight-errant! he knows but every thing. I thought for certain, he could be acquainted with nothing but what relates to his chivalries; but he pecks at every thing, and throws his spoonful in every man’s dish.’

His master overheard him murmuring in this manner, and asking what he grumbled at, ‘I don’t grumble,’ answered Sancho, ‘I was only saying to myself, I wished I had heard those remarks of your worship before I married; in which case I might now, perhaps, remark in my turn, “The loosened

“loofened ox is well licked.”—“What, ‘is Teresa fuch a bad wife?’ said the knight. ‘Not very bad,’ answered the fquire, ‘but then fhe is not very good; ‘at leaft, not fo good as I could wifh.’—‘You are in the wrong, Sancho,’ faid Don Quixote, ‘to difparage your wife, who in effect is the mother of ‘your children.’—‘As to that matter,’ replied Sancho, ‘we are not at all in ‘one another’s debt; for fhe can dif- ‘parage me faft enough, efpecially ‘when fhe takes it in her head to be ‘jealous, and then Satan himfelf could ‘not endure her.’

In a word, they ftayed three days with the new-married couple, during which they were treated and ferved like the king’s own perfon; and here Don Quixote defired the nimble-wrifled licentiate, to provide him with a guide to direct his fteps to the cave of Montefinos, which he had a longing defire to explore, that he might investigate with his own eyes the truth of thofe wonderful ftories that were reported of it, through the whole neighbourhood. The licentiate promifed to accommodate him with a firft-coufin of his own, a famous ftudent deeply read in books of chivalry, who would willingly conduct him to the very mouth of the cave, and point out the lakes of Ruydera, fo famous not only in the province of La Mancha, but alfo through the whole kingdom of Spain: and he likewise obferved, that he would find his converfation very entertaining; for he was a lad who knew how to compofe books for the prefs, and even dedicate them to princes. At length this coufin arrived upon an afs big with foal, whose pannel was covered with a piece of tawdry tapeftry or carpet: Sancho faddled Rozinante, put Dapple in order, ftowed his wallet, which was reinforced by the coufin’s, likewise very well ftored; then recommending themfelves to God, and taking leave of the company, they fet out, chufing the fhorteft road to the famous cave of Montefinos.

While they travelled along, Don Quixote addreffing himfelf to the ftudent, asked what was the nature and quality of his exercifes, ftudies, and profeflion? To this queftion the other answered, that his profeflion was humanity; and that his exercife and ftudy confifted in compofing books for the prefs, of great emolument, and no lefs

entertainment to the publick; that one of them was intituled, The Book of Liveries, in which he had defcribed feven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers: ‘From thefe,’ faid he, ‘your courtiers may extract ‘and affume fuch devices as will fuit ‘their fancies, in times of feftivity and ‘rejoicing, without going about begging from any perfon whatever, or ‘cudgelling their brains, as the faying is, ‘in order to invent what will fuit their ‘feveral defires and difpofitions; for I ‘inferf thofe that will fit the jealous, the ‘difdained, the forgotten, and abfent, fo ‘exactly, that the juft will far exceed the ‘number of the Gentiles. I have likewise finifhed another book, which I ‘propofe to call, The Metamorphofes; ‘or, The Spanifh Ovid; of an invention equally new and agreeable; for ‘there, in imitation of Nafo, I give a ‘burlefque defcription and hiftory of ‘the Giralda of Seville, the Angel of La ‘Madalina, the Conduit of Vecingueria at Cordova, the bulls of Guifanda, ‘the Sierra Morena, the Fountains of ‘Leganitos, and the Levapies of Madrid, not forgetting thofe of the Piojo, ‘the Golden Pipe, and the Priora, with ‘their allegories, metaphors, and transformations, which at once furprize, ‘inftruct, and entertain. I have a ‘third performance, which I denominate, The Supplement to Polydore ‘Virgil, which treats of the invention ‘of things, and is a work of great ftudy ‘and erudition; for many things of ‘great importance, which Polydore has ‘omitted, I examine and explain in a ‘moft elegant ftile: he, for example, ‘has forgot to let us know who was ‘the firft perfon troubled with a defluxion or rheum, and who was firft ‘anointed for the cure of the French ‘diftemper: now thefe two queftions ‘I refolve in the moft accurate manner, ‘upon the authority of above five and ‘twenty authors; fo your worfhip will ‘perceive whether I have laboured to ‘good purpofe, and compofed a book ‘that will be ufeful to the world in general.’

Sancho having liftened very attentively to this narration, ‘Tell me, ‘Signior,’ faid he, ‘fo may God lend ‘an helping hand to the printing of ‘your books; tell me, if you know, ‘and furely you know every thing, ‘who was the firft man that fcratched ‘his

* his own head? for my own part, I
 * firmly believe it must have been our
 * father Adam.'—'Certainly,' answered
 the student; 'for Adam without doubt
 * had a head, and hair upon it; now
 * that being the case, and he being the
 * first man in the world, he must have
 * scratched it sometimes.'—'I am of
 * the same opinion,' resumed Sancho;
 * but now, pray tell me who was the
 * first tumbler?'—'Verily, brother,' re-
 sumed the scholar, 'I cannot determine
 * that point until I shall have studied it,
 * and study it I will, upon my return
 * to the place where I keep my books;
 * so that I shall satisfy you the next
 * time we meet, for I hope this will not
 * be the last time of our meeting.'—
 * Then I desire you will give your-
 * self no trouble about the matter,' said
 Sancho; 'for I have already found out
 * the solution of my question: know,
 * Signior, that the first tumbler must
 * have been Lucifer, who, when he was
 * thrown and rejected from heaven,
 * came tumbling down to the bottom-
 * less pit.'—'Friend,' cried the student,
 * you are certainly in the right.'—
 * That question and answer,' said Don
 Quixote, 'is none of thy own; thou
 * must have learned them from some
 * other person, Sancho.'—'Hold your
 * tongue, Signior,' replied the squire;
 * for, in good faith! if I begin to ques-
 * tion and answer, I shall not have done
 * till morning: yes, as to the matter of
 * asking like a fool, and answering like
 * a simpleton, I have no occasion to
 * crave the assistance of my neighbours.'—
 * Thou hast said more than thou art
 * aware of,' answered Don Quixote;
 * for some people there are who fatigue
 * themselves in learning, and investi-
 * gating that which, when learned and
 * investigated, is not worth a farthing
 * either to the memory or understand-
 * ing.'

In this and other such relishing dis-
 course they passed that day, and at night
 took up their lodging in a small vil-
 lage, from whence, as the scholar told
 the knight, the distance to the cave of
 Montesinos did not exceed a couple of
 leagues; and he observed, that if Don
 Quixote was really determined to ex-
 plore the cavern, it would be necessary
 to provide ropes, by which he might be
 lowered down to it's bottom. The
 knight said, that although he should
 descend to the abyss, he would see the

bottom, for which purpose he purchased
 about a hundred fathoms of rope. Next
 day, about two o'clock in the after-
 noon, they arrived at the cave, and
 found the mouth broad and spacious,
 though overgrown with thorns, weeds,
 brambles, and brakes, so thick and in-
 tricate, that it was almost quite covered
 and concealed; at sight of the place all
 three alighted; the student and Sancho
 immediately began to fasten the rope
 strongly about the knight, and while
 they were thus employed in cording and
 girding him, Sancho addressing him-
 self to the adventurer, 'Dear master,'
 said he, 'consider what your worship
 * is about; seek not to bury yourself
 * alive, and to be used like a bottle of
 * wine, let down to cool in some well;
 * for it neither concerns nor belongs to
 * your worship to be the surveyor of
 * that pit, which must be worse than a
 * "dungeon."—'Tie the knot, and hold
 * thy tongue, friend Sancho,' answered
 Don Quixote, 'for such an enterprize
 * as this was reserved for me alone.' Then
 the guide interposing, 'I intreat
 * your worship, Signior Don Quixote,'
 said he, 'to consider attentively, and
 * examine, as it were, with a hundred
 * eyes, every circumstance within this
 * cave, where, perhaps, there may be
 * things which I shall insert among my
 * transformations.'—'The cymbal,'
 answered Sancho, 'is in the hands that
 * can play it to the utmost nicety.'

This discourse having passed, and
 the ligature being made, not over the
 knight's armour but his doublet, 'We
 * have been guilty of an inadvertency,'
 said Don Quixote, 'in coming hither
 * unprovided with a small bell, which,
 * had it been tied to me with the same
 * cord, would, with it's sound, have
 * given you notice, as I descended, of
 * my being alive; but, as it is now im-
 * possible to be accommodated, I com-
 * mit myself to the hands of God, who
 * will conduct me.' Then falling upon
 his knees, he in a low voice preferred
 a prayer to Heaven, beseeching God to
 assist and crown him with success, in
 this seemingly perilous and new adven-
 ture. His ejaculation being finished,
 he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'O!
 * thou mistress of my deeds and mo-
 * tions, the most resplendent and peer-
 * less Dulcinea del Toboso! if the
 * prayer and petition of this thy adven-
 * turous lover can possibly reach thine

‘ears, I conjure thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to grant my request, which is no other than that thou wouldst not now deny me thy favour and protection, when I stand so much in need of both; for I am just upon the brink of darting, plunging, and ingulphing myself into the profound abyss that opens wide before me, on purpose that the world may know there is nothing so impossible that I will not attempt and execute, under the wings of thy favour.’

So saying, he approached the pit, where he found it would be impracticable to slip down, or make way for entering, without the strength of arms and back-strokes: he therefore, unsheathing his sword, began to lay about him, and mow down the bushes that grew around the mouth of the cave, out of which an infinite number of huge crows and daws, affrighted at the noise and disturbance, sallied forth with such force and velocity, as laid the knight upon his back; and had he been as superstitious as he was a good catholic, he would have looked upon this irruption as a bad omen, and excused himself from visiting the bowels of such a dreary place: at length he rose, and seeing that the flight of crows, and other birds of night, was now over, (for a number of bats had likewise come forth) he put the rope in the hands of Sancho and the scholar, desiring them to lower him down to the bottom of that dreadful cavern, which when he entered, Sancho gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, exclaimed, ‘God and the Rock of France, together with the Trinity of Gaeta, be thy guides, thou flower, and cream, and scum of knights-errant: there thou goest, bully of the globe, heart of steel, and arm of brass! I say again, God be thy guide, and bring thee back safe, sound, and without deceit, to the light of this life, which thou art now forsaking to bury thyself in that obscurity.’ Almost the same prayer and deprecation was uttered by the scholar; while Don Quixote called aloud for rope, and afterwards for more rope, which they gave him by little and little. By that time the voice, which ascended through the windings and turnings of the cave, ceased to vibrate on their ears, they had already uncoiled

the hundred fathoms, and were inclined to hoist him up again, as they had no more cord to spare: they stayed, however, about half an hour, at the expiration of which they began to pull up the rope, which seemed to have no weight attached to it, and came up with such ease, that they imagined the knight was left below; a supposition, in consequence of which the squire wept most bitterly, while he pulled with great eagerness in order to discover the truth; but when they had coiled up about fourscore fathoms they felt the weight again, and were exceedingly rejoiced: finally, at the distance of ten fathoms, they distinctly perceived Don Quixote; to whom Sancho addressed himself, saying, ‘Dear master, I wish your worship an happy return; we began to think you had tarried below to breed.’

To this welcome the knight answered not a word. When they had pulled him up, they perceived his eyes were shut, and that, to all appearance, he was fast asleep; then he was laid upon the ground, and untied, but still he did not awake: however, by dint of turning, jogging, shaking, and moving, they, after some time, brought him to himself, when yawning hideously as if he had awoke from a profound and heavy sleep, he looked around with amazement, and pronounced, ‘God forgive you, friends, for having withdrawn me from the most delightful prospect and agreeable life that ever mortal saw or enjoyed: in effect, I am now fully convinced, that all the pleasures of this life fleet away like a shadow or dream, or fade like the flowers of the field. O unfortunate Montefinos! O deeply wounded Durandarte! O hapless Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and you forlorn daughters of Ruydera, who by your waters shew the copious floods of tears that fall from your beauteous eyes!’

The scholar and Sancho hearing these words, which Don Quixote seemed to heave with immense pain from his very entrails, begged he would explain the meaning of what he had said, and inform them of what he had seen in that infernal gulph. ‘Infernal, call you it?’ said the knight; ‘pray give it a better epithet, for that it surely does deserve, as you will presently
‘per-

'perceive.' Then he desired they would give him something to eat, for he was excessively hungry; and they, spreading the carpet upon the grass, produced the buttery of their bags, when all three sitting around them, in love and good-fellowship, made one meal serve for supper and afternoon's luncheon, which being finished, and the cloth taken away, 'My sons,' said Don Quixote, 'let no man stir, but listen with your whole attention to that which I am going to rehearse.'

CHAP. VI.

OF THE WONDERFUL INCIDENTS RECOUNTED BY THE EXTRA-VAGANT DON QUIXOTE, WHO PRE-TENDED TO HAVE SEEN THEM IN THE PROFOUND CAVE OF MONTESINOS; FROM THE GREATNESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY OF WHICH THIS ADVENTURE HAS BEEN DEEMED APOCRYPHAL.

IT might be about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun retiring behind a cloud, so as to emit a scanty light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity of relating coolly and comfortably to his two illustrious hearers the particulars he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he accordingly began to recite what follows.

'About twelve or fourteen fathoms below the mouth of this dungeon, there is a concavity on the right hand, wide enough to contain a large waggon with it's cattle, and illuminated by a small stream of light that descends through corresponding cracks and crannies, which open at a distance on the surface of the earth: this spacious cavity I perceived, when I was tired and out of humour at finding myself hanging and descending by a rope, through that dark and dreary dungeon, without knowing any certain and determined way; I therefore resolved to enter it, and repose myself a little, and called to you to leave off lowering the rope, until I should give you farther notice; but I suppose you did not hear me, so that I gathered up the cord you let down, and making it into an heap or coil, sat down upon it in

a very pensive mood, to consider how I should descend to the bottom, having no person to support my weight. While I sat musing on this misfortune I was all of a sudden overpowered by a most profound sleep, and without dreaming of the matter, or knowing how, or wherefore, I awoke, and found myself in the midst of the most beautiful, charming and delightful meadow that nature could create, or the most fertile imagination conceive. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, so as to see that far from sleeping I was broad awake: nevertheless, I felt my head, and fumbled in my bosom, in order to be assured, whether it was really my identical self or some unsubstantial phantom and counterfeit; but the touch, the reflection, and connected discourse I held with myself, concurred to convince me, that I was the same at that time as I find myself at present. Then was my view regaled with a sumptuous palace or castle, with walls and battlements of clear, transparent chrystal, and two large folding-gates, which, opening, there came forth, advancing towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long cloak of purple baize, that trailed upon the ground: his shoulders and breast were girded with a collegiate scarf of green sattin; his head was covered with a black Milan cap; and his beard, white as the drifted snow, descended to his middle. He wore no arms, but held in his hand a rosary of beads as large as walnuts, though the tens were as big as ostrich-eggs; and his deportment, air, gravity, and dignified presence, filled me with surprize and veneration. Coming up to me, the first thing he did was to hug me closely in his arms; then he said, "Long, very long, most valiant knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, have we, who are enchanted in these solitudes, expected thy arrival, that thou mayest inform the world of what is contained and concealed in this profound cavern, which is called the cave of Montesinos; an adventure hitherto reserved on purpose to be atchieved by thy invincible heart and most stupendous courage. Follow me, illustrious Signior, and I will shew thee the wonders that lie hid in this

“transparent castle, of which I am governor and perpetual warder, as being that identical Montefinos from whom the cavern takes its name.” No sooner had he told me who he was, than I asked if it was true, what the world above related of him, namely, that he had, with a small dagger, cut out the heart of his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to the Lady Belerma, according to his own desire, while he was in the agonies of death. He answered, every circumstance was true, except that of the dagger; for it was neither a dagger, nor small in its dimensions, but a polished poignard as sharp as an awl.

Here Sancho interposing, observed, that such a poignard must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville. “I do not know who was the maker,” said the knight, “but it could not be that sword-cutler; for Raymond de Hozes was living the other day; whereas many years are elapsed since the battle of Roncesvalles, where that misfortune happened; but this enquiry is of no importance; nor does it disturb or alter the truth and evidence of the story.”—“No, surely,” cried the scholar, “pray good your worship Don Quixote proceed; for I listen to your narration with infinite pleasure.”—“And I feel no less in recounting it,” answered the knight.

“Well, then, the venerable Montefinos led me into the chryselline palace, where, in a low hall, cool beyond conception, and lined with alabaster, stood a monument of marble of exquisite workmanship, upon which I perceived a knight lying at full length, I do not mean a statue of bronze, marble, or jasper, such as we commonly see on other tombs, but a man of real flesh and bones: he held his right-hand, which being muscular and hairy, denoted the great strength of the owner, over the region of the heart; and before I had time to ask any questions, Montefinos seeing me astonished, and gazing attentively at the sepulchre, “This is my friend Durandarte,” said he, “the flower and mirror of all the valiant and enamoured knights of his time: here he is kept enchanted as well as myself, and many others of both sexes, by Merlin, that French

“inchanter, who is said to have been begotten by the devil; though, for my own part, I believe he is not really the devil’s son, but that, according to the proverb, he knows one point more than the devil. How, or for what reason he enchanted us, nobody knows, but time will discover the mystery; and, in my opinion, that time is not far off: what surprises me is, I know as certainly as the sun shines, that Durandarte breathed his last in my arms, and after he was dead, I with my own individual hands took out his heart, which must certainly have weighed a couple of pounds; for, according to the observation of naturalists, the man who has a large heart is endowed with more valour than he whose heart is of smaller dimensions: this being the case, and the knight certainly dead, how comes he, even at this day, to sigh and complain, from time to time, as if he was actually alive?”

“He had no sooner pronounced these words, than the wretched Durandarte cried, in a loud voice, “O cousin Montefinos! the last favour I requested of you, was, that when my soul should quit my body, you would extract my heart either with poignard or dagger, and carry it to Belerma.” The venerable Montefinos, hearing this apostrophe, kneeled before the piteous knight, and with tears in his eyes, replied, “Already, Signior Durandarte, my dearest cousin! already have I executed what you commanded me to perform, on that unlucky day of our defeat: I extracted your heart as well as I could, without leaving the smallest particle of it in your breast; I wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and set out with it full gallop for France, after having first committed you to the bosom of the earth, with such a flood of tears as was sufficient to bathe and wash my hands of the blood they had contracted by raking in your bowels; and as a surer token, dear cousin of my soul! at the first place I reached, in my way from Roncesvalles, I sprinkled your heart with a little salt, that it might not acquire a bad smell, and continue, if not quite fresh, at least tolerably sweet, until it could be presented to the Lady Belerma, who, together
“with

" with you and me; and your squire
 " Guadiana, the duenna Ruydera, her
 " seven daughters, and two nieces,
 " and many others of your friends and
 " acquaintance, have been long in-
 " chanted in this place by the sage
 " Merlin; and although five hundred
 " years are elapsed, not one of us is
 " dead; though we have lost Ruydera
 " with her daughters and nieces, who,
 " by weeping, are, through the com-
 " passion of Merlin, converted into so
 " many lakes, which, in the world a-
 " bove, and in the province of LaMan-
 " cha, are called the Lakes of Ruydera;
 " the Seven Sisters belong to the king
 " of Spain, and the Two Nieces to the
 " knights of a very holy order, called
 " St. John. Your squire Guadiana
 " bewailing likewise your misfortune,
 " was changed into a river of the
 " same name, which, when it reached
 " the surface of the earth, and
 " saw the sun of the other sky, was
 " so grieved at the thoughts of leaving
 " you, that he sunk down into the
 " bowels of the globe; but, as it was
 " not possible for him to resist his na-
 " tural current, he from time to time
 " rises up, shewing himself to the sun
 " and to the nations: he receives a re-
 " inforcement from the waters of the
 " forementioned lakes, with which,
 " and many others that join his stream,
 " he enters Portugal in majesty and
 " pomp. Nevertheless, wheresoever he
 " runs, he discovers a sullen melan-
 " choly, and does not pique himself
 " upon breeding within his channel
 " fish of dainty relish and esteem; but
 " only such as are coarse and unfa-
 " voury, and widely different from
 " those of the golden Tagus. What
 " I now say, my dear cousin, I have
 " often expressed, and as you make
 " no reply, I conclude you either do
 " not hear or do not give credit to my
 " words: a circumstance which, as
 " Heaven doth know, overwhelms me
 " with affliction. I will at present
 " make you acquainted with one piece
 " of news, which, if it does not alle-
 " viate your sorrow, can surely, in
 " no shape, tend to it's augmentation.
 " Know then, here stands in your pre-
 " sence (open your eyes and behold
 " him) that great knight of whom so
 " many things have been prophesied
 " by the sage Merlin; that Don Quix-
 " ote de La Mancha, I say, who has

" renewed, and, with greater advan-
 " tages than in times past, raised again
 " from oblivion the long forgotten
 " chivalry, by the means and favour
 " of whom, perhaps, we ourselves may
 " be disenchanted; for great men such
 " great achievements are reserved."—
 " And if that should not be the case,"
 " replied the afflicted Durandarte, in a
 " faint and languid tone; " and if that
 " should not be the case, cousin, I say,
 " patience, and shuffle the cards."
 " Then turning himself upon one side,
 " he relapsed into his usual silence,
 " without speaking another word.
 " At that instant, hearing a great noise
 " of shriek and lamentations, accom-
 " panied with doleful sighing and dis-
 " mal sobbing, I turned about, and saw
 " through the chrystal walls into another
 " apartment, through which a proces-
 " sion passed, consisting of two files of
 " most beautiful damsels in mourning,
 " with white turbans on their heads, in
 " the Turkish manner; in the rear of
 " these came a lady, for such, by her
 " stately demeanour, she seemed to be,
 " clothed like the rest in black, with a
 " veil so full and long that it kissed the
 " ground: her turban was twice as
 " large as the largest of the others, her
 " eye-brows met above her nose, which
 " was flattish; her mouth was large,
 " but her lips retained the colour of ver-
 " milion; her teeth, which she some-
 " times discoloured, were thin and ill-set,
 " though white as blanched almonds;
 " and in her hand she held a fine linen
 " cloth, in which, as near as I could
 " guess, was an heart so dried and
 " shrivelled that it seemed to be of per-
 " fect mummy. Montefinos gave me
 " to understand, that all those of the
 " procession were domesticks of Duran-
 " darte and Belerma, enchanted in that
 " place, together with their lord and
 " lady; and that the last who carried
 " the heart in the napkin, was Belerma
 " herself, who, with her damsels, never
 " failed to appear in that procession four
 " days in the week, and sing; or rather
 " howl dirges over the body, and the
 " woeful heart of his cousin; and that,
 " if she now seemed a little homely, or
 " not quite so beautiful as some report-
 " ed her, the change proceeded from
 " the bad nights and worse days
 " she passed in that state of inchant-
 " ment, as I might perceive in her large
 " wrinkles and wan complexion; nor
 " did

‘ did that yellowness and those furrows
 ‘ proceed from any irregularity in the
 ‘ monthly disorder incident to wo-
 ‘ men; for many months and even
 ‘ years had passed since she had the
 ‘ least shew of any such evacuation;
 ‘ but, solely from the anguish of her
 ‘ heart, occasioned by that which she
 ‘ holds incessantly in her hand, and
 ‘ which renews and recalls to her me-
 ‘ mory the misfortune of her ill-fated
 ‘ lover: had it not been for that mis-
 ‘ chance, scarce would she have been
 ‘ equalled in beauty, sprightliness, and
 ‘ grace, even by the fair Dulcinea del
 ‘ Toboso, celebrated as she is not only
 ‘ in this country, but also through the
 ‘ whole universe.

“ Softly, Signior Don Montefinos,”
 ‘ said I, interrupting him at this period,
 ‘ be so good as to tell your story as it
 ‘ ought to be told; for you know all
 ‘ comparisons are odious, and there-
 ‘ fore there is no occasion to compare
 ‘ any person with another; the peer-
 ‘ less Dulcinea del Toboso is what
 ‘ she is, and the Lady Donna Belerma
 ‘ is likewise what she is and has been,
 ‘ and there let the matter rest.” To
 ‘ this remonstrance he replied, “ Par-
 ‘ don me, Signior Don Quixote; I
 ‘ confess I have been to blame, and
 ‘ egregiously erred, in saying, the
 ‘ Lady Dulcinea would scarce equal
 ‘ the Lady Belerma; seeing, my hav-
 ‘ ing known by certain guesses that
 ‘ your worship is the knight of Dul-
 ‘ cinea, was sufficient to have induced
 ‘ me to bite off my tongue, rather
 ‘ than compare her with any thing but
 ‘ Heaven itself.” Such satisfaction from
 ‘ the great Montefinos allayed the disgust
 ‘ that my heart received in hearing
 ‘ Belerma compared with my mistress.

‘ I marvel much,” said Sancho, ‘ that
 ‘ your worship did not fall upon the
 ‘ old hunks, and break every bone in
 ‘ his skin; aye, and pull his beard in
 ‘ such a manner as not to leave one
 ‘ single hair.”—‘ By no means, friend
 ‘ Sancho,” answered the knight, ‘ it
 ‘ would not have become me to behave
 ‘ in that manner; for we are all obliged
 ‘ to respect our seniors, although they
 ‘ are not knights; but more especially
 ‘ those who are really of that quality,
 ‘ and besides in a state of enchantment.
 ‘ This I know full well, that there
 ‘ was nothing left unpaid on either side,

‘ in the course of the questions and an-
 ‘ swers that passed between us.’

Here the scholar interposing, ‘ I
 ‘ cannot conceive,” said he, ‘ Signior
 ‘ Don Quixote, how your worship, in
 ‘ such a short time as that you have
 ‘ spent below, could see so many things,
 ‘ and ask and answer such a number of
 ‘ questions.”—‘ How long is it since I
 ‘ descended?” said the knight. ‘ Lit-
 ‘ tle more than an hour,” replied the
 ‘ squire. ‘ That’s impossible,” resumed
 ‘ Don Quixote; ‘ for night fell, and
 ‘ morning dawned, and darkness and
 ‘ light succeeded each other three times;
 ‘ so that, by my reckoning, I must
 ‘ have remained three days in those se-
 ‘ questered shades, which are hidden
 ‘ from our view.”—‘ My master must
 ‘ be in the right,” said Sancho, ‘ for as
 ‘ all those things have happened by in-
 ‘ chantment, perhaps what appeared
 ‘ but one hour to us, might seem three
 ‘ days and nights to your worship.”—
 ‘ It may be so,” answered the knight.
 ‘ Then the student asking if his wor-
 ‘ ship had eaten any thing in all that
 ‘ time, ‘ I have not tasted one mouthful,”
 ‘ said he, ‘ nor had I the least sensation
 ‘ of hunger.”—‘ And do those who are
 ‘ enchanted, eat?” resumed the scholar.
 ‘ They do not eat,” answered Don Quix-
 ‘ ote, ‘ nor do they void the larger ex-
 ‘ crements, though, it is supposed, that
 ‘ their nails, beards, and hair, are al-
 ‘ ways growing.’

Here Sancho desired to know, if ever
 ‘ those enchanted gentry enjoyed the bene-
 ‘ fit of sleep. To which interrogation his
 ‘ master replied, ‘ No, surely; at least, in
 ‘ those three days that I passed among
 ‘ them, neither they nor myself once
 ‘ closed an eye.”—‘ Here, then,” said the
 ‘ squire, ‘ we may conveniently trull in
 ‘ the proverb, Tell me your company,
 ‘ and I’ll tell you your manners.
 ‘ While your worship keeps company
 ‘ with enchanted people, who are al-
 ‘ ways fasting and watching, it is no
 ‘ great wonder if you neither eat nor
 ‘ sleep while you are among them; but
 ‘ really, Signior, your worship must
 ‘ forgive me, if I say, that of all you
 ‘ have told us, God take me, I was
 ‘ going to say the devil, if I believe
 ‘ one circumstance.”—‘ How!” cried the
 ‘ scholar, ‘ then Signior Don Quixote
 ‘ must have lied; who, even if we could
 ‘ entertain such a supposition, has not
 ‘ had

had time to compose and contrive such a number of fables.—‘I do not believe that my master tells lyes,’ answered Sancho. ‘What, then, is thy conception?’ said the knight. ‘I conceive,’ replied Sancho, ‘that Merlin, or those magicians who have enchanted the whole rabble which your worship hath seen and discoursed with below, have likewise stuffed your noddle or memory with all that nonsense which you have already recounted, as well as what you have left untold.’—‘That might be the case,’ said Don Quixote, ‘but I assure you it is not so at present; for what I have recounted I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands. But, what wilt thou say, when I now tell thee, that among an infinite number of other wonderful things, which I shall relate hereafter, in the course of our travels, as they do not all belong to this place, Montefinos shewed me three country-wenchies, leaping and skipping like so many goats, through those delightful plains; and scarce had I set eyes on them, when I recognized them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and those two individual young women, with whom we spoke in the neighbourhood of Toboso. When I asked Montefinos if he knew them, he answered in the negative, but said he took them to be some enchanted ladies of quality; for they had appeared but a few days in that meadow; nor ought I to wonder at that circumstance, forasmuch as in the same place there were many ladies of the past and present age, enchanted in different and strange forms; among whom he recollected Queen Ginebra and her duenna Quintanona, who was skinker to Lancelot, when he came from Britain.’ Sancho, hearing his master talk in this manner, was ready to run distracted, or burst with laughing; for, knowing the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of which indeed he himself had been the author and evidence, he was convinced, beyond all doubt, that his master was stark-staring mad; and in that persuasion exclaimed, ‘In evil hour, accursed season, and unlucky day, my dear master, did your worship go down to the other world; and in a mischievous moment did you meet

with Signior Montefinos, who has sent you back in such a woeful condition. Well was your worship here above, in your sound judgment, such as God had bestowed upon you, saying sentences, and giving counsel at every turn, and not as at present, venting a heap of the greatest nonsense, that was ever conceived.’—‘I know thee too well, Sancho,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘to mind what thou sayest.’—‘And I, in like manner,’ replied the squire, ‘know you too well to regard what you say: wound me, or confound me, or kill me if you will, for what I have said, and what I mean to say, if your worship does not mend and correct your own speeches; but, now we are at peace, pray tell me how or by what token you came to know our lady mistress, and if you spoke to her, what answer she made?’

‘I knew her again,’ replied the knight, ‘by the same cloaths she wore when thou thyself didst shew her to my astonished eyes; I likewise addressed myself to her, but she answered not a syllable; on the contrary, she turned about, and fled so swiftly, that an arrow would not have overtaken her: nevertheless, I wished to follow, and would certainly have pursued her, had not Montefinos advised me not to fatigue myself; for it would be to no purpose, and besides, it was time for me to return to the light above. He likewise told me, that, in process of time, he would give me notice in what manner he, Durandarte, Belerma, and all the rest, in those sequestered shades, were to be disinherited. But what of all I saw and observed gave me the greatest pain, was this; while I was engaged in this conversation with Montefinos, one of the hapless Dulcinea’s companions came up to me, unperceived, and with tears in her eyes, thus accosted me, in a low and whimpering voice: “My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship’s hands, and begs your worship will be pleased to let her know how your worship does; moreover, being in great necessity, she supplicates your worship, in the most earnest manner, to be pleased to lend her, upon this her new cotton under-petticoat, half a dozen

“rials,

“ rials, or any small matter your workshop can spare, which, upon her honest word, shall be restored in a very short time.” This message filled me with surprize and concern; and turning to the sage, “ Is it possible, Signior Montefinos,” said I, “ that people of condition are exposed to necessity, in a state of enchantment ?” To this question he replied, “ Take my word for it, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, that which we call necessity is known in all states, extending to all conditions, prevailing among every class of people, and not even sparing those who are enchanted; and since Signora Dulcinea del Toboso sends to beg these six rials, and the pledge seems to be well worth the money, you had better let her have them; for she must certainly be in great trouble.” — “ The pledge I will not touch,” said I, “ nor indeed can I comply with her request; for I have not above four rials !” which I gave her; and these were the very individual pieces which I received from thee, Sancho, t’other day, in order to give away in charity to the poor I might meet with on the road. “ Sweet-heart,” said I, “ tell your lady that her distress affects me to the very soul, and I wish I were as rich as Fouckar* to remove it; let her know, that I neither can, nor will enjoy health, while deprived of her agreeable presence and improving conversation; and that I fervently and earnestly beg her goodness will be pleased to indulge with her company, this her captive servant and afflicted knight. Tell her also, that, when least she dreams of any such matter, she shall hear that I have made a vow, like that which was sworn by the Marquis of Mantua, to revenge his cousin Valdivinos, when he found him at the last gasp, in the middle of the mountain; namely, that he would not eat from

“ off a table-cloth, together with some whimsical additions, until he should have revenged his death; and, in like manner, I will swear never to be quiet, but traverse the seven divisions of the globe, more punctually than did the infant Don Pedro of Portugal †, until she be restored to the upper world.” — “ All that and much more you owe to my lady,” said the damsel; who, taking the rials, instead of curtsying, cut a caper in the air two yards high.”

“ O holy God !” cried Sancho, with a loud voice, “ is it possible that those enchanters and enchantments should have such power to change the good sense of my master into such nonsensical madness! O Signior, Signior! for the love of God, look to yourself, have some respect to your own honour, and give no credit to those vanities, which have diminished and disturbed your senses.” — “ Thy regard for me, Sancho, makes thee talk in that manner,” answered the knight: “ and as thou art not experienced in the events of this world, every thing that is uncommon, to thee seems impossible; but the time will come, as I have already observed, when I shall recount some circumstances which I saw below, that will compel thee to believe what I have now related, the truth of which neither admits of dispute or reply.”

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH ARE RECOUNTED A THOUSAND FOOLERIES, EQUALLY IMPERTINENT, AND NECESSARY TO THE TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

HE who translated this sublime history from the original, composed by it's first author Cid Hamet

* Fouckar was a very rich merchant of Augsburg, and a great favourite of Charles V. who owed him a very considerable sum. It is reported of him, that when the emperor lodged at his house, in his return from Tunis, the fire in his chamber was of cinnamon, and his landlord lighted it with his imperial majesty's own obligation, thereby cancelling an immense debt. The wealth of these traders, for there were two brothers, became proverbial, and it was usual to say of any very opulent person, ‘ He is as rich as a Fouckar.’

† This was the great patron of the Portuguese discoveries along the coast of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope.

Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter which treats of the adventure of the cave, he found this observation written on the margin in the hand-writing of the said Hamet.

‘I cannot conceive or persuade myself that the valiant Don Quixote literally saw and heard all that is recounted in the foregoing chapter, for this reason: all the adventures in which he has hitherto been engaged, are feasible and likely to have happened; but this of the cave I can by no means believe true, in any circumstance, because it is so wide of all reason and probability; then to suppose that Don Quixote would tell lies, he who was the truest gentleman and most noble knight of his time! it is not possible! He certainly would have suffered himself to be shot to death, rather than deviate one tittle from the truth; besides, I consider that he explained and recounted the adventure so circumstantially, that he could not be supposed to have contrived extempore such a large concatenation of extravagances; but, after all, should the adventure seem apocryphal, the blame cannot be laid to my door, and therefore I give it to the publick without affirming it either to be true or false. Reader, if thou hast discernment, thou mayest judge for thyself; for it is neither my duty, nor is it in my power to do more; though it is held for certain, that the knight, on his death-bed, retracted the whole, saying he had invented the story because it seemed to agree and quadrate with those adventures he had read in his books.’

Then the Arabian proceeds in his history to this effect.

The scholar was equally astonished at the presumption of Sancho Panza and the forbearance of his master, and concluded that the satisfaction he derived from having seen his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though enchanted, had produced that milkiness of temper, which was now so remarkable; had not this been the case, Sancho’s freedom and remarks were such as would have brought a wooden shower upon his shoulders; for he was downright impertinent to his master, to whom the student thus addressed himself: ‘For my own part, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, I look upon this as

the happiest journey I ever performed; for, in the course of it, I have made four valuable acquisitions. In the first place, I have gained the acquaintance of your worship, which I deem a piece of singular felicity. Secondly, I have been made acquainted with what is locked up and contained in the cave of Montesinos, together with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the Lakes of Ruydera; transmutations that will aptly fill a place in the Spanish Ovid which I have in hand. Thirdly, I have discovered the antiquity of card playing, which, at least, must be as old as the time of Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words which your worship heard Durandarte pronounce, when, at the end of that long harangue of Montesinos, he awoke and said, “Patience, and shuffle the cards.” For that phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned during his enchantment; but certainly, when he was alive and well in France, during the reign of the said Charlemagne: and this investigation comes pat to the purpose, for the other book which I am composing; I mean, the Supplement to Polydore Virgil, on the invention of antiquities; for I take it for granted, he has forgot to insert in his book the discovery of card playing, which I will now explain, and doubtless it will be a very material circumstance, especially when confirmed by such a grave and authentick evidence as Signior Durandarte. Fourthly and lastly, I have now ascertained the source of the Guadiana, hitherto unknown among the nations.’

‘You have indeed good reason to be satisfied,’ replied the knight; ‘but I should be glad to know, if, by God’s assistance, you should obtain a licence for printing those books (which is a matter of doubt with me) to what patron you intend they should be dedicated?’—‘There are plenty of lords and grandees in Spain,’ answered the scholar, ‘to whom they may be dedicated.’—‘But a very few,’ said Don Quixote; ‘not but that a great many deserve dedications, but because few will receive them, that they may not lay themselves under the obligation of making such a recompense as may seem due to the labour and courtesy of authors: one prince, indeed, I

‘ know, who supplies the defect of the rest, with such advantages, that if I durst presume to describe them, I might perhaps excite envy in many noble hearts. But, let that circumstance rest till a more convenient season; and, in the mean time, let us endeavour to find some place where we may procure a night’s lodging.’— ‘ Not far from hence,’ replied the student, ‘ is an hermitage, where lives an anchorite, who is said to have been a soldier, and bears the character of being a good Christian, and moreover a very discreet and charitable man: adjoining to the hermitage is a little house, built by the labour of his own hands, which, though narrow, is large enough to receive travellers.’— ‘ Can that same hermitage produce any poultry?’ said Sancho. ‘ There are few hermitages destitute of that provision,’ answered the knight; ‘ for the anchorites of these days are not like those who dwelt in the deserts of Egypt, cloathing themselves with palm leaves, and subsisting on the roots of the earth. And here I would not be understood to extol one fort, in order to depreciate another; for the penance now in use does not come up to the rigour and austerity of those times. Nevertheless, they are all good, at least, so I suppose them to be; and even should the stream run foul, the hypocrite, who cloaks his knavery, is less dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgresses in the face of day.’

This conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a man coming towards them on foot, walking fast, and switching a mule loaded with lances and halberds: when he came up he saluted them, and passed on at a good pace, and Don Quixote perceiving his hurry, ‘ Honest friend,’ said he, ‘ pray stop a little, for you seem to go faster than your mule could wish.’— ‘ Signior,’ answered the man, ‘ I cannot tarry at present, because these arms of which I have the charge, are to be used to-morrow morning, so that I cannot possibly stay, therefore adieu: but if you desire to know for what purpose they were procured, at the inn which is beyond the hermitage I have some thoughts of taking my night’s lodging, and if you are travelling the same road, there you will

‘ find me, and there you shall hear strange tidings; so, once more I bid you farewell.’ So saying, he whipped up the mule in such a manner, that Don Quixote had not time to ask another question concerning those strange tidings which he promised to relate; but, being extremely curious, and continually fatigued with the desire of learning novelties, he ordered his company to set off that instant, and proceed to the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar wished to pass the evening. In compliance with the knight’s desire, all three mounted their beasts, and followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before the twilight. The student, however, proposed that they should call and take a draught at the hermitage. Sancho Panza, hearing this proposal, immediately turned Dapple’s head towards it, being followed by Don Quixote and the scholar: but his ill luck seemed to have ordained, that the hermit should not be at home, as they were told by an under-hermit whom they found in the place. When the squire demanded a flask of his best and dearest, he answered, that his master had no wine, but if he chose a pitcher of his cheapest water, he should have it with all his heart. ‘ If I had chosen water,’ said Sancho, ‘ there is plenty of wells upon the road, from which I might have quenched my thirst. O the wedding of Camachol and the abundance of Don Diego’s house! how often shall I lament the loss of you?’

When he had uttered this ejaculation, they quitted the hermitage, and pushed on towards the inn; and having rode forwards a little way, they overtook a lad who travelled the same road at his own leisure: he carried a sword over his shoulder, that supported a bundle of cloaths, which seemed to consist of trousers, a cloak, and shirt; for he wore a velvet jacket with some slips of satin, and the shirt hanging out; he had silk stockings, and square-toed shoes in the court-fashion; his age seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen; he had a sprightly countenance, and an agility in his person; he amused himself in singing couplets to beguile the fatigue of travelling, and when they overtook him, had just finished one, which the student remembered to have run in this strain.

‘To the wars my necessity drags me away,
 ‘But if I had money at home I would stay.’

The first who accosted him was Don Quixote, saying, ‘You travel very light, young gentleman; pray, good now, whither may you be going?’ To this interrogation the youth replied, ‘I travel so light on account of poverty, and the heat of the weather; and I am going to the wars.’—‘The heat may be a very good reason,’ resumed the knight; ‘but how should poverty be the cause of your travelling in that manner?’—‘Signior,’ answered the youth, ‘I carry in this bundle a pair of velvet trunk-breeches, fellows to this jacket, which if I wear out in the country, they will do me no credit in town, and I have not wherewithal to purchase a reinforcement; for this reason, therefore, and the benefit of the free air, I travel as you see me, until I get up with some companies of foot, which are quartered at a town about twelve leagues from hence; there I shall enlist among them, and there will not be wanting some baggage-wagon, in which I may proceed to the place of embarkation, which they say is to be Carthage; and I would much rather have the king for my lord and master, and serve him in his wars, than be the lacquey of some scoundrel at court.’—‘And have you obtained any post?’ said the scholar. ‘Had I served a grandee of Spain, or some person of quality,’ replied the youth, ‘I should certainly have got something of that kind; for this is the advantage of being in good service, that a man is frequently preferred from the back of his master’s chair to a pair of colours, a company, or some handsome provision: but it was my unhappy fate to be always in the service of poor idle rascals, or foreigners, who give such a miserable and consumptive allowance of board-wages, that one half was expended in the starching of a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if any such page adventurer should obtain a tolerable provision.’—‘And pray, friend,’ said Don Quixote, ‘is it possible, that during all the years you have been in service, you never had a livery?’—‘Yes,’ answered the page,

‘I have had two; but, as he who quits a convent before he professes, is stripped of his habit, and obliged to resume his own cloaths, so was I served by my masters, who after having transacted the business that brought him to court, returned to their own homes, and took back the liveries, which they had given me out of mere ostentation.’

‘A very scandalous epilocheria*, indeed, as the Italians call it,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but, notwithstanding, you may think yourself very happy in having left the court with such a laudable intention; for there is nothing upon earth more productive of honour and profit, next to the service of God, than the service of the king, our natural lord and master; especially in the exercise of arms, by which more honour, if not more wealth, is acquired than by learning itself; for, as I have divers and sundry times observed, although a greater number of families has been raised by learning than by arms, yet those founded upon arms rise, I don’t know how, above their fellows, with a kind of natural splendor, by which all others are outshone; and what I am now going to say, I desire you will lay up in your remembrance, for it will be of much comfort and utility to you, in the midst of all your sufferings: never entertain a thought of what adversity may happen, for the worst is death; and provided it comes with honour, it is the greatest happiness to die. Julius Cæsar, that valiant emperor of Rome, being asked which was the most agreeable death, answered, “That which is sudden, unexpected, and unforeseen:” and though this reply favoured of the pagan, ignorant of the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with regard to his being freed from the pangs of human infirmity; he said well; for, supposing you should be slain in the first action or skirmish, either by a cannon-ball, or the explosion of a mine, what does it signify? we must all die, and there is an end to the whole; and, according to Terence, a dead soldier, who falls in battle, makes a much nobler appearance than one who lives by running away: the good soldier acquires reputation

* A knavish trick.

‘ in proportion to the obedience he pays to his captain, or those who have a right to command him; and pray, take notice, child, a soldier had much better smell of gunpowder than of civet; and if old age overtake you in that noble employment, though you should be covered over with wounds, paralytick, or lame, it can never overtake you without such honour as poverty cannot diminish; especially now that provision is to be made for the maintenance and relief of old disabled soldiers; for it is not reasonable that they should be treated like negro slaves, to whom, when they are old and incapable of service, their masters often give their freedom, driving them from their houses, and under the title of liberty, leaving them still slaves to hunger, which nothing but death can dispel. This is all I have to say at present; therefore get up, and ride behind me to the inn, where I shall treat you with a supper, and in the morning you may pursue your journey, which I pray God may be as fortunate as your intention is good.’

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, though he embraced his invitation to supper at the inn; and Sancho said within himself, ‘ Lord comfort thee for a master! Is it possible that a man who can utter so many good things, should affirm that he has seen all that impossible nonsense which he has told of the cave of Montesinos! But, time is the tiler of all things.’

In such discourse they arrived at the inn, just as it grew dark, and Sancho was not a little rejoiced to find that his master took it to be a real inn, and not a castle, according to his usual whims. They had scarcely entered, when Don Quixote enquired of the landlord about the man with the lances and halberds, and understood he was in the stable, providing for the accommodation of his beast; an example which was followed by the student and Sancho, who preferred Rozinante to the best manger and stall of the whole stable.

THE PUPPETS, WITH THE MEMORABLE RESPONSES OF THE DIVINING APE.

DON Quixote would not stay till his bread was baked, as the saying is, so impatient was he to hear and know the strange tidings that were promised by the arms-carrier, in quest of whom he forthwith went to the place where the landlord said he was; and having found him, desired he would by all means gratify him with a circumstantial account of those things he had mentioned on the road. ‘ The account of my strange tidings,’ answered the man, ‘ I shall give when I am more at leisure, and not at work as I am at present: if your worship will give me time to take care of my beast, I will tell you such things as you will be surprized to hear.’ — ‘ They shall not be delayed on that account,’ said the knight, ‘ for I myself will lend you an helping hand.’ He accordingly winnowed the corn, and cleaned the manger; so that the man, induced by his humility, could do no less than grant his request, with good will: sitting down, therefore, in a hollow of the wall, close by Don Quixote, who, with the scholar, page, Sancho Panza, and the inn-keeper, composed his council and audience, he began to relate what follows.

‘ You must know, gentlemen, that in a village at the distance of four leagues and a half from this inn, it came to pass, that a certain alderman, through the craft and malice of a servant wench, which I have not time to explain, lost an ass; and though the said alderman used all possible means to find him, he found it impossible to succeed: fifteen days had the ass being missing, according to publick fame and report, when the owner was, in the market-place, accosted by another alderman of the same town, who said, “ Hansel me for my good news neighbour; your beast has appeared.” — “ That I will, neighbour, and heartily,” answered the other; “ but let us know where he has appeared.” — “ Upon the mountain,” replied the finder: “ I saw him this morning, without pack-saddle or any sort of furniture; and so lean, that it was piteous to behold him. I would have driven him before me, and brought him home;

C H A P. VIII.

IN WHICH IS SET FORTH THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, AND THE DIVERTING ATCHIEVEMENT OF

home; but he is so wild and shy, that when I went near him, he took to his heels, and ran into the most concealed part of the mountain: if you chuse it, we two will go in quest of him; stay till I houle my own beast, and I'll return presently."—"I shall be much obliged to you," said he of the strayed ass; and I shall endeavour to repay you in the same coin." With these very circumstances, and in the self-same manner that I relate the affair to you, it is told and related by all those who have entered into the true spirit of the case.

In conclusion, the two aldermen walked hand in hand to the mountain, and coming to the place and spot where they expected to find the ass, they found him not: nor could they get one glimpse of him, although they searched all about over and over. Perceiving that he was not likely to appear, "Heark ye, neighbour," said the alderman who had seen him, "there is a contrivance come into my head, by which we shall certainly discover this animal, even though he should be concealed in the bowels of the earth, much more if he is in this mountain; and that is, this, I have a marvellous knack at braying, and if you have any turn that way, you may conclude the business is done."—"Any turn, neighbour!" cried the other: "by the Lord! I will not yield in point of braying to the best man alive, nor even to an identical ass."—"We shall see presently," answered the second alderman; "for my intention is that you should go to one side of the mountain, and I to the other, so as to walk round it quite, and every now and then you shall bray, and I will bray; and it cannot be but that the ass will hear, and answer, if he is on this mountain." To this proposal the owner replied, "Neighbour, it is an excellent scheme, and worthy your great genius." So parting, according to agreement, it came to pass that both brayed almost at the same time, and each being deceived by the other's braying, ran forward in hopes of finding the ass; when perceiving their mistake, "Neighbour," said the loser, "is it possi-

ble that was not my ass which brayed just now?"—"No: it was I," answered the other. "Agad, then," cried the owner, "there is not the least difference in point of braying, between you and an ass: for in my life did I never hear or see such a resemblance."—"That compliment and approbation," answered the contriver, "would be much better bestowed upon yourself than upon me, neighbour; for by the God that made me, you would give two heats of advantage to the biggest and best brayer in Christendom; for the sound you produce is deep, sonorous, within proper time and compass, and the falls frequent and sharp; in a word, I own myself overcome, and yield you the palm and banner of that rare talent."—"By the mass!" said the owner, "I will from henceforward have a higher opinion of my own ability, and believe I know something, since I really possess such a gift; for although I always thought I brayed tolerably well, I never imagined I excelled so much as you say I do." I therefore tell you," replied the other, "that many rare talents are lost in this world; and that they are ill-bestowed upon those who cannot turn them to advantage."—"Ours," said the owner, "except in such cases as this, that we have now in hand, can be but of little service, and even in this, God grant it may turn to account."

After these mutual compliments they parted a second time, and began to bray again; but still they were deceived, and met as before, until, by way of counter-signal, from which they might know one another, they agreed to bray twice in a breath: accordingly they doubled their brayings, and encompassed the whole mountain, without being favoured with the least answer or sign from the strayed ass; and, indeed, no wonder, the poor unfortunate animal did not answer; for they found him in the remotest part of the wood, almost devoured by the wolves. The owner seeing him in this plight, "I marvelled much," said he, "that he did not answer, for had he been alive and heard you, he must have brayed again, else he had been no ass; but

“ as I have had the pleasure of hearing you bray so melodiously, neighbour, I think my trouble well bestowed, even although I have found him dead.” — “ ‘Tis in good hands, neighbour,” replied the other; for in chanting the clerk is not a whit inferior to the curate.”

Having made these mutual remarks, they returned to the village, equally hoarse and disconsolate, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, what had happened to them, in their searching for the ass, extolling one another to the skies for the talent of braying; so that every circumstance of the story was related among the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who is never at rest, but always glad of an opportunity to sow discord and scatter quarrels, raising lyes in the wind, and huge chimeras from little or no foundation, so ordered matters, that the people of the other villages, when they saw any person belonging to our town, began to bray, as if to hit him in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. The story was taken up by the boys, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell; and the braying was circulated from one town to another in such a manner, that the natives of the village of Braywick are as well known and distinguished as a Blackmoor from a Spaniard; and this joke has become so serious, that our townsmen have frequently gone forth in arms and regular order to give battle to the jokers, without any regard to king or rook, or fear or shame; I believe that to-morrow or next day, the men of Braywick will take the field once more against the people of another village within two leagues of us, who are our chief persecutors; and that we may be well provided for the occasion, I have purchased the lances and halberds you have seen. Now these are the strange tidings which I said I would relate; and if you do not think them so, I have no other worth your hearing.”

Thus the honest man concluded his story, and at that instant came into the house, a man clothed in a doublet, breeches, and hose of shamoy-leather, who said with a loud voice,

“ So hō, Mr. Landlord! have you got any lodging for the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-shew of the deliverance of Melisendra?” — “ Odd’s bodikins!” cried the innkeeper, “ Master Peter here! we shall have rare doings y’faith.” We forgot to observe, that the left-eye, and half of the cheek of this Master Peter was covered with a patch of green silk, from whence it was supposed all that side of the face laboured under some infirmity. Be that as it will, the innkeeper proceeded, saying, “ Welcome, good Master Peter; but where is the ape and the puppet-shew? for I see neither.” — “ They are at hand,” answered the owner of the shamoy-suit; “ but I came before, to know whether or not we could have lodging?” — “ The Duke D’Alva himself should be turned out to make room for Master Peter,” said the landlord; “ bring hither your ape and your shew, for there is company in the house that will pay for a sight of them.” — “ In good time, then,” replied the wearer of the patch. “ I will lower the price, and think myself well paid, if they defray the expence of my lodging; meanwhile, I’ll go and lead hither the cart that contains my puppets and my ape.”

So saying, he went out; and Don Quixote enquiring who this master Peter was, with the puppet-shew and ape, the landlord replied, “ This is a famous puppet-shew man, who has long travelled through La Mancha and Arragon, representing the story of Melisendra, who was delivered by the famous Don Gayferos, one of the most entertaining and best represented histories which have been for many years seen in this kingdom; he likewise carries along with him an ape of the rarest talent that ever was known among apes, or conceived among men: for if you ask any question, it listens attentively to what you say, then leaping upon it’s master’s shoulders, and clapping it’s mouth to his ear, it gives an answer, which Master Peter immediately explains. Of things that are past, it says much more than of those that are to come, and though it does not hit the truth exactly in every thing, it errs but seldom; so that we are inclined to believe it is inspired by the devil. Every question costs a couple of rials, provided the

ape answers; I mean, supposing the master answers for the ape, after it has whispered in his ear; wherefore, Master Peter is thought to be woundy rich: indeed, he is a gallant man, as they say in Italy, an excellent companion, and lives the pleasantest life in the world; he talks as much as any six, and drinks more than a dozen, and all at the expence of his tongue, his ape, and his puppet-shew.'

Just as he spoke those words, Master Peter returned with the cart that contained his puppets and the ape, which was a very large animal, without a tail; his buttocks were like felt, but not ugly withal; and Don Quixote no sooner beheld him than he asked, 'Pray, Mr. Fortune-teller, what have we got in the net? what fortune awaits us? Behold, here are my two rials.' So saying, he ordered Sancho to give them to Mr. Peter; who answered in the name of the ape, 'Signior, this animal gives no response or intelligence concerning what is to come; he is only acquainted with the past, and knows something of the present.'—'Rabbit it!' cried Sancho, 'I would not give a doit to be told of the past; for who knows that better than myself; and to pay for being informed of what I know, would be downright folly; but, since he knows the present, here are my two rials; and tell me, good your apeship, how my wife Teresa Panza is at present employed?' Master Peter refused to take the money, saying, 'I will not receive a premium per advance, until it is preceded by service.' Then clapping his hand twice upon his left-shoulder, the ape with one skip, leaped upon it, and laying it's mouth to his ear, began to mow and chatter with great eagerness; having made this motion, which continued as long time as one would take in repeating the creed, with another skip he leaped upon the ground. Immediately Master Peter, with infinite hurry, threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and hugging his thighs exclaimed, 'These legs I embrace, as I would embrace the pillars of Hercules, O thou celebrated reviver of the already forgotten order of knight-errantry! thou never enough to be applauded cavalier Don Quixote de La Mancha; the soul of the dejected, the prop of the falling, the shield of those that are fallen, the staff

and comfort of all the unhappy!' Don Quixote was alarmed, Sancho thunderstruck, the scholar surprized, the page confounded, the Braywick carrier amazed, the landlord astonished, and, in a word, admiration prevailed among all those who heard the words of the shewman; while he proceeded, saying, 'And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the best squire of the bravest knight in the universe, be merry and rejoice; for thine agreeable helpmate, Teresa, is in good health, and this very moment employed in dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, there stands at her right-hand a broken mouthed pitcher, containing a good sup of wine, with which she comforts herself while she is at work.'—'That I can easily believe,' answered Sancho; 'for she is a rare one, and if she was not a little given to jealousy, I would not exchange her for the giantess Andandona, who, as my master says, was a very proper and compleat housewife; and truly my Teresa is one of those who will live to their heart's content, even though their heirs should pay for it.'

'I am now convinced,' said Don Quixote, 'that he who reads and travels much, will see and learn a great deal. This observation I make, because no arguments would have been sufficient to persuade me, that there are apes in the world endowed with the gift of divination, as I have this day seen with my own eyes; for I am the very Don Quixote named by that good animal, which, however, has expiated rather too much in my praise; but be that as it may, I give thanks to God, who bestowed upon me a mild and compassionate disposition, ever inclined to do good to all mankind, and harm to no person whatever.'—'If I had money,' said the page, 'I would ask Signior Ape, what will be the success of my present peregrination?' To this hint, Master Peter, who had rose from his prostration, replied, 'I have already told you, that this creature does not answer for what is to come; if he did, your want of money would be no objection; for, in order to serve Don Quixote here present, I would willingly forfeit all the interested views in the world; and now, as in duty bound, I will, for his amusement, set up my shew, and divert all
' the

the people in the house, without fee or reward. The landlord, hearing this declaration, was rejoiced beyond measure, and pointed out a proper place for the exhibition of his entertainment, which was prepared in a twinkling.

Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the divinations of the ape, as he did not think it natural for such an animal to divine, in things either past, present, or to come; and therefore, while Master Peter was busy in setting up his shew, he retired, with his squire, to a corner of the stable, where they could confer together without being overheard, and spoke to this effect: 'Hark ye, Sancho, I have considered this wonderful talent of the ape; and, according to my notion, this same Master Peter, its owner, must certainly have made a secret or express pact with the devil.'—'Nay, if it be the devil's pack,' answered Sancho, 'it must be a very dirty pack; but what signifies such a pack to Master Peter?'

—'Sancho,' replied the knight, 'you do not understand my meaning; what I would say is, that he must certainly have made some concert with the devil who hath infused this talent into the ape, by which he gains his livelihood; and when he becomes rich, he must yield him his soul; which is the aim of that universal enemy of mankind; and what confirms me in this opinion, is, that the ape answers no questions but such as regard the past and present time: now, the devil's understanding reaches no farther; what is to come he knows only by conjecture, and that not always; for it is the attribute of God alone to know times and seasons; to him there is neither past nor future, but all things are ever present to his eyes. This being the case, as doubtless it is, the ape certainly speaks from the inspiration of the devil; and I am surprized it hath not been accused and examined by the holy office, which would soon discover by virtue of whom it pretumes to divine; for surely this ape is no astrologer, nor did he or his master ever raise, or were capable of raising, those figures called judicial, which are now so common in Spain, that every pitiful little hussy, page, and even cobbler, has the impudence to raise an horoscope, as readily as a knave of trumps, from the ground,

ruining and disgracing, by their ignorance and fallacies, the wonderful truth of that noble science. One lady I myself know, who having enquired of one of those pretenders, whether a little bitch she had would have puppies, how many, and of what colour they would be; Mr. Astrologer, after having raised his figure, replied, that the bitch would bring forth three puppies, one of a green, another of carnation, and the third of a mixed colour, provided the bitch would take the dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, on Saturday or Monday. Nowwithstanding this prediction, the bitch died in three days of a surfeit; and yet Mr. Figure-caster was still esteemed in the place a most infallible astrologer, as almost all those fellows are.'—'Nevertheless,' answered Sancho, 'I wish your worship would desire Master Peter to ask his ape, if what happened to your worship in the cave of Montesinos is really true; as for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I cannot for the blood of me help thinking it was all a flam and a lye, or at least no better than a dream.'—'It may be so,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I will take thy advice; for, truly, I myself have some sort of scruples about the matter.'

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Peter, who came to tell him that the shew was ready, and invite him to come and see it; for it would be well worth his trouble. Then the knight imparted his sentiments, desiring he would ask the ape whether or not certain incidents that happened in the cave of Montesinos were dreams or realities, for to him the whole seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering one word, went and brought the ape into the presence of Don Quixote and Sancho, and thus accosted it: 'Look ye, Mr. Ape; this knight wants to know, whether certain things that happened to him in a place called the Cave of Montesinos be true or false.' Then making the usual signal, the creature leaped upon his left shoulder, and seemingly whispered something in his ear. In consequence of this communication, 'The ape,' said master Peter, 'declares, that part of what your worship saw and underwent in that same cave is false, and part is likely to be

“be true; and this, and nothing else, is all he knows touching that interrogation: but if your worship desires to be farther informed, he will next Friday answer all the questions you can ask; at present his virtue has left him, and will not return till Friday, as I have already observed.”—“Signior,” said Sancho to his master, “did not I always affirm your worship should never make me believe that all, or even the half of those accidents you pretended to have met with in the cave was true?”—“The event will shew,” answered Don Quixote; “for there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, even though it should be hidden in the bowels of the earth. Let that suffice for the present; and now we will go and see the puppet-shew of honest Master Peter, which I really believe will be productive of some novelty.”—“Of some!” cried master Peter: “my shew is productive of sixty thousand. Why, I tell your worship, Signior Don Quixote, there is nothing equal to it in the whole world; but, *Operibus credite & non verbis*: let us begin presently; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to shew.”

In consequence of this request, Don Quixote and Sancho repaired to the place where the puppet-shew was set up, and set forth with a great number of little wax-lights, which made a most resplendent appearance. Master Peter withdrew within the curtain, in order to play the figures of the piece; and on the outside sat a boy, who was his servant, to interpret and explain the mysteries of the shew, holding a wand, with which he pointed out the puppets as they entered. All the people of the inn being seated, some fronting the stage, and Don Quixote with Sancho, the page and the scholar, accommodated with the best places, the drugoman began to pronounce that which will be heard and seen by those who will take the trouble to read or peruse the following chapter.

CHAP. IX.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE DIVERTING ADVENTURE OF THE PUPPET-SHEW; WITH OTHER

MATTERS REALLY ENTERTAINING ENOUGH.

UNIVERSAL silence prevailed among Tyrians as well as Trojans; that is, all the spectators of the shew sat in silent expectation, suspended as it were on the mouth of him who was appointed to expound the wonders of the piece; when their ears were saluted with the sound of attabals, trumpets, and artillery, that issued from behind the scene; and this noise being soon over, the boy thus began in an audible voice: “This true history, which will now be represented before the honourable company, is literally extracted from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which may be heard every day repeated in the streets by man, woman, and child. It exhibits the manner in which Signior Don Gayferos accomplished the deliverance of his spouse Melisendra, who was a captive in Spain, detained by the Moors in the city of Sansuenna, which was formerly the name given to what we now call Saragossa; and pray, gentlemen, take notice, Don Gayferos is playing at tables, according to the old song:

“Now Gayferos, at tables playing,
“Of Melisendra thinks no more.”

And that personage who next appears, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of Melisendra, who, vexed at the indolence and carelessness of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him; and observe with what vehemence and keenness he seems to scold; one would imagine he intended to give him half a dozen raps on the pate with his sceptre; nay, some authors say that he actually did bestow them, aye, and that with very good-will: after having said abundance of things concerning the risk his honour would run, if he did not effect the deliverance of his spouse he is reported to have added these words, “I have said enough, look to it.” Behold, gentlemen, how the emperor turns about and walks off, leaving Don Gayferos in a fume, who, in the impatience of his anger, throws away the table and pieces, and

‘ calls hastily for his armour, desiring
 ‘ his cousin Orlando to lend him his
 ‘ sword Durindana. Don Orlando will
 ‘ not comply with his request; but of-
 ‘ fers to attend him in his difficult en-
 ‘ terprize: however, the provoked hero
 ‘ will not accept of his offer; on the
 ‘ contrary, he says his own single arm
 ‘ is sufficient to deliver his wife, even
 ‘ though she were concealed in the pro-
 ‘ foundest centre of the earth. So say-
 ‘ ing, he goes in to arm, that he may
 ‘ be able to set out with all expedition.
 ‘ Gentlemen, turn your eyes to the
 ‘ tower that appears yonder, and sup-
 ‘ pose it one of the towers belonging to
 ‘ the castle of Saragossa, now called
 ‘ Aljaferia. That lady who stands in
 ‘ the balcony in the Moorish dress is
 ‘ the peerless Melisendra, who from
 ‘ thence hath often cast her longing
 ‘ eyes towards the road to France, and
 ‘ consoled herself in her captivity, by
 ‘ thinking on the city of Paris and her
 ‘ valiant lord. Observe likewise a new
 ‘ incident, the like of which perhaps
 ‘ you have never seen before: don’t you
 ‘ see that Moor stealing along silently
 ‘ and softly, step by step, with his fin-
 ‘ ger on his mouth, behind Melisen-
 ‘ dra? Now mind how he prints a kiss
 ‘ in the very middle of her lips, and
 ‘ with what eagerness she spits, and
 ‘ wipes them with the sleeves of her
 ‘ shift, lamenting aloud, and tearing,
 ‘ for anger, her beautiful hair, as if it
 ‘ had been guilty of the transgression.
 ‘ Behold, now, that venerable Moor in
 ‘ yon gallery; he is Marfilus, the king
 ‘ of Sanfuenna, who, having perceived
 ‘ the insolence of the Moor, although
 ‘ he was his own relation, and a great
 ‘ favourite, orders him to be appre-
 ‘ hended, and carried through the prin-
 ‘ cipal streets of the city, with the
 ‘ criers before, and the rods behind,
 ‘ with which he is to receive two hun-
 ‘ dred stripes; and here you shall see
 ‘ the sentence executed, almost as soon
 ‘ as the crime is committed; for among
 ‘ the Moors, there is no copy of a
 ‘ writ, trial, or delay, as in our courts
 ‘ of justice.’

Here Don Quixote interposing, said,
 with a loud voice, ‘ Boy, boy, follow your
 ‘ story in a right line, without falling in-
 ‘ to curves and crosses; for there is not so
 ‘ much proof and counter-proof required
 ‘ to bring truth to light.’—‘Sirrah,’
 cried Mr. Peter, from behind the curtain,

‘ none of your vagaries, but follow
 ‘ that gentleman’s counsel, which is
 ‘ good and wholesome; sing your plain
 ‘ song, without counterpoints; for you
 ‘ may spin your thread so fine as to
 ‘ break it.’—‘ I shall obey your orders,’
 answered the boy, who proceeded, say-
 ing—

‘ That there figure a horseback,
 ‘ wrapped up in a cloak of Gascony,
 ‘ is the very individual Don Gayferos,
 ‘ to whom his only lady, by this time
 ‘ revenged of the presumptuous and
 ‘ enamoured Moor, talks with more
 ‘ seeming composure from the battle-
 ‘ ments of the tower, supposing him to
 ‘ be some traveller, and between the
 ‘ two passeth the whole discourse and
 ‘ conversation, recorded in the ballad,
 ‘ which says,

“ Sir knight, if you to France do go,
 “ For Gayferos enquire:”

‘ together with what follows, which I
 ‘ shall not at present repeat, because
 ‘ prolixity engenders disgust. Let it
 ‘ suffice that you see how Gayferos dis-
 ‘ covers himself, and that we learn from
 ‘ the joyful gestures of Melisendra, that
 ‘ she recognizes her husband; especially
 ‘ as we now see her let herself down
 ‘ from the balcony, in order to get a
 ‘ horseback behind her loving spouse;
 ‘ but as ill luck would have it, the
 ‘ border of her under petticoat has
 ‘ caught hold of one of the iron spikes
 ‘ of the balcony, and there she hangs
 ‘ dangling, without being able to reach
 ‘ the ground: but you see how com-
 ‘ passionate Heaven brings relief in the
 ‘ most pressing emergencies; for Don
 ‘ Gayferos comes to her assistance, and
 ‘ without minding whether or not the
 ‘ rich petticoat may be torn, seizes
 ‘ his lady, and by main force, brings
 ‘ her to the ground; then with one
 ‘ jerk, sets her upon the crupper of his
 ‘ horse, astride like a man, bidding her
 ‘ hold fast, and throw her arms around
 ‘ his neck, so as to cross them on his
 ‘ breast, that she may be in no danger
 ‘ of falling; for my Lady Melisendra
 ‘ was not used to ride in that manner:
 ‘ you likewise perceive how the horse,
 ‘ by his neighing, expresses the satis-
 ‘ faction he feels in carrying the vali-
 ‘ ant and beautiful burden of his lord
 ‘ and mistress. You see how they turn
 ‘ about; and quitting the city, take the
 ‘ road

road to Paris, with equal eagerness and joy. Go in peace, ye peerless pair of faithful lovers; may you arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's raising any obstruction to your happy journey; and may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoy in peace all the days of your life, which I hope will exceed the age of Nestor!' Here Mr. Peter interposing again, called aloud, 'None of your flourishes, sirrah; seek not to intangle yourself, for all affectation is naught.' The interpreter, without answering a syllable, went on in this manner. 'There were not wanting some idle eyes which nothing can escape, and they, perceiving the descent and flight of Melisendra, gave notice of it to king Marsilio, who straight gave orders for sounding to arms: and behold the hurry and commotion of the city, occasioned by the sound of bells that ring in every minoret.'

'It cannot be,' cried Don Quixote. In what regards the bells, Mr. Peter is guilty of an impropriety; for the Moors use no bells, but attabals or kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like those belonging to our waits; so that the circumstance of ringing bells in Sanfuenna is a downright absurdity.' Mr. Peter hearing this observation, left off ringing, and answered, 'Signior Don Quixote, your worship must not mind such trifles, nor seek for that perfection which is not to be found. How many plays do you see every day represented, full of impropriety and absurdities? yet they happily run their career, and are heard, not simply with applause, but even with universal admiration. Proceed, boy, and let people talk; for, provided I fill my pocket, I don't care if there should be more improprieties than there are atoms in the sun.'—'You are in the right,' replied the knight; and thus the boy went on:

'Behold what a number of resplendent cavalry marches out of the city in pursuit of the two catholic lovers: what a sound of trumpets, tinkling of dulcimers, and rattling of drums and kettle-drums! I am afraid they will overtake and bring them back tied to their horse's tail,

and that would be a most dismal spectacle.'

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing this uproar, thought it was incumbent upon him to assist the fugitives; and therefore starting up, he pronounced with a loud voice, 'Never, while I breathe, will I consent that such an injury should be done in my presence to a knight so famous, daring, and enamoured, as is Don Gayferos: desist, ye base-born plebeians; seek not to follow and punish him, but face me in battle, if you dare.' With these words and actions he unsheathed his sword, and springing up to the puppet-shew, began with incredible agility and fury to lay about him among the Moorish puppets, demolishing some, beheading others, maiming this, and hacking that; and in the course of this exercise, he fetched such a back-stroke, that had not Mr. Peter stooped and squatted down with great expedition, he would have sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of ginger-bread. This unfortunate shew-man exalting his voice, 'Hold, for the love of God! Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'and take notice, that those whom you overthrow, kill, and destroy, are not real Moors, but poor, harmless, little figures of paste; consider, sinner that I am! you are ruining me, by depriving me of my livelihood.' Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight continued to play away in a perfect shower of back-strokes, fore strokes, outside and inside, that fell as thick as hail; so that in less than a couple of credos, he brought the whole shew to the ground, all the tackle and figures being hewed down and dismembered: king Marsilio himself sorely wounded, and the crown, together with the head of the emperor, cleft in twain. The whole audience was involved in confusion; the ape fled to the roof of the house, the scholar trembled, the page was seized with consternation, and Sancho Panza himself overwhelmed with terror and dismay; for, as he swore after the hurricane subsided, he had never before seen his master in such a frantick rage.

The puppet-shew being thus entirely demolished, Don Quixote became a little more composed, saying, 'I wish I had before me, at this very mo-

ment, those who either do not, or will not believe that knights-errant are of any benefit or service to mankind, that they might see what would have become of the worthy Don Gayferos, and the beautiful Melisendra, had not I been present on this occasion; certainly, by this time, they would have been overtaken by these dogs, who would have done them some grievous injury: let knight-errantry, therefore, live and flourish above all things upon the face of the earth. — In a happy hour let it live, cried Mr. Peter in a languid tone, and let me die, who am so unfortunate, that I may say with king Rodrigo, "Yesterday I was lord of Spain, and now there is not one battlement I can call my own." Half an hour, yea not half a minute is elapsed, since I saw myself in possession of kings and emperors; my stables, coffers, and bags, were filled with an infinite number of horses and other gay particulars, and now I find myself quite desolate and abased, poor and beggarly, and, which is worst of all, deprived of my ape, who in good faith will make my teeth sweat, before he returns to me his lawful master; and all this misfortune I have suffered from this here Sir Knight, who is said to protect orphans, rectify wrongs, and perform other charitable actions; but, in me alone, his generous intention has failed; blessed and praised be the highest Heavens above! In a word, the Knight of the Rueful Figure is he by whom I and mine are disfigured and undone.

Sancho Panza melted at this piteous lamentation: "Do not weep, Mr. Peter," said he, "do not whine so piteously, or thou'lt break my heart; for I'd have thee know, my master Don Quixote is such a catholick and scrupulous Christian, that provided he be convinced of having done thee wrong, he knows how to make amends, and will satisfy and repay thee with double interest." — "If Signior Don Quixote," replied the shew-man, "will make some atonement for the deeds by which he has undone me, I shall rest satisfied, and his worship's conscience will be at peace; for that man cannot expect salvation who withholds the effects of his neighbour against his will, and refuses to make

restitution." — "You are in the right," said Don Quixote; "but as yet I do not know that I withhold any of your effects, Mr. Peter." — "How! none of mine?" cried the shew-man, and these unfortunate remains that lie extended on the hard and barren pavement, were they not thus scattered and annihilated by the invincible force of that redoubted arm? to whom but me did their unhappy bodies belong? and with what but them did I procure a comfortable subsistence?" — "Now," cried Don Quixote, "am I fully convinced of what I have on divers occasions believed; namely, that those enchanters, by whom I am persecuted, take pleasure in presenting realities to my view, and then changing and metamorphosing them into such figures and forms as they chuse to bestow: believe me, gentlemen, to me every thing that has passed appeared a true and literal concurrence of real facts; and the figures represented, seemed to be really and truly the very individual persons of Melisendra, Don Gayferos, Marsilio, and Charlemagne: in consequence of that belief, my wrath was provoked; and, in order to fulfil the function of a knight-errant, I resolved to favour and assist the fair fugitive; in the execution of which resolve, I have done what you see. If the exploit has turned out contrary to my expectation, the blame ought not to lie with me, but with those miscreants by whom I am persecuted: nevertheless, as I have committed an error, although it did not proceed from malice aforethought, I stand by my own award condemned in costs: let Mr. Peter make out his own bill of the figures that are demolished, and I promise it shall be paid on the spot, in good and lawful current coin of this kingdom." The shew-man hearing this declaration, made a profound bow, saying, "I expected no less from the unheard-of Christianity of the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, the unflinching auxiliary and support of the whole tribe of needy and forlorn vagabonds: Mr. Landlord and the great Sancho shall act as moderators and appraisers between your worship and me, with regard to what the injured figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and squire having undertaken this office, Mr. Peter lifted up the headless Marfilio king of Saragossa, saying, 'You see how impossible it is to reinstate the king in his former situation; and, therefore, with submission to better judgments, I think I must be allowed four rials and an half, on account of his death and final perdition.' The knight desiring him to proceed, 'Then,' said he, 'for this dreadful gash from top to bottom,' (taking up the cloven emperor Charlemagne) 'I cannot be thought exorbitant, if I demand five rials and a quarter.'—'That's no small matter,' said Sancho. 'Nor a great deal too much,' replied the landlord. 'Split the difference, and set him down at five rials.'—'Let him have the whole five and the quarter,' said Don Quixote; 'for in such a notable misfortune, a quarter more or less is a mere trifle. And pray, dispatch, Mr. Peter, for it is now supper-time, and I begin to feel some symptoms of a keen appetite.'—'For that figure without a nose, and deprived of one eye, which is the beautiful Melisendra,' proceeded Peter, 'I demand two rials and twelve maravedis.'—'The devil's in't,' cried the knight, 'if Melisendra is not by this time, with her husband, at least upon the frontiers of France; for the horse on which they were mounted, seemed to fly rather than tread the ground; so that there is no reason for your selling me a cat instead of a coney; that is, in presenting me with a noseless Melisendra, when, in all probability, that lady is now enjoying herself at leisure with her husband in France. God give every man joy of his own, Mr. Peter, and let us all endeavour to walk tightly and rightly! and now you may proceed.' Mr. Peter perceiving Don Quixote beginning to warp and return to his old bias, resolved to be even with him, and with that view said, 'This cannot be Melisendra, but must be one of her waiting-women, for whom I shall think myself very well paid, and rest satisfied with three score maravedis.' In the same manner did he set prices on many other maimed figures,

so that, after they were moderated by the two arbitrators to the satisfaction of both parties, the whole sum amounted to forty rials and three quarters, which being disbursed by Sancho, Mr. Peter demanded another brace of rials for the trouble he should have in catching the ape. 'Let him have them,' Sancho, said Don Quixote, 'not for catching the ape but the juice of the grape*'; and I would now give two hundred as a reward to any person who would certify that the Lady Donna Melisendra, and her lord Don Gayferos, are now safe among their friends in France.'—'No person upon earth can resolve that question sooner or better than my ape,' replied Mr. Peter; 'but the devil himself cannot catch him at present, though I imagine hunger and affection will compel him to return to me some time to-night; and if God will send us a new day, we shall see what can be done.' In fine, the hurricane of the puppet-show being quite blown over, the whole company supped together in peace and good fellowship, at the expence of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess.

Before day-break, the lance and halbert-carrier set out for his village, and early in the morning the scholar and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote, the first intending to return to his own home, and the other to pursue his journey, for the comfort of which the knight made him a present of a dozen rials. Mr. Peter, having no inclination to re-involve himself in any sort of dispute with Don Quixote, to whose disposition he was no stranger, arose before the sun, and packing up the remains of his puppets, together with his ape, sallied forth also in quest of farther adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was equally astonished at his madness and liberality. Finally, Sancho paid him handsomely, by his master's order, and the two bidding him farewell about eight o'clock in the morning, left the inn, and betook themselves to the road, in which we will leave them, having now a proper opportunity to recount other incidents appertaining and necessary to the illustration of this famous history.

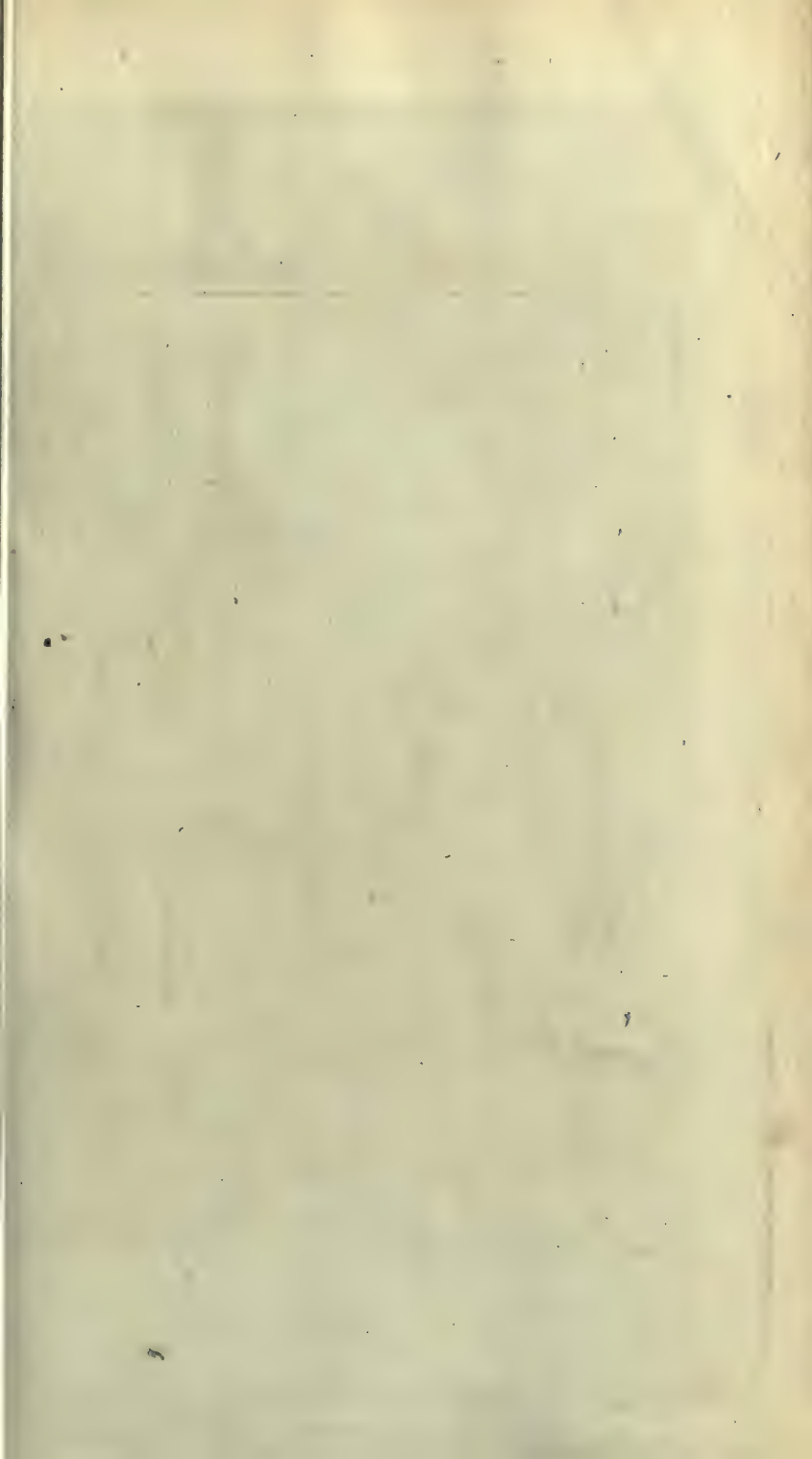
* In the original there is a miserable pun upon the words *Mono* and *Mona*, the first of which signifies an ape, and the other drunkenness.

CHAP. X.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL DISCOVER WHO MR. PETER AND HIS APE WERE—TOGETHER WITH DON QUIXOTE'S BAD SUCCESS IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH DID NOT AT ALL TURN OUT ACCORDING TO HIS WISH AND EXPECTATION.

CID Hamet, author of this sublime history, begins this chapter with these words: 'I swear, as a Catholick Christian:' and upon this occasion, the translator observes, that Cid Hamet being a Moor, as he certainly was, in swearing as a Catholick Christian, means no more than that, as a Catholick Christian, when he makes oath, swears he will speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, in like manner he would adhere to it, as a Catholick Christian adheres to his oath, in what he intended to write concerning Don Quixote, especially in disclosing the myttery of Mr. Peter and the fortune-telling ape, whose talent attracted the admiration of all that country. He then proceeds to observe, that he who has read the first part of this history, cannot but remember that same Gines de Passamonte, whom, together with his fellow-slaves, Don Quixote set at liberty near the Brown Mountain; a benefit for which he was ill-thanked, and worse requited, by that mischievous and immoral crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla was the very thief who stole Sancho's Dapple, and as, through the fault of the printers, neither the time nor the manner of that conveyance is described, in the first part of the book, many people ascribed this error of the press to want of memory in the author: but, in short, stolen he was, by Gines, even while Sancho was sitting sleeping on his back, by means of the same contrivance and expedient that was used by Brunelo, who, while Sacripante lay at Albraga, withdrew his horse from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards retrieved him, as we have already related. Gines, then, afraid of being overtaken by justice, that was in quest of him, to chastise him for his numberless tricks and transgressions, which were so manifold and re-

markable as to fill a large volume of his own composing, resolved to remove himself into the kingdom of Arragon, to cover his left eye with a patch, and profess the occupation of playing puppets, and performing feats of legerdemain, which he understood to great perfection; he afterwards happened to fall in company with some Christians just delivered from bondage in Barbary, of whom he purchased that ape, which he taught to leap upon his shoulder, at a certain signal, and whisper, or seem to whisper in his ear. Having so far succeeded, before he entered any place with his puppet-shew and ape, he took care to inform himself at the next village, or of any person whom he could conveniently pump, of the particular accidents that had happened in that place, with all their circumstances, which he retained by dint of a tenacious memory. The first thing he did, was to represent his puppet-shew, the subject of which he extracted sometimes from one story, and sometimes from another; but it was always full of mirth and entertainment, and well known; and this being ended, he propounded the talents of his ape; telling the audience that he could disclose the past and present; but with regard to the future, he pretended no knowledge; for every response he demanded two rials, though sometimes he afforded them cheaper, just as he felt the pulse of his consultants; and as he sometimes came to families, the anecdotes of which he knew, even though they would spend no money upon questions, he would make the signal to the ape, and then say he had communicated this and that circumstance, which tallied exactly with what had really happened. By these means he acquired the credit of infallibility, and drew the whole country after him; at other times, as he had abundance of cunning and penetration, he would answer in such a manner, that the responses agreed perfectly well with the questions; and there being nobody to hamper him, by enquiring and sifting into the bottom of this pretended divination of the monkey, he found means to make monkeys of all his followers, and fill his bags at the same time. As soon as he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and this recognition enabled him to excite the admiration of the knight, squire, and all the





the by-standers: but his art would have cost him dear, had Don Quixote lowered his hand a little, when he decapitated king Marfilio, and destroyed his whole cavalry, as we have related that adventure in the preceding chapter.

So much for Mr. Peter and his ape; and now, returning to Don Quixote de La Mancha, we must observe, that after having departed from the inn, he resolved, in the first place, to visit the banks of the river Ebro, and all the circumjacent country, before he should enter the city of Saragossa, as the length of time between this period and the tournaments permitted him to make such an excursion. With this resolution he proceeded in the road, through which he travelled two days, without encountering any thing worth relating, until on the third, as he ascended a rising ground, his ears were saluted with a mighty noise of kettle-drums, trumpets, and muskets, which he at first imagined might proceed from some company of soldiers marching that way; in order, therefore, to view them, he spurred up Rozinante, and when he reached the top of the rising ground, saw below, as near as he could guess, above two hundred men, equipped with different kinds of arms, such as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberds, pikes, a few muskets, and a great number of targets. He rode down the hill, and drew so near this squadron, that he could distinguish their colours, and observe their devices, particularly a banner or pendant of white satin, in which was painted to the life, an ass of the small Sardinian breed, with his head raised, his mouth open, and his tongue lolling out as if in the very act and attitude of braying, and surrounded by this motto, in capital letters,

‘ It is no children’s play,
‘ When brother bailiffs bray.’

From this symbol Don Quixote gathered, that those people belonged to the village of Braywick; and this discovery he communicated to Sancho, whom he likewise made acquainted with the motto of the standard; observing, at the same time, that he, by whom they were informed of the adventure, had committed a mistake, in saying the brayers were aldermen; for, according to this couplet, they must have been bailiffs.

To this observation, Sancho replied, ‘ Signior, in that circumstance, there is nothing to be mended; for those who were aldermen when they brayed, might very well in time come to be bailiffs of the corporation, consequently they may be mentioned with both titles; especially as it is of small signification to the truth of the story, whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, provided they really conjunctly and severally did bray, for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman.’

Finally, conjecturing and understanding that the people who were ridiculed had come forth to fight those who had ridiculed them; and carried the joke beyond the bounds of reason and good neighbourhood, Don Quixote approached their line of battle, to the no small chagrin of Sancho, who was never fond of interposing on such occasions; and they were immediately received by the whole squadron, who believed the knight was come to espouse their quarrel. Then Don Quixote lifting up his visor, with graceful ease and courteous demeanour, advanced to the standard of the ass, where he was environed by the chiefs of the army, who gazed at him with that admiration incident to all those who beheld him for the first time. The knight perceiving them looking at him so attentively, without speaking or asking any question, resolved to take advantage of their silence, and breaking his own, began in this manner, with an audible voice, ‘ Worthy gentlemen, I beg, in the most earnest manner, that you will not interrupt a discourse I intend to make, until you perceive it becomes insipid and disgusting; in which case, I will, upon the least sign, put a seal upon my lips, and a gag upon my tongue.’

All the spectators assured him, he might say what he pleased, and they would willingly give him the hearing; so that, thus licensed, he proceeded to this effect: ‘ I, gentlemen, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession is to assist the needy, and favour those who want favour and protection. Some days ago I was informed of your disgrace, and the motives which have induced you to arm at every turn, in order to take vengeance on your enemies: and having once and
‘ again

‘ again revolved your affair in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of duel, you are in the wrong to suppose yourselves affronted: for no individual can affront a whole community, unless they are accused of treason by the lump, because the person guilty of the said treason, is not known, consequently cannot be challenged by himself. Of this practice, we have an instance in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamorano, because he did not know that Velido Dolfos alone was the traitor who had slain his king; he therefore defied the whole body of inhabitants, and to the whole body of them did the answer and revenge belong: though, indeed, Signior Don Diego bordered upon extravagance, and exceeded the bounds of defiance; for he had not sufficient reason to challenge the dead, the water and the bread, or those who were yet unborn, as well as other minute matters therein set forth; but, let that pass, When choler once is born, the tongue all curb doth scorn*; I mean, a bridle to restrain it. This being the case, then, that one single person cannot affront an entire kingdom, province, city, society, or corporation, it plainly appears, that you have no just cause to come forth, in order to take vengeance for that which was not really an affront: for it would be a good joke, indeed, if the inhabitants of a town called Clockwell, should take it in their heads, at every turn, to slay every person that might ask, “What i’t o’clock †?” Or if the cheesemongers, fruiterers, whalebone-sellers, soap-boilers, and those of other names and appellations that are in in the mouth of every boy, and hacknied among the vulgar; I say, it would surely be a good joke, if all those people, who are distinguished by their different callings, should be ashamed and incensed at such simple provocations, and be always making sabuts of their swords, in every trifling quarrel: no, no; God neither likes, nor will he suffer such unjusti-

‘ fiable revenge. Prudent men, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought to take up arms, untheathe their swords, and risque their persons, lives, and fortunes, for four causes only: Firstly, to defend the Catholick faith; secondly, in self-defence, which is justified by the laws of God and nature; thirdly, in behalf of one’s honour, family, and fortune; and fourthly, in the service of his majesty, when he is engaged in a just war: and if we would add a fifth cause (which, indeed, ought to be ranked as the second) it is the defence of one’s country. To these principal causes may be annexed some others, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to have recourse to arms; but to take them up for childish trifles, and things that are rather subjects of laughter and diversion than of serious revenge, seems to denote a total defect of reason and discretion; especially as unjust vengeance (and surely no vengeance can be just) is diametrically opposite to that holy law we profess, by which we are enjoined to do good to our enemies, and love those by whom we are abhorred: a command which, though seemingly difficult, is not really hard to be observed, except by those who have less of God than of this world, and more of the flesh than of the Spirit; for Jesus Christ, the true God and true man, who never lyed, who neither was nor is capable of falsehood, as being our eternal Lawgiver, tells us, that his yoke is easy, and his burden is light: therefore, he would not impose a command which we could not possibly fulfil; and consequently, good gentlemen, you are obliged by laws divine and human, to be appeased.’

At this period, Sancho said within himself, ‘The devil run away with me, if this master of mine is not a downright theologister! at least, if he is not, no two eggs were ever more alike.’ Don Quixote having taken breath a little, and finding the audience still attentive, was inclined to prosecute his harangue, and would certainly have pursued the subject, had not he been

* Literally, ‘When choler quits the mother, the tongue has then no father.’

† I have ventured to deviate a little from the precise meaning of the original, which the reader will own to be very insipid when he reads the literal translation: ‘For it would be good, if the inhabitants of the town of Reloxa,’ (signifying a watch or clock) ‘should, at every turn, slay those that call them so.’

prevented by the archness of Sancho, who, during his master's pause, took it in hand, saying, 'My master, Don Quixote de La Mancha, who, at one time, went by the name of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but is at present called the Knight of the Lions, is a very learned gentleman, that understands Latin and Castilian like a perfect bachelor of arts. In all his sermons and exhortations, he proceeds like a very able soldier, as having all the laws and ordinances of what you call duel, at his finger's end: therefore, you have no more to do but let yourselves be guided by his counsel; and if you go wrong, the blame shall lie upon my shoulders; especially, as he hath already told you, that it is mere madness to be angry without any cause but that of a man's braying. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed whensoever and wheresoever I pleased, without lett or molestation; aye, and so prettily and naturally, that I was always answered by all the asses of the common; yet, for all that, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were most worthy people; and though, for this talent, I was envied by more than enow of the gravest folks in the parish, I valued not their envy two farthings: and that you may see I speak nothing but the truth, wait a little and give me the hearing, for the art of braying is like that of swimming, which, when once learned, is never forgot.'

So saying, he clapped his fingers to his nostrils, and began to bray so stoutly, that all the neighbouring vallies echoed the sound. But one of those who stood next him, supposing the squire made himself merry at their expence, lifted up a pole that was in his hand, and bestowed it upon him with such good will, that Sancho, in spite of all his efforts, came to the ground.

Don Quixote seeing his squire so roughly handled, attacked the aggressor lance in hand; but such a number of people interposed, that he found it impossible to take vengeance: on the contrary, perceiving a cloud of stones ready to pour upon him, and being threatened by a vast number of presented cross-bows and muskets, he wheeled Rozinante about, and galloped off as fast as the steed could carry him; re-

commending himself heartily to the protection of God, that he might be delivered from that danger; and in the apprehension that some ball would enter at his shoulder, and make its exit through his breast, he held in his breath at every step, in order to know whether or not he was wounded. But those who composed the squadron, being satisfied with his flight, did not shoot after him; and as for Sancho, they laid him across upon his beast, as soon as he recovered the use of his senses, and allowed him to follow his master; not that he was able to manage the ass; but Dapple followed the footsteps of Rozinante, from whom he could not bear to be parted, though but for a moment. The knight having rode a good way, turned his horse's head, and seeing Sancho following, waited for his coming up, as he perceived nobody attempted to pursue him.

The warriors of Braywick kept their ground till night, and as their adversaries did not think proper to give them battle, returned to their own town with joy and satisfaction; and had they known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy on the spot.

CHAP. XI.

OF THINGS RELATED BY BENENGELI, WHICH HE WHO READS THEM ATTENTIVELY, WILL KNOW.

WHEN a brave man flies, he must have discovered some odds or foul play; and it is the business of prudent captains, to reserve themselves for better occasions. This maxim was verified in Don Quixote, who, by giving way to popular fury, and the evil intention of that incensed squadron, took to his heels, and without paying the least regard to Sancho, or the danger in which he left him, moved off to such a distance as he judged sufficient for his own security. He was followed by Sancho lying across the ass, as we have already observed, who, by that time he was brought up to his master, had just recovered the use of his senses, and fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruised, and in an agony of pain.

The knight dismounting to search his wounds, no sooner perceived he was found from head to foot, than he thus accosted him in an angry tone: 'In evil hour, you must understand braying, sirrah! Where did you learn it was convenient to talk of halters in the house of a man that was hanged? To the tenor of braying what bawls could you expect but the basting of a cudgel? You have reason to thank God that, instead of receiving a benediction with a pole, you have not been crossed with a scymitar.'—'I am at present in no condition to answer,' said Sancho; 'for methinks I talk through my shoulders: let us mount and depart from this place, and I shall make an end of my braying; though I shall never be weary of telling as how knights-errant run away, and leave their honest squires, beaten to claff and pounded to cinders, in the power of their enemies.'—'There is a wide difference between flying and retreating,' answered Don Quixote; 'for you must know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the base of discretion, is termed temerity or rashness; and the achievements of a rash person ought to be ascribed rather to good fortune than courage. I own, therefore, I have retreated, but not fled; and in so doing have imitated a great number of valiant chiefs, who reserved themselves for more dignified occasions: and of these instances histories are full; but I omit rehearsing them at present, because the recital would be of no advantage to thee, or entertainment to myself.

By this time Sancho being set upon his ass again by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rozinante, they jogged along softly, in order to shelter themselves in a grove that appeared at the distance of a quarter of a league; and the squire, every now and then heaving up a most profound 'Ah!' accompanied with piteous groans, his master desired to know the cause of such bitter ejaculations. To which question the squire replied, that from the extremity of his rump to the nape of his neck, he felt such intolerable pain as was like to deprive him of his senses. 'The cause of that pain,' said Don Quixote, 'must doubtless be this; as the pole or staff by which you have

suffered was long and large, it extended over thy whole back, comprehending all those parts that now give you pain; and if it had reached still farther, the pain would have been more extensive.'—'Fore God,' cried Sancho, 'your worship has taken me out of a huge uncertainty, and resolved the doubt in delicate terms. Body o'me! was the cause of my pain so mysterious, that there was a necessity for telling me, I feel pain in those parts that were cudgelled? Had my shins ached, there might have been some reason for guessing at the cause of their aching; but, surely there is no great witchcraft required to tell me that my back aches, because it was crossed with a quarter-staff! In good faith, Sir Master of mine, Our neighbour's care hangs by a hair. Every day I see more and more how the land lies, and how little I have to expect from keeping your worship's company; for if you left me to be cudgelled at this time, we shall, upon a hundred different occasions, return to our late blankettings and other such toys; and though this misfortune has fallen upon my shoulders, the next may light upon my eyes. Abundantly better should I have done, but I am such a barbarian, that in all the days of my life, I never did well; I say again, abundantly better should I have done, had I returned to my house, my wife, and my children, and maintained and brought them up with what Providence should please to bestow, rather than sag after your worship in this manner, through roadless roads, and pathless paths, drinking bad liquor and eating worse food; then, when I come to sleep, Brother squire, measure out seven feet of ground; and if you chuse to be more at your ease, take as much more, for the ladle is in your own hand, and lay yourself out to your heart's desire.' Would to God I could see the first man who meddled with knight-errantry burnt to a cinder; at least the first booby who chose to be squire to such witsacres as all former knights-errant must have been! Of the present, I say nothing; as your worship is one of the number, I hold them in respect, because I am sensible, that in speaking and understanding,

'you

'you know a point more than the devil himself.'

'I would venture to lay a good wager, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that now while you are permitted to speak without the least hindrance, you feel no pain in any part of your body. Proceed, child, and out with every thing that comes into your head, or tarries at your tongue's end; for, provided you are free from pain, I shall convert into pleasure that disgust which proceeds from your folly and impertinence; and if you are so much bent upon returning to your house, your wife, and your family, God forbid that I should oppose your resolution. You have some of my money in your hands; recollect how long it is since we set out on this my third sally; then reckon what you might and should have earned monthly, and be your own paymaster.'—'When I worked for Thomas Carrasco, father of Bachelor Sampson, who is your worship's acquaintance,' answered Sancho, 'I earned two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I know not what I can earn; though well I know, that the squire of a knight-errant has a much more troublesome office than that of a farmer's servant; for, in fact, we who serve husbandmen, let us work never so hard through the day, and happen what will, have a hot supper out of the pot at night, and lie in a good bed, which I have never enjoyed since I have been in your worship's service, except for that short space of time that we stayed in the house of Don Diego de Miranda; and bating the good cheer I found among the scum of Camacho's kettle, and my eating, drinking, and sleeping at the habitation of Basilius, all the rest of the time I have slept on the hard ground, under the cope of heaven, exposed to what you call the inclemencies of the weather, living upon cheese-parings and crusts of bread, and drinking cold water, sometimes from the brooks and sometimes from the springs we met with in the publick roads through which we travelled.'

'Allowing,' said Don Quixote, 'that all you have mentioned is true, how much more do you think I ought to give you than that which you received from Thomas Carrasco?'—'With

the addition of two rials a month,' replied Sancho, 'I shall think myself well paid, that is, with regard to my wages; but, as to some satisfaction for your worship's word and promise of making me governor of an island, methinks it would be but fair and honest to add six rials more; and then, altogether will come to thirty.'

'—Very well reckoned,' answered the knight; 'now, according to the tale of wages you have mentioned, calculate fairly and exactly what I am indebted to you, for the five and twenty days that are elapsed since our departure from our own village, and, as I said before, be your own paymaster.'—'Body o'me!' cried Sancho, 'your worship is quite out in your reckoning; for in regard to the promise of the island, we must compute from the day in which your honour made the said promise to this blessed hour.'—'How long, then, has that same promise been made?' said Don Quixote. 'If my memory does not fail me,' answered the squire, 'it must be above twenty years, a few days over or under.' Here, the knight slapping his forehead with his hand, began to laugh heartily, saying, 'Why, my stay in the Sierra Morena, with the whole course of our peregrinations, has scarce employed two months: and wilt thou say I have promised thee that island these twenty years? Now I perceive thy intention is to keep, in lieu of wages, all my money that is in thy hands; and if that be the case, and thou really lookest upon it with an eye of desire, I give thee the whole sum from this moment, and much good may it do thee; for, provided I find myself rid of such a wretched squire, I shall think myself happy, though poor and penniless. But, tell me, thou prevaricator of all the squirely ordinances of chivalry! where hast thou seen or read that any squire of a knight-errant ever presumed to bargain with his master, touching a certain monthly salary for his service? Launch out, launch out! you ruffian, vagabond, and hobgoblin! for such you are; launch out, I say, into the *mare magnum* of chivalry; and if you find that any squire ever attempted to say, or even to think, what thou hast here uttered, I will give thee leave to

‘ nail the passage on my forehead, and pinch the sign of the four nipples on my face, by way of additional mortification. Turn immediately the reins on the halter of your ass, and return to your house, your wife, and your family; for one step farther thou shalt not travel with me. O bread ill-bestowed! O promise misapplied! O wretch that savourest more of the beast than of the man! At this juncture, when I was on the eve of raising thee to such a station as would have ennobled thee, even in spite of thy wife, thou seekest to leave me! Now, thou art going away, when I had firmly and unalterably resolved to make thee lord of the best island in the universe! In a word, as thou thyself hast observed upon other occasions, An ass’s mouth was not made for honey, &c. An ass thou art, an ass wilt thou be; aye, and thou wilt die like an ass, when the course of thy life is finished; for I am convinced that thy days will reach their utmost period, before thou shalt learn and know what a beast thou art!’

Sancho looked woefully at his master, while he poured forth these reproaches, from which the squire felt such compunction, that the tears started in his eyes; and he replied in a faint, whimpering tone, ‘ My good master, I confess that, in order to be really and truly an ass, I want nothing but a tail, which, if your worship will furnish me with, I shall think it well bestowed, and serve you as a beast of burden all the days of my life. Good your worship, forgive and look upon my green years with compassion; and consider that I know very little; and if I speak a great deal of nonsense, it does not proceed from malice but infirmity; and Those who sin and kiss the rod, find favour in the sight of God.’—‘ I should have been surprised, Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘ if thou hadst not seasoned thy discourse with some proverbial expression. Well, then, for the present, I forgive thee, in hope of thy amendment, and on condition that thou wilt not henceforward betray such a sordid and selfish disposition, but endeavour to enlarge thy heart, fortify and encourage thy mind, to wait the accomplishment of my promises; which, though it may not speedily happen, is neverthe-

‘ less far from being impossible.’ Sancho said he would do his endeavour, and follow his advice, even though he should gather strength from feebleness.

Then they betook themselves to the covert of the grove, where the knight accommodated himself at the root of an elm, and the squire retreated to the foot of a beech; for these and other such trees never want feet, though they are always destitute of hands. Sancho passed the night in great trouble; for the cold air augmented the pain of his bruises; whereas, Don Quixote amused himself with his incessant meditations. Nevertheless, both master and man gave way to the operations of sleep, and at the approach of morn, prosecuted their way to the banks of the renowned Ebro, where they were involved in an adventure that will be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. XII.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE INCHANTED BARK.

BY dint of travelling at a very deliberate pace, for the space of two days after they quitted the grove, Don Quixote and Sancho arrived at the river Ebro, the sight of which afforded infinite pleasure to the knight, who eagerly contemplated the amenity of its banks, the transparency of its water, the tranquillity of its course, and the abundance of its chrystal stream, the joyous prospect of which renewed in his remembrance a thousand amorous thoughts, that chiefly turned upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; for, although Master Peter’s ape had declared, that part of those circumstances was true, and part of them false, he inclined more to the belief that they were altogether real; while Sancho, on the contrary, looked upon the whole detail as one continued lye.

As they jogged on in this manner, their view was saluted by a small boat, without oars, or any other tackle, close to the river-side, and made fast to a tree that grew on the bank. Don Quixote looking around him, without perceiving any living soul, alighted immediately from Rozinate, commanding Sancho to quit the back of Dapple and

and tie both beasts securely to the trunk of a poplar or willow that grew upon the spot. When the squire desired to know the cause of this sudden descent and ligation, 'You must know, Sancho,' said the knight, 'that this vessel is here on purpose, without a possibility of any other design, to call and invite me to embark, that I may be conveyed to the succour of some knight, or other necessitous personage of high degree, who must certainly be involved in some dire disaster; for this is the very spirit of books of chivalry, and the practice of those enchanters concerning whom they treat, who when any knight in distress cannot be delivered by their art, but solely by the prowess of another errant, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues or more, they snatch him up in a cloud, or provide him with a vessel, in which he embarks, and in the twinkling of an eye he is transported either through the air, or by sea, to the place where his assistance is required: this bark, therefore, O Sancho, is brought hither for the like purpose, as sure as it is now day; and before the day be spent, take and secure Dapple and Rozinante together, and let us commit ourselves to the direction of God; for even the barefooted Carmelites shall not dissuade me from embarking.'—'Since that is the case,' answered Sancho, 'and your worship is resolved at every turn to plunge into these, (I know not whether I should call them mad) vagaries, I have nothing to do but bow and obey; according to the proverb, If you obey the commands of your lord, you may sit as a guest at his board. Nevertheless, in order to disburden my conscience, I must give your worship notice, that in my opinion this same bark has nothing to do with enchanted people, but belongs to some fishermen of this river, in which they catch the best shads in the world.'

This remonstrance was made while he tied the cattle, which he could not leave to the protection of enchanters, without being grieved to the very soul. But the knight exhorted him to banish his anxiety on account of the animals, which would be carefully maintained and protected by the same sage destined to transport their riders through roads

and regions of such longitude. 'I do not understand what you mean by logick-hood,' said the squire; 'for I never heard such a word before in the whole course of my life.'—'By longitude, I mean, length,' answered the knight, 'but I do not at all wonder that thou shouldst not understand the word; for thou art not obliged to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, like some arrogant people who pretend to knowledge of which they are entirely ignorant.'—'The beasts are now secured,' said Sancho, 'what is next to be done?'—'What!' replied Don Quixote, 'but to cross ourselves, and weigh anchor; I mean, to embark, and cut the rope by which the vessel is made fast.'

So saying, he leaped on board, whither he was followed by Sancho, and the fastening being cut, the boat edged gently off from the bank. The squire seeing himself about two fathoms from the shore, began to tremble, in the apprehension of perishing; but nothing gave him more pain than hearing Dapple raise his voice, and seeing Rozinante struggle for his freedom. 'Now Dapple,' said he to his master, 'brays for grief at our departure; and Rozinante strives to get loose, that he may throw himself into the water and swim after us!—Farewel, my dearly beloved friends, peace be with you, and may the madness that parts us be converted and undeceived, that we may be restored to your agreeable company.'

Then he began to weep so bitterly, that the knight exclaimed in a tone of rage and vexation, 'Of what art thou afraid, cowardly miscreant! wherefore dost thou weep, thou heart of butter! who persecutes, who molests thee, thou soul of a garret-mouse! or what wants dost thou suffer, beggarly wretch, rolling as thou art in the very bowels of abundance! art thou, peradventure, travelling, barefoot over the Riphean mountains! No: seated like an archduke upon a convenient bench, thou art softly conveyed by the gentle current of this delicious river, from which in a little time, we shall launch into the wide and extended ocean: but, indeed, we must have already entered the open sea; aye, and sailed at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and if I had here an astrolabe to take the elevation,

‘elevation of the pole, I would tell thee exactly what way we have made; though either I have little skill, or we have already passed, or will pass, in a very little time, the equinoctial line, that divides the globe into two equal parts.’—‘And how far shall we have gone when we come to that same line your worship mentions?’ said Sancho. ‘A great way,’ replied the knight; ‘for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, comprehending the whole terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer ever known, we shall have traversed one half when we reach the equinoctial line.’—‘Fore God!’ cried Sancho, ‘your worship has brought a set of rare witnesses to prove the truth of what you say, Copulation and Kissing-me-gaffer, with the addition of Tool-me, or some such name*.’ Don Quixote laughed at Sancho’s blunders, upon the computation of the cosmographer Ptolemy; adding, ‘You must know Sancho, that one of the signs by which those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, know they have passed the equinoctial, is the total destruction of vermin among the passengers and seamen: so that not one louse remains alive, or can be had in the whole ship, even though you should give it’s weight in gold; thou mayest therefore slip thy hand along thy thigh, Sancho, and if thou canst catch any thing alive, our doubt will be resolved; but if there is nothing to be found, we must certainly have passed the line.’—‘I can hardly believe it,’ answered the squire; ‘but, however, I will do as your worship desires; though there is no necessity for trying these experiments; for I can see with my own eyes, that we have not moved five yards from the bank, no, nor have we driven two yards below the cattle; for there stand Rozinante and Dapple, in the very spot where they were left; and taking aim as I do now, I vow to God, we do not move or go at the pace of a

‘pismire.’—‘Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘perform the investigation I have mentioned, and give thyself no trouble about any other circumstance; for thou dost not know the meaning of colures, lines, parallels, zodiacks, eclipticks, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, constellations, points and measures, that compose the spheres celestial and terrestrial. Wert thou acquainted with these, or even a part of them, thou wouldst distinctly perceive what parallels we have crossed, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. I therefore repeat my request, that thou wouldst examine and go a-fishing upon thyself; for I am persuaded thou art clean and smooth as a sheet of white paper.’

Sancho, in compliance with his desire, slipped down his hand softly, and felt about his left ham; then raising his head, and looking at his master, ‘Either the experiment is false,’ said he; ‘or we have not reached the place your worship mentioned, by many leagues.’—‘What!’ said the knight, ‘hast thou found something!’—‘Aye, more than one something,’ answered the squire: who snapped his fingers, and afterwards washed them in the river, along the current of which the boat glided softly, without the assistance of any secret power, or concealed inchanter, being conveyed by nothing but the stream, which then ran with a smooth and gentle course.

In this manner they proceeded, when they discovered some large mills, built in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner perceived, than he addressed himself to Sancho, in an exalted voice: ‘Behold, my friend, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, that contains some oppressed knight-errant, queen, infanta, or princess in distress, for whose relief I am brought hither.’—‘What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle!’ cried the squire; ‘don’t you see these are mills, built in the river, for

* As it is altogether impossible, in a translation, literally to preserve the low humour arising from blunders upon words or sounds, I have been obliged to substitute an equivalent jingle, in the room of *puto, gase, and meon*, which are Spanish words, signifying, a *whore, a catamite, and a piss-a-bed*: so that Sancho, deceived by the affinity of these sounds to *computo, cosmographia, and Ptolemaeo*, thought he had reason to say his master had produced a fair set of evidences.

‘grinding wheat?’—‘Peace, Sancho,’ replied the knight, ‘although they appear to be mills, they are in reality edifices of a very different nature: I have already told thee, that all things are transformed and changed by the power of enchantment; I do not mean, that they are really changed in any circumstance but appearance, as we have been taught by woeful experience, in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hope.’

By this time, the boat being sucked into the middle of the stream, so as to move considerably faster than at first, was perceived by the millers, who seeing it advancing to the indraught of the wheels, came suddenly out in a body, with long poles to stop its motion; and as their faces and cloaths were bespattered with meal, they made a frightful figure, while they exclaimed with great vociferation, ‘You devils of men! where are you going: are you mad; to come and drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?’

Don Quixote hearing this address, ‘Did not I tell thee, Sancho,’ said he, ‘that we had arrived at the scene in which I must exert the prowess of mine arm? Behold, what felons and assassins come forth to try my valour; behold what a number of hobgoblins range themselves against me; behold, I say, what horrid physiognomies appear to scare and overawe us; but you shall presently see what will happen. Ye ruffians.’ Then, starting up, he began to threaten and revile them, exclaiming aloud, ‘Ye scum, ye scoundrels, ill-intentioned and worse-advised! release, I charge you, and restore to the full fruition of freedom, the person whom ye keep confined and oppressed in that fortress or gaol, let him be high or low, or of what rank and quality soever he may be; for I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise intitled the Knight of the Lions, destined by the appointment of Heaven above, to bring this adventure to an happy issue.’

So saying, he unsheathed his sword,

and brandished it in the air, in defiance of the millers, who hearing this rhapsody without understanding it, began to employ their poles, in order to turn aside the boat, which by this time had entered the current and canal of the wheels. As for Sancho, he fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly that Heaven would deliver him from such imminent danger; and his deliverance was accordingly effected by the alertness and dexterity of the millers, who pushed back the boat with their poles; yet, not without oversetting the vessel; so as that the knight and his squire were soured over head and ears in the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose; nevertheless, the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom, and had not the millers thrown themselves into the river, and weighed them up by main strength, it might have been said, ‘Here Troy once stood*.’

They were no sooner dragged ashore, rather drenched than dead of drought, than the squire humbling himself upon his knees, again clasping his hands and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, uttered a very fervent petition to God, that he might be from thenceforward delivered from the frantick projects and mad attempts of his master. This ejaculation was scarce finished, when they were joined by the fishermen who were owners of the boat which was crushed to pieces by the mill-wheels; and they perceiving the wreck, began to strip Sancho, and demand indemnification of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing at all had happened, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the bark with the utmost cheerfulness, on condition that they would release, without ransom or security, the person or persons whom they detained in durance and oppression within the castle.

‘What does the madman mean by persons and castles?’ answered one of the millers; ‘wouldst thou carry off the customers that bring grist to our mills, forsooth?’—‘Enough,’ said Don Quixote within himself, ‘I might as

* In allusion to the speech that Virgil puts in the mouth of Panthus Othryades, who says to Æneas,

‘well preach to the desert, as attempt, by intreaties to prevail upon such miscreants to do any virtuous action. In this adventure there must certainly be two powerful enchanters engaged on opposite sides, one of whom baffles the designs of the other; by one I was provided with a bark, and his antagonist overturned me in the water. Lord mend us! the world is nothing but a continual warfare of opposite machinations and deceit; for my own part, I can do no more.’ Then raising his voice, and fixing his eyes upon the mills, ‘Friends,’ cried he, ‘who-soever you are who lie confined within that prison, forgive me, that for my misfortune, as well as yours, it is not in my power to extricate you from your distress; for some other knight the adventure must be reserved.’ Having pronounced this apostrophe, he compounded with the fishermen, for whose boat he paid fifty rials, which Sancho disbursed with great reluctance, saying, ‘Two such boatfuls will sink our whole stock to the bottom.’

The fishermen and millers gazed with admiration at those two figures, so different in appearance from other men; and as they could by no means understand the meaning and tendency of Don Quixote’s discourse, and the questions he asked, they looked upon them as madmen, and went away. The millers retreated to their mills; the fishermen betook themselves to their cottages; the knight and squire, like beasts, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAP. XIII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND A FAIR HUNTRESS.

IN a melancholy plight did the knight and squire reach the place where their cattle stood; indeed, they were both sufficiently out of humour, especially Sancho, who was cut to the soul by the incroachment upon their capital, which to him was as precious as the apple of his eye. At length they mounted, in the most profound silence, and departed from the banks of that famous river; Don Quixote buried as it were amidst the meditations of his love, and Sancho immersed in those of

his preferment, which at that time seemed to be at a weary distance; for maugre all his simplicity and folly, he could easily perceive that all of the greatest part of his master’s actions, proceeded from frenzy and distraction, he therefore resolved to take an opportunity of retreating abruptly to his own house, without expostulation, or the ceremony of taking leave. But fortune ordained that things should fall out quite contrary to his apprehensions.

Next day at sun-set, as they came out of a wood, Don Quixote extending his view over a delightful green meadow, perceived some people at the farther end of it; and as he proceeded, saw they were hawkers: approaching still nearer, he observed among them a gay lady, mounted upon a palfrey or beautiful pad as white as the driven snow, adorned with green furniture and a saddle of silver; the lady was likewise dressed in a rich habit of the same colour, as fine as finery itself. On her left-hand she carried a hawk, a circumstance from which the knight concluded she was some lady of high rank, and mistress of all the rest; nor was he mistaken. On this supposition, therefore, he said to his squire, ‘Make haste, son Sancho, go and tell that lady of the palfrey and hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, send my respects to her exceeding beauty; and that, with her good leave, I will go and pay my compliments in person, and make her a tender of my service to the utmost of my power, in whatever she shall please to command; but keep a guard upon your tongue, Sancho, and beware of thrusting in some of your proverbs, while you deliver my embassy.’—‘To be sure, you have found me a deadly thruster,’ answered the squire, ‘that you give me such warning! as if this were the first time in my life, that I have carried embassies to ladies of high rank and augmentation.’—‘Except that which you carried to the Lady Dulcinea,’ said the knight, ‘I do not know that ever you carried another, at least while in my service.’—‘That’s true,’ replied Sancho, ‘but a good paymaster never wants bail; and a dinner is easily got, where there is plenty of meat for the pot; what I mean is, that there is no occasion to tell me or advertise me of any thing; for I am never out, and have a sort of a smack of every thing,’

—‘I be-

—‘I believe it, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote; ‘go in peace, and God be your guide.’

The squire setting out accordingly, at a good rate, and spurring Dapple beyond his natural pace, came up with the fair huntress; then alighting and kneeling before her, ‘Beautiful lady,’ said he, ‘yonder knight, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am his squire, known at my own home by the name of Sancho Panza; and that same Knight of the Lions, though formerly of the Rueful Countenance, sends me to beg your grandeur would be pleased to allow him purposely, courteously, and contentedly, to come and gratify his desire, which is no other, as he says, and I believe, than to serve your exalted beauty and hawkingship; and in so doing, your excellency will do a thing that will redound to your own advantage, and from which he will receive the most notorious honour and satisfaction.’

‘Worthy squire,’ replied the lady, ‘assuredly you have delivered your embassy with all the circumstances that such embassies require; pray rise, for it is not reasonable, that the squire of such a great knight-errant as he of the Rueful Countenance, whose character is well known in these parts, should remain in that posture; rise, friend, and go tell your master, that he shall be extremely welcome to command the services of me and the duke my husband, at our country-house in the neighbourhood.’ Sancho arose, equally astonished at the beauty, good-breeding, and affability of this worthy lady; but he was still more surprized at what she said concerning the well-known character of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; for if she did not give him the appellation of the Lions, it was because he had but lately assumed that epithet. ‘Pray, tell me, brother squire,’ said the duchess, whose title is not known, ‘is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?’ —‘The very same, my lady,’ answered Sancho, ‘and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that histo-

ry, by the name of Sancho Panza; unless they have changed me in the cradle, I mean, in the press.’ —‘I am extremely glad to hear it,’ replied the duchess; ‘go, brother Sancho, and tell your master, that he is well met, and welcome to my estate; and that nothing could give me more pleasure than his arrival.’

Sancho, in an excess of joy, occasioned by this agreeable answer, returned, and recounted to his master all that this lady of rank had said, extolling to the skies, in his rustick phrase, her exceeding beauty, good-humour, and politeness. The knight chose one of his genteelest attitudes, fixed himself well in his stirrups, adjusted his vizor, quickened Rozinante, and with an agreeable air, advanced to pay his respects to the duchess, who, while he approached, caused her husband to be called, and communicated the curious embassy. As they had read the first part of the history, from which they learned the extravagant humour of Don Quixote, they waited with infinite pleasure, and the most eager desire of being acquainted with the original, fully determined to gratify his humour in every thing, and treat him all the time he should stay with them, as a real knight-errant; that is, with all the ceremonies described in those books of chivalry they had read, and to which, indeed, they were greatly attached. Meanwhile, Don Quixote approaching with his beaver up, made a motion to alight, and Sancho made haste to hold the stirrup; but he was so unfortunate, that in dismounting from Dapple, he slipped his foot through the noose of the stirrup-rope, in such a manner, that he could not possibly disentangle himself, but continued hanging with his face and part of his body on the ground. The knight, who never alighted without his assistance, imagining that Sancho, as usual, held the stirrup, threw himself off with a swing; and the saddle, which must have been very ill girted, and he, came to the ground together; not without great disgrace, and a thousand curses which he muttered between his teeth against the unfortunate Sancho, whose leg was still in the stocks.

The duke, seeing their distress, ordered his huntsman to assist the knight and squire; and they lifted up Don Quixote, who was very much bruised

by the fall; nevertheless, he advanced as well as he could, with a limping pace, and kneeled before this noble pair: but the duke would by no means allow him to remain in that posture; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he ran to embrace the knight, saying, 'I am heartily sorry, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that the first time you touch my ground, you should be so unlucky; but the carelessness of squires is often the cause of greater misfortunes.'—This accident, valiant prince,' replied Don Quixote, 'cannot possibly be deemed a misfortune, though I had been plunged into the profound abyss; for even from thence should I have been raised and extricated by the glory of seeing your grace. My squire, whom God confound! is more ready at untying his tongue, in order to utter malicious insinuations, than at tying and securing the girth of a saddle; but, whether fallen or exalted, afoot or on horseback, I shall always be devoted to your service, and that of my Lady Dukes, your grace's worthy consort, the dignified queen of beauty, and universal princess of politeness.'—Softly, my good Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha,' said the duke, 'where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso reigns, no other beauty deserves applause.'

By this time Sancho Panza had disentangled himself and come up, and interposing in the discourse, before his master could make any reply, 'It cannot be denied,' said he, 'but must always be affirmed, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is extremely beautiful: but the hare starts where she is least expected; for, I have heard it said, that the power-called Nature is like a potter, who, if he can make one beautiful vessel, can in like manner make two, three, aye, and a hundred; this I observe, because, in good faith, my Lady Dukes comes not a whit behind my Lady Mistress Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.' Don Quixote turning to the duchess, 'Your grace must know,' said he, 'that no knight-errant upon earth has such a prattling and free-spoken squire as mine; and he will certainly verify my words, if your highness shall be pleased to make use of my service for a few days.'—I have the better opi-

nion of honest Sancho, for his being free-spoken,' answered the duchess: that is a sign of his discretion; for pleasantry and wit, Signior Don Quixote, as your worship very well knows, do not love to dwell in a reserved disposition; and therefore, since honest Sancho is frank and free-spoken, I from henceforth set him down as a man of discretion.'—And loquacity,' added the knight. 'So much the better,' said the duke; 'for a great deal of wit cannot be expressed in a few words; and that we may not spend more time in them, come, renowned Knight of the Rueful Countenance——' 'Of the Lions, your highness must call him,' cried Sancho; 'the Rueful Countenance is no more.'—Of the Lions let it be then,' continued the duke; 'I say, come, Sir Knight of the Lions, to a castle I have in this neighbourhood, where you shall meet with that reception which is due to a person of your fame and character, and that respect which I and the duchess always pay to the knights-errant who favour us with their company.'

By this time Sancho having replaced and secured Rozinante's saddle, Don Quixote bestrode that famous steed; and the duke mounting a beautiful courser, they rode towards the castle, on each side of the duchess, who desired Sancho to keep close to her; for she took infinite pleasure in hearing his conceits. Indeed, the squire did not need intreaty, but mingling among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the unspeakable satisfaction of their graces, who thought themselves extremely fortunate in having an opportunity of entertaining, at their castle, such a knight-errant, and such an erring squire.

C H A P. XIV.

WHICH TREATS OF MANIFOLD IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

SANCHO rejoiced exceedingly at seeing himself, as he thought, a favourite with the duchess; for being a staunch well-wisher to good cheer, he imagined he should find the same abundance in the castle, which prevailed in the houses of Don Diego and Basilius, and

and always took by the forelock every occasion of living at his ease. The history then relates, that before they reached the castle or pleasure-house, the duke riding on before, directed his servants how to behave to Don Quixote; who no sooner arrived at the gate with the duchess, than two lacquies or grooms came forth, clad in long trailing morning-gowns of fine crimson sattin, and lifting him off, said, without being heard or perceived, 'Your highness must go and help my Lady Duchess to dismount.' The knight took the hint, and a dispute of compliments passed between them on the subject; but, at length, the obstinacy of the duchess prevailed; for she would not quit her palfrey, or alight, except in the arms of the duke, saying, she was not worthy to load such an excellent knight with such an useless burden; at last, the duke came out to perform the office, and when they entered the court-yard, they were met by two beautiful damsels, who threw a mantle of the finest scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders, and the corridors were instantly crowded with servants of both sexes, who exclaimed aloud, 'Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant!' while all, or the greatest part of them, emptied bottles of sweet water upon him and their graces, to the admiration of Don Quixote, who now, for the first time, was sure and satisfied of his being a real, and not a fantastick knight-errant, because he saw himself treated as the knights of former ages whose histories he had read.

Sancho quitted Dapple, and betaking himself to the duchess, entered the castle; where, however, his conscience upbraiding him for having left his beast alone, he made up to a reverend duenna, who with others had come out to receive the duchess, and accosting her in a soft voice, 'Signora Gonzalez,' said he, 'or what's your name, Madam?'—'My name is Duenna Rodrigues de Grijalva,' answered the gentlewoman; 'what are your commands, brother?'—'I wish you would do me the favour, good Madam,' replied the squire, 'to go to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine, and be so good as either to send or lead him to the stable; for the poor creature is a little timorous, and cannot bear to be alone,

by any manner of means.'—'If the master be as wise as the man,' cried the duenna, 'we have brought our pigs to a fine market; get you gone, brother, with a vengeance to you, and those who brought you hither, and take care of your ass with your own hands; the duennas of this house are not used to such employment.'—'But, for all that,' said Sancho, 'I have heard my master, who is a perfect mine of history, tell us how, when Lancelot came from Britain, ladies tended his own person, and duennas took care of his horse; now, with respect to my ass, I declare I would not exchange him for Signior Lancelot's courser.'—'Hark ye, friend,' replied the duenna, 'if you are a jack-pudding, keep your jokes for a proper place, where they may turn to account; from me you'll get nothing but a fig for them.'—'Very well,' said the squire, 'I'll answer for it's ripeness; your ladyship won't lose your game by a short reckoning.'—'You whoreson,' cried the duenna, in a violent rage, 'whether I am old or not, I must render an account to God, and not to such a garlick-eating rascal as you.'

This address she pronounced in such an audible voice, that she was overheard by the duchess; who, turning about, and seeing her woman in such wrath and trepidation, asked, with whom she was in such passion. 'With this honest fellow, here,' answered the duenna; 'who has earnestly desired me to go and house an ass of his, that stands at the castle-gate, telling me, forsooth, as an example, that the same employment was undertaken by some ladies, who took care of one Lancelot, while the duennas looked after his horse; and to crown the compliment, he tells me I am old.'—'I, myself,' said the duchess, 'would construe that into the greatest affront that could be given.—Take notice, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is in the prime of her youth; and that the veil she wears is more for authority and custom, than on account of her years.'—'Accursed be those I have to live,' cried the squire, 'if I spoke to her for that reason; but, only for the great affection I bear to my ass, whom I thought I could not recommend to a more charitable per-

‘son than Signora Donna Rodriguez.’ Don Quixote overhearing all that passed, ‘Is that proper discourse for this place, Sancho?’ said he. ‘Signior,’ replied the squire, ‘every man must speak of his wants where he finds them; here I thought of Dapple, and here I talked of him; and if he had come into my head in the stable, there too he should have been honourably mentioned.’ Here the duke interposing, ‘Sancho is very much in the right,’ said he, ‘and must not be blamed for what he has said; Dapple shall have no more to do but ask and have as much provender as he can eat; so that Sancho may be quite easy in that respect, for his beast shall be treated like his own person.’

This conversation, which was extremely agreeable to all, except Don Quixote, brought them to the top of the stair-case: and the knight being conducted into an apartment, hung with the richest tissue and brocade, was unarmed, and attended by six sprightly damsels, well instructed by the duke and duchess in the particulars of behaviour which they were to observe towards Don Quixote, in order to convince him that he was treated in all respects like a knight-errant. Thus disarmed, he remained in his strait breeches and shamoy doublet, so long, so lank, so lean, with his lanthorn jaws kissing each other, that if the damsels had not been very careful in preserving their gravity, according to the precise orders they had received, they must certainly have burst with laughing at sight of such an uncouth figure. They desired he would allow them to undress and shift him; but he would not assent to this proposal, saying that knights-errant ought to be as remarkable for decency as for valour; he therefore bade them deliver the shirt to Sancho, with whom shutting himself up in a chamber, furnished with a magnificent bed, he was immediately undressed and shifted. Then being alone with his squire, ‘Tell me,’ said he, ‘thou modern buffoon and ancient block-head! was it thy province to dishonour and affront a venerable duenna, so worthy of reverence and respect! Was that a time to think of Dapple? or couldst thou imagine those noble persons would neglect

‘the cattle belonging to guests whom they treated with such elegance? For the love of God, Sancho, set a guard upon thy tongue, and behave so as that people may not discover, by the thread, the coarse country web of which thou art woven; consider, sinner as thou art, that the master is respected in proportion to the discretion and good-breeding of his servants; and this is one of the great advantages which noblemen have over people of inferior rank: dost thou not consider, thou plague to thyself, and vexation to me! that if they perceive thee to be a base-bred clown or blundering fool, they will take me for some cheating impostor or knight of the post! No, no, Sancho, shun and avoid those inconveniences; for he who sets up for a merry-andrew, falls at the first stumble into a disgraced buffoon: bridle thy tongue, therefore, consider and ruminate well, before the words issue from thy mouth; and remember that we are now arrived at a place from whence by the favour of God, and the valour of mine arm, we shall depart, battered three, nay, five-fold, both in fortune and in fame.’ Sancho promised with repeated assurances, that he would rather stitch up his mouth, or bite off his tongue, than utter one word that should not be pat to the purpose, and well considered, according to his command; and that he might make himself perfectly easy on that score, for by him it should never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote having dressed himself, girded on his sword, thrown the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, and covered his head with a cap of green velvet, which he received from the damsels, came forth thus equipped, into the great hall, where he found the maidens placed in two equal rows, furnished with the implements for hands-washing, which they administered with profound respect and abundance of ceremony; then came the major-domo, attended by twelve pages, to conduct him to the table where their graces waited for him; he was accordingly surrounded by these domesticks, and led with great pomp and majesty into another hall, in which appeared a table, nobly decorated, with four covers. The duke and duchess came

came to the door to receive him, attended by one of those grave ecclesiasticks who govern the families of noblemen; who being of no birth themselves, know not how to direct those who are; who seek to measure the grandeur of the great by the narrowness of their own souls; and, in attempting to make their pupils æconomists, convert them into downright misers: such, I say, was the grave clergyman who came out to receive Don Quixote, with the duke and duchess. After a thousand courteous compliments, they walked on each side of him to the table, where the duke complimented him with the upper-end; and though he refused that honour, they importuned him so much, that he was obliged to comply; the clergyman sitting opposite to him, and the duke and duchess taking their places at the sides.

Sancho, who was present at all this ceremony, being confounded and astonished at the honours which were paid to his master, and perceiving the formality and entreaties that passed between his grace and Don Quixote, about sitting at the head of the table, intruded himself, as usual, into the discourse, saying, 'With your honour's leave, I'll tell you a story of what happened in our village, with respect to the upper-hand in sitting.'

Scarce had he pronounced these words, when the knight began to tremble with apprehensions that he was going to utter some absurdity; but the squire seeing and understanding the cause of his master's trepidation, 'Signior,' said he, 'Your worship needs not be afraid that I shall misbehave, or say something that is not to the matter in hand; for I have not forgot the advice I just now received from your worship, about speaking a little or a great deal, to the purpose, and not to the purpose.'—'I know nothing at all of the matter,' answered the knight; 'say what thou wilt, so thou sayest it quickly.'—'Well, then,' replied Sancho, 'what I am going to say, is true; for my master Don Quixote, here present, would not suffer me to tell a lye.'—'As for me,' said Don Quixote, 'you may lye as much as you please, without lett or molestation; but I advise you to consider well what you are about to say.'—'I have it so

well considered and reconsidered, that I am as safe as he that has the repique in hand, as will appear in the performance.'—'Your graces will dowell,' said Don Quixote, 'to order the servants to turn out this madman, who will commit a thousand blunders.'—'By the life of the duke!' cried the duchess, 'I will not part with my good friend Sancho, for whom I have a very great respect, because I know him to be a person of wit and pleasantry.'—'Pleasant may all the days of your holiness be, for your good opinion of my deserts,' said the squire; 'though God knows, they are but slender enough; however, my story is this.'

'There was an invitation given by a gentleman of our town, who was both rich and well born, as being come of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Donna Mencía de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, Knight of the Order of St. Jago, who was drowned in the Herradura, and occasioned a quarrel some years ago in our village, in which, if I am not mistaken, my master Don Quixote was concerned; but this I know, mad Tom, the son of old Balvastro the blacksmith, was hurt on that occasion.—Now, Sir Master of mine, is not this God's truth; speak upon your worship's honour, that these noble persons may not look upon me as a chattering liar?'—'Hitherto,' said the clergyman, 'I take you to be a chatterer rather than a liar; but I know not what I shall take you for in the sequel.'—'Thou hast produced so many witnesses and tokens,' replied the knight, 'that I cannot but say thy story looks like truth: proceed, however, and shorten thy tale, for thou art in the way of lengthening it out for the space of two whole days.'—'He shall not shorten it,' said the duchess, 'if he consults my entertainment; but, on the contrary, tell it in his own way, though it should not be finished in six days; for should it hold out so long, they will be some of the pleasantest I ever passed.'

'Well then, my masters,' proceeded Sancho, 'that same gentleman, whom I know as well as I know these two hands, for it is not above a bow-shot from his house to mine, invited a farmer,

‘farmer, who, though not rich, was a very honest man.’—‘Dispatch, brother,’ cried the priest, interposing, ‘for at this rate, your story will reach to the other world.’—‘It will hardly go half so far, an it please God,’ answered the squire; who thus proceeded: ‘So, as I was saying, the farmer going to the house of the gentleman-inviter, who is now dead, God rest his soul! by the same token they say he died like an angel; for my own part I was not present at his death, having gone a-reaping to Tembleque.’—‘As you hope to live,’ son,’ cried the ecclesiastick, ‘return quickly from Tembleque, and finish your story, without staying to inter the gentleman, unless you have a mind to bury us all?’—‘Well, to come to the point,’ replied Sancho; ‘when the two came to be seated at table. Methinks I see them now more than ever.’ The duke and duchess were infinitely pleased with the disgust which the reverend ecclesiastick expressed at the tedious and circumstantial manner in which the squire related his story, while Don Quixote was almost consumed by shame and indignation. ‘I say, moreover,’ resumed Sancho, ‘that the two, as I have already observed, coming to sit down at the table, the farmer obstinately refused to take the upper-end, according to the desire of the entertainer; while the gentleman on the other hand as obstinately insisted upon his compliance, alledging that he ought to be master in his own house; but the farmer, who piqued himself upon his politeness and good-breeding, still persisted in his refusal, until the gentleman, growing angry, took him by the shoulders, and thrust him into the seat, saying, “Know, Mr. Chaff-thresher, that wheresoever I sit, I shall always be at the head of the table.” Now this is my tale, and I really believe it was brought in pretty pat to the purpose.’

Don Quixote’s brown face was speckled with a thousand different colours at this recital: and their graces restrained their laughter, that he might not be quite abashed at the sarcastick insinuation of his squire. To change the discourse, therefore, and prevent Sancho from uttering any other such dangerous conceits, the duchess ad-

ressing herself to the knight, asked, when he had heard from the Lady Dulcinea; and if he had lately sent her any presents from the great number of giants and robbers whom he must have vanquished. To this interrogation the knight replied, ‘My misfortunes, Madam, though they had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have vanquished; felons and robbers I have sent; but where must they find her, enchanted and transformed as she is into the most homely country wench that can be imagined!’—‘This I know,’ said Sancho Panza: ‘to me she seemed the most beautiful creature in the whole world; at least, in point of nimbleness and leaping, she would get the better of a professed rope-dancer.—In good faith, my Lady Duchess, she skipped from the ground upon her ass, like a perfect cat.’—‘What! have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?’ said the duke. ‘How! I seen her?’ replied the squire: ‘who the devil but I was the first that fell upon the plot of the enchantment; to be sure she was as much enchanted as my father.’

The ecclesiastick hearing them talk of giants, felons, and enchantments, began to imagine that this must be the Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose history the duke took such delight in reading, that he had often reprehended his grace for being so mad as to read such nonsense; and being now confirmed in his suspicion, he said to the duke, in a very cholerick tone, ‘Signior, your excellency is accountable to Heaven for the actions of that poor man. That Don Quixote, or Don Driveller, or what’s his name, would not, I imagine, be such a fool, if your excellency did not administer fuel and encouragement to his madness and folly.’ Then addressing himself to the knight, ‘And pray, Mr. Wiseacre,’ said he, ‘who has stuffed your brain with the ridiculous conceit of your being a knight-errant, conquering giants, and apprehending robbers? Return, in good hour, (for in good hour I advise you) return to your own house, educate your children, if you have any, take care of your own concerns, and leave off strolling about the country, sucking the wind, and exposing yourself to the laughter of those who do, and those who do not know,

‘ know your infirmity. Where, in
 ‘ evil hour, did you find that there are,
 ‘ or ever were, knights-errant? Where
 ‘ did you ever see giants in Spain, caitiffs
 ‘ in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulci-
 ‘ neas, with all that tribe of absurdities
 ‘ that are recounted as your adventures?’

Don Quixote, who listened attentively to the discourse of this venerable person, no sooner perceived he had left off speaking, than forgetting the respect he owed the duke and duchess, he started up, and with ireful aspect and glowing visage, replied—— But the reply deserves a chapter for itself.

CHAP. XV.

CONTAINING DON QUIXOTE'S REPLY TO HIS REPROVER; WITH OTHER SERIOUS AND DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

DON Quixote starting up, and trembling from head to foot, like quicksilver, thus accosted the ecclesiastick, with an eager, yet faltering tongue: ‘ The place and presence in
 ‘ which I am, and the respect which I
 ‘ always had and still have for the function you profess, withhold and tie up
 ‘ the hands of my just resentment; for
 ‘ these reasons, as well as because I
 ‘ know what all the world knows, that
 ‘ gownmen and women make use of no
 ‘ weapons but their tongues, I will,
 ‘ with mine, fairly engage your reverence, of whom I might have expected
 ‘ good advice, rather than infamous
 ‘ reproach; as wholesome and well-meant reproof requires far other circumstances, and ought to be conveyed
 ‘ in gentler terms: at least, a rebuke in
 ‘ publick, delivered with such asperity,
 ‘ has exceeded all the bounds of Christian reprehension, the beginning of
 ‘ which ought to be mild rather than
 ‘ severe; nor is it just to call the delinquent in plain terms, a wiseacre and
 ‘ a fool, without knowing the nature
 ‘ of the fault for which he is reprehensible. But, pray tell me, reverend
 ‘ Signior, for which of the absurdities
 ‘ you have noted in my behaviour, do
 ‘ you condemn and reproach me, bidding me return to my own house, to
 ‘ take care of my family, my wife and

‘ children, without knowing whether
 ‘ I have either wife or children? What
 ‘ then! is there nothing required but
 ‘ to enter a house at random, in order
 ‘ to lead the master by the nose; and
 ‘ shall a narrow-minded pedant, on the
 ‘ strength of having taught a few pupils to read Latin, though he has
 ‘ seen no more of the world than what
 ‘ may be contained in twenty or thirty
 ‘ leagues of district, presume abruptly,
 ‘ without permission, to give laws to
 ‘ chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? Is it a vain undertaking then,
 ‘ or is the time mispent, which we employ in travelling about the world,
 ‘ not in quest of it's delights, but it's
 ‘ adversities, by which good men ascend
 ‘ the throne of immortality? Had I been
 ‘ counted a fool by knights, or people
 ‘ of fashion, birth, or generosity, I
 ‘ should have deemed myself irreparably
 ‘ affronted; but my being regarded as
 ‘ a madman by book-worms who never
 ‘ entered or trod the paths of chivalry,
 ‘ I value not a farthing; a knight I
 ‘ am, and a knight I shall die, according to the pleasure of the Almighty.
 ‘ Some chuse the spacious field of proud
 ‘ ambition; others take that of base and
 ‘ servile adulation; a third set follow
 ‘ the paths of deceitful hypocrisy; and
 ‘ a fourth proceed in that of true religion; but I, by the influence of my
 ‘ stars, pursue the narrow track of
 ‘ knight-errantry, for the exercise of
 ‘ which, I undervalue fortune in the
 ‘ chace of honour. I have assisted the
 ‘ aggrieved, redressed wrongs, chastised
 ‘ the insolent, overcome giants, and
 ‘ overthrown hobgoblins. I am enamoured, for no other reason but because it is necessary that knights-errant should be in love; and this being
 ‘ the case, I am not a vicious libertine;
 ‘ but a chaste platonick admirer. My
 ‘ intention I always direct to a worthy
 ‘ aim, namely, to do good unto all men,
 ‘ and harm to no creature.—Whether
 ‘ or not he who thinks, acts, and speaks
 ‘ in this manner, deserves to be called
 ‘ a fool, let your graces determine?’

‘ Well argued, master!’ cried Sancho: ‘ Fore God! your worship needs
 ‘ say no more in behalf of your
 ‘ own character; for there is no
 ‘ more to be said, thought, or insisted
 ‘ upon; especially as that gentleman
 ‘ denies, and he certainly has denied,
 ‘ that

‘ that there either are, or ever were, knights-errant in this world; so that he knows nothing at all of the matter!’—‘ Brother,’ replied the priest, ‘ belike you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they say your master has promised an island?’—‘ Yes, I am,’ said the squire, ‘ and I hope I deserve it as well as another. I am one of whom you may say, Keep good company, and you’ll learn good manners; and, I ask not where you was hatched, but where you was watched. And again, Well sheltered shall he be, who leans against a sturdy tree. Now I have leaned against a good master, and accompanied him many months, and will learn to be just such another as himself; and if God pleases, and he live and I live, he will not want governments to give, nor I islands to govern.’—‘ No surely, friend Sancho,’ said the duke, ‘ for I myself, in the name of Signior Don Quixote, will confer upon you the government of an odd island, and that not inconsiderable, which is in my possession.’—‘ Fall upon your knees, Sancho,’ cried Don Quixote, ‘ and kiss his excellency’s feet, for the honour he has done you.’ Sancho did as he was desired; and the ecclesiastick no sooner saw the ceremony performed, than he rose from table in a violent passion, saying, ‘ By the habit which I wear, I affirm, that your excellency is as mad as these poor sinners: what wonder that they should be frantick, when people who are in their senses canonize their frenzy! Your excellency may enjoy their company by yourself; for while they remain in this house, I shall stay in my own, and excuse myself from reproving what I cannot remedy.’ Without farther speech, or eating another mouthful, he went away abruptly, in spite of all their graces could say to detain him. Indeed, the duke said not much; for he was hindered by the laughter which the priest’s impertinent indignation had produced; however, as soon as he could resume his gravity, he addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words.

‘ Sir Knight of the Lions, your worship has made such an ample reply, that nothing farther remains to be done, by way of satisfaction, for that, which though it may seem an

‘ affront, falls by no means under that denomination; for neither the female sex, nor the clergy, can give affronts, as your worship so very well knows.’—‘ Undoubtedly,’ answered the knight; ‘ and the reason is, because those persons who cannot receive, are not capable of giving an affront. Women, children, and ecclesiasticks, as they cannot defend themselves when attacked, so neither can they be affronted; for there is this difference between an injury and affront, as your excellency well knows; an affront comes from a person who is capable of giving an affront, and when it is given, maintains it; whereas, an injury may come from any quarter, unattended by an affront. For example, a man walking carelessly in the street, is assaulted and cudgelled by ten armed persons, against whom he draws his sword, and behaves like a man of honour; but he is overpowered by the number of his antagonists, and prevented from executing his intention, which is to revenge the wrong; this man is injured, not affronted. A truth which we will confirm by another example: A man comes and strikes another, whose back is turned, and then betakes himself to his heels; and the other pursues, though he cannot overtake the fugitive. The man so struck received an injury but no affront; because an affront ought to be maintained. If he who gave the blow, though it was done by stealth, in a cowardly manner, had drawn his sword, and stood facing the enemy, he who received the blow would have been both injured and affronted: injured, because he was surprized; and affronted, because he who gave the blow maintained it by keeping his ground. And therefore, according to the punctilios of honour, I may be injured but not affronted; for women and children do not feel those things; they can neither fly nor stand their ground; and the same rule holds good with those who are consecrated to the service of religion. Now these three classes of mankind are destitute of offensive and defensive weapons; and though nature obliges them to stand in their own defence, yet they can offend nobody: and albeit I just now said I might be injured, I

‘ now

‘ now affirm it cannot be in any shape ;
 ‘ for he who cannot receive, much less
 ‘ can he give an affront. For which
 ‘ reasons I ought not to resent, nor do
 ‘ I resent the reproaches of that honest
 ‘ man ; I only wish he had stayed a
 ‘ little, until I should have convinced
 ‘ him of his error, in thinking and
 ‘ saying, there never were, nor are,
 ‘ knights-errant upon the face of the
 ‘ earth ; an asseveration which might
 ‘ have turned to his prejudice, had it
 ‘ been overheard by Amadis, or any
 ‘ one of his infinite progeny.’—‘ I’ll
 ‘ take my corporal oath,’ cried Sancho,
 ‘ that they would have given a back-
 ‘ stroke that would have laid him open
 ‘ from top to toe, like a pomegranate
 ‘ or ripe melon : they were a rare set
 ‘ to endure such tickling. By my
 ‘ holy-dame ! I am well assured, that if
 ‘ Reynaldos of Montalvan had heard
 ‘ this manikin’s discourse, he would
 ‘ have given him such a flap in the
 ‘ mouth, that he should not have spoke
 ‘ another word in three long years.
 ‘ No, no ! let him meddle with them,
 ‘ and he’ll see how well he’ll escape out
 ‘ of their clutches.’ The duchess had
 well-nigh died with laughing at this
 speech of Sancho ; who, in her senti-
 ment, was a more diverting madman
 than his master, and a great many peo-
 ple at that time were of the same way
 of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was appeased,
 dinner ended, and the cloth being taken
 away, in came four damsels, one of
 them with a silver ewer, another with a
 flask of the same metal, a third with a
 couple of very fine white towels over her
 arm, and a fourth with her arms bare
 up to the elbow, and in her white
 hands, for doubtless they were white, a
 wash-ball of Neapolitan soap. She who
 carried the ewer, approaching with a
 genteel carriage, and modest assurance,
 thrust it under the beard of Don Quix-
 ote, who, without speaking one word,
 wondered at this ceremony ; from which
 he concluded, that it was the custom of
 the country to wash beards, instead of
 hands : he therefore stretched out his
 chin as far as he could, and immedi-
 ately the flask began to rain ; the damsel
 with the soap-ball, lathered him with
 great expedition, raising flakes of snow,
 (for the suds were as white) not only
 upon the beard, but also over the whole
 face of the obedient knight, inasmuch

that he was obliged to shut his eyes in
 their defence ; while the duke and du-
 chess, who were not in the secret, sat
 impatiently waiting to see the issue of
 this ablution. The young she-barber
 having raised the lather as high as her
 hand, pretended the water was spent,
 and bade the damsel of the flask go for
 a fresh supply, and Signior Don Quix-
 ote would have patience till her
 return. He accordingly waited with
 patience, exhibiting the strangest and
 most ludicrous figure that ever was con-
 ceived, to the view of numerous spec-
 tators, who seeing half a yard of neck
 more than moderately brown, two eyes
 shut, and his beard covered with lather,
 had need of great discretion to restrain
 their laughter, and it was a wonder they
 could smother it at any rate. As for
 the damsels concerned in the joke, they
 kept their eyes fixed on the ground,
 without daring to look at the duke and
 duchess, who were at once agitated by
 mirth and indignation ; and did not
 know, whether they should resolve upon
 chastising their presumption, or re-
 warding them for the pleasure they re-
 ceived in seeing the knight in such an
 attitude. At length the damsel return-
 ing with more water, they finished the
 ablution of Don Quixote ; then she who
 carried the towels having wiped and
 dried him with great composure, all
 four at once made a most profound
 curtsy, and were going away. But the
 duke, fearing the knight would smell
 the joke, called to the damsel of the
 ewer, saying, ‘ Come hither, and wash
 ‘ me too, and be sure you have water
 ‘ enough.’ The girl being very handy
 and acute, obeyed without hesitation,
 placed the ewer under his grace’s chin,
 and when he was well washed, lathered,
 wiped, and dried, they dropped their
 curtsies and retired. It was afterwards
 known, the duke had sworn within him-
 self, that if they should have refused to
 serve him in that manner, he would
 have chastised them for their assurance ;
 but they prudently escaped a scouring,
 by scouring his grace.

Sancho having attentively considered
 this ceremony of cleansing, ‘ God’s
 ‘ mercy !’ said he within himself, ‘ is
 ‘ it the custom in this country to wash
 ‘ the squire’s beard as well as the
 ‘ knight’s ? for God and my own con-
 ‘ science knows, I have need of such
 ‘ purification ; and if they would give
 ‘ me

'me the touch of a razor, the benefit would still be the greater.'— 'What is that you mutter, Sancho?' said the duchess. 'I say, my lady,' answered the squire, 'I have always heard it said, that in the courts of other princes, when the cloth is taken away, water for the hands is brought in, but not suds for the beard; so that the longer we live, the more we learn: yet it is also observed, that he who lives much time will bear much misfortune; though to undergo such a purification as this may pass for a pleasure rather than a toil.'— 'Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho,' said the duchess, 'for I will order my maids not only to wash, but also to lay you a-bucking, should it be necessary.'— 'I shall be satisfied with the lathering of my beard,' replied the squire; 'at least for the present, and God will ordain what is to happen in the sequel.' The duchess turning to the major-domo, 'Remember,' said she, 'what honest Sancho desires, and gratify his inclination with the utmost punctuality.' This domestick promised that Signior Sancho should be obeyed in all things; and returning to dinner with the squire, left their graces and Don Quixote sitting at the table, discoursing on many and various subjects, though all of them related to chivalry and the exercise of arms.

The duchess intreated the knight, who seemed to possess such a tenacious memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and deportment of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, she concluded, from what fame had proclaimed of her charms, must be the fairest creature, not only in the whole world, but even in La Mancha. Don Quixote sighing, at her grace's request, 'If,' said he, 'I could take out my heart, and lay it before your highness in a plate, upon this table, I should save my tongue the trouble of saying what is almost inconceivable, for in it your excellency would see her picture at full length: but why should I now attempt to delineate and describe circumstantially the particular charms of the peerless Dulcinea? A burden worthy of other shoulders than mine, and a task which ought to employ the

pencils of Parrhasius, Timanthes, and Apelles, together with the chissel of Lyfippus, to exhibit her image on canvas, brass, and marble, as well as the Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence to sound her praise.'— 'What does Signior Don Quixote mean by Demosthenian,' said the duchess, 'which is a word I never heard before in the whole course of my life.'— 'Demosthenian eloquence,' answered the knight, 'has the same signification as the eloquence of Demosthenes, and Ciceronian means that of Cicero; for these two were the greatest orators in the whole world.'— 'Certainly,' said the duke, 'and you exposed yourself by such an interrogation: nevertheless, Signior Don Quixote would give us infinite pleasure, could he be prevailed upon to describe that beauty which, even in a sketch or rough draught, would certainly appear such as might excite envy in the most beautiful women of the creation.'— 'I would assuredly comply with your grace's desire,' replied the knight, 'were not her idea blotted from my remembrance, by the misfortune which hath lately befallen her; a misfortune which induces me to bewail rather than describe her; for your highness must observe, that when I went some time ago, to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, consent, and licence, for this my third sally, I found her quite otherwise than I expected; I found her enchanted and transformed from a princess into a country wench, from beauty into deformity, from an angel into a demon, from a delicious perfume into a pestilential vapour, from the pink of compliment into the most clownish dialect, from light into darkness, from a sedate young lady into a rustick romp, and finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a Sayago* drab.'— 'God protect us!' cried the duke with a loud voice, 'who can have done such mischief to the world, in robbing it of that beauty by which it was delighted, that good humour by which it was entertained, and that modesty which did it honour.'— 'Who?' answered the knight; 'who could it be, but one of the malignant and envious

* Sayago is a district in the kingdom of Leon, the inhabitants of which were extremely poor, and very meanly clothed.

‘tribe of inchanters, by whom I am persecuted? That accursed race, brought into the world on purpose to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to illustrate and extol the deeds of the wicked. Persecuted I have been by inchanters, persecuted I am by inchanters, and inchanters will persecute me, until I and all my lofty feats of chivalry are plunged into the abyss of oblivion: nay, they injure and wound me in that part where they know my feeling is most acute; for to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to rob him of the eyes with which he sees, the sun by which he is enlightened, and the support by which he is maintained: I have many times said, and now I repeat the observation, that a knight-errant without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the substance by which it is produced.’

‘There is no more to be said,’ replied the duchess; ‘nevertheless, if we are to believe the history of Signior Don Quixote, which has lately been ushered into the world, with the general applause of the different nations that compose it, we must conclude (if I right remember) that your worship never saw the Lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such person in being; but that it is only a fantastical mistress, begot and born in your imagination, which hath decked her with all the graces and perfection that fancy could conceive.’—‘Much may be said on that subject,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘God knows whether or not there is such a person as Dulcinea in the world, whether she is fantastical or not fantastical; for these things are not to be too nicely investigated: for my own part, I neither begat nor bore my mistress, although I contemplate her with that admiration which is due to a lady, in whom are concentrated those qualities that ought to render her renowned throughout the whole world, such as beauty without blemish, gravity without pride, tenderness with chastity, affability from courtesy, courtesy from good-breeding; and, finally, dignity from birth, because nobleness of blood reflects an additional splendor upon beauty, and shews it to greater perfection than that which we find among the fairest of

‘those who are meanly born.’—‘Your observation is extremely just,’ said the duke: ‘but Signior Don Quixote must give me leave to mention what the history of his adventures, which I have read, obliges me to declare; namely, that though we grant there may be a Dulcinea, either in or out of Toboso, and that she may be beautiful to excess, as your worship has described her, yet in respect to pedigree, she is by no means on a footing with the Orianas, the Alaf-trajareas, Madafimas, together with the rest of that class, which occurs so often in those histories that are so familiar to your worship.’

‘To that observation I can answer,’ said the knight, ‘that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works; that good qualities ennoble the blood, and that a virtuous person of low descent ought to be more esteemed than a vicious man of high degree; especially as Dulcinea possesses qualifications which may raise her to the throne of a crowned and sceptred queen; for the merit of a virtuous and beautiful woman is sufficient to work still greater miracles, and virtually, though not formally, contains within itself still greater advantages.’—‘Signior Don Quixote,’ said the duchess, ‘every thing you say is spoken with deliberation, and, according to the proverb, you proceed with the plummet in your hand: henceforth I shall firmly believe, and make my whole family, even the duke himself, should there be occasion, believe, that Dulcinea is living at this day in Toboso; that she is beautiful, high born, and in all respects worthy to be served and admired by such a knight as Signior Don Quixote; and that is the highest compliment that can be bestowed. But I cannot help forming a scruple, and entertaining a kind of grudge against Sancho Panza: the scruple arises from a particular of the history, importing, that the said Sancho found the Lady Dulcinea winnowing a sack of wheat, when he carried a letter to her from your worship, by the same token it is said to have been red wheat; a circumstance that makes me doubt the nobleness of her pedigree.’

To this remark Don Quixote replied ‘Madam, your highness must know

that all or the greatest part of the incidents that happen to me, deviate from the ordinary limits of those adventures which occur to other knights-errant, either conducted by the inscrutable will of destiny, or effected by the malice of some envious inchanter; and it is a circumstance well known of all or the greatest part of renowned knights-errant, that one possessed the virtue of being proof against enchantment, another of being invulnerable, which was the case of the famous Orlando, one of the Twelve Peers of France, who, as it is recorded, could not be wounded in any other place but the sole of his left foot, and even there, with no other weapon than the point of a large pin; so that Bernardo del Carpio, who slew him at the battle of Roncesvalles, perceiving that he could make no impression upon him with steel, lifted him off the ground, and strangled him between his arms, in imitation of the manner in which Hercules destroyed Anteus, that ferocious giant said to be the son of Earth. What I would infer from what I have said, is, that I too may have some of these virtues centered in my person, though not that of being invulnerable, for I have been frequently convinced by experience, that my flesh is very tender, and by no means impenetrable; nor that of being proof against enchantment, for I once found myself cooped up in a cage, in which the whole world would not have had strength enough to inclose me, without the additional power of enchantment; but since I freed myself from that confinement, I am apt to believe that no other will ever interrupt the course of my adventures; and, therefore, those enchanters seeing that their wicked arts will not take effect upon my own person, revenge themselves on those things to which my affection is chiefly attached, and endeavour to deprive me of life, by persecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom alone I live. I therefore am persuaded, that when my squire delivered my message, they had converted her into a coarse country wench, employed in such a mean exercise as that of winnowing wheat: but I have already said, that it could not be red wheat, nor indeed any sort

of wheat, but oriental pearls; and as a proof of this asseveration, I must tell your highnesses, that when I lately went to Toboso, I could by no means find Dulcinea's palace; and the day following, while my squire Sancho beheld her in her own figure, which is the fairest in the whole world, to me she seemed a rustick and homely country wench, without any thing sensible in her conversation; whereas she is in fact the very pink of discretion and good sense. Now, since I myself neither am, nor, in all probability, can be enchanted, she is the person enchanted, offended, changed, perverted, and transformed, and in her my enemies have taken vengeance upon me; so that, for her, I shall live in perpetual affliction, until I see her restored to her former state; all this I have observed, that nobody may scruple about what Sancho said of her sifting and winnowing; for, since they have transformed her in my view, no wonder they should change her form in his. Dulcinea is a person of birth and fashion, one of the genteel families of Toboso, which are very numerous, ancient, and noble; and certainly no small part of these qualifications falls to the share of the peerless Dulcinea, on whose account the place of her nativity will become famous and renowned in future ages, as Troy is become famous by Helen, and Spain by Cava, though with a better title and nobler fame. On the other hand, I must inform your graces, that Sancho Panza is one of the most pleasant squires that ever served a knight errant: sometimes his simplicity is so arch, that to consider whether he is more fool or wag, yields abundance of pleasure; he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and absurdities sufficient to confirm him a fool; he doubts every thing, and believes every thing; and often, when I think he is going to discharge nonsense, he will utter apophthegms that will raise him to the skies; in a word, I would not exchange him for any other squire, even with a city to boot; and therefore I am in doubt whether or not it will be expedient to send him to that government which your grace has been so good as to bestow upon him; although I can perceive in him a certain aptitude for such an office;

‘ so that, when his understanding is a very little polished, he will agree with any government, like the king with his customs; for we know by repeated experience, that great talents and learning are not necessary in a governor, as there are a hundred at least, who govern like *jerfaulcons*, though they can hardly read their mother tongue; provided their intention is righteous, and their desire to do justice, they will never want counsellors to direct them in every transaction, like your military governors, who being illiterate themselves, never decide without the advice of an assessor. I shall advise him corruption to eschew, but never quit his due: and inculcate some other small matters that are in my head, which, in process of time, may redound to his own interest, as well as to the advantage of the island under his command.’

Thus far the conversation had proceeded between their graces and Don Quixote, when they heard a number of people talking, and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho entered the hall in a fright, tucked with a dish-clout by way of bib, and followed by several boys, or rather scullions and other small gentry, one of whom brought a tray full of water, which, by its colour and filth, appeared to be dish-washings, pursuing and persecuting the poor squire, and struggling to thrust it under his chin, while another, with the same earnestness, endeavoured to lather his beard. ‘ What is the matter, fellows?’ cried the duchess, ‘ what is the matter?’ ‘ What designs have you upon that worthy gentleman? Hah! don’t you consider he is governor elect?’ To this apostrophe, the barber-scullion replied, ‘ The gentleman won’t suffer himself to be washed according to the custom and manner practised upon my Lord Duke and his own master.’— ‘ Yes, I will,’ cried Sancho in a violent passion, ‘ but, it must be with whiter

towels, clearer suds, and cleaner hands; for surely there is not such a difference between me and my master, as that he should be washed with angel water, and I drenched with devil’s lye. The customs of different countries, and the fashions of princely courts, are no farther good than as they are agreeable; but this here custom of lathering, is worse than the exercise of disciplinants*. My beard is clean enough, and needs no such scrubbing; and if any man pretends to lather me, or touch a hair of my head, (my beard, I mean) saving this honourable preface, I’ll drive my fist in his scull; for these ceremonies of soap-scouring look rather like making game than making welcome.’ The duchess was ready to burst with laughing at the rage and remonstrance of Sancho; but Don Quixote was not extremely well pleased, to see his squire tucked up with such a dirty cloth, and surrounded with so many sons of the kitchen; he therefore, making a low bow to the duke and duchess, by way of asking their permission to speak, thus addressed himself to the scullions, in a solemn tone: ‘ So ho, you gentlemen cavaliers! I desire your worships will let the young man alone, and return to the place from whence you came, or go whithersoever you please; my squire is as cleanly as another, and those trays are as unfit for him as a narrow-necked bottle: take my advice, therefore, and let him alone; for neither he nor I understand such impertinent jokes.’

Here Sancho, taking the word out of his master’s mouth, proceeded, saying, ‘ No, no, let them perform their clumsy joke, which I shall bear as sure as it is now night! let them fetch a comb, or what they will, to curry this beard, and if they catch any thing that should give offence to cleanliness, they shall shear me against the hair.’

At this period, the duchess still laugh-

* In Spain and Italy there is, upon every Holy Thursday, a procession of disciplinants, or people who do penance in sackcloth, carrying a flambeau in one hand, and in the other a scourge, with which they belabour their own shoulders, in such a manner, that the very street is sometimes coloured with their blood: Some of these disciplinants, however, are mere hypocrites, who under their sackcloth wear women’s stays, buff jackets, and even plates of tin; so that they are often detected from the sound of the stroke: and at Rome nothing is more common than to hear the people who accompany these devotees, call out, according to the report of the application, ‘ *Guippono di Buffalo!*’ ‘ *Buffi di Donna!*’ and ‘ *Corrazzini di Latta!*’

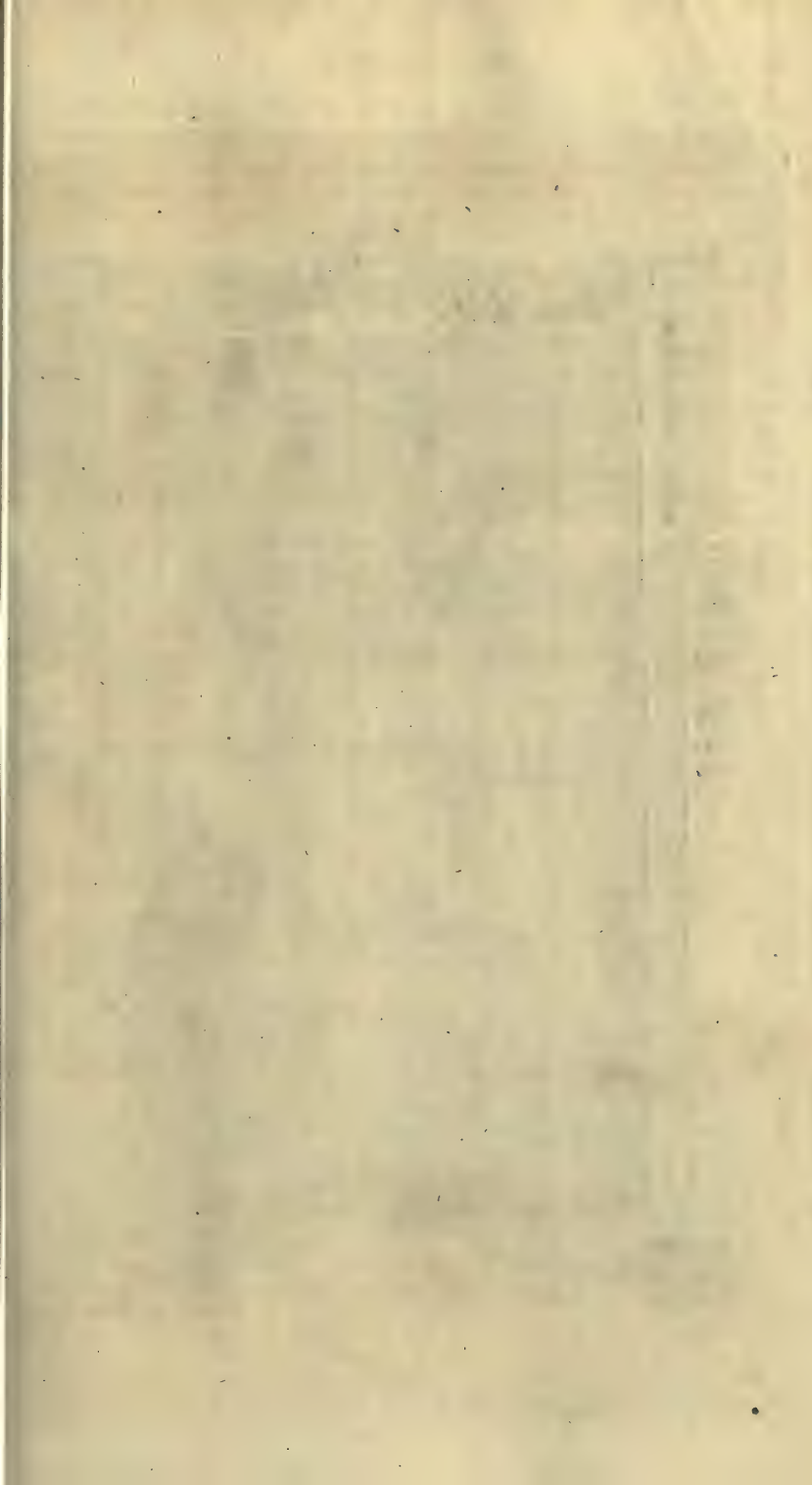
ing, 'Sancho Panza,' said she, 'is certainly in the right in all that he has said, and will be in the right in all that he shall say; he is already clean enough, and as he observes, has no occasion to be washed; and if he does not like the custom of the place he shall follow his own inclination'; besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and negligent, not to say presumptuous; in bringing to such a personage and such a beard, trays, wooden troughs, and dishclouts, instead of ewers and golden basons, and towels of the finest holland: but the case is, you are base-born miscreants, and like caitiffs as you are, cannot forbear shewing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant.' The whole scullion ministry, as well as the majordomo, who came in with them, believed her grace was actually in earnest, and sneaked away in great shame and confusion, after having untied the dishclout from the neck of Sancho, who seeing himself delivered from that imminent danger, went and fell upon his knees before the duchess, saying, 'From great ladies great benefits are expected; and this that I have now received from your grace, I can in no other shape repay, than in wishing I were dubbed a knight-errant, that I might spend all the days of my life in the service of such a noble and exalted lady; a peasant I am, and Sancho Panza by name, with a wife and family, and serve in quality of a squire; and if in any of these respects I can

serve your highness, I shall be more speedy in obeying than your grace in laying your commands.'—'Sancho,' replied the duchess, 'it plainly appears that you have learned politeness in the school of courtesy itself; I say, it plainly appears, that you have been bred up at the feet of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliment, and flower of ceremony, or, as you term it, Sarah-money: long life and prosperity to such a master and such a pupil; one the north-pole of knight-errantry, and the other the very star of squirish fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho, and I will remunerate your politeness, by prevailing upon my Lord Duke to perform his promise of the government with all possible dispatch.'

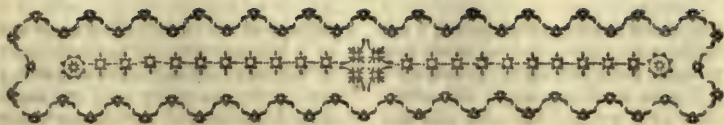
Here the conversation being broke off the knight retired to take his afternoon's nap †, and the duchess desired Sancho, if he was not very much disposed to sleep, to go and pass the evening with her and her women, in a very cool and pleasant apartment. Sancho told her, that although it was really his custom to sleep for four or five hours every afternoon, in the heat of summer, yet, for the satisfaction of her grace's goodness, he would that day strive, with all his might, to keep himself awake, and obey her commands in all things: he accordingly attended her steps; while the duke gave fresh directions for treating Don Quixote as a real knight-errant, without deviating one tittle from the stile in which the ancient knights are said to have been entertained.

* '*Su alma en su palma.*' The original expression literally signifies, 'His soul is in his hand,' i. e. 'He is at his own discretion.'

† In Spain the people always retire after dinner, and sleep till six o'clock, whence the afternoon's nap is called *siesta*.







THE
ATC HIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE HIDALGO

D O N Q U I X O T E
D E L A M A N C H A.

PART II. BOOK III.

C H A P. I.

OF THE PLEASANT CONVERSATION
THAT PASSED BETWEEN THE
DUCHESS, HER WOMEN, AND
SANCHO PANZA; WORTHY TO
BE READ AND REMEMBERED.



HE history then relates, that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon, but, according to his promise, went, eating all the way, into the apartment of the duchess, who took great delight in hearing his conversation, and desired him to sit close by her on a joint-stool, though the squire, out of pure good-breeding, begged to be excused; but her grace told him, he should sit as governor, and speak as a squire, for in both capacities he deserved the individual seat of the champion Cid Ruy Dias.

Sancho, shrugging up his shoulders, obeyed and took his place, surrounded by all the damsels and duennas, who listened with profound silence and attention. Nevertheless, the duchess was the first who began the discourse, saying, ‘ Now that we are by ourselves ‘ unheard by any body, I must entreat ‘ Mr. Governor, to resolve certain ‘ doubts of mine, produced by the ‘ printed history of the great Don Quix-

‘ ote; one of which doubts is this: ‘ as honest Sancho never saw Dulcinea, ‘ I mean, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor conveyed to her the letter ‘ of Signior Don Quixote, which remained with the memorandum-book ‘ in Sierra Morena, how durst he feign ‘ an answer, and pretend that he found ‘ her winnowing wheat, a circumstance ‘ all together ridiculous and untrue, so ‘ much to the prejudice of the peerless ‘ Dulcinea’s reputation, and so ill becoming the station and fidelity of a ‘ trusty squire?’

Without making any immediate answer to this interrogation, Sancho rose from his seat, and moving softly on his tiptoes, with his body bent, and a finger on his lips, examined the whole apartment, lifting up and looking behind the tapestry; and this scrutiny being made, returned to his stool, and replied, ‘ Now my Lady Duchess, that I ‘ am assured there is no skulker listening; and that we are not overheard ‘ by any but this good company, I will, ‘ without fear or trembling, answer all ‘ the questions of your grace; and first ‘ and foremost, I will own, I look upon ‘ my master Don Quixote as an incurable madman; although sometimes ‘ he says things, which, to my thinking, ‘ and in the opinion of all who ‘ hear them, are so sensible and well-directed, that even Satan himself could

‘ not

‘ not mend them : nevertheless, I am
 ‘ really and truly, and without any
 ‘ scruple, fully persuaded within my-
 ‘ self, that he is downright distracted.
 ‘ Now as I am possessed with this no-
 ‘ tion, I venture to make him believe
 ‘ any story, without either head or tail,
 ‘ like that of the answer to his letter,
 ‘ and another trick that I played him
 ‘ six or eight days ago, which is not
 ‘ yet recorded in the history ; I mean,
 ‘ the enchantment of Donna Dulcinea,
 ‘ which I palmed upon him, though it
 ‘ was a tale as wild and uncertain as
 ‘ the hills of Ubeda *.’

The duchess desired he would recount
 that enchantment or deception ; and he
 accordingly related it exactly as it hap-
 pened, to the no small entertainment of
 the hearers ; but when he was about to
 proceed in his discourse, her grace inter-
 posing, said, ‘ From this recital of ho-
 ‘ nest Sancho, a scruple has started in
 ‘ my mind, and whispers me in the ear,
 ‘ since Don Quixote de La Mancha is so
 ‘ lunatick, crazy, and mad, and his
 ‘ squire Sancho Panza, who knows his
 ‘ infirmity, nevertheless serves and fol-
 ‘ lows him, and even depends upon his
 ‘ vain, promises the said squire must,
 ‘ without all doubt, be more crazy and
 ‘ mad than his master : and if this be
 ‘ the case, as it certainly is, it would
 ‘ be no great sign of wisdom in you,
 ‘ my Lady Duchess, to bestow an island
 ‘ on such a governor ; for how will
 ‘ he be able to govern other people,
 ‘ who cannot govern himself ?’

‘ Fore God, my lady,’ cried the
 squire, ‘ your scruple starts in the right
 ‘ place ; and I beg your ladyship will
 ‘ let it speak out in it’s own way, for
 ‘ I know it speaks truth. Had I been
 ‘ wise, I should have left my master
 ‘ long ago ; but this was my fate and
 ‘ my misfortune : I cannot do other-
 ‘ wise, but follow him I must. We
 ‘ are of the same town ; I have eaten
 ‘ of his bread ; I have an affection for
 ‘ him ; he returns me his love, and has
 ‘ given me his colts ; but, above all,
 ‘ I am constant and faithful, and there-
 ‘ fore nothing can possibly part us but
 ‘ the sexton’s shovel. If your high-
 ‘ ness does not chuse to perform your

‘ promise of the island, God made me
 ‘ of a less matter, and perhaps your
 ‘ refusal may turn out to the ease of my
 ‘ conscience ; for maugre all my mad-
 ‘ ness, I understand the proverb that
 ‘ says, The pismire found wings to her
 ‘ sorrow : and perhaps Sancho the
 ‘ Squire may get sooner to heaven than
 ‘ Governor Sancho ; There’s as good
 ‘ bread baked here as in France ; and
 ‘ By night all cats are grey ; and
 ‘ sure, The man his lot may rue, who
 ‘ has not broke his fast by two ; Be-
 ‘ tween man and man the maw cannot
 ‘ differ a span ; and, as the saying is,
 ‘ With hay or with straw we’ll fill up
 ‘ the craw ; The little birds of the field
 ‘ have God for their steward and shield ;
 ‘ Four yards of coarse Cuença stuff are
 ‘ warmer than as much of fine Segovia
 ‘ serge ; When we leave this world and
 ‘ are laid in the ground, the Lord goes
 ‘ in as narrow a path as his labourer ;
 ‘ and, The pope’s body takes up no more
 ‘ room than the sexton’s ; for though
 ‘ the one be higher than the other,
 ‘ When we go to the pit, we must lie
 ‘ snug, and make it fit ; or, We shall be
 ‘ obliged to find room, though scanty
 ‘ is the tomb : and so good night.
 ‘ Wherefore, I say again, if your
 ‘ grace will not give me the island,
 ‘ because I’m a fool, I shall be so wise
 ‘ as not to break my heart at the disap-
 ‘ pointment ; and I have often heard,
 ‘ that the devil skulks behind the cross ;
 ‘ It is not all gold that glitters ; and
 ‘ that, From his oxen, his yokes, and
 ‘ his ploughs, Bamba the husbandman
 ‘ was raised to the throne of Spain ; and
 ‘ that from his riches, pastime, and
 ‘ embroidery, Rodorigo was taken to
 ‘ be devoured by serpents, if the rhimes
 ‘ of old ballads do not lye.’

Here Donna Rodriguez the duenna,
 who was one of the hearers, interposing,
 ‘ Wherefore should they lye ?’ said she,
 ‘ for the ballad says as how they thrust
 ‘ King Rodorigo all alive into a tomb
 ‘ full of toads, lizards, and snakes ;
 ‘ and two days after, he was heard to
 ‘ cry with a weak and doleful voice,
 ‘ Now they eat me ! now they gnaw
 ‘ the part in which I sinned so hei-
 ‘ nously !” And therefore the gen-

* This is an expression proverbially applied to any story that is vague, inconsistent, or of dubious authority ; for the hills of Ubeda make an extensive chain, the different parts of which are differently denominated, from the different countries or districts through which it extends ; so that the whole is not easily ascertained.

‘tlemen is in the right to say he would rather be a husbandman than a king, to be devoured by vermin.’

The duchess could neither help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, nor admiring the discourse and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she replied, ‘Honest Sancho very well knows whatsoever a knight promises must be fulfilled, even though it should cost him his life; now, my lord and husband the duke, though no errant, is nevertheless a knight; and therefore will perform his promise of the island, in spite of all the envy and malice of the world; let Sancho, then, be of good cheer; for when he least thinks of the matter, he will see himself seated in the saddle of his island and dominion, and grasp his government, which he would not exchange for one of superfine brocade; but I charge him to mind how he governs his vassals, who, I give him notice, are all people of honest parents and approved loyalty.’

‘With respect to their being happy under my government,’ said the squire, ‘you need not give me any thing in charge; for I am naturally charitable and compassionate towards the poor; and, from him who can knead and bake, it is not easy to steal a cake. By my salvation, they shall not pass false dice upon me! I am an old dog, not to be taken in with, “Come hither, poor Tray *.” I know how to snuff my peepers upon proper occasions; nor will I consent to walk with cobwebs in my eyes; for I know where the shoe pinches. This I observe, because the righteous shall always have the benefit of my heart and hand, but the wicked shall have neither foot nor footing. In my opinion, every governor must have a beginning in the art and mystery of government, and perhaps, in a fortnight’s administration, I shall lick my fingers after the office, and know as much of the matter as I do of day-labour, to which I was bred.’

‘Sancho,’ said the duchess, ‘you are certainly in the right; for no man was ever a scholar at his birth; and bishops are made of men, and not of blocks. But to return to our former

‘discourse about the enchantment of the Lady Dulcinea; I take it for an absolute certainty, and not a bare asseveration, that Sancho’s scheme of deceiving his master, and making him believe that the country-wench was Dulcinea, whom the knight could not know, because she was enchanted; I say, this scheme was altogether the invention of one of those enchanters who persecute Don Quixote; for I know from very good authority, that the village-maiden who skipped upon the ass, was really and truly the individual Dulcinea del Toboso; and that Sancho, in thinking himself the deceiver, was in fact the person deceived: a truth of which we ought no more to doubt, than of things we never saw; for Signior Sancho Panza must know, that here also we have friendly enchanters, who, out of real regard, impart to us every thing that passes, truly and distinctly, without circumlocution or deceit; and therefore, Sancho may believe me, when I affirm, that the jumping wench was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as much enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we dream of no such thing, we shall see her in her own shape, and then Sancho will be undeceived.’

‘There is nothing more likely,’ cried the squire; ‘and now I am apt to believe my master’s account of the cave of Montesinos, where he saw my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, dressed in the same manner which I described, when I enchanted her for my own amusement. Now, the whole affair must have been quite the reverse; as your ladyship observes; for it cannot be supposed that my ignorant pate could contrive, in an instant, such an ingenious stratagem; nor can I think my master such a fool, as upon my weak and meagre persuasion, to believe such an improbable device; but for all that, my lady, your goodness ought not to take me for an evil-minded person, seeing a blockhead, like me, is not obliged to bore into the designs and knavery of abominable enchanters. I contrived the scheme, in order to escape the displeasure of my master Don Quixote, and not

* In the original, ‘And thoroughly understand “*Tus, tus*,” which is an expression in Spain, to wheedle a cur.

‘with any design to do him hurt; and if it has turned out otherwise, there’s a Judge in heaven who knows the heart. — ‘Very true,’ answered the duchess; ‘but tell me now, Sancho, the story of the cave of Montesinos, which I shall be extremely glad to hear?’

Then Sancho Panza recounted every circumstance of that adventure, as it hath been already related; and her grace having heard the whole, ‘From this incident,’ said she, ‘we may infer, that since the great Don Quixote says he beheld in that place the same country-wench whom Sancho saw in the neighbourhood of Toboso, it could be no other than Dulcinea, and that the enchanters of this country are very officious, and extremely curious. — ‘This I will venture to say,’ replied Panza, ‘that if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is really enchanted, ’tis her own loss, and that it is no business of mine to enter the lists with my master’s enemies, who are certainly both wicked and numerous. True it is, she I saw was a country-wench, for such I took her, and such I judged her to be. If that was Dulcinea, it ought not to be laid to my charge, nor am I to be blackened for that reason; yet I must be lugged in at every bawdy-house bench, with Sancho said this; Sancho did that; Sancho went, and Sancho came!’ as if Sancho were just such as they would please to make him, and not the very same Sancho Panza who has already travelled all the world over in books, and I have been informed by Samson Carrasco, who is, at least, a batchelorling person of Salamanca; and such people cannot tell an untruth, except when it comes into their heads or will turn to their account; wherefore, nobody has any right to meddle with me; and seeing I live in good repute, and I have heard my master say, A good name is better than tons of wealth, even shov’d me into this government, and they shall see marvellous things; for he who has been a good squire will never become a bad governor.’

‘All that honest Sancho has uttered,’ said the duchess, ‘is Catonian wisdom,

‘or at least, the very essence of Michael Verino*, *Florentibus occidit annis*. In a word, to speak in his own stile, ‘A good drinker is often found under a rusty cloak.’ — ‘In sober truth, my Lady,’ answered Sancho, ‘I never in my life drank out of malice; from thirst I might, for I have not the least spice of hypocrisy in my belly; I drink when I chuse it, and even when I would rather be excused, because I am desired so to do, that I may not seem shy or ill-bred; for sure he must have an heart of marble who can refuse to pledge a friend; for though I put on my shoes, I will not defile them; especially, as the squires of knights-errant usually drink water, as they are always strolling through forests, woods, and meadows, and over rocks and mountains, without finding the smallest charity of wine, even though one should offer to purchase it with an eye.’ — ‘I believe what you say,’ answered the duchess: ‘at present Sancho may go to rest; and we shall afterwards talk more at large upon these subjects, and take order that with all convenient dispatch he may be, to use his own words, shov’d into that same government.’

Sancho kissed his hands again, and begged her grace would be so good as to give directions about the entertainment of Dapple, who was the light of his eyes. When she asked, what he meant by Dapple; ‘My ass,’ replied the squire, ‘whom, rather than use the vulgar term, I call Dapple: when I first came to the castle, I desired Madam Duenna here to take care of him; and truly, she was as much affronted as if I had called her ugly and old; though I think it would be more natural and proper for duennas to look after cattle, than to regulate rooms of state. God’s my life! what a spite a gentleman of our town had to these waiting-gentlewomen.’ — ‘He must be some ill-bred clown,’ said Donna Rodriguez the duenna; ‘for had he been a gentleman of birth, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon.’ — ‘Enough, for the present,’ resumed the duchess: ‘hold your tongue Donna

* A young Florentine, of great genius, who died in the seventeenth year of his age, and was lamented by all the poets of his time.

‘Rodriguez, and let Signior Panza make himself perfectly easy, and leave me to take special care of Dapple, whom, as being a moveable appertaining to Sancho, I will place him above the apple of mine eye.’—
 ‘The stable is a place good enough for him,’ answered the squire; ‘for neither he nor I, are worthy of being placed for one moment above the apple of your highness’s eye; and I will as soon consent to his being disposed of in that manner, as I would to drive a dagger in my breast; for although, as my master says, in point of courtesy, one ought to lose the game by a card too much rather than by a card too little; in respect to asses and the apple of an eye, one ought to proceed cautiously with the compass in his hand, and measure as he goes.’

‘Sancho may conduct him to his government,’ said the duchess, ‘and there entertain him to his heart’s content; nay, even infranchise him from all labour.’—‘Your grace, my Lady Duchess, needs not think much of that,’ replied the squire; ‘for I have seen more than one or two asses go to governments; and therefore it will be no new practice if I carry Dapple to mine.’

This remark renewed the laughter and satisfaction of the duchess, who having dismissed him to his repose, went to communicate the conversation to the duke; and this noble couple contrived and gave directions about the execution of a pleasant joke upon Don Quixote, which should turn out a famous incident, and be conformable in all respects to the stile of chivalry; in which they invented a number, with such propriety and discretion, that they are counted the best adventures contained in this important history.

CHAP. II.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE INFORMATION RECEIVED, TOUCHING THE MEANS FOR DISINCHANTING THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO: ONE OF THE MOST RENOWNED ADVENTURES OF THIS BOOK.

GREAT was the satisfaction which the duke and duchess received from the conversation of Don

Quixote and Sancho Panza; and being confirmed in their design of practising some jokes, which should bear a faint shadow and appearance of adventures, they took the hint for a very extraordinary contrivance, from the knight’s account of what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos: but what mostly excited the admiration of the duchess, was the amazing simplicity of Sancho, who was by this time brought to believe, as an infallible truth, the enchantment of Dulcinea, though he himself was the only inchanter and projector of that whole stratagem. Their graces having given directions to the servants, touching the execution of the scheme they had laid; at the end of six days they went forth to hunt the wild boar, with as great an apparatus of hunters and spearmen as used to attend the king in person. Don Quixote was presented with a hunting suit, and Sancho received another of superfine green cloth; but the knight excused himself from accepting the present, observing that, in a few days, he should be obliged to resume the rugged exercise of arms, and therefore could not encumber himself with baggage and wardrobes; as for the squire, he took that which was offered to him, without scruple, intending to sell it with the first opportunity.

On the morning of the appointed day, Don Quixote armed himself at all points, Sancho put on his green suit, and mounting Dapple, which he would not exchange for the best steed in the stable, mingled among the troop of hunters: the duchess came forth very gaily caparisoned, and the knight, out of pure courtesy and good breeding, would have held the reins of her palfrey; but the duke would not consent to his performing such an office. At length they arrived at a wood, between two very high mountains, where the disposition being made, the toils set, and the people distributed in their different posts, the hunt began with a vast noise of hallooing and crying; and nothing could be distinctly heard for the barking of the dogs and the sound of the horns. The duchess alighted, and with a pointed boar-spear in her hand, took post in a place through which she knew the wild beasts were used to come; the duke and Don Quixote likewise dis-

mounting, posted themselves on each side of her grace, while Sancho stayed in the rear, without parting from Dapple, whom he durst not quit, lest some misfortune should happen to that darling beast.

Scarce had they set foot on ground, and taken their stations, supported by a number of servants, when they beheld a monstrous boar baited by the dogs and pursued by the hunters, running towards them, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. The knight no sooner perceived this savage, than bracing his shield and unsheathing his sword, he advanced to receive him; while the duke did the same with his boar-spear; but the duchess would have been the foremost of the three, had she not been restrained by her lord. Sancho alone seeing this furious animal, forsook his friend Dapple, and running full speed in order to climb a lofty oak, found his endeavour altogether ineffectual; for having surmounted one half of the ascent, the branch on which he stood struggling to gain the top, unfortunately gave way, and in falling, he was caught by another stump of the tree, so that he hung dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. Perceiving himself thus suspended, that his green suit was torn, and supposing that if the wild boar should come up, he would be able to seize him as he hung, he began to utter such doleful cries, and roar so hideously for assistance, that all those who heard his clamour, without seeing his situation, actually believed he was in the jaws of some savage beast. At length the tusky boar being pierced and killed by the number of spears that opposed him, Don Quixote turned about his head, in consequence of Sancho's cries, by which he recognized his faithful squire, whom he saw hanging from the oak, with his head downwards, and hard by he perceived Dapple, who did not forsake him in his calamity: and Cid Hamet observes, that he very seldom saw Sancho without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho, such was the friendship and fidelity subsisting between them. Don Quixote immediately advanced and unhooked Sancho; who finding himself delivered, and fairly placed upon firm ground, examined the rent in his hunting-suit, which grieved him to the soul;

for in that dress he thought he had obtained an invaluable inheritance.

About this time they laid the mighty boar across a sumpter mule, and covering him with sprigs of myrtle and rosemary, carried him in triumph, as the spoils of victory, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where they found the cloth ready laid, and the table furnished with such a grand and sumptuous entertainment as well bespoke the wealth and magnificence of the founder. Sancho presenting to the duchess the skirts of his torn suit, 'If,' said he, 'this had been hare or sparrow-hunting, my coat would have been secure from this unlucky accident; for my own part, I do not know what pleasure there is in attacking an animal, which, if he can once fasten his tusks on you, will deprive you of life. I remember to have heard people sing an old ballad, that says—

"May bears upon thy carcase feed,
"As erst on Fabila they did."

'That was a Gothick king,' said Don Quixote, 'who in going to the chace, was devoured by a bear.'— 'That is the very thing, I say,' replied the squire; 'I would not have kings and noblemen run themselves into such dangers, for the enjoyment of a diversion which, in my opinion, hardly deserves the name, as it consists in murdering a poor beast that never committed any crime.'— 'There, Sancho, you are mistaken,' said the duke, 'for the exercise of hunting wild-beasts is of all others the most necessary and suitable to kings and noblemen. The chace is a picture of war, comprehending schemes, feints, and stratagems, for taking advantage of the enemy; by this we are enabled to endure extreme cold and excessive heat, to contemn ease and undervalue sleep; our bodies acquire strength, and our limbs agility; in a word, it is an exercise that affords pleasure to numbers, and does prejudice to none; and what renders it superior to all others is, that it cannot be enjoyed by every body, like all the other kinds of sport, except hawking, which is also peculiar to sovereigns and persons of rank: you must therefore alter
"your

‘ your opinion, Sancho, and when you are governor, employ yourself in the chace, which you will find of incredible service *.’ — ‘ Surely, that cannot be,’ answered the squire; ‘ a good governor will stay at home, as if he had a broken bone. It would look rarely indeed, if, when people fatigued with a journey, come to visit him upon business, he should be taking his diversion upon the hills; in that case the government would go to wreck. In good faith, my lord, such pastime is more proper for idle folks than for governors: I intend, God willing, to amuse myself with a game at cards at Easter, and with nine-pins on Sundays and holidays; for as to these chaces or cases, they neither suit my condition nor agree with my conscience.’ — ‘ God grant Sancho may behave as he says he will,’ replied the duke; ‘ but, there is a wide difference between saying and doing.’ — ‘ Let it be as wide as it pleases,’ cried Sancho. ‘ A good paymaster needs no pawn; God’s blessing is better than early rising; and, The belly is carried by the feet, and not the feet by the belly; I mean, that with God’s assistance, and a righteous intention, I shall certainly be able to govern like any goshawk; aye, aye, let them thrust their fingers in my mouth, and they shall see whether or no I can bite.’

‘ The curse of God, and all his saints, light on thee, accursed babler!’ cried Don Quixote: ‘ will that day never come, as I have often said, when I shall hear thee speak sensibly and distinctly, without lugging in old saws?—My Lord and Lady Dukes, I entreat your graces to let that madman alone; otherwise he will grind your souls, not between two but two thousand proverbs, dragged in as much to the purpose and as seasonably as I wish God may give him health, or me protection, if I desire to hear them.’ — ‘ The proverbs of Sancho Panza,’ said the dukes, ‘ though more in number than those of the Greek commentator, are not the less to be esteemed for the conciseness of the apophthegma. I can safely say for myself, that they give me much more pleasure than I should receive

‘ from others, though better culled and more suitable to the occasion.’

In the midst of this and other such favourable conversation, they quitted the tent, to examine some snares they had laid; in which amusement the day was soon elapsed, and was succeeded by the night, which did not appear so serene and composed as it might have been expected at the season of the year, which was midsummer, but along with it came a certain *darkness visible*, which greatly assisted the design of the duke and dukes. When the night, therefore, began to fall, a little after the twilight, all of a sudden the four quarters of the wood seemed to be on fire, and here and there, and every where, they heard an infinite number of cornets and other warlike instruments, as if a great number of cavalry had been marching through the wood; so that the light of the flames, and the sound of those warlike instruments, dazzled and astonished the eyes and ears of the by-standers, and indeed of all the people in the wood. This noise was succeeded by innumerable *lelilles*, or cries used by the Moors in battle; the trumpets and clarions exalted their brazen throats, the drums rattled, and the fires resounded all together, in such a continued and alarming concert, that the man must have been utterly devoid of all sense who did not lose it in consequence of such confusion and uproar. The duke was confounded, the dukes amazed, Don Quixote astonished, Sancho Panza affrighted; and, finally, even those who were let into the secret, seemed to be seized with consternation, which produced among them a most dreary silence.

During this pause, came a postilion dressed, like a devil, and instead of a cornet, blew an unmeasurable horn, which yielded an hoarse and dreadful sound. ‘ Holla! brother courier,’ cried the duke, ‘ who are you? where are you going? and what troops are those that seem to march across the wood?’ To these interrogations the courier replied, in a dismal, hollow tone: ‘ I am the devil, going in quest of Don Quixote de La Mancha; those who follow are six troops of enchanters, who bring upon a triumphant car the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso enchanted, ac-

* Literally, ‘ And you shall see it will be worth a loaf that will serve a hundred.’

‘ accompanied

‘ accompanied by the gallant Frenchman Montefinos, to instruct Don Quixote in a certain method for disenchanted the said Lady Dulcinea. — ‘ If you were the devil,’ answered the duke, ‘ as you say you are, and your figure seems to declare, you would have distinguished that same knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, who now stands before you. — ‘ Fore God! and upon my conscience,’ cried the devil, ‘ I did not see him; for my thoughts are so much distracted by the different avocations, that I had forgot the principal aim of my coming. — ‘ Without doubt,’ said Sancho, ‘ that devil must be an honest man, and a good christian, otherwise he would not swear, ‘ Fore God! and on my conscience! Now am I fully convinced that there must be some worthy people even in hell.’

Then the courier, without alighting, fixed his eyes upon Don Quixote, and pronounced: ‘ To thee, the Knight of the Lions (and would I might see thee in their clutches) am I sent by the unfortunate, though valiant knight Montefinos, who commanded me to desire, in his name, that thou wouldst wait on the very spot where I should find thee, because he brings along with him one Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to communicate what will be necessary towards her disenchantment; and as this message was the sole cause of my coming, there is no cause that requires my longer stay. Devils like me be with thee, and good angels guard that noble pair!’ So saying, he sounded his dreadful horn, and rode off, without waiting for the least reply.

This address renewed the astonishment of all present, especially of Sancho and Don Quixote; of Sancho, because, in despite of truth, he saw they were resolved that Dulcinea should be enchanted; and of Don Quixote, because he could not be certain of the truth of what had happened to him in the cave of Montefinos. While he was wrapped in these meditations, the duke accosted him, saying, ‘ Signior Don Quixote, do you intend to wait?’ — ‘ Wherefore not,’ replied the knight, ‘ here will I wait, courageous and intrepid, though all hell should come to assault me.’ — ‘ Then, for my part,’ cried Sancho, ‘ if I see another devil, and hear another horn, like that which passed, I

‘ should as soon wait here as in Flanders.’

About this time the night being more advanced, a number of lights began to gleam through the wood, like the dry exhalations of the earth that glide through the air, and are mistaken by ignorant people for shooting-stars: their ears were likewise invaded by a frightful sound, like that occasioned by the massy wheels of waggons drawn by oxen; an harsh and grating noise, from which the very bears and wolves (if any chance to be in the way) are said to fly with terror. This uproar was succeeded by another more terrible than all the rest; for all at once, at the four corners of the wood, there really seemed to be four encounters or battles: in one place was heard the horrid din of cannon; in another a vast number of muskets were fired; here resounded the cries of the combatants; there the Moorish *lelilles* were repeated with vast vociferation. In a word, the cornets, horns, bugles, clarions, trumpets, drums, artillery, and musketry, but, above all, the dismal noise of the cars, formed all together, such a confused and horrible concert, that Don Quixote was obliged to recollect his whole courage, in order to bear it without emotion; but Sancho’s heart died within him, and down he came in a swoon upon the train of the duchess, who received him as he fell, and with marks of great concern, ordered her servants to throw water in his face: in consequence of this application, he recovered, just as one of the waggons with the creaking wheels came up to the place where they stood. It was drawn by four lazy oxen, wholly covered with black trappings, with a large lighted taper tied to each horn, and in the waggon was raised a lofty seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow itself, that flowed down below his middle, and a large loose garment of black buckram; for the waggon being stuck full of lights, it was easy to observe and distinguish every thing that it contained. It was conducted by two ugly devils clad also in buckram, with such hideous features, that Sancho no sooner saw them than he shut his eyes, that they might not encounter such frightful objects. This carriage being come up, the venerable senior rose up from his lofty seat, and pronounced aloud, ‘ I am the sage Lir-
‘ gaudeo.’

'gandeo.' He said no more; and the waggon proceeded. Another carriage followed in the same manner, with another old man inthroned, who ordering the waggon to stop, said, with a voice as solemn as the first, 'I am the sage Al-quise, the great friend of Urganda the unknown.' And so the carriage proceeded. Then a third approached in the same stile: but he who possessed this throne, instead of being old like the others, was a robust man of a very disagreeable aspect, who rising from his seat, like the other two, exclaimed in a more hoarse and diabolical tone, 'I am the inchanter Arcalaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and his whole race.' And so the carriage passed on; but when they had proceeded a little way, the three waggons halted; then ceased the dismal creaking of the wheels, and no other sound was heard but that of an agreeable musical concert, which rejoiced the heart of Sancho, who took it as a good omen, and in that persuasion said to the duchess, from whom he had not budged an hair's breadth, 'My Lady Duchess, where there is musick there can be no harm.'—'As little should we expect any harm where there is light and illumination,' answered the duchess. 'And yet,' replied the squire, 'we may be easily burnt by such torches and bonfires as these, notwithstanding all the light and illumination they produced; but musick is always a sign of joy and feasting.'—'Time will shew!' said Don Quixote, who overheard the conversation; and he said well, as will appear in the following chapter.

CH A P. III.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF WHAT WAS IMPARTED TO DON QUIXOTE, TOUCHING THE MEANS FOR DISINCHANTING DULCINEA—WITH AN ACCOUNT OF OTHER SURPRIZING INCIDENTS.

MOVING to the sound of this agreeable musick, came one of those carriages called, triumphal cars, drawn by six grey mules, covered with white linen, and upon each was mounted

a penitent of light*, clad also in white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice, nay thrice as large as the carriages which had passed, and the tops and sides were occupied by twelve other penitents as white as snow, with their lighted tapers: a sight that excited equal terror and surprize. Seated on a lofty throne appeared a nymph, habited in robes of silver tissue, bespangled with innumerable leaves of gold brocade; so that her dress, if not rich, was extremely gaudy; her face was covered with a delicate and transparent veil of finetiffany, the plaits of which could not conceal the beauteous features of a young lady; and the number of lights enabled the spectators to distinguish her charms and her age, which seemed to be turned of seventeen, but under twenty. Close by her appeared a figure clad in what is called a robe of state, that reached to his feet; and his head was muffled in a black veil. The cart had no sooner come opposite to the duke and duchess, and Don Quixote, than the musick of the waits, the harps, and lutes, ceased all at once; then this figure rising, threw aside his robe, and taking off the veil, disclosed to view the horrible and uncarnate form of death; at sight of which Don Quixote was startled, Sancho overwhelmed with fear, and the duke and duchess exhibited some affected marks of consternation.

This living death standing upright, began, with a languid voice and tongue, but half awake, to repeat the following address.

- 'I Merlin am, by histories bely'd,
- 'That represent the devil as my fire:
- 'A falsehood sanction'd by the lapse of time.
- 'I am the prince of magick, in whose breast
- 'The Zoroastrick science lies intomb'd:
- 'The rival of invidious Time, whose wings
- 'Still seek to shade and darken all exploits
- 'Atchiev'd by the illustrious errant knights,
- 'For whom my friendship glows, and ever
- 'glow'd.
- 'Tho' all my fellows of th' enchanting tribe,
- 'The magi and magicians, ever nurs'd
- 'A disposition barbarous and harsh,
- 'Mine still was tender, gentle, and humane,
- 'A friend to all the various race of man.
- 'In the profoundest cave of gloomy Dis,
- 'Where my industrious spirit was employ'd

* *Disciplinante de luz*, is a cant phrase, applied to those who are exposed to publick shame.

' In forming mystick characters and spells,
 ' Mine ears were wounded with the wail-
 ' ing cries
 ' Of fam'd Dulcinea, that matchless fair.
 ' I learn'd her strange enchantment, and
 ' condol'd
 ' Her transformation from a gentle nymph
 ' To the vile figure of a rustick wench.
 ' An hundred thousand volumes I perus'd,
 ' Fraught with the dark and diabolick art;
 ' Then in the horrible and ghastly trunk
 ' Of this dry skeleton my soul enclos'd:
 ' And now I come on purpose to impart
 ' An easy remedy for her mishap.
 ' O thou! the glory of all knights who
 ' wear
 ' Impervious coats of mail and adamant;
 ' Thou light and lanthorn, path, and north,
 ' and guide
 ' Of all who quit the drowsy joys of sloth,
 ' And starting from the lazy down, embrace
 ' Th' intolerable use and exercise
 ' Of rude, unwieldy, sanguinary arms:
 ' To thee I speak, great chief, whose va-
 ' liant deeds
 ' So far transcend the loudest blast of fame.
 ' Quixote, for courage and discretion fam'd,
 ' La Mancha's mirrour, and the star of
 ' Spain,
 ' In order to recover and restore
 ' Thy peerless mistress to her former state,
 ' Sancho, thy faithful squire, must undergo
 ' Three thousand and three hundred stripes,
 ' apply'd
 ' To his posteriors, passively expos'd;
 ' And he himself must wield the pliant
 ' scourge,
 ' And start, and smart, and tingle with the
 ' pain.
 ' Thus stands th' irrevocable doom pro-
 ' nounc'd
 ' By the fell authors of her dire mischance;
 ' And on this errand, gentles, am I come.'

' I vow to God!' cried Sancho at
 this period, ' not to mention three
 ' thousand, I will as soon give myself
 ' three stabs with a dagger as three sin-
 ' gle stripes with a scourge. Now, de-
 ' vil take such ways of disenchanted!
 ' I cannot conceive what my buttocks
 ' have to do with enchantments. Be-
 ' fore God! if Signior Merlin can find
 ' no other method for disenchanted my
 ' Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she may
 ' e'en go enchanted to her grave.—
 ' Hark ye, Don Garlick-eating rus-
 ' tick,' said Don Quixote, ' I shall
 ' take and tie you to a tree, naked as
 ' your mother bore you, and not to
 ' mention three thousand three hundred,
 ' give you six thousand six hundred

' lashes, so well laid on, that three thou-
 ' sand three hundred twitches shall not
 ' pull them off; and answer me not a
 ' syllable, or I will tear thy soul from
 ' thy body.'

Merlin hearing this declaration,
 ' Not so, neither,' said he; ' the lashes
 ' to be received by honest Sancho must
 ' be voluntary, not upon compulsion,
 ' and at his own leisure, for there is
 ' no time fixed for the final execution;
 ' nevertheless, he is so far indulged,
 ' that he may be quit for one half of
 ' the stripes, provided he will allow
 ' the other half to be inflicted by ano-
 ' ther hand, though it may chance to
 ' be a little weighty.'—' No man's
 ' hand shall touch my flesh! neither
 ' another's, nor my own, nor weighty
 ' nor unweighed. What a plague! did
 ' I, forsooth, bring my Lady Dulci-
 ' nea into the world, that my backside
 ' must suffer for the transgression of her
 ' eyes? My master, indeed, who is a
 ' part of her, and is continually call-
 ' ing her his life, his soul, his suste-
 ' nance and support, may, and ought
 ' to lash himself for her sake, and take
 ' with all dispatch the necessary steps
 ' for her disenchanted; but for me
 ' to scourge my own body, I denounce
 ' it!'

Scarce had Sancho uttered this re-
 monstrance, when the embroidered
 nymph who sat by Merlin's spirit, ris-
 ing up, took off her transparent veil,
 and disclosing a face, which to all the
 spectators seemed more than exceedingly
 beautiful, addressed herself in these
 words directly to Sancho Panza, with
 a masculine assurance, and a voice that
 was not extremely melodious, ' O, ill-
 ' conditioned squire! thou soul of a
 ' pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels
 ' of flinty pebbles! hadst thou been
 ' commanded, thou nose-slaving catiff,
 ' to throw thyself down from a lofty
 ' tower; hadst thou been desired, thou
 ' enemy of human species, to swallow a
 ' dozen of toads, twice the number of
 ' lizards, and three dozen of snakes;
 ' hadst thou been urged to murder thy
 ' wife and children with some sharp
 ' and ruthless scymitar, it would not
 ' have been strange to see thee shy and
 ' fearful; but to make such objections
 ' to three thousand three hundred stripes,
 ' which there is scarce a naughty boy
 ' that does not receive every month,
 ' astounds, astonishes, and affrights the
 ' compas-

‘compassionate bowels of all this audience, as well as of all those who shall hear it in the future course of time. Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted animal! turn, I say, thy mulish goggle eyes upon these balls of mine that emulate the glittering stars, and see how they weep, thread by thread, and skein by skein, creating trenches, paths, and furrows, through the delightful meadows of my cheeks! Wilt thou not relent, thou crafty and malicious monster, at seeing me in the flower of my age (for I am still in my teens, being no more than nineteen, which is one year short of twenty) consume and pine within the bark of a homely rustick wench? in which form, if I do not now appear, it is owing to the particular favour of Signior Merlin, who has indulged me so far, that my beauty might melt thy savage heart; for the tears of afflicted beauty soften rocks to cotton, and transform tygers into gentle lambs. Chastise, chastise, obdurate beast, that brawny beef of thine; arouse that slothful spirit which inclines thee to nothing but to gorge and regorge thy voracious maw, and set at liberty the beauty of my face; and if, for my sake, thou wilt not mollify thyself, and listen to any reasonable terms, at least relent in favour of that poor knight who stands forlorn at thy elbow; I mean, thy master, whose soul I now can see traversed in his throat, not above ten fingers breadth from his lips, waiting for nothing but thy kind or rigorous reply, in consequence of which it will either leap out of his mouth, or retire to his stomach.’

Don Quixote hearing these words, felt his throat, and turning to the duke, ‘By Heaven! my lord,’ said he, ‘Dulcinea has spoke truth; for here do I feel my soul traversed in my throat, like the nut of a cross-bow.’ When the dukes asked what Sancho said to that circumstance, ‘I say,’ replied the squire, ‘what I have said already, that the whipping I denounce.’—‘You must call it renounce,’ said the duke, ‘and not denounce.’—‘I would your grace would let me alone,’ answered Sancho; ‘this is no time for me to mind niceties and letters, more or less; for I am so confounded at

those stripes which I am to receive, or execute upon myself, that I neither know what I am saying or doing; yet I should be glad to know where my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso learned that manner of asking favours. She comes to desire me to tear open my flesh with a horse-whip, and calls me soul of a pitcher, obdurate beast, and a whole rigmarole of villainous names, which the devil may suffer for me! What a plague, is my flesh made of brass; or is it any thing to me, whether she is disenchanted or no? What baskets of white linen, shirts, caps, and socks, (though I wear none) does she bring to soften me? Nothing but abuse upon abuse; without remembering the proverb, that says, “An ass loaded with gold will skip over a mountain. A generous gift the rock will rift. We must fervently pray; and hammer away. I will give thee, is good; but, Here, take it, is better.” Then, my master, who ought to lead me fair and softly by the hand, and persuade me with gentle words to whip myself into wool and carded cotton, declares, forsooth, that if he should once take me in hand, he will tie me naked to a tree, and double the allowance of stripes. These angry gentlemen ought to consider it is not only a squire, but a governor whom they desire to flog himself; as if it was no more than drinking after cherries. Let them learn, let them learn, with a vengeance, how to entreat and beg with good-breeding; for all seasons are not the same; and a man is not always in good-humour: here am I ready to burst with vexation to see the rent in my green coat; and they must needs come and desire me to whip myself with good will, when, God knows, I am as far from doing it with good will, as I am from turning Turk*.’

‘Nevertheless, friend Sancho,’ said the duke, ‘if your heart does not become softer than a ripe fig, you shall suffer no government of mine: It would be a fine scheme, indeed, if I should send to my islanders a cruel, flinty-hearted governor, who would not melt at the tears of damsels in affliction; nor at the entreaties of wise, imperious, ancient sages and enchant-

* Literally, *cacique*, which was the appellation given to Indian princes.

ers! In a word, Sancho, you must either consent to whip yourself, or be whipped, or lay aside all thoughts of being a governor.—‘My good lord,’ replied the squire, ‘will not they give me two days to consider and determine what will be for the best?’—‘By no means,’ cried Merlin: ‘on this very spot, and this very instant, the business must be discussed; otherwise Dulcinea will return to the cave of Montesinos, and the appearance of a country-wench; whereas, if you comply, she will, in her present form, be transported to the Elysian fields, where she must reside until the number of the stripes be accomplished.’

‘Go to, honest Sancho,’ said the duchess, ‘pluck up your spirits, and behave like a grateful squire that has eaten the bread of Signior Don Quixote, who is intitled to the service and acknowledgments of us all, by his amiable disposition and sublime chivalry. Say Aye, my son, to this same flagellation, and let the devil fetch the devil; leave fear to the coward; for a stout heart quails misfortune, as you very well know.’

To these exhortations Sancho made no reply; but addressing himself to Merlin, with his usual extravagance, ‘Good, your worship, pray tell me, Signior Merlin, the meaning of one thing: a certain courier devil came here with a message to my master, from Signior Montesinos, desiring him to stay in this place until he should come up; for he would teach him a way to disenchant my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and hitherto we have seen no such person?’ To this interrogation Merlin replied, ‘That devil, friend Sancho, is an ignorant blockhead, and a very great knave. I sent him hither in quest of your master; not with a message from Montesinos, but from myself; for Montesinos is still in his cave, planning, or rather expecting his disenchament, the worst of which is still to come; but if he owes you any thing, or you have any business to transact with him, I will bring you face to face wherever you shall ap-

point. In the mean time, dispatch, and give your consent to this discipline; which, I assure you, will greatly redound to the advantage both of your soul and body: to your soul, from the charity of the undertaking; and to your body, as I know you are of a florid complexion, and will be the better for losing a little blood.’

‘What a number of leeches have we got in this world!’ said Sancho; ‘the very inchanters are physicians; but since every body says so, although I cannot perceive it myself, I am content to give myself three thousand three hundred lashes, on condition that I may give them when and where I shall think proper, without being confined to any certain time, or rate of allowance; and I will endeavour to discharge the debt as soon as possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, since, contrary to my former belief, she appears to be really beautiful. I likewise covenant that I shall not be obliged to fetch blood with the scourge, and that in case I should chance to be whipped by the officers of justice*, every lash so received shall enter into the tale: Item, lest I should commit a mistake in the number, Signior Merlin, who knows every thing, shall take care to reckon them, and give me to understand how far I have fallen short, or exceeded the appointed score.’—‘There will be no occasion to apprise you of the overplus,’ said Merlin; ‘for as soon as the number shall be compleated, the Lady Dulcinea will be disenchanted, and come, out of pure gratitude, to return thanks, and even a recompence to the charitable Sancho for his good work. You need not, therefore, make any scruple about the superplus or the deficiency; nor will Heaven allow me to defraud any person, even of a single hair.’—‘A God’s name, then,’ cried Sancho, ‘I consent in my tribulation; I say, I accept of the penance on the conditions aforesaid.’

Scarce had Sancho pronounced these last words, when the musick of the waits began to play again, and an in-

* The other translators have interpreted *mosqueo* into a fly-flap, which is undoubtedly one of his meanings; but as it likewise signifies flagellation at the cart’s tail, I have taken it in this last acceptation, which, I think, heightens the humour of the allusion.

nite number of muskets were discharged, while Don Quixote, hanging about Sancho's neck, imprinted a world of kisses on his cheeks and forehead; the duke and duchess, and all the by-standers, expressed the utmost pleasure, the car began to move, and the beauteous Dulcinea, in passing, bowed to their graces, and made a profound curtsy to Sancho.

About this time the chearful smiling morn advanced; the flowerets of the field, with heads erect, diffused their fragrance; and the liquid chrystal of the rills, murmuring among the variegated pebbles, went sliding on to pay it's tribute to the rivers, that waited to receive their customary dues: the joyous earth, the splendid firmament, the buxom air, and light unclouded; each singly, and all together joined, prognosticated plainly, that the day, which trod upon Aurora's skirts, would be serene and fair. The duke and duchess, extremely well satisfied with the chace, as well as with the ingenious and fortunate execution of their design, returned to the castle, with full intention to perform the sequel of their jest, than which no real adventure could have given them more delight.

CHAP. IV.

WHICH GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE PERILOUS AND INCONCEIVABLE ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTED DUENNA, ALIAS THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI — TOGETHER WITH A LETTER WHICH SANCHE PANZA WROTE TO HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA.

THE duke's steward was a man of humour and ingenuity, who acted the part of Merlin, and adjusted all the apparatus of the foregoing adventure; for he composed the verses, and directed a page to represent Dulcinea: finally, under the auspices of his lord and lady, he projected another of the most agreeable and strange fancy that could possibly be conceived.

Next day the duchess asking Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance, which he was to undergo for the disenchament of Dulcinea, he answered in the affirmative, and said, he had that same night given himself five lashes:

but when she enquired about the instrument with which they were inflicted, he owned they were applied with his hand.

'That is rather clapping than lashing,' replied her grace; 'and I take it for granted, the sage Merlin will not be content with such delicacy; it will be absolutely necessary that honest Sancho should make a scourge of briars, or use a switch that will make him feel it; for learning is not acquired without pain, and the liberty of such an high-born lady as Dulcinea is not to be purchased for a trifle.' To this remonstrance Sancho replied, 'I wish your grace would lend me some convenient whip, or ragged rope's end, which would do the business without giving me a great deal of pain; for I would have your grace to know, that although I am a labouring man, my flesh has more of the cotton than the mat weed in it; and there is no reason that I should destroy myself for another's advantage.' — 'In good time be it,' answered the duchess; 'to-morrow morning I will give you a scourge that will fit you to an hair, and agree as well with the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was it's own brother.'

This affair being adjusted, 'My lady,' said Sancho Panza, 'your highness must know I have writ a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, giving an account of all that hath befallen me since we parted: here it is in my bosom, and wants nothing but a superscription. I wish your grace, in your great understanding, would read it; for, in my mind, it sinacks of the governor; I mean, of the manner in which governors ought to write.' — 'And who was the inditer?' said the duchess. 'Who should indite it, siner that I am, but myself!' answered the squire. 'Did you likewise write it yourself?' replied her grace. 'I did not so much as think of any such matter,' said Sancho; 'for the truth is, I can neither read nor write, though I know very well how to set my mark.' — 'Let us see this epistle,' quoth the duchess, 'in which, I dare say, you have displayed the quality and extent of your understanding.'

Then Sancho pulling an open letter from his bosom, the duchess took and read it to this effect.

SANCHO'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE
TERESA PANZA.

‘IF I have been finely lashed, I have
‘ been well mounted; If I have
‘ obtained a good government, it has
‘ cost me a good whipping. This,
‘ Teresa, thou wilt not now understand,
‘ but shalt learn some other opportuni-
‘ ty. Know, Teresa, I am determined
‘ thou shalt ride in a coach, which is a
‘ resolution pat to the purpose; for any
‘ other way of travelling is fit for none
‘ but cats. A governor's lady you
‘ shall be, and I would fain see the
‘ best of them tread upon thy heels.
‘ I have sent thee a green hunting-suit,
‘ which was a present from my Lady
‘ Duchefs. Make it up into a petticoat
‘ and jacket for our daughter. My
‘ master Don Quixote, as I have heard
‘ in this country, is a sensible mad-
‘ man, and a diverting fool, and I my-
‘ self am nothing short of him in these
‘ respects. We have been in the cave
‘ of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin
‘ has pitched upon me to disinchant the
‘ Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who in
‘ your parts is called Aldonza Lorenzo;
‘ with three thousand three hundred
‘ stripes, lacking five, which I am to
‘ give myself, she will be as much dis-
‘ enchanted as the mother that bore her.
‘ Thou shalt not mention a syllable of
‘ this to any person whatsoever; for if
‘ you go to seek advice about your own
‘ concerns, one will say it is white,
‘ and another swear 'tis black.’

‘ A few days hence I shall set out for
‘ my government, whither I go with a
‘ most outrageous desire of getting mo-
‘ ney; and I am told, this is the case
‘ with all new governors. I will feel
‘ the pulse of it, and give thee notice
‘ whether or no thou shalt come and
‘ live with me.

‘ Dapple is in good health, and sends
‘ his most hearty commendations: I
‘ believe I shall not forsake him even if
‘ they should make me the Grand Turk.
‘ My Lady Duchefs kisses thy hand a
‘ thousand times: return the compli-
‘ ment with two thousand; for, as my
‘ master says, Nothing is so reasonable
‘ and cheap as good-manners. It has
‘ not pleased God that I should stumble
‘ upon another portmanteau with a hun-
‘ dred crowns, as heretofore; but let
‘ that give thee no uneasiness, my dear
‘ Teresa, for he is safe who has good

‘ cards to play; and what is amiss will
‘ come out in the washing of this same
‘ government! One thing, I own, gives
‘ me great concern: I am told that if
‘ once I taste it, I shall be apt to eat my
‘ fingers; and should that be the case,
‘ it will be no cheap bargain; though
‘ the lame and the paralytick enjoy a
‘ sort of canonry in the alms they re-
‘ ceive. Wherefore, one way or ano-
‘ ther, thou wilt certainly be rich and
‘ fortunate. The Lord make thee so,
‘ as he very well may, and preserve for
‘ thy service thy husband the governor.

‘ From the Duke's ‘ SANCHO PANZA.
‘ Castle, July 20, 1614.’

The Duchefs having read the letter to
an end, ‘ In two circumstances,’ said
she, ‘ the honest governor is a little out
‘ of the way. First, in saying or in-
‘ sinuating, that the government was
‘ bestowed upon him, in return for the
‘ stripes he must undergo; whereas he
‘ knows, and cannot deny, that when my
‘ Lord Duke promised him the island,
‘ nobody thought of any such thing as
‘ stripes in the world: Secondly, he
‘ discovers an avaricious disposition,
‘ and I should not like to see him a
‘ skin flint; for greediness bursts the
‘ bag, and a covetous governor will do
‘ very ungoverned justice.’—‘ I did not
‘ write with that intention,’ answered
the Squire: ‘ and if your ladyship
‘ thinks this is not a proper letter, there
‘ is nothing to do but tear it and
‘ write another, which perhaps will be
‘ still worse, if it be left to my own num-
‘ skull.’—‘ No, no,’ cried the duchefs,
‘ this will do very well, and must be
‘ shewn to the duke.’

Accordingly, repairing to a garden,
where they were to dine that day, she
communicated Sancho's epistle to the
duke, who perused it with infinite plea-
sure. Here they went to dinner, and
after the cloth was taken away, and they
had entertained themselves a good while
with the savoury conversation of San-
cho, their ears were suddenly invaded
with the dismal sound of a fife and a
hoarse unbraced drum: all the company
were startled at this confused, martial,
and melancholy musick, especially Don
Quixote, whose emotion would not al-
low him to sit quiet. With regard to
Sancho, all that can be said is, that
he was driven by fear to his usual shel-
ter,

ter, the side or skirts of the duchess: for the sound they heard was really and truly horrible and dreary. In the midst of this confusion and surprize; which took hold on all present, they saw two men enter the garden, in mourning-cloaks, so large and long that they trailed upon the ground. These figures were employed in beating two large drums, which were likewise covered with black, and they were accompanied by a fife as black and dismal as themselves, and followed by a personage of gigantick stature, rolled rather than cloathed in a cassock of the blackest hue, furnished with a train of unmeasurable length. Over this cassock, his body was girded and crossed with a broad black belt, from which depended an immense scymitar, with hilt and sheath of the same sable colour. His face was covered with a black, transparent veil, through which appeared a huge and bushy beard as white as snow; and in walking he kept time to the sound of the drums, with great gravity and composure. In a word, his tallness, his demeanour, his melancholy dress, and his attendants, were sufficient to surprize, and did surprize, all those who beheld him, without knowing the nature of the scheme. With the said solemnity of personification he advanced in order to kneel before the duke, who, with the rest of the company received him standing; but his grace would by no means hear his address until he rose. The prodigious spectre complied with his desire and stood upright; then unveiling his face, and displaying the largest, whitest, thickest, and most stupendous beard that ever human eyes beheld, he fixed his eyes upon the duke, and in a grave, sonorous voice, extracted and discharged from his ample and dilated chest, pronounced, 'Most high and mighty prince, I am Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise distinguished by the appellation of the afflicted duenna: from her I bring a message to your grace, requesting that your magnificence would be pleased to give her leave and opportunity to enter and declare in person her mishap, which is the strangest and the newest that ever the most hapless imagination could conceive: and first of all, she wants to know if the

'valiant and invincible knight Don Quixote de La Mancha now resides within your castle; for in quest of him, she is come a foot and fasting from the kingdom of Candaya to these your territories: a circumstance which might and ought to be deemed a miracle, or at least effected by the power of enchantment. She is now at the gate of this fortress or pleasure-house, and only waits for your permission to come in.'

So saying, he hemmed; and with both hands stroking his beard from top to bottom, waited with great composure for the duke's reply, which was this: 'Worthy squire Trifaldin of the Snowy Beard, many days are passed since we have been apprized of the misfortune of my Lady Countess Trifaldi, on whom the enchanters have intailed the epithet of the afflicted duenna: well may you, stupendous squire, desire her to come in; and here is the valiant knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, from whose generous disposition she may securely promise herself all manner of aid and protection; and you may likewise give her to understand, in my name, that if my assistance be necessary, it shall not be wanting; for I think myself obliged to grant it, as being a knight, to which title is annexed, and belongs, that maxim of assisting the fair sex with all our might, especially widowed, reduced, and afflicted duennas, like her ladyship.' Trifaldin hearing this declaration, bent his knee to the ground, and making a signal to the fife and drums to repeat the same note, and resume the same pace with which they entered, he retired from the garden, leaving the whole company astonished at his presence and deportment.

Then the duke turning to Don Quixote, 'In a word, renowned knight,' said he, 'it is not in the power of all the clouds of ignorance and malice to conceal or obscure the light of valour and of virtue. This observation I make, because your excellency has been scarce six days in this castle, when the melancholy and afflicted come in quest of you from the most distant and sequestered countries, not in coaches or on dromedaries, but a-foot and fasting, confident of finding in that most valiant

'arm the remedy and cure of their toils and misfortunes; thanks to your illustrious exploits, which pervade and encircle the whole habitable globe.'

'My Lord Duke,' replied the knight, 'I wish that same pious ecclesiastick was here at present; he, who at your grace's table, the other day, expressed so much ill-will and such an inveterate grudge to knights-errant, that he might see with his own eyes whether or not such knights are of any service in this world; or at least, be fully convinced that the distressed and disconsolate, overwhelmed with extraordinary woes, and enormous misfortunes, do not go for redress to the houses of learned men, to the mansions of parish priests, nor to the knight who never dreamed of going beyond the limits of his own estate; nor to the idle courtier, who would rather enquire about news, that he might have the pleasure of repeating and retailing them, than endeavour to perform actions and exploits for others to perpetuate and record: the redress of grievances, the support of the necessitous, the protection of damsels, and the consolation of widows, are found in no set of people more than in knights errant; that I am one of these, I return infinite thanks to Heaven, and shall cheerfully undergo whatever danger and disgrace may befall me in the course of such an honourable exercise. Let this duenna approach, and beg what boon she shall desire, I will commit her cause to the strength of my arm and the intrepid resolution of my aspiring soul.'

CHAP. V.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE AFFLICTED DUENNA.

THE duke and duchess were exceedingly rejoiced to see Don Quixote's behaviour correspond so well with their design. Sancho interposing, 'I wish,' said he, 'this Madam Duenna may not throw some stumbling-block

in the way of my government; for I have heard an apothecary of Toledo, who talked like any goldfinch, observe, that nothing good could happen where duennas interfered. Lord help us! what a spite that same apothecary had to the whole tribe! from whence I conclude, that seeing duennas of all qualities and degrees whatsoever are offensive and impertinent, what must those be who are afflicted, which they say is the case with this Trifaldis*, or three-tailed countess? for, in my country, skirts and tails, and tails and skirts, are the same thing.'—'Hold your tongue, friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote: 'this lady, who is come in quest of me from remote countries, cannot be one of those to whom the apothecary alluded, especially as she is a countess; and when ladies of that rank serve as duennas, it must be under queens and empresses; for in their own houses they are honoured with the title of Ladyship, and have other duennas in their service.'

To this remark Donna Rodriguez, who was present, replied, 'My lady duchess has duennas in her service, who might have been countesses, had it pleased fortune; but the law's measure is the king's pleasure: and let no body speak disrespectfully of duennas, especially of those who are ancient and maidens; for although I am not of that class, I can easily perceive and comprehend the advantage a maiden duenna has over one that is a widow: and he that undertakes to shear us, will have no easy task to perform.'—'And yet, for all that,' replied Sancho, 'if my barber's word may be taken, you duennas require so much to be shorn, that—You had better not stir the porridge though it stick to the pot.'—'The squires are always our enemies,' answered Donna Rodriguez: 'they are imps of the antichamber, who are every minute making a jest of us; and except when they are at prayers, which is not often the case, their whole time is spent in back-biting, disinterring our bones, and interring our reputation. But let me tell those moving blocks, that, in spite of all they can do, we will live in the world, aye, in noble fami-

* *Faldis*, in Spain, signifies, *skirts*.

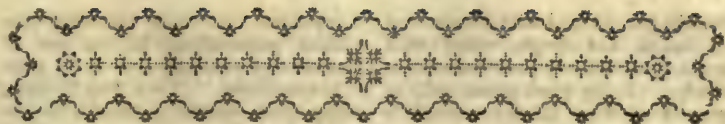
* *lies*,

' lies, though we should die of hunger,
 ' and clothe our delicate or indelicate
 ' bodies with a black shroud, as they
 ' cover or shade a dunghill with tape-
 ' stry on a day of procession. In good
 ' faith! if I were allowed, and the
 ' time required it, I could demonstrate
 ' not only to those who are now present,
 ' but likewise to the whole world, that
 ' there is no kind of virtue which does
 ' not center in a duenna.'—'I believe
 ' there is reason, and a great deal of rea-
 ' son, in what the worthy Donna Rodri-
 ' guez observes,' said the duchess; 'but
 ' she must wait for a proper opportunity
 ' to appear in behalf of herself and other
 ' duennas, and confute the ill opinion
 ' of that malicious apothecary, as well
 ' as to eradicate those sentiments from
 ' the breast of the mighty Sancho
 ' Panza.' To this remark the squire
 ' replied: 'Since the fumes of a governor
 ' have expelled the vapours of a squire,
 ' I value not all the duennas upon
 ' earth a fig's end.'

They would have proceeded with
 this duennian conference, had not
 they heard again the sound of the fife
 and drums, which announced the en-
 trance of the afflicted duenna. The
 duchess asked the duke, if it would
 be proper to advance and receive her,

as she was a countess and person of qua-
 lity. 'With regard to her being a coun-
 tess,' said Sancho, before the duke
 could reply, 'it would be right for your
 graces to go and receive her; but in
 respect to her being a duenna, I think
 you should not move a step.'—'Who
 taught thee to interfere, in such mat-
 ters?' said Don Quixote. 'Who, Sig-
 nior?' replied Sancho, 'I interfere, be-
 cause I am qualified to interfere, as a
 squire who has learned all the punctili-
 os of courtesy in the school of your wor-
 ship, who is the most courteous and
 best-bred knight that ever the pro-
 vince of courtesy produced; and in
 these matters, as I have heard your
 worship observe, the game is as of-
 ten lost by a card too many as one
 too few; but a word to the wise is
 sufficient.'—'It is even so as Sancho
 has remarked,' said the duke; 'let
 us first see a specimen of the countess,
 and from that sample consider what
 courtesy she deserves.'

At that instant the fife and drum-
 mers entered as before:—and here the
 author concludes this short chapter, in
 order to begin another with the sequel
 of the same adventure, which is among
 the most remarkable of the whole his-
 tory.



THE
ATC HIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

D O N Q U I X O T E
D E L A M A N C H A.

PART II. BOOK III.

VOLUME IV.

C H A P. VI.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE MIS-
FORTUNE OF THE AFFLICTED
DUENNA.



I N the rear of those melan-
choly musicians, about a
dozen duennas, divided
into two files, began to
enter the garden, clad in
loose mourning-gowns,
seemingly of milled stuff, with white
veils of fine muslin, so long that nothing
but the borders of the gowns were seen.
After these came the Countess Trifaldi,
led by her squire Trifaldin of the
Snowy Beard, and cloathed in a robe of
the finest black serge, which, had it
been napped, would have displayed
grains as large as the best Martos ga-
rances*. The tail or skirt, or what-
soever it is called, was divided into three
parts, supported by three pages, who
were likewise in mourning, making a
remarkable mathematical figure, with
the three acute angles formed by the
three divisions, a circumstance from
which all who saw this divided train,
concluded that from hence she was
called the Countess of Trifaldi, as if

we should say, the Countess of Three
Skirts: and this is what Benengeli af-
firms for truth; observing, that her pro-
per appellation was, the Countess de
Wolf, because her country produced a
great number of those animals; and if
it had been famous for foxes, she would
have been called, my Lady Fox; for it
is the custom in those countries, for
people of fashion to take their denomi-
nation from the thing or things with
which their estates chiefly abound; but
this countess, in order to favour the
fashion of her train, laid aside the name
of Wolf, and assumed that of Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady
advanced at a procession-pace, their
faces covered with white veils, though
not transparent like that of the Squire
Trifaldin; on the contrary, they were
so close that nothing appeared through
them. When the whole duennian
squadron appeared, the duke and du-
chess, Don Quixote, and all those who
beheld the procession, stood up; and the
twelve duennas halting, made a lane
through which the afflicted lady ad-
vanced, without quitting the hand of
Trifaldin, while their graces and Don
Quixote went forwards about a dozen
steps to receive her: then she kneeled

* A kind of pea that grows at Martos, a town in the province of Andalusia.

upon the ground, and with a voice that was coarse and rough, rather than smooth and delicate, pronounced this address: 'I beg your graces will be pleased to wave all this courtesy to your humble varlet—I mean, your handmaid*—Indeed, I am so overwhelmed with affliction, that I can hardly return a rational answer; for my strange and unheard-of misfortune hath hurried away my understanding, I know not whither, though it must be at a great distance, because the more I seek, the farther I am from finding it.'—'He must be deprived of it all together, my Lady Countess,' answered the duke, 'who could not discover your worth from the appearance of your person, which, without farther enquiry, is deserving of the whole cream of courtesy, and the very essence of polite ceremony.'

So saying, he presented his hand, and raising her up, seated her in a chair close by the duchess, who likewise received her with great respect. Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho ready to burst with curiosity to see the faces of the Countess Trifaldi and some of her duennas; but he could not possibly gratify his desire, until they unveiled themselves of their own free will and motion. Every body was hushed, expecting who would put an end to the general silence, which the afflicted countess broke in these words, 'Confident I am, O powerful lord, most beautiful lady, and most sagacious bystanders, that my most wretchedness will find a reception equally placid, generous, and dolorous, within your valorous bosoms; for such it is, as were enough to soften marble, melt the diamond, and mollify the steel of the most obdurate heart; but before it appears in the parade of your hearing, not to say your ears, I would I were certified whether or not the perfectionatissimo Knight Don Quixote de La Manchissima, and his Squirrissimo Panza, are in this groupe, circle, or assembly?' Before any other person could reply, 'Panza,' cried Sancho, 'is here, and likewise Don Quixotissimo; and therefore, most dolorous du-

ennissima, you may say what you think properissimo; for we are all ready and promptissimos to be your servantissimos.' Then Don Quixote, rising and addressing himself to the afflicted duenna, 'If your misfortunes, distressed lady,' said he, 'can derive any remedy or redress, from the valour or strength of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, though feeble and defective, shall be wholly exerted in your behalf. I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose office it is to assist the necessitous of all degrees; and this being the case, as it really is, you have no occasion, Madam, to bespeak benevolence, and seek after preambles: but only to rehearse your misfortunes plainly and without circumlocution, and they shall be heard by those who, though perhaps unable to redress, will at least condole them.'

The afflicted duenna, hearing this declaration, attempted to throw herself at the feet of Don Quixote; nay, even executed the attempt, and struggling to embrace them exclaimed, 'O invincible knight, I prostrate myself before these feet and legs, which are the bases and supporters of knight-errantry; suffer me to kiss these feet, on whose footsteps the cure of my misfortune solely depends. O valiant errant! whose real exploits outstrip and obscure the fabulous feats of all the Amadis, Belianises, and Esplandians—'

Then turning from the knight, and seizing Sancho by the hand, 'And O!' said she, 'thou loyallest squire that ever served knight-errant, in the past or present age, whose virtue exceeds in length the beard of this my domestick Trifaldin, well mayest thou boast that, in attending the great Don Quixote, thou dost attend in epitome the whole tribe of knights that ever handled arms on this terrestrial ball; I conjure thee, by thy own most faithful benevolence, to be my intercessor with thy master, that he may instantly favour me, the most humble and unfortunate countess that ever was born.'

To this address Sancho replied, 'Whether my virtue, my lady, be as

* This blunder is much more natural in the Spanish *criado* for *criada*; but, as in the English language, the gender is not distinguished by the termination, I have been obliged to substitute the words varlet and handmaid. Varlets were the servants of yeomen, though formerly squires were known by that appellation.

‘ long and broad as your squire’s beard, is of very little signification; so that my soul be bearded and whiskered when it leaves this life, which is the main point, I care little or nothing for beards here below. But, without all this coaxing and begging, I will desire my master, who, I believe, has a respect for me, especially now that I am become necessary in a certain affair, to favour and assist your ladyship to the utmost of his power: your ladyship may therefore unpack, and recount your griefs, that all of us may understand the nature of your misfortune.’

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing at this dialogue; for they knew the drift of the adventure, and were extremely well pleased with the acuteness and dissimulation of the Countess Trifaldi, who seating herself again, began her story in these words:

‘ Of the famous kingdom of Candaya situated between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, Donna Maguncia was queen, as widow of King Archipiela, her lord and husband, in which marriage they begat and procured the Infanta Antonomafia, heirs of the crown, which said Infanta Antonomafia was bred and brought up under my care and instruction; for I was her mother’s most ancient and principal duenna. And it came to pass in process of time, that the young Antonomafia attained the age of fourteen, with such perfection and beauty as nature could not exceed. Nay, we may even say that discretion itself was but a girl, compared to her, who was equally discreet and beautiful, and surely she was the most beautiful creature upon earth, and is so still, if the invidious fates and hard-hearted sisters have not cut short the yarn of her life: but surely they have not, for Heaven would not permit such mischief to be done on earth, as to tear the green cluster from the most beautiful vine that ever soil produced. Of this beauty, which my coarse tongue can never extol, an infinite number of noblemen, natives as well as strangers, became enamoured. Among these, a private knight belonging to the court had the presumption to raise his thoughts

‘ to the heaven of such perfection, confiding in his youth, his gallantry, his various talents and accomplishments, and the facility and felicity of his wit; for, I must tell your graces, if you are not offended at the subject, that he touched the guitar so nicely as to make it speak; besides, he was a poet, a great dancer, and could make bird-cages so curiously that he might have earned his bread by that employment had he been reduced to want. Such a number of natural gifts and qualifications was enough to overthrow a mountain, much more a delicate young maiden; but, all his gaiety and gallantry, his gifts and graces, would have availed little or nothing against the fortress of my charge, if the treacherous ruffian had not practised means to reduce me first. The base robber and lewd vagabond began by cultivating my good-will, and corrupting my taste, that, like a disloyal governor, I might deliver up the keys of the fort which I guarded. In a word, he flattered my understanding, and obtained my consent, by presenting me with some jewels and trinkets; but what chiefly contributed to lay me on my back, were some couplets which I heard him sing one night while I stood at a rail that looked into an ally where he was, and which, to the best of my remembrance, were to this effect—

“ A thousand shafts from my sweet foe
“ Are launch’d unerring to my heart;
“ Yet must I not reveal the smart,
“ And silence aggravates my woe!”

‘ I thought the turn of the rhyme was as smooth as pearls, and his voice as sweet as sugar-candy; and, since that time, seeing the mischief that hath befallen me, through these and other such verses, I have often thought, that wise and well regulated common-wealths ought to expel the poets, according to the advice of Plato; at least your lascivious writers who compose couplets, not like those of the Marquis of Mantua, that entertain and draw tears from women and children; but your pointed conceits, which, like agreeable thorns, prick as it were, the very soul, and wound like lightning, leaving the garment

whole and untouched. Another time he sung the following stanza—

“Come, gentle death, so soft and sly,
“That thy approach I may not see;
“Lest I rejoice to such degree,
“That I shall not have pow’r to die.”

And other tags and couplets of the same kidney; which, when written, confound, and when chanted, inchant; for when they condescend to compose a sort of verse in fashion at that time in Candaya, called roundelays, they produce a kind of, palpitation in the soul, a titillation of good humour, an agitation in the nerves, and finally, a tremulous motion, like that of quicksilver, in all the senses. Therefore, I repeat it to this honourable company, that such dangerous rhymers ought to be banished to the isle of lizards: yet, they are not so much to blame, as the simple wretches who applaud, and the boobies who believe them. If I had adhered to the duty of a good duenna, I should not have been moved by his serenading concerts, nor believe the truth of these expressions.—“In death I live; in frost I burn, in fire I shiver; in despair I hope; though I depart I still remain;” and other impossibilities of the same strain, with which their works abound. When they promise the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the locks of Apollo, the pearls of the South Sea, the gold of Tyber, and the balsams of Pancaya, they give the greatest latitude to their pens; for it costs them but a small matter to promise what they have neither inclination nor ability to perform.—But, woe is me! ah, wretched creature! whither am I straying? What madness or despair thus hurries and prompts me to rehearse the faults of other people! me, who have so much to say of my own infirmities. Woe is me again, unhappy woman! Not by his verses, but my own simplicity, was I vanquished; it was not his musick that softened me; but my own levity, inadvertency, and ignorance, opened the way, and cleared the path, for the passage of Don Clavijo, which is the name of the said knight; and therefore, I being the go-between, he was once and often admitted into the cham-

ber of the (by me, and not by him) misfed Antonomafia, under the title of her lawful spouse; for, sinner as I am, without being her husband, he should not have come near enough to touch the sole of her slipper. No no, marriage must go before in every business of that kind, where I am concerned! the only misfortune in this affair, was the inequality between Clavijo, who was but a private knight, and the Infanta Antonomafia, who, as I have already said, was heiress of the kingdom. For some time, the plot was covered and concealed in the sagacity of my circumsppection, until I perceived a small protuberance daily increasing in the belly of my Antonomafia, whose fears obliged us to lay our three heads together; and the result of our consultation was, that before the misfortune should come to light, Clavijo should demand Antonomafia in marriage, before the vicar-general, by virtue of a contract signed by the infanta, which was indited by my ingenuity, in such strength of terms as Samson himself could not break. The scheme was accordingly executed; the vicar perused the contract, and confessed the princess, who owned the whole affair, and was committed to the care of a very honourable alguazil of the court.

Here Sancho interposing, ‘So then,’ said he, ‘there are alguazils of the court, poets and roundelays in Candaya as well as in Spain? I swear, I think the world is every where the same! but I beg your ladyship, Madam Trifaldi, would dispatch; for it grows late, and I die with impatience to know the end of this long-winded story.’—‘I will comply with your request,’ answered the countess.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH THE LADY TRIFALDI PROCEEDS WITH HER MEMORABLE AND STUPENDOUS STORY.

EVERY word that Sancho uttered gave as much pleasure to the duchess as pain to Don Quixote; who having imposed silence on the squire, the afflicted duenna thus proceeded: ‘At length,

length, after innumerable questions and replies, as the infanta continued still in her story without variation, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, whom he declared her lawful husband; a circumstance that so deeply affected Queen Maguncia, mother to the Infanta Antonomafia, that we buried her in three days.—‘Not before she was dead, I hope,’ said Sancho. ‘No certainly,’ replied Trifaldin; ‘for in Candaya, people do not bury the living, but the dead.’—‘And yet, Signior Squire,’ said Sancho, ‘we have seen a person in a swoon buried for dead: and, in my opinion, Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned rather than died; for while there is life there is hope, and the infanta’s slip was not so great as to oblige her to take on so much. Had the young lady buckled with her own page, or any other servant in the family, as I have heard many others have done, the mischief would not have been easily repaired; but to marry such a genteel, accomplished knight as the countess hath described—verily, verily, although it was indiscreet, the indiscretion was not so great as people may imagine; for, according to the maxims of my master, who is here present, and will not suffer me to tell a lie, as learned men are created bishops, so may knights, especially knights-errant, be created kings and emperors.’—‘Thou art in the right,’ Sancho, said Don Quixote; ‘for a knight-errant, with two fingers-breadth of good fortune, is the very next in promotion to the greatest lord in the universe.—But, pray, afflicted lady, proceed; for I guess the bitter part of this hitherto agreeable story is still to come.’—‘How! the bitter part to come?’ replied the countess; ‘aye, and so bitter, that in comparison with it, gall and wormwood are sweet and savoury.’

‘Well, then, the queen being really dead, and not in a swoon, was buried; but scarce was she covered with the mould, and scarce had we pronounced the long and last farewell, when, *Quis talia fando, temperet a lacrymis?* all of a sudden, above the tomb, appeared upon a wooden horse the giant Malambruno, Maguncia’s first cousin, who, exclusive of his

cruel disposition, was an inchanter, and by his diabolical art, in order to revenge his relation’s death, and chastise the presumption of Don Clavijo, together with the folly of Antonomafia, fixed them both enchanted on Maguncia’s tomb, after having converted her into a monkey of brass, and him into a frightful crocodile of some unknown substance; between them is a plate of metal, displaying an inscription in the Syrian language, which being translated into the Candayan, and afterwards into the Castilian tongue, contains this sentence: “These two presumptuous lovers will not recover their pristine form, until the valorous Manchegan shall engage with me in single combat; for his stupendous valour alone, the fates have reserved this unseen adventure.” This metamorphoses being effected, he unsheathed a vast unmeasurable scymitar, and twitting his left-hand in my hair, threatened to slit my windpipe, and slice off my head. I was confounded, my voice stuck in my throat, and I remained in an agony of fear: nevertheless, I made one effort, and in a faultering accent and plaintive tone, uttered such a pathetic remonstrance as induced him to suspend the execution of his rigorous revenge. In fine, he ordered all the duennas of the palace (there they are) to be brought into his presence, when, after having exaggerated our fault, reviled the disposition of duennas, their wicked schemes and contrivances, and accused them all of the crime of which I alone was guilty, he said he would not punish us with instant death, but with a more tedious penalty, by which we should suffer a civil and continued death. He had no sooner done speaking, than that very moment and instant, we all felt the pores of our faces open, and the whole surface tingle as if pricked with the points of needles; then clapping our hands on the part, every one found her visage in the condition which you shall now behold.”

So saying, the afflicted duenna and her companions, lifting up their veils, disclosed so many faces overgrown with huge beards, red, black, white and party-coloured; at sight of which, the duke and duchess were amazed, Don

Quixote and Sancho confounded, and all present overwhelmed with astonishment; as for the countess, she pursued her story in these words.

'In this manner were we punished by the felonious and ill-designing Malabrundo, who covered the smoothness and delicacy of our faces with the roughness of these bristles; and would to Heaven he had rather struck off our heads with his unmeasurable scymitar, than obscured the light of our countenances with this frightful bush; for if this honourable company will but consider, and in speaking what I am now going to say, I wish I could turn my eyes into fountains; but the consideration of our misfortune, and the oceans they have already rained, have drained them as dry as beards of corn; and, therefore, I must speak without tears: I say then, whither can a duenna go with a beard upon her chin? What father or mother will condole her disgrace? or, who will give her the least assistance? for if, when her face is smoothed and martyred by a thousand cosmetick sops and washes, she can scarce find one who will favour her with affection, what must she do when her face becomes a perfect coppiece of brush-wood? O ye wretched duennas! my companions dear! in an unlucky minute did we see the light, and in an hapless hour were we engendered by our fathers!'

So saying, she pretended to faint away,

C H A P. VIII.

OF CIRCUMSTANCES APPERTAINING AND RELATING TO THIS ADVENTURE AND MEMORABLE STORY.

VERILY, and in good truth! all those who take pleasure in reading such histories, ought to manifest their gratitude to it's first author Cid Hamet, for his curiosity in recounting the most trivial incident, without neglecting to bring to light the least circumstance, how minute soever it may be. He describes the thought, discloses the fancy, answers the silent, explains doubts, discusses arguments, and finally displays the very atoms of the most cu-

rious disposition. 'O celebrated author! O happy Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho Panza! may you flourish conjunctly and severally to the end of time, for the entertainment and pastime of mankind in general!

The history relates, that Sancho seeing the afflicted faint away, 'Now, by the faith of man!' cried he, 'and by the pedigree of all the Panzas my forefathers! never did I hear or see, nor did my master recount, or indeed conceive, such an adventure as this!—A legion of devils confound thee for a giant and inchanter, accursed Malabrundo! could'st thou find no other method to punish these sinners, but by clapping beards to them? Would not it have been better, at least it would have been more for their advantage, to cut off half their noses, even though they should snuffle in their speech, than to encumber them with beards? I'd lay a wager, too, they have not wherewithal to pay a barber.'—'What you say is very true,' replied one of the dozen; 'we have not wherewithal to be trimmed, and therefore some of us, by way of economy, make use of sticking plaster, which being applied to our faces, and plucked off with a jerk, leave us as sleek and smooth as the bottom of a marble mortar; for although there are women in Candaya who go from house to house, taking off the hair, arching the eyebrows, and composing slipslops for the uses of the fair-sex, we who belonged to her ladyship would never admit them into the family, because, for the most part, they are persons who having ceased to be principals, exertise the occupation of procureesses; and therefore, if we are not redressed by Signior Don Quixote, we must e'en carry our beards to the grave.'—'If I do not redress your whiskers,' cried the knight, 'I will leave mine among the Moors!'

Here the Countess Trifaldi recovering, 'Valiant knight,' said she, 'the tingling of that promise reached mine ears while I lay in a swoon, and hath been the cause of my recovering and retrieving the use of all my senses; therefore, renowned errant and invincible knight, I again entreat you, to put your gracious promise in execution.'

‘cution.’—‘In me there shall be no delay,’ replied Don Quixote: ‘consider then, my lady, and tell me what I am to do; my mind is perfectly disposed for your service.’—‘The case is this, then,’ answered the afflicted duenna, ‘from hence to the kingdom of Candaya, if you go by land, you must travel five thousand leagues, it may be one or two more or less; but if you go through the air in a right line, you measure no more than three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must likewise know, Malambruno told me, that whenever fortune should furnish me with our deliverer, he would send him a steed that should be much better and less vicious, than any of your return post-horses, as being the very individual wooden-horse upon which the valiant Peter carried off the fair Magalona: he is governed by a peg in his forehead, that serves instead of a bridle, and he flies so swiftly through the air, that one would think he was transported by all the devils in hell. This steed, according to ancient tradition, was contrived by the Sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Peter, who, by means of such conveyance, performed incredible journeys, and stole, as I have observed, the fair Magalona who sat behind him, and was transported through the air, to the astonishment of all those who gaped after her from the earth. Yet he would lend him to none but his particular favourites, or such as would pay him a handsome price; we do not know that he was ever mounted, from the days of the great Peter to the present time. Malambruno, by dint of art, has got and keeps him in his possession, making use of him in his journeys, which he performs in an instant, from one part of the world to another; now here, to-morrow in France, and next day in Peru: and, there is one great advantage in this horse; he neither eats nor sleeps, nor costs any thing in shoeing, and ambles through the air without wings in such a manner, that his rider may hold a cup full of water in his hand without spilling a single drop, his motion is so smooth and easy; for which reason, the fair Magalona delighted

‘much in taking the air upon his back.’ As for his going smooth and easy,’ said Sancho, ‘there is my Dapple, whom (though he does not go through the air, but along the ground) I will match against all the amblers that ever the earth produced.’ All the company laughed at this observation, and the afflicted duenna proceeded: ‘Now, this horse, if Malambruno is actually disposed to put an end to our misfortune, will be here in less than half an hour after it is dark: for he told me, the signal by which I should be certain of having found the knight I was in quest of, would be his sending the horse thither with all convenient dispatch.’—‘And pray,’ said Sancho, ‘how many persons will this horse carry?’—‘Two,’ replied the afflicted; ‘one upon the saddle, and the other upon the crupper, and these are commonly the knight and the squire, when there is no damsel to be stolen.’—‘I should be glad to know, afflicted Madam,’ resumed the squire, ‘what is the name of that same horse?’—‘His name,’ answered the Afflicted, ‘is not like that of Bellerophon’s horse, which was called Pegasus; nor does it resemble that which distinguished the steed of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus; nor that of Orlando Furioso, whose appellation was Brilladoro; nor Bayete, which belonged to Reynaldo de Montalban; nor Frontino, that appertained to Rugiero; nor Bootes, nor Peritôa, the horses of the sun; nor is he called Orelia, like that steed upon which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, engaged in that battle where he lost his crown and life.’—‘I will lay a wager,’ cried Sancho, ‘that as he is not distinguished by any of those famous names of horses so well known, so neither have they given him the name of my master’s horse Rozinante; a name which, in propriety, exceeds all those that have been named.’—‘Very true,’ replied the bearded countess; ‘nevertheless, it fits him very well; for he is called Clavileno Aligero*, an appellation that suits exactly with his wooden substance, the peg in his forehead, and the swiftness with which he travels; so that for his name, he may be brought in competition even with the

* Or, in English, ‘Wooden Peg the Winged.’

'famous Rozinante.' — 'The name pleases me well enough,' said Sancho; 'but what sort of bridle or halter must be used in managing him?' — 'I have already told you,' answered Trifaldi, 'that by turning the peg, the knight who rides can make him travel just as he pleases, either mounting through the air; or else sweeping, and as it were brushing the surface of the earth; or, lastly, sailing through the middle region, which is the course to be sought after and pursued, in all well-concerted enterprizes.'

'I should be glad to see this same beast,' replied the squire; 'but to think that I will mount him, either in the saddle or on the crupper, is all the same thing as to look for pears upon an elm. A fine joke, i'faith! I can scarce keep the back of my own Dapple, though sitting upon a pannel as soft as sattin, and they would now have me get upon a crupper of board, without either pillow or cushion. By the Lord! I have no intention to bruise myself, in order to take off the beard of any person whatsoever; let every beard be shaved according to the owner's fancy; for my own part, I have no notion of accompanying my master in such a long and tedious journey; for surely I have no concern in the shaving of beards, whatever I may have in the disinchantment of Dulcinea.' — 'Indeed, you have, my friend,' answered Trifaldi; 'aye, and so much, that without your presence I believe we shall do no good.' — 'In the king's name!' cried Sancho, 'what have squires to do with the adventures of their masters? What! are they to run away with all the reputation, and we to undergo all the trouble? Body o'met would your historians but mention, that such a knight achieved such and such an adventure, with the assistance of his Squire What-d'ye-call-um, without whom he could not possibly have finished the exploit; but, they drily relate, as how Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars, finished the adventure of the six goblins, without even naming the squire who was present all the time, no more than if there was not such a person in the world: I therefore say again to this honourable company, that my master may go by himself, and good luck attend him;

but, for my own part, I will stay where I am, and keep my Lady Duchefs company; and peradventure, at his return, he may find my Lady Dulcinea's business well forwarded; for I intend, at my idle and leisure hours, to whip myself to such a tune, that not a single hair shall stand before me.'

'But, for all that,' said the duchefs, 'honest Sancho, you must attend him, should there be occasion; for you will be solicited by the righteous; and surely it would be a great pity, that the faces of these gentlewomen should continue overshadowed with hair, merely for your needless apprehension.' — 'I say again, in the king's name!' cried Sancho, 'if this charity should be of any benefit to release maidens or parish-children, a man might venture to undergo some trouble; but to take such pains in order to rid duennas of their beards! a plague upon the whole generation! I had rather see them all bearded from the highest to the lowest, tag, rag, and bobtail.' — 'Friend Sancho,' said the duchefs, 'you are on bad terms with duennas, and very much infected with the opinion of that apothecary of Toledo; but, in good sooth, you are very much in the wrong: there are duennas in my house, who might serve as patterns of virtue; and here stands Donna Rodriguez, who would not suffer me to say otherwise.' — 'Your excellency may say what you please,' answered Rodriguez; 'but God knows the truth of all things, and good or bad, bearded or smooth, we duennas were born of our mothers, as well as other women; since, therefore, God sent us into the world, he knows for what, and in his mercy do I put my trust, and not in the beard of any person whatsoever.'

'Tis very well, Signora Rodriguez, Madam Trifaldi, and you ladies of her company,' said Don Quixote; 'Heaven, I hope, will look upon your misfortunes with propitious eyes, and Sancho will cheerfully obey my orders; let Clavileno come, so as that I may once see myself engaged with Malambruno, and confident I am, that no razor can shave your ladyships with more facility than my sword should find in shaving the giant's

giant's head from his shoulders; for though God permits the wicked to prosper, it is but for a time.' The afflicted duenna hearing this declaration, exclaimed, 'Now, may all the stars of the celestial regions shed their benign influence upon your worship, most valiant knight, infusing courage into your soul, and crowning your achievements with prosperity, that you may be the shield and support of this our slighted and depressed duennian order, abominated by apothecaries, grumbled at by squires, and jeered by pages! now, ill betide the wretch, who, in the flower of her youth, would not rather take the veil than become a duenna. Unfortunate duennas that we are! for, though we may be defended in a direct male line from Hector of Troy, our ladies will not fail to throw "Thou" in our teeth, even if they thought they should be crowned for it. O thou giant Malambruno! who, though an inchanter, art always punctual in thy promises, send hither the peerless Clavileno, that our disaster may be done away; for, if our beards continue until the dog-days begin, woe be unto us!'

Trifaldi pronounced these words in such a pathetic strain, as brought tears from the eyes of all the by-standers, and even filled Sancho's to the brim; so that he resolved in his heart, to accompany his master to the utmost limits of the earth, provided his attendance should be necessary towards shearing the wool of those venerable countenances.

CHAP. IX.

OF CLAVILENO'S ARRIVAL—AND
THE CONCLUSION OF THIS PRO-
TRACTED ADVENTURE.

MEANWHILE, night came on, and along with it the time fixed for the arrival of the famous steed Clavileno, whose delay began already to afflict Don Quixote; for he looked upon the detention of the horse, as a sign that he himself was not the knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno was afraid to engage with him in single combat. But,

lo! all of a sudden, four savages, clad in green ivy, entered the garden, bearing on their backs a great wooden horse, which being placed on the ground, one of the number pronounced, 'Let him who has courage mount this machine.'—'For my own part,' said Sancho, 'I do not mount; for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight.' But the savage proceeded, saying, 'Let the squire, if he has one, occupy the crupper; and he may confide in the valiant Malambruno; for, except the sword of that giant, no other steel or malice shall offend him; and the knight has no more to do, but to turn this peg upon his neck, and he will carry them through the air to the place where Malambruno waits for their arrival; but lest the height and sublimity of the road should turn their heads, their eyes must be covered until such time as the horse shall neigh, for that will be the signal of their having performed the journey.' This intimation being given, they left the horse, and retired to the place from whence they came, with great solemnity.

The afflicted duenna no sooner beheld the steed, than addressing herself to Don Quixote, with tears in her eyes, 'Valiant knight,' said she, 'Malambruno's promise is made good: here stands the horse, our beards are still growing, and each of us, nay every hair upon our chins, supplicate thee to shave and shear them, since there is nothing else required but to mount with thy squire, and happily begin your journey.'—'That will I do,' my Lady Countess Trifaldi, replied Don Quixote, 'with good will, and hearty inclination; nor will I delay the expedition, by spending time in furnishing myself with a cushion, or even in putting on my spurs, so impatient I am to see your ladyship and those duennas quite smooth and shaven.'—'That will I not do,' cried Sancho, 'neither with hearty nor heartless inclination, nor in any manner of way; and if the shaving cannot be performed without my mounting upon the crupper, my master must look for another squire to attend him, and these ladies must find another method for smoothing their faces;

‘ faces; for I am no wizard, to take
 ‘ delight in flying through the air:
 ‘ and pray, what would my islanders
 ‘ say, should they know their governor
 ‘ was riding upon the wind? More-
 ‘ over, it being three thousand and so
 ‘ many more leagues from hence to
 ‘ Candaya, should the horse be tired, or
 ‘ the giant out of humour, we may
 ‘ spend half a dozen years in return-
 ‘ ing; and by that time, the devil an
 ‘ island or islander in the whole world
 ‘ will know my face. It is a common
 ‘ saying, that Delay breeds danger;
 ‘ and, When the heifer you receive,
 ‘ have a halter in your sleeve. The
 ‘ beards of these ladies must therefore
 ‘ excuse me: I know St. Peter is well
 ‘ at Rome; my meaning is, I find
 ‘ myself very well in this mansion,
 ‘ where I am treated with such respect,
 ‘ and from the master of which I ex-
 ‘ pect so great a favour as that of be-
 ‘ ing made a governor.’ To this re-
 ‘ monstrance the duke replied, ‘ Friend
 ‘ Sancho, the island I have promised
 ‘ is neither floating nor fugitive, but
 ‘ its roots are so deeply fixed in the
 ‘ bowels of the earth, that three good
 ‘ pulls will not remove or tear it away;
 ‘ and, as you are sensible, I know
 ‘ there is no kind of office of any im-
 ‘ portance that is not obtained by some
 ‘ sort of bribe, more or less, the pre-
 ‘ sent I expect for the government is,
 ‘ that you will attend your master,
 ‘ Don Quixote, in crowning and ac-
 ‘ complishing this memorable adven-
 ‘ ture; and, whether you return upon
 ‘ Clavileno with that dispatch which
 ‘ his speed seems to promise; or, by
 ‘ the cruelty of adverse fortune, you
 ‘ come back in the habit of a pilgrim,
 ‘ begging on foot, from house to house,
 ‘ and from one inn to another, you
 ‘ shall, nevertheless, at your return,
 ‘ find your island where you left it,
 ‘ and your islanders actuated by the
 ‘ same desire of receiving you as their
 ‘ governor, which they have always
 ‘ indulged; and as for my inclina-
 ‘ tion, it can never change; for, to en-
 ‘ tertain the least doubt of my sincerity,
 ‘ Signior Sancho, would be a noto-
 ‘ rious injury to the attachment I feel
 ‘ for your service.’—‘ Enough, my
 ‘ lord,’ cried Sancho: ‘ I am a poor
 ‘ squire, and cannot bear such a load
 ‘ of courtesy; let my master mount,

‘ and my eyes be covered; recommend
 ‘ me to God; and let me know whe-
 ‘ ther, while we travel through those
 ‘ altitudes, I may call upon the name
 ‘ of the Lord, or implore the protec-
 ‘ tion of his angels.’ To this inter-
 ‘ rogation, the countess replied, ‘ You
 ‘ may recommend yourself to God, or
 ‘ to whom you will; for Malambru-
 ‘ no, though an inchanter, is never-
 ‘ theless a Christian, and performs his
 ‘ enchantments with great sagacity and
 ‘ caution, nor does he intermeddle in
 ‘ any person’s affairs.’—‘ Well, then,’
 ‘ cried Sancho, ‘ God, and the most Holy
 ‘ Trinity of Gaeta, be my guide and
 ‘ protection!’—‘ Since the memorable
 ‘ adventure of the fulling-mills,’ said
 ‘ Don Quixote, ‘ I have never seen San-
 ‘ cho so infected with fear, as upon this
 ‘ occasion; and, if I were as much
 ‘ addicted to superstition as some peo-
 ‘ ple are, his pusillanimity would pro-
 ‘ duce some compunction in my soul:
 ‘ but, come hither, Sancho; for, with
 ‘ the permission of that noble pair, I
 ‘ would speak two words with you in
 ‘ private.’

Then taking his squire aside into a
 tuft of trees, and grasping both his
 hands, ‘ You see, brother Sancho,’
 said he, ‘ the long journey that awaits
 ‘ us; and God knows when we shall
 ‘ return, and what leisure or conve-
 ‘ nience our business may allow; I
 ‘ therefore beg thou wilt now retire to
 ‘ thy apartment, on pretence of fetch-
 ‘ ing some necessaries for the road,
 ‘ and, in the twinkling of a straw, in-
 ‘ flict upon thyself some five hundred
 ‘ of those three thousand three hundred
 ‘ lashes for which thou art engaged,
 ‘ and they shall stand good in the ac-
 ‘ count; for, when a thing is once be-
 ‘ gan, it is almost as good as half fi-
 ‘ nished.’—‘ Before God!’ cried San-
 ‘ cho, ‘ your worship must be out of
 ‘ your senses; this is just as they say,
 ‘ You see me in a hurry, and ask me to
 ‘ marry. Now, when I am going to ride
 ‘ upon a wooden crupper, would your
 ‘ worship have me afflict my posteriors?
 ‘ Verily, verily, your worship was ne-
 ‘ ver more out of the way; at present,
 ‘ let us proceed and shave those duen-
 ‘ nas, and at our return, I promise to
 ‘ your worship, on the faith of my
 ‘ character, to quit my score with such
 ‘ dispatch, that your worship shall be

'satisfied; and I'll say no more.'—
'Well, then,' answered the knight, 'I will console myself, honest Sancho, with that promise, which I really believe thou wilt perform; for, surely, though thy head be but green, thy heart is true blue.'—'Green,' said Sancho; 'my head is not green, but black; but even though it were pye-bald, I would perform my promise.'

After this short dialogue they returned, in order to take horse; then, the knight addressing himself to the squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'suffer yourself to be hoodwinked, and get up: he who sends for us from such distant regions, can have no intention to deceive us, because he could reap no glory from having deceived those who depended on his sincerity; and, although the event may turn out contrary to my expectation, the glory of having undertaken such an exploit no malice whatsoever can impair.'—'Come, then, Signior,' cried the squire, 'for the beards and tears of those ladies are so imprinted in my heart, that I shall not swallow a mouthful to do me good, until I see them restored to their original smoothness. Get up, Signior, and hoodwink yourself first; for, if the crupper is to be my seat, it is plain that you must mount first into the saddle.'—'You are in the right,' replied Don Quixote; who, pulling an handkerchief from his pocket, desired the afflicted duenna to fasten it round his eyes, which, however, were no sooner covered than he took off the bandage, saying, 'If I remember aright, I have read in Virgil, of the Trojan Palladium, a wooden horse offered to the goddess Pallas, the bowels of which horse were filled with armed men, who afterwards occasioned the total destruction of Troy; and, therefore, it will not be amiss, first of all, to examine the belly of Clavileno.'—'There is no occasion,' said the afflicted duenna; 'for I am certain that Malambruno has neither treachery nor malice in his heart: your worship, Signior Don Quixote, may therefore mount, without the least apprehension; and if any mischief befall you, lay it at my door.' The knight reflecting that any hesitation about his personal safety would be

a disparagement to his valour, mounted Clavileno without farther altercation, and tried the peg, which turned with ease; and his legs hanging down at full length, for want of stirrups, he looked like a figure in some Roman triumph, painted or wrought in Flemish tapestry.

Then Sancho, very slowly, and much against his will, crept up behind, and seating himself as well as he could upon the crupper, found it so hard and uneasy, that he begged the duke would order him to be accommodated with some cushion or pillow, though it should be taken from my Lady Ducheſs's sofa, or some page's bed; for the crupper of that horse seemed to be made of marble rather than of wood.

Here Trifaldi interposing, assured him that Clavileno would bear no kind of furniture or ornament; but said he might sit sideways like a woman, in which attitude he would not be so sensible of the hardness. Sancho took her advice, and saying adieu, allowed his eyes to be covered; but, afterwards pulling up the bandage, and looking ruefully at all the people in the garden, he, with tears in his eyes, besought them to assist him in that extremity with a brace of Paternosters, and as many Ave Marias, as God should provide somebody to do as much for them in like time of need.

Don Quixote hearing this apostrophe, 'How now, miscreant!' said he, 'are you brought to the gallows, or in the last agonies of death, that you make use of such intreaties? Dispirited and cowardly creature! art not thou seated in the very same place which was occupied by the fair Magalona, and from which she descended, not to her grave, but to the crown of France, if history speaks truth? And I, who sit by thy side, surely may vie with valiant Peter, who pressed the self-same back now pressed by me. Shroud, shroud thine eyes, thou animal without a soul, and let not those symptoms of fear escape thy lips, at least in my presence.'—'Hoodwink me then,' answered Sancho, 'and since I must neither recommend myself, nor be recommended, to the protection of God, what wonder is it, if I am afraid we shall meet with some legion

‘ of devils, who will treat us according to the Peralvillo law*?’

Their eyes being covered, and Don Quixote perceiving he was fixed in his seat, turned the peg; and scarce had his finger touched this rudder, when the whole bevy of duennas, and all that were present, raised their voices, crying, ‘ Heaven be thy guide, valorous knight!—God be thy protection, intrepid squire!—Now, now, you rise and cut the liquid sky more swiftly than an arrow; now, you begin to astonish and confound all those who gaze upon you from this earthly spot!—Hold fast, valiant Sancho, for we see thee totter; beware of falling: to fall from such an height would be more fatal than the fall of that aspiring youth whose ambition prompted him to drive the chariot of the sun his father.’

Sancho, hearing this exclamation, crept closer to his master, and hugging him fast in his arms, ‘ Signior,’ said he, ‘ how can we be so high as those people say we are, seeing we can hear them speak as well as if we were within a few yards of them?’—‘ You must not mind that circumstance,’ answered the knight; ‘ for these incidents and flights being all together out of the ordinary course of things, you may hear and see what you please, at the distance of a thousand leagues: but do not squeeze me so hard, lest I tumble from my seat. I really cannot imagine what it is that disturbs and affrights thee; for I swear, in all the days of my life, I never bestrode a horse of a more easy pace: indeed, he goes so smoothly that I can hardly feel him move. Dispel thy fear, my friend, for truly the business goes on swimmingly, and we sail right afore the wind.’—‘ You are certainly in the right,’ answered Sancho: ‘ for on this side, there blows as fresh a gale as if I was fanned with a thousand pair of bellows.’

Nor was he much mistaken in his conjecture; for the wind that blew was actually produced by one of those machines: so well had the adventure

been contrived by the duke and duchess, and their steward, that nought was wanting to render it complete. Then the knight feeling the same breeze, ‘ Without doubt,’ said he, ‘ we must be arrived at the second region of the air, in which hail and snow are produced; meteors, thunder and lightning are engendered in the third region: if we continue to mount at this rate, we shall in a very little time reach the region of fire; and I know not how to manage this peg, so as to put a stop to our rising, and prevent our being scorched to a cinder.’

In the midst of this conversation their faces were warmed with some tow that was kindled for the purpose, at the end of a long pole, and Sancho feeling the heat, ‘ Let me perish!’ cried he, ‘ if we are not now come to that same habitation of fire; for a great part of my beard is already singed; and I am resolved to uncover my eyes, that I may see whereabouts we are.’—‘ By no means,’ answered the knight: ‘ remember the true story of the licentiate Toralva, who being mounted on a cane, was conveyed through the air, with his eyes shut, by the devils: in twelve hours he arrived at Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is in one of the streets of that city, whence he beheld the whole tumult, assault, and death, of the constable of Bourbon; and before morning he had returned to Madrid, where he gave an account of that transaction. He likewise affirmed, that while he travelled through the air, the devil bade him open his eyes, and he saw himself so near the body of the moon, that he could have touched it with his hand: but he durst not look towards the earth, lest his head should have turned giddy. Let us not, therefore, uncover our eyes, Sancho; he in whose charge we are will give a good account of us; and perhaps, we are now at the very point of our elevation, from whence we shall come soule upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a faker or jersaulcon darts down

* Equivalent to Abington law; in consequence of which, a criminal is first executed, and then tried. Peralvillo is a village near Ciudad Real, in Castile, where the officers of the holy brotherhood execute robbers taken in *flagrante*, who require no trial. Hence the phrase, ‘ *La justicia de Peralvillo, que ahorcado el hombre, le baxe la Pezguiza.*’ i. e. ‘ Peralvillo law, which begins the process after the man is hanged.’

‘ upon an heron with a force proportioned to his rise: and, although it seems to us no more than half an hour since we set out from the garden, you may depend upon it we have travelled an immense way.’— ‘ As to that matter, I am quite ignorant,’ said Sancho: ‘ this only I know, that if Madam Magallanes or Magalona took pleasure in sitting upon this crupper, her flesh must not have been very tender.’

All this dialogue of the two heroes was overheard by the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company in the garden, to whom it afforded extraordinary entertainment: at length, desirous of finishing this strange and well-concerted adventure, they set fire to Clavileno’s tail with some lighted flax; his belly being filled with squibs and crackers, he instantly blew up with a dreadful explosion, and Don Quixote, with his squire, came to the ground more than half singed. By this time the whole bearded squadron, with my Lady Trifaldi, had vanished from the garden, and all the rest of the company were stretched upon the ground as in a trance. Don Quixote and Sancho getting on their feet, in a very indifferent condition, and looking all around, were astonished to find themselves in the same garden from which they took their flight, and to see such a number of people extended along the grass: but their admiration was still more increased, when at one corner of the garden they beheld a huge lance fixed in the ground, and tied to this lance, by two cords of green silk, a smooth, white skin of parchment, on which was the following inscription in large golden letters,

‘ The renowned knight Don Quixote de La Mancha has finished and achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, alias the afflicted duenna, and her companions, solely by his having undertaken the enterprize.

‘ Malambruno is wholly satisfied and appeased; the chins of the duennas are smooth and clean; their Majesties Don Clavijo and Antonomafia are restored to their original form: and when the squirely flagellation shall be accomplished, the white dove will be delivered from the pestilential talons of her persecutors, and find herself within the arms of her beloved turtle; for such is the decree

‘ of the sage Merlin, the prince and prototype of all inchanters.’

Don Quixote having read this scroll, at once comprehended the meaning, which related to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and returning a thousand thanks to Heaven for his success in having finished such a mighty exploit with so little danger, and reduced to their pristine form the faces of those venerable duennas who had disappeared, he went towards the place where the duke and duchess still lay intranced, and pulling his grace by the arm, ‘ Courage! courage, my noble lord!’ said he; ‘ all is over now; the adventure is finished, without damage to the barrier, as will plainly appear by the inscription of yonder scroll.’

The duke seemed to recover gradually, like one waking from a profound sleep; his example was followed by the duchess, and all the rest who lay along the garden; and they exhibited such marks of fear and astonishment, that even almost to themselves, that seemed to have happened in earnest which they had so well acted in jest. The duke having read the inscription with his eyes half shut, ran with open arms to embrace Don Quixote, calling him the most worthy knight that any age had ever produced: while Sancho went looking about for the afflicted matron, to see if her beard was quite gone, and whether her face, without hair, was as beautiful as her gallant deportment seemed to promise. But he was told, that as Clavileno descended in a flame from the sky, the whole squadron of duennas, with Trifaldi at their head, had vanished, and their faces smack-smooth as if they had been clean shaven.

Then the duchess asking, how it had fared with Sancho in his long journey, the squire replied, ‘ As for me, my lady, I perceived, as my master told me, that we flew through the region of fire, and I felt a strong inclination to have a peep; but my master would not consent, when I begged his permission to uncover my eyes; nevertheless, I, who have a sort of a chip of curiosity, and an eager desire to know what I am forbid to enquire about, fair and softly, without being perceived by any living soul, pulled down upon my nose the handkerchief that covered my eyes, and by these

‘ means

' means had a glimpse of the earth, which seemed no bigger than a grain of mustard, and the men that walked upon it almost as little as hazle nuts; so you may guess how high we must have soared by that time.'

To this asseveration the duchess answered, 'Have a care, friend Sancho; from what you say, it appears that it could not be the earth, but the men walking upon it, whom you saw: for if the earth appeared like a grain of mustard, and every man as big as a nut, it clearly follows, that one man must have covered the whole earth.'

'Very true,' said Sancho; 'but, for all that, I had a side-view, by which I discovered the whole globe.'—'Take notice, Sancho,' resumed the duchess, 'it is impossible to see the whole of any thing, by a side-view.'—'I know nothing of views,' replied the squire; 'this only I know, your ladyship ought to consider, that as we flew by incantment, so might I, by incantment, see the whole earth, and all the men upon it, in any sort of view whatsoever: and if your ladyship will not believe me in that, no more will you believe me when I tell you, that pushing up the handkerchief towards my eye-brows, I found myself within a hand's breadth and a half of heaven, which I'll assure your ladyship upon oath is very huge; and it came to pass, that our road lay close to the seven nanny-goats*: now, I having been a goatherd in my youth, before God and my conscience! I no sooner set eyes on them, than I was seized with the inclination to divert myself a little with the pretty creatures, and if I had not done it, I believe I should have burst for vexation. Come on then, what does me I? but, without saying a word to any living soul, not even to my master, fairly and softly slide down from Clavileno, and sport with the nannies, which are like violets and lilies, for the space of three quarters of an hour, and all that time the horse did not budge a step from the place.'

'And while honest Sancho diverted himself with the goats,' said the duke, 'how was Signior Don Quixote entertained?' To this interrogation the

knight replied, 'As all these adventures and incidents are out of the ordinary course of nature, we are not to wonder at what Sancho has told; for my own part, I can safely affirm, that I neither shoved up nor pulled down the bandage, nor did see either heaven, or earth, or sea, or land. True it is, I perceived we passed through the region of the air, and even bordered upon the region of fire, but that we travelled beyond it I cannot believe; for the fiery region being between the sphere of the moon and the utmost region of the air, we could not reach that firmament in which are placed the seven nannies, as Sancho calls them, without being scorched to death; and seeing we are not scorched, either Sancho lyes, or Sancho dreams.'—'I neither lye nor dream,' cried the squire; 'let them ask the marks of the nanny-goats, and by my answers you will perceive whether or not I speak truth.'—'Describe them, then, Sancho,' said the duchess. 'Two of them,' replied Sancho, 'are green, two carnation, two blue, and one motley.'—'This is a new breed,' said the duke; 'in our region of earth there are no such colours; I mean, among the nanny goats.'—'That is very plain,' replied the squire; 'there must be some difference between the goats of heaven and those upon earth.'—'Pray, tell me, Sancho,' said his grace, 'didst thou see never a he-goat among those females?'—'No, my lord,' answered the squire; 'I have been told none of those pass beyond the horns of the moon.'

They did not chuse to interrogate him farther about his journey; for they concluded that Sancho was in a fair way to travel through all the heavens above, and tell the news of each; though he had never stirred from the garden.

Finally, thus ended the adventure of the afflicted duenna, which afforded a fund for laughter to the duke and duchess, not only at that time, but during the whole course of their lives, as well as matter for Sancho to relate, had he lived whole centuries.

Don Quixote coming to the squire, whispered in his ear, 'Hark ye, Sancho; since you would have us be-

* In Spain, the Pleiades are vulgarly called *cabrillas*, i. e. nanny-goats.

† There is a kind of pleasantry in this question of the duke, which cannot be translated; for the Spanish word, *cabrón*, signifies a cuckold, as well as an he-goat.

‘ lieve what you say, touching the things
‘ you saw in heaven, I desire the like
‘ credit from you with regard to those
‘ things I saw in the cave of Montefi-
‘ nos : that’s all.’

CHAP. X.

CONTAINING DON QUIXOTE’S IN-
STRUCTIONS TO SANCHOPANZA,
BEFORE HE SET OUT FOR HIS GO-
VERNMENT—WITH OTHER WELL
WEIGHED INCIDENTS.

THE duke and duchess were so
well pleased with the diverting
and happy success of the adventure of
the afflicted duenna, that they resolved
to proceed with the jest, seeing what a
proper subject they had to make it pass
for earnest. Having, therefore, com-
municated their scheme and instructions
to their servants and vassals, touching
their behaviour to Sancho in his govern-
ment of the promised island; on the day
succeeding the flight of Clavileno, the
duke desired him to prepare and make
himself ready to set out for his govern-
ment, as the islanders already longed
for him as much as for May showers.

Sancho, having made his obeisance,
‘ Since my descent from heaven,’ said
he, ‘ and since from it’s lofty summit I
‘ have viewed the earth, and found it
‘ of such small extent, my desire of
‘ being a governor, is much moderat-
‘ ed; for what grandeur can there be
‘ in reigning over a grain of mustard-
‘ seed? or what dignity and empire in
‘ governing half a dozen of mortals no
‘ bigger than filberts? for the whole
‘ earth seemed to contain nothing more.
‘ If your lordship would be pleased to
‘ bestow upon me a small trifling space
‘ in heaven, though it should not be
‘ above half a league, I would more
‘ gladly receive it than the best island
‘ in the world.’—‘ You must consider,
‘ friend Sancho,’ replied the duke,
‘ that I have it not in my power to give
‘ away any part of heaven; no, not a
‘ nail’s breadth; these favours and be-
‘ nefits are in the gift of God alone.
‘ What is in my power, I freely give
‘ you; namely, a good island, right
‘ and tight, round and well propor-
‘ tioned, above measure fertile, and so
‘ abounding with all good things, that
‘ if you mind your hits, you may with
‘ the riches of earth purchase the opu-

‘ lence of heaven.’—‘ Well then,’ cried
Sancho, ‘ let this island be forth-com-
‘ ing, and I will struggle hard, but I
‘ shall be such a governor, that in spite
‘ of knaves, I may go to heaven; and
‘ take notice, it is not from avarice that
‘ I desire to quit my cottage, and raise
‘ myself to a footing with my betters;
‘ but solely to taste and try what it is
‘ to be a governor.’—‘ Nay, if once
‘ you taste it,’ said the duke, ‘ you will
‘ be ready to eat your fingers’ after the
‘ government; for nothing is so deli-
‘ cious as to command and be obeyed;
‘ certain I am, that when your master
‘ shall come to be an emperor, as will
‘ doubtless be the case, considering the
‘ current of his affairs, it will not be
‘ in the power of any person upon earth
‘ to tear it from him, and he will fore-
‘ ly grieve, and heartily rue the time
‘ he has lost before his advancement to
‘ such an imperial station.’—‘ Indeed,
‘ my lord,’ replied Sancho, ‘ I imagine
‘ it must be a very pleasant thing to go-
‘ vern, even though it should be but
‘ a flock of sheep.’—‘ May I be bu-
‘ ried with you, Sancho, but you know
‘ every thing!’ answered the duke; ‘ I
‘ hope you will turn out such a gover-
‘ nor as your judgment and sagacity
‘ seem to promise; but here let that
‘ matter rest; and take notice, that to-
‘ morrow morning you must set out
‘ for the government of the island; and
‘ this evening you shall be accommo-
‘ dated with a convenient dress, and all
‘ other necessaries for your departure.’
—‘ They may dress me as they will,’
said the squire; ‘ but, be that as it
‘ may, I shall still be Sancho Panza.’
—‘ True,’ replied the duke; ‘ but the
‘ garb ought always to be suited to the
‘ dignity and function of the profession;
‘ for it would be a great impropriety in
‘ a lawyer to appear in the dress of a
‘ soldier, or in a soldier to wear canoni-
‘ cals; you, Sancho, must wear an
‘ habit that shall partly bespeak the
‘ gown, and partly the sword; for
‘ in the island which I have bestow-
‘ ed upon you, letters and arms are
‘ both necessary.’—‘ As for letters,’ an-
swered Sancho, ‘ I am but indifferently
‘ stored, as I am even ignorant of the
‘ a, b, c; but, provided I remember
‘ my Christ-cross, I shall be sufficiently
‘ qualified for a good governor. With
‘ regard to arms, I shall use those that
‘ may be put into my hand, until I can
‘ stand

‘stand no longer, and God be my shield!’—‘With such an excellent memory,’ said the duke, ‘Sancho can never fall into the least mistake.’

Here they were joined by Don Quixote, who understanding the subject of their conversation, and the short space allotted to Sancho, to prepare for his departure, took the squire by the hand, with the duke’s permission, and led him to his apartment, in order to instruct him how to behave in his office. Having entered the chamber, he locked the door, and obliging Sancho to sit down by him, spoke to this effect, in a grave and solemn tone.

‘I return infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, for having ordained, that, before I myself have met with the least success, good fortune hath gone forth to bid thee welcome. I, who had balanced the remuneration of thy service in my own prosperity, find myself in the very rudiments of promotion; while thou, before thy time, and contrary to all the laws of reasonable progression, findest thy desire accomplished; other people bribe, solicit, importune, attend levees, entreat, and persevere, without obtaining their suit; and another comes, who, without knowing why or wherefore, finds himself in possession of that office to which so many people laid claim; and here the old saying is aptly introduced, A pound of good luck is worth a ton of merit. Thou, who in comparison to me, art doubtless an ignorant dunce, without rising early, or sitting up late, or, indeed, exerting the least industry; without any pretension, more or less, than that of being breathed upon by knight-errantry, seest thyself created governor of an island, as if it was a matter of moonshine. All this I observe, O Sancho, that thou mayest not attribute thy success to thy own deserts; but give thanks to Heaven for having disposed matters so beneficially in thy behalf, and then make thy acknowledgments to that grandeur which centers in the profession of knight-errantry. Thy heart being thus predisposed to believe what I have said, be attentive, O my son, to me who am thy Cato, thy counsellor, thy north pole, and guide, to conduct thee into a secure harbour, from the tempestuous sea into which thou art going to

be engulfed; for great posts, and offices of state, are no other than a profound gulph of confusion.

‘In the first place, O my son, you are to fear God: the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom; and if you are wise you cannot err.

‘Secondly, you must always remember who you are, and endeavour to know yourself; a study of all others the most difficult. This self-knowledge will hinder you from blowing yourself up like a frog, in order to rival the size of an ox; if, therefore, you succeed in this learning, the consideration of thy having been a swineherd, will, like the peacock’s ugly feet, be a check upon thy folly and pride.’—‘I own, I once kept hogs, when I was a boy,’ said Sancho; but after I grew up, I quitted that employment, and took care of geese; but I apprehend, that matter is not of great consequence, for all governors are not descended from the kingly race.’—‘No, sure,’ answered the knight; ‘and, for that reason, those who are not of noble extraction, ought to sweeten the gravity of their function with mildness and affability; which, being prudently conducted, will screen them from those malicious murmurs that no station can escape. Rejoice, Sancho, in the lowliness of your pedigree, and make no scruple of owning yourself descended from peasants; for nobody will endeavour to make you blush for that of which they see you are not ashamed; and value yourself more upon being a virtuous man of low degree, than upon being a proud sinner of noble birth; innumerable are those, who, from an humble stock, have risen to the pontifical and imperial dignity; a truth which I could prove by so many examples, that you would not have patience to hear them.

‘Take notice, Sancho, if you chuse virtue for your medium, and pique yourself upon performing worthy actions, you will have no cause to envy noblemen and princes; for blood is hereditary, but virtue is acquired; consequently, this last has an intrinsic value, which the other does not possess.

‘This being the case, as undoubtedly it is, if peradventure any one of your relations

* relations should come to visit you in your island, you must not discountenance and affront him; but, on the contrary, let him be kindly received and entertained; and, in so doing, you will act conformably to the will of Heaven, which is displeased at seeing it's own handy-work despised; and perform your duty to the well-concerted rights of nature.

* If you send for your wife, (and, indeed, those who are concerned in governing ought not to be long without their helpmates) take pains in teaching, improving, and civilizing her; for all that a sagacious governor can acquire, is very often lost and squandered by a foolish rustick wife.

* If, perchance, you should become a widower, (a circumstance that may possibly happen) and have it in your power to make a more advantageous match, you must not chuse such a yoke-fellow as will serve for an angling-hook, fishing-rod, or equivocating hood*: for verily I say unto thee, all that a judge's wife receives must be accounted for at the general clearance, by the husband, who will repay fourfold after death what he made no reckoning of during life.

* Never conduct yourself by the law of your own arbitrary opinion, which is generally the case with those ignorant people who presume upon their own self sufficiency.

* Let the tears of the poor find more compassion in thy breast, though not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

* Endeavour to investigate the truth from among the promises and presents of the opulent, as well as from the sighs and importunities of the needy.

* When equity can, and ought to take place, inflict not the whole rigour of the law upon the delinquent; for severity is not more respected than compassion, in the character of a judge.

* If ever you suffer the rod of justice to be bent a little, let it not be warped by the weight of corruption, but the bowels of mercy.

* If ever you should have an opportunity to judge the process of your

* enemy, recal the attention from the injury you have received, and fix it wholly upon the truth of the case.

* In another man's cause, be not blinded by private affection; for the errors thus committed are generally incurable; or, if they admit of remedy, it will be greatly at the expence of your fortune and credit.

* If a beautiful woman should come to demand justice, withdraw your eyes from her tears, and your hearing from her sighs, and deliberate at a distance upon the substance of her demand, unless you have a mind that your reason should be overwhelmed by her complaint, and your virtue buried in her sighs.

* Abuse not him in word whom you are resolved to chastise in deed; for to such a wretch, the pain of the punishment will be sufficient without the addition of reproach.

* In judging the delinquents who shall fall under your jurisdiction, consider the miserable object man, subject to the infirmities of our depraved nature; and, as much as lies in your power, without injury to the contrary party, display your clemency and compassion; for although all the attributes of God are equally excellent, that of mercy has a better effect in our eye, and strikes with greater lustre than justice.

* If you observe and conduct yourself by these rules and precepts, Sancho, your days will be long upon the face of the earth; your fame will be eternal, your reward compleat, and your felicity unutterable; your children will be married according to your wish; they and their descendants will enjoy titles; you shall live in peace and friendship with all mankind; when your course of life is run, death will overtake you in an happy and mature old age, and your eyes will be shut by the tender and delicate hands of your posterity, in the third or fourth generation.

* The remarks I have hitherto made, are documents touching the decoration of your soul; and now you will listen to those that regard the ornaments of the body.*

* The phrase, *No quiero de tu capilla*, alludes to the practice of friars, who, when charity is offered, hold out their hoods to receive it, while they pronounce a refusal with their tongues.

CHAP. XI:

OF THE SECOND SERIES OF INSTRUCTIONS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SANCHE PANZA.

WHO that had heard this discourse of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a person of sound judgment, and excellent disposition? but, as we have oftentimes observed, in the progress of this sublime history, his madness never appeared except when the string of chivalry was touched; and on all other subjects of conversation, he displayed a clear and ready understanding; so that every minute his works discredited his judgment, and his judgment his works. But, in this second set of instructions communicated to Sancho, he discovered great ingenuity, and raised his madness and discretion to a most elevated pitch.

Sancho listened with the utmost attention, and endeavoured to retain his advice, like a man who desired to preserve it, as the infallible means to promote the happy birth of that government with which he was so far gone. Don Quixote then proceeded in these terms.

‘With respect to the government of your person and family, Sancho: in the first place, I charge you to be cleanly, and pair your nails; and do not let them grow, like some people whose ignorance teaches them that long nails beautify the hand; as if that additional excrement which they neglect to cut, were really and truly the nail; whereas, it more nearly resembles the talons of a lizard-hunting wind-whiffer, and is a most beastly and extraordinary abuse.

‘You must never appear loose and unbuttoned; for a slovenly dress denotes a disorderly mind; unless that looseness and negligence be the effect of cunning, as we suppose to have been the case with Julius Cæsar.

‘Examine sagaciously the profits of your place, and if they will afford livery to your servants, let it be rather decent and substantial, than gay and tawdry; and be sure to divide it between your servants and the poor. For example, if you can clothe six pages, put three in livery, and clothe as many poor boys; and then you

‘will have pages for Heaven as well as earth: now, this is a method of giving livery, which the vain-glorious could never conceive.

‘Abstain from eating garlick and onions, lest your breath should discover your rusticity.

‘Walk leisurely, speak distinctly, but not so as to seem delighted with your own discourse; for all affectation is disagreeable.

‘Dine sparingly, and eat very little at supper; for the health of the whole body depends upon the operation of the stomach.

‘Be temperate in drinking; and consider, that excess of wine will neither keep a secret nor perform a promise.

‘Beware, Sancho, of chewing on both sides of your mouth, as well as eructing before company.’—‘I do not understand what you mean by eructing,’ said the squire. ‘By eructing,’ answered the knight, ‘I mean belching; which, though one of the most expressive, is at the same time one of the most vulgar terms of our language; therefore, people of taste have had recourse to the Latin tongue, saying, “To eruct,” instead of “To belch,” and substituting eructations in the room of belchings: and though some people may not understand these terms, it is of small importance; for time and use will introduce and render them intelligible; and this is what we call enriching the language, over which the practice of the vulgar has great influence.’—‘Truly,’ Signior,’ said Sancho, ‘one of the advices and good counsels which I intend to remember, must be that of not belching; for it is a fault of which I am very often guilty.’—‘Eructing, Sancho, and not belching,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘Eructing it shall be henceforward,’ answered the squire; ‘and I will take care that it shall not be forgotten.’

‘Moreover, Sancho, you must not intermingle so many proverbs with your discourse; for, although proverbs are short sentences, you very often bring them in by the head and shoulders, so preposterously, that they look more like the ravings of distraction than well-chosen apothegms.’

‘That defect God himself must remedy,’ said Sancho; ‘for I have more proverbs by heart, than would be sufficient

‘ sufficient to fill a large book; and, when I speak, they croud together in such a manner, as to quarrel for utterance; so that my tongue discharges them just as they happen to be in the way, whether they are or are not to the purpose: but I will take care henceforward, to throw out those that may be suitable to the gravity of my office; for, Where there’s plenty of meat, the supper will soon be compleat. He that shuffles does not cut. A good hand makes a short game; and, It requires a good brain, to know when to give and retain.’— ‘ Courage, Sancho,’ cried Don Quixote, ‘ squeeze, tack, and string your proverbs together, here are none to oppose you. My mother whips me, and I whip the top. Here am I exhorting thee to suppress thy proverbs, and in an instant thou hast spewed forth a whole litany of them, which are as foreign from the subject as an old ballad. Remember, Sancho, I do not say that a proverb, properly applied, is amiss; but to throw in, and string together old saws, helter skelter, renders conversation altogether mean and despicable.

‘ When you appear on horseback, do not lean backwards over the saddle, nor stretch out your legs stiffly from the horse’s belly, nor let them hang dangling in a slovenly manner, as if you was upon the back of Dapple; for some ride like jockies, and some like gentlemen.

‘ Be very moderate in sleeping; for he who does not rise with the sun, cannot enjoy the day; and observe, O Sancho! Industry is the mother of prosperity; and Laziness, her opposite, never saw the accomplishment of a good wish.

‘ The last advice which I shall now give thee, although it does not relate to the ornament of the body, I desire thou wilt carefully remember; for, in my opinion, it will be of as much service to thee as any I have hitherto mentioned; and this it is: Never engage in a dispute upon pedigree, at least, never compare one with another; for in all comparisons, one must of consequence be preferred to the other; and he whom you have abased will abhor you; nor will you ever reap the least return from him whom you have extolled.

‘ Your garb shall consist of breeches and stockings; a full waistcoat, with skirts and hanging-sleeves, and a loose coat; but never think of wearing trunk hose, which neither become gentlemen nor governors.

‘ This is all that occurs to me at present, in the way of advice; but, in process of time, my instructions shall be proportioned to thy occasions, provided thou wilt take care to communicate, from time to time, the nature of thy situation.’

‘ Signior,’ said Sancho, ‘ I plainly perceive that all the advices you have given me are sound, and good, and profitable; but of what signification will they be, if I forget them all? Indeed, as for the matter of not letting my nails grow, or marrying another wife, in case I should have an opportunity, it will not easily slip out of my brain; but as to those other gahimawfries, quirks, and quiddities, I neither do retain them, nor shall I ever retain more of them than of last year’s rain; and therefore, it will be necessary to let me have them in writing; for, though I myself can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, that he may repeat and beat them into my noddle, as there shall be occasion.’

‘ Ah, sinner that I am!’ exclaimed Don Quixote, ‘ what a scandal it is for governors to be so ignorant, that they can neither read nor write! Thou must know, Sancho, that for a man to be totally devoid of letters, or left-handed, argues either that he was descended from the very lowest and meanest of people, or that he was so wicked and stubborn, that good example and judicious precept have had no effect upon his mind or understanding. This is a great defect in thy character, and I wish thou wouldst learn, if possible, to write thy name.’— ‘ I can sign my name very well,’ answered Sancho; ‘ for, during my stewardship of the brotherhood, I learned to make such letters as are ruddled upon packs, and those they tell me stood for my name; besides, I can feign myself lame of my right-hand, and keep a secretary to sign in my room; so that there is a remedy for every thing but death. And I having the cudgel in my hand, will make them do as I command; for

‘ he whose father is mayor—you know—and I shall be a governor, which is still better—Let them come and see, but not throw their squibs or slanders at me: otherwise they may come for wool, and go home shorn. The house itself will tell, if God loves it’s master well. A rich man’s folly is wisdom in the world’s eye: now, I being rich as being governor, and liberal withal, as I intend to be, nobody will spy my defects. Make yourself honey, and a clown will have flies. You are worth as much as you have, said my grannam; and, Might overcomes right.’

‘ O! God’s curse light on thee,’ cried Don Quixote: ‘ threescore thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! A full hour hast thou been stringing them together, and every one has been like a dagger to my soul. Take my word for it, these proverbs will bring thee one day to the gallows! for these, thy vassals will deprive thee of thy government, or at least enter into associations against thee. Tell me, numskull, where didst thou find this heap of old saws? or how didst thou learn to apply them, wiseacre? It makes me sweat like a day-labourer, to utter one proverb as it ought to be applied.’—‘ Fore God, Sir master of mine,’ replied Sancho, ‘ your worship complains of mere trifles. Why the devil should you be in dudgeon with me for making use of my own: I have no other fortune or stock, but proverbs upon proverbs; and now there are no less than four at my tongue’s end, that come as pat to the purpose as pears in a basket; but, for all that, they shall not come forth; for, sagacious silence is Sancho’s.’—‘ That thou art not, Sancho,’ said the knight; ‘ far from being sagaciously silent, thou art an obstinate and eternal babbler. Nevertheless, I would fain hear those four proverbs that are so pat to the purpose; for I have been rummaging my whole memory, which I take to be a good one, and not a proverb occurs to my recollection.’—‘ What can be better than these?’ replied the squire: ‘ Never thrust your thumb between another man’s grinders; and to, Get out of

‘ my house! what would you with my wife? there is no reply: Whether the stone goes to the pitcher, or the pitcher to the stone, ware pitcher, Now all these fit to a hair. Let no man meddle with a governor or his substitute; otherwise he will suffer, as if he had thrust his finger between two grinders; and even if they should not be grinders, if they are teeth, it makes little difference: then, to what a governor says, there is no reply to be made; no more than to, Get out of my house! what would you with my wife? and as to the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see the meaning of it: Wherefore, let him who spies a mote in his neighbour’s eye, look first to the beam in his own, that people may not say of him, The dead mare was frightened at the flay’d mule; and your worship is very sensible that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in that of his neighbour.’—‘ There, Sancho, you are mistaken,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ a fool knows nothing either in his own or his neighbour’s house; because no edifice of understanding can be raised upon the foundation of folly. But here let the subject rest: if thou shouldst misbehave in thy government, thine will be the fault, and mine the shame: I console myself, however, in reflecting that I have done my duty, in giving thee advice, with all the earnestness and discretion in my power; so that I have acquitted myself in point of promise and obligation. God conduct thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from an apprehension I have, that thou wilt turn the island topsy turvy; a misfortune which I might prevent, by discovering to the duke what thou art, and telling him all that paunch and corpulency of thine is no other than a bag full of proverbs and impertinence.’

‘ Signior,’ replied Sancho, ‘ if your worship really thinks I am not qualified for that government, I renounce it from henceforward for ever. Amen. I have a greater regard for a nail’s breadth of my soul, than my whole body; and I can subsist as bare Sancho, upon a crust of bread

* Instead of *saintly*.

and an onion, as well as governor on capons and partridges; for, While we sleep, great and small, rich and poor are equal all. If your worship will consider, your worship will find, that you yourself put this scheme of government into my head; as for my own part, I know no more of the matter than a bustard; and if you think the governorship will be the means of my going to the devil, I would much rather go as simple Sancho to Heaven, than as a governor to hell-fire.'

'Before God!' cried the knight, from these last reflections thou hast uttered, I pronounce thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast an excellent natural disposition, without which all science is naught: recommend thyself to God, and endeavour to avoid errors in the first intention; I mean, let thy intention and unshaken purpose be, to deal righteously in all thy transactions; for Heaven always favours the upright design. And now, let us go in to dinner; for I believe their graces wait for us.'

C H A P. XII.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH SANCHE WAS CONDUCTED TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND A STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE.

THE original of the history, it is said, relates that the interpreter did not translate this chapter as it had been written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who bewails his fate in having undertaken such a dry and confined history as that of Don Quixote; which obliged him to treat of nothing but the knight and his squire, without daring to launch out into other more grave and entertaining episodes and digressions. He complained, that to be thus restricted in his hand, his pen, and his invention, to one subject only, so as to be obliged to speak through the mouths of a few persons, was an insupportable toil, that produced no fruit to the advantage of the author; and that in order to avoid this inconvenience, he had in the first part used the artifice of some

novels, such as the Impertinent Curiosity, and the Captive, which were detached from the history, although many particulars there recounted are really incidents which happened to Don Quixote; and, therefore, could not be suppressed. It was likewise his opinion, as he observes, that many readers being wholly ingrossed with the exploits of Don Quixote, would not bestow attention upon novels, but pass them over either with negligence or disgust, without adverting to the spirit and artifice they contain; a truth which would plainly appear, were they to be published by themselves, independent of the madness of Don Quixote, and the simplicities of Sancho. He would not therefore insert in the second part any novels, whether detached or attached; but only a few episodes that seem to spring from those very incidents which truth represents; and even these, as brief and concise as they could possibly be related: and since he includes and confines himself within the narrow limits of narration, though his abilities and understanding are sufficient to treat the whole universe, he hopes that his work will not be depreciated; and begs he may receive due praise, not for what he has written, but for what he has left unwritten. Then the history proceeds in this manner.

In the evening that succeeded the afternoon on which the knight admonished his squire, he gave him his admonitions in writing, that he might find some person to read them occasionally; but, scarce had Sancho received, than he dropped them by accident, and they fell into the hands of the duke, who communicated the paper to the duchess, and both admired anew the madness and ingenuity of Don Quixote. Resolving to prosecute the jest, they, that very evening, dismissed Sancho with a large retinue to the place, which he supposed to be an island; the execution of the whole scheme being left to the sagacity of the duke's steward, who was a person of great humour and discretion; for without discretion there can be no humour. He it was who acted the part of the Countess Trifaldi, with that pleasantry above related. Thus qualified, and in consequence of the instructions he received from their graces touching his behaviour to Sancho, he had performed his part to admiration.

It happened, then, that Sancho no sooner beheld the said steward, than he traced in his countenance the very features of Trifaldi, and turning to his master, 'Signior,' said he, 'the devil may fly away with me from this spot where I stand, as an honest man, and a believer, if your worship will not confess that the face of the duke's steward here present, is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna!' Don Quixote, having attentively considered the steward's countenance, replied, 'There is no occasion for the devil's running away with thee, Sancho, either as an honest man or a believer; (indeed, I cannot guess thy meaning) for, sure enough, this steward's face is the very same with that of the afflicted duenna; but, nevertheless, the steward and the duenna cannot possibly be the same person: that would imply a downright contradiction, and this is no time to set on foot such enquiries, which would entangle us in the maze of inextricable labyrinths. Believe me, friend, we ought to beseech the Lord very earnestly to deliver us from those two evils of wicked wizzards, and vile enchanters.'—'But this is no joke,' answered Sancho; 'for I heard him speak a little while ago, and methought the very voice of Trifaldi sounded in mine ears. At present, however, I will hold my tongue; but, nevertheless, I will keep a strict eye over him from henceforward, in order to discover some other mark either to destroy or confirm my suspicion.'—'Do so, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'and be sure to send me notice of the discoveries thou shalt make in this particular, as well as of every thing that shall happen to thee in the course of thine administration.'

At length Sancho departed with a numerous attendance; he was dressed like a gownman, with a long cloak of murrey-coloured camblet, and a cap of the same stuff: he rode upon a mule, with short stirrups; and was followed by Dapple, who, by the duke's express order, was adorned with rich trappings of flaming silk; so that the governor from time to time turned about his head to contemplate the finery of his ass, with whose company he was so well content, that he would not have exchanged it for that of the German emperor.

At parting, he kissed the hands of the duke and duchess; and asked the benediction of his master, which was given with tears, and received with a whimper.

Courteous reader, suffer honest Sancho to depart in peace and happy time, and lay thy account with two bushels of laughter, which will proceed from thy knowing how he behaved himself in office; and in the mean time, attend to what befel his master this very night; an incident which, if it cannot excite thy laughter, will, at least, induce thee to grin like a monkey; for the adventures of Don Quixote must be celebrated, either with mirth or admiration.

It is related, then, that Sancho was no sooner gone than his master became solitary; and, had it been possible, would have revoked the commission, and deprived him of his government; but the duchess being apprized of his melancholy, desired to know the cause, observing, that if it proceeded from Sancho's absence, there were plenty of squires, duennas, and damsels in the family, who should serve him to the satisfaction of his utmost wish. 'True it is, my Lady Duchess,' replied Don Quixote, 'I feel the absence of Sancho; but that is not the principal cause of my seeming sadness; and of all the generous proffers of your excellency, I chuse to accept nothing but the good-will with which they are made; for the rest, I humbly beg your excellency will consent, and permit me to wait upon myself in my own apartment.'—'Truly,' said the duchess, 'that must not be; Signior Don Quixote shall be served by four of my damsels, as beautiful as roses.'—'With regard to me,' answered the knight, 'they will not be roses, but thorns to prick my very soul; and, therefore, I will as soon fly as permit them, or any thing like them, to enter my chamber. If your grace would continue to bestow your favours, which, I own, I do not deserve, suffer me to be private, and make use of my own doors, that I may raise a wall between my passions and my chastity; a custom which I would not forego for all the liberality which your highness is pleased to display in my behalf; and, in a word, I will rather sleep in my cloaths, than consent to be undressed by any person what-

‘whatsoever.’—‘Enough, enough, Signior Don Quixote,’ answered her grace; ‘you may depend upon it, I shall give such orders, that not even a fly, much less a damsel, shall enter your apartment; I am not a person to discompose the decency of Signior Don Quixote, among whose virtues, I perceive, that of decorum shines with superior lustre. Your worship may dress and undress yourself alone, after your own fashion, when and how you please, without lett or impediment; for in your chamber, you will find every utensil suited to those who sleep under lock and key, without being obliged to open upon any necessary occasion. Long live the great Dulcinea del Toboso, and may her fame be extended around the whole circumference of the earth, seeing she is worthy to be beloved by a knight of such valour and chastity; and may propitious Heaven infuse into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a promptitude to finish his flagellation, that the world may soon enjoy the beauty of such an excellent lady!’ To this compliment the knight replied, ‘Your highness hath spoken like yourself; for from the mouths of such benevolent ladies nothing evil can proceed; and Dulcinea will be more fortunate, and more renowned through the world, by your grace’s approbation, than by all the applause of the greatest orators upon earth.’

‘Well then, Signior Don Quixote,’ answered the duchess, ‘it is now supper-time, and the duke probably stays for us; let us go and sup, therefore, that you may be a-bed betimes; for your journey to Candaya was not so short, but that it must have fatigued your worship in some measure.’—‘Madam,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘I feel no sort of weariness; and I swear to your excellency, that in my life I never crossed a better or easier going steed than Clavileno; nor can I conceive what should induce Malambruno to deprive himself of such a light and gentle carriage, by burning it without scruple or hesitation.’—‘As to that particular,’ said the duchess, ‘we may suppose, that repenting of the injury he had done to the countess and her company, as well as to other people, and being sorry for the mischief he must certainly have produced

‘as a wizzard and inchanter, he resolved to destroy all the instruments of his art; as the principal of these, which gave him the greatest uneasiness, because it has transported him from place to place in his operations, he burned Clavileno, that by means of his ashes, and the trophy of the parchment, the valour of Don Quixote might be eternized.’

The knight made fresh acknowledgments of her grace’s politeness, and after supper retired to his apartment, without suffering any person to accompany or minister unto his occasions; so much was he afraid of meeting with trials, which might provoke or compel him to forego the chastity and decorum which he had hitherto preserved for his mistress Dulcinea, ever schooling his imagination with the exemplary virtue of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knight-errantry.

Having locked the door behind him, he undressed himself by the light of two wax tapers; and in the course of this occupation (O misfortune, ill decreed to such a personage!) forth broke—not a volley of sighs, or any thing else to discredit the purity of his politeness, but about two dozen of stitches in one stocking; which, being thus torn, resembled a lattice: a mishap which was the source of extreme affliction to our worthy Signior; who, on this occasion, would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk, for his stockings were of that colour.

Here Benengeli exclaims, ‘O poverty, poverty! I know not what should induce the great Cordovan poet to call thee an holy unfrequented gift. I, though a Moor, am very sensible, from my correspondence with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humility, faith, poverty, and obedience; yet, nevertheless, I will affirm, that he must be holy indeed, who can sit down content with poverty, unless we mean that kind of poverty to which one of the greatest saints alludes, when he says, “Possess all things as not possessing them;” and this is called spiritual poverty. But thou second poverty, which is the cause I spoke of, why wouldst thou assault gentlemen of birth rather than any other class of people? Why dost thou compel them to cobble their shoes, and wear upon their coats one

‘button of silk, another of hair, and a third of glass? Why must their ruffs be generally yellow and ill-starched?’ (By the bye, from this circumstance we learn the antiquity of ruffs and starch*.) But, thus he proceeds: ‘O wretched man of noble pedigree! who is obliged to administer cordials to his honour, in the midst of hunger and solitude, by playing the hypocrite with a tooth-pick, which he affects to use in the street, though he has eat nothing to require that act of cleanliness, wretched he! I say, whose honour is ever apt to be startled, and thinks that every body at a league’s distance, observes the patch upon his shoe, his greasy hat, and thread-bare cloak, and even the hunger that predominates in his belly!’

All these reflections occurred to Don Quixote when he tore his stockings; but he consoled himself for the misfortune, when he perceived that Sancho had left behind him a pair of travelling-boots, which he resolved to wear next day: finally, he crept into bed, where he lay pensive and melancholy, as well for the absence of Sancho, as for the irreparable misfortune of his stocking, which he would have gladly mended, even with silk of a different colour; one of the greatest marks of misery which a gentleman can exhibit in the course of his tedious poverty. After having extinguished the lights, he found the weather so hot that he could not sleep: he therefore arose again, and opened the casement of a grated window that looked into a fine garden; then it was, that perceiving and hearing people walking and talking together, he began to listen attentively, while those below spoke so loud that he heard the following dialogue.

‘Do not, O Emerencia, press me to sing; for well thou knowest, that from the moment this stranger entered the castle, and mine eyes beheld his merit, instead of singing, I can do nothing but weep; besides, my lady’s sleep is rather slight than profound; and I would not for all the wealth in the world, that her grace should find us here. Moreover, suppose she

‘should still sleep on, without waking, vain would be my song, unless it should awake, and attract the attention of this new Æneas, who is arrived in my territories, in order to leave me forlorn.’—‘Let not these suppositions have any weight with you, my dear Altisidora,’ replied another voice; ‘the duchess is doubtless asleep, and every body in the house, except the lord of your heart, and watchman of your soul, who must certainly be awake, for I just now heard him open the casement in his apartment; sing, therefore, my disastrous friend, in a low, sweet, and plaintive tone, to the sound of thy harp; and should the duchess overhear us, we will lay the blame upon the heat of the weather.’—‘That is not the cause of my hesitation, O Emerencia,’ replied Altisidora; ‘but, I am afraid that my song will disclose the situation of my heart, and I myself be censured by those who never felt the almighty power of love, as a light and liquorish damsel; but, come what will, better have an hot face than an heavy heart.’ At that instant an harp was ravishingly touched, and Don Quixote hearing the sound was struck with amazement; for his imagination was instantly filled with an infinity of similar adventures of rails and gardens, serenades, courtships and swoonings, which he had read in his vain books of chivalry; and he concluded that some damsel of the duchess was enamoured of him, but that modesty compelled her to keep her inclinations secret. Possessed of this notion, he began to be afraid of his virtue: but he resolved, in his own mind, to hold out to the last; and, recommending himself with all his soul and spirit, to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, determined to listen to the song. With a view, therefore, to let them know he was there, he pretended to sneeze, a circumstance which not a little pleased the damsels, who desired nothing so much as that Don Quixote should hear them. Then the harp being tuned, Altisidora, after a flourish, began the following ditty:

* Cervantes has been frequently caught napping, and here in particular: How could this be any proof of the antiquity of ruffs, when the adventure happened after the first part of Don Quixote was published? But, perhaps, this is no other than an ironical animadversion upon the trifling discoveries of antiquarians.

SONG.

O Thou! who now a-bed,
 'In holland sheets are laid;
 And sleep'st from night till morn,
 Untouch'd by care and scorn;
 The knight of greatest worth
 La Mancha e'er brought forth;
 More chaste an hundred fold,
 'I han pure Arabian gold;
 O hear an hapless maid
 By cruel love betray'd!
 The flame of thy two suns,
 Hath scorch'd her to the bones!
 Thou seeking thy own foe,
 Hast found another's woe:
 Thou gav'st the wound, and sure
 Wilt not refuse the cure.
 O tell me, valiant youth,
 (So God shall prosper truth)
 Wast thou in deserts bred,
 Or among mountains fed?
 Did serpents give thee suck,
 On some bleak barren rock,
 Deep in the wild recess
 Of forest or morass?
 Dulcinea fat and fair,
 May boast her shape and air,
 That in subjection hold
 A tyger fierce and bold:
 Her fame shall live in stanza,
 From Ebro to Arlanza,
 From Tagus to Henarez,
 From Seine to Manganarez.
 Would I her place could fill,
 I'd give her for good will,
 My gayest petticoat
 With golden fringes wrought.
 How happy then should I
 In thine embraces lie!
 Or on some cushion loll;
 And scratch thy valiant poll.
 Such joys are far above
 The merits of my love;
 Let me; then, bending low,
 With rapture kiss thy toe.
 What presents would be made,
 Of fatten and brocade!
 I'd give thee shoes and socks,
 Silk hose with silver clocks;
 Of cash uncourtied sums,
 And pearls as big as plums;
 So precious, each would sell
 As perfect nonpareil.
 Manchegan Nero, say,
 Dost thou, aloof, survey
 The flames that rage and smart
 Within my love-sick heart?
 A maid, I vow and swear,
 Young, tender, and sincere,
 As yet, I have not seen
 The borders of fifteen.
 My sides are not awry,
 Nor lame, nor blind, am I:

' My locks with ribbands bound,
 Like lilies, sweep the ground:
 ' My nose is flat, 'tis true,
 And eke my mouth askew;
 ' But teeth as topaz fine,
 Compleat my charms divine;
 ' My voice, as you may hear,
 Is tuneful, sweet, and clear;
 ' My temper soft and good,
 If rightly understood.
 ' These beauties all so clever,
 Are yielded to thy quiver,
 ' And I who tell my story,
 Am call'd Altisidory.'

Here ended the song of the hapless
 Altisidora; and here began the horror
 of the courted Don Quixote; who,
 fetching a heavy sigh, said within him-
 self, 'What an unfortunate errant am
 I, whom no damsel can behold with-
 out being enamoured of my person! and how hapless is the peerless Dul-
 cinea del Toboso, who cannot enjoy
 my incomparable constancy, without
 a rival! Queens, what would you
 have? Empresies, why do you per-
 secute her beauty? Damsels of fifteen,
 why do you molest such virtue? Leave,
 leave, I say, that wretched lady, to
 taste, enjoy, and triumph, in the lot
 which love hath decreed her, by sub-
 duing my heart, and captivating my
 soul. Take notice, enamoured tribe,
 that to Dulcinea alone I am sugar
 paste, but flint to all the rest of her
 sex: to her I am honey; but gall
 and bitterness to such as you. In
 my eye, Dulcinea alone is beauteous,
 wise, gay, chaste, and well-born; but
 all others are homely, foolish, idle,
 and of humble birth. To be her
 slave, and her's alone, nature has
 thrown me into the world; Altisidora
 may weep or sing; and that lady may
 despair, on whose account I was pum-
 melled in the castle of the enchanted
 Moor; Dulcinea's I am resolved to
 be, boiled or roasted, neat, chaste,
 and well-bred, in spite of all the
 'witchcraft upon earth.' So saying,
 he shut the casement with a flap, and
 retired to bed, in as much anxiety and
 concern as if some great misfortune had
 befallen him. There, then, we will
 leave him for the present, as we are
 summoned by the mighty Panza, who
 is impatient to begin his famous ad-
 ministration.

C H A P. XIII.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH SANCHE PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND BEGAN HIS ADMINISTRATION.

O Thou! perpetual explorer of the antipodes, torch of nature, eye of Heaven, and agreeable motive for wine-cooling jars, Thymbrius here, Phœbus there, archer in one place, physician in another, father of poetry, and inventor of musick; thou who always risest, but never settest, although thou seemest to set. Thee I invoke; O sun! by whose assistance man is by man ingendered; thee I implore, that thou would'st favour and enlighten the obscurity of my genius, and enable me to write with precision an account of the great Sancho Panza's administration: for, without thy aid, I find myself lukewarm, feeble, and confused.

To begin, then: Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants; one of the best in the duke's possession; which they told Sancho, was called the island Barataria, either because the name of the place was really Barataria, or because he had very cheaply purchased the government*. When he reached the gates of the town, which was walled, the magistrates came forth to receive him, the bells were set a ringing, and the inhabitants, with expressions of universal joy, conducted him with vast pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to Heaven for his safe arrival; then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive stature of the new governor, furnished food for admiration to every body who did not know the juggle of the contrivance; aye, and even to those acquainted with the mystery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's steward addressed

himself to the governor in these words: 'It is an ancient custom in this famous island, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of it is obliged to answer some difficult and intricate question that shall be put to him, and by his response the inhabitants feel the pulse of their new governor's genius, according to which they rejoice or repine at his arrival.' While the steward pronounced this address, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the wall that fronted his tribunal, and as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall. 'In that place, my lord,' replied the steward, 'is written and recorded, the day on which your excellency has taken possession of this island, for the inscription runs, On such a day and such a month, Signior Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy the government thereof.'—'And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?' said the governor. 'Who, but your excellency,' answered the steward; 'for this island never saw any other Panza than him who sits on that tribunal.'—'Take notice, then, brother,' replied Sancho, 'that Don belongs not to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my generation. Simple Sancho is my name; so was my father called, and so my grandfather; and they were all Panzas, without addition of Don or Donna; and I begin to imagine there are as many Dons as stones in this island; but no more of that: God knows my meaning; and peradventure, if my government lasts above three days, I shall weed out these Dons, which, from their swarms, must be as troublesome as vermin. But pray, Mr. Steward, proceed with your question, which I shall answer to the best of my understanding, whether the townsmen should repine or not repine.'

At that instant two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a taylor with shears in his hand, who, approaching the bench, 'My lord governor,' said he, 'this countryman and I are come before your lordship about an affair which I am going to explain. This

* *Barato*, signifies cheap.

' honest

“honest man comes yesterday to my shop—for, saving your presence, I am an examined taylor, God be praised! and putting a remnant of cloth in my hand, “Gaffer,” said he, “is there stuff enough here to make me a cap?” I, having handled the piece, replied, “Yes.” Now he supposing, as I suppose, and to be sure it was a right supposition, that I wanted to cabbage part of the stuff, grounding his suspicion on his own deceit, and the bad character of us taylor, desired I would see if there was enough for two caps; and I, guessing his thoughts, answered, “Yes.” And so my gentleman, persisting in his first and evil intention, went on adding cap to cap; and I proceeded to answer Yes upon Yes, until the number increased to five caps. This very moment he called for them; and when I produced them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but even demanded that I should either restore the cloth, or pay him the price of it.—“Is this really the case, brother?” said Sancho. “Yes, my lord,” replied the countryman; but I beg your lordship would order him to shew what sort of caps he has made.”—“With all my heart,” cried the taylor; who immediately pulling out his hand from under his cloak, produced five small caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb; saying, “Here are the five caps which this honest man desired me to make; as I shall answer to God and my own conscience, there is not a scrap of the stuff remaining; and I am willing to submit the work to the inspection of the masters of the company.” All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the dispute, which Sancho having considered for a few moments, “Methinks,” said he, “this suit requires no great discussion, but may be equitably determined out of hands; and therefore, my determination is, that the taylor shall lose his work, and the countryman forfeit his cloth; and that the caps shall be distributed among the poor prisoners, without farther hesitation.”

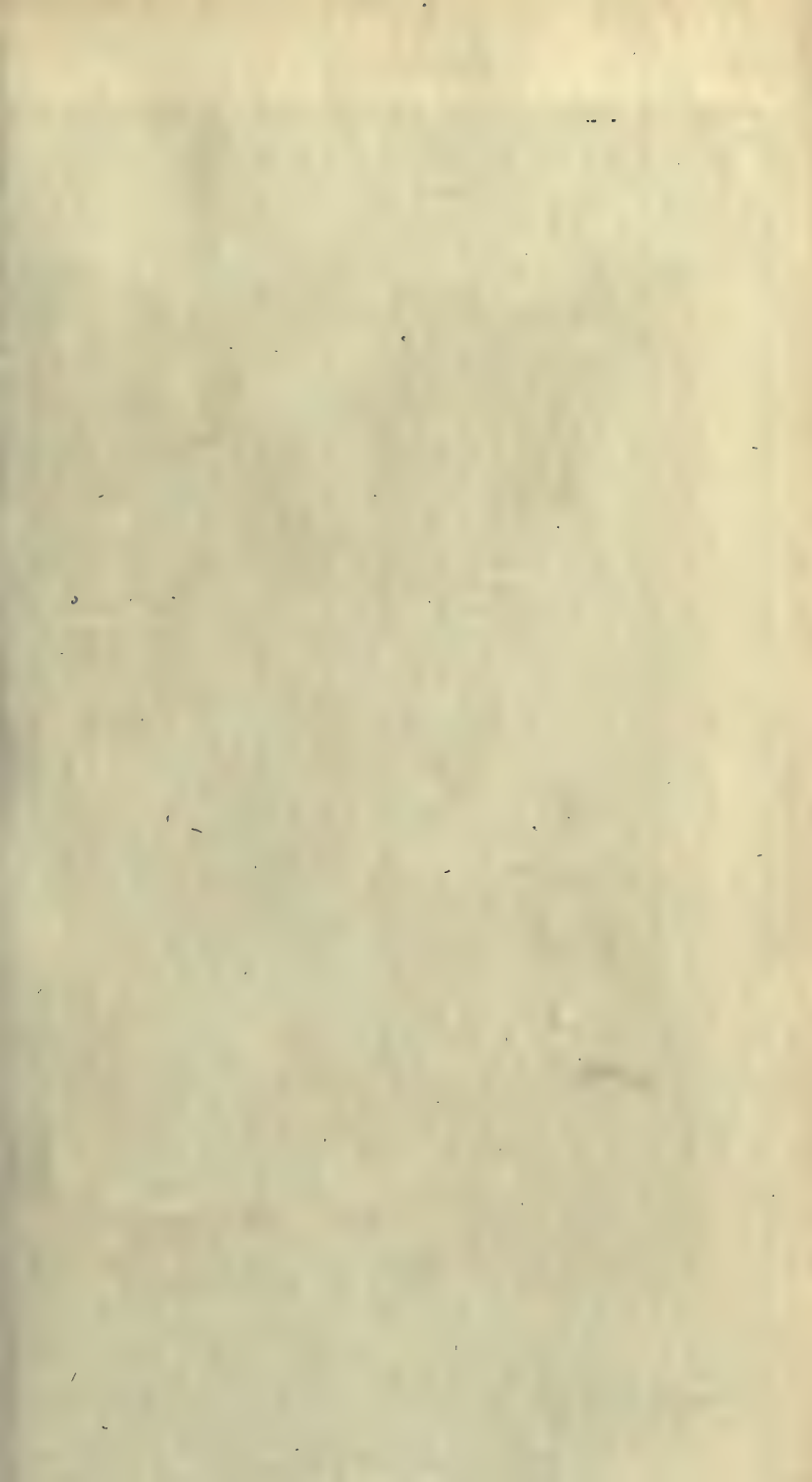
If the sentence he afterwards passed upon the herdsmen’s purse, excited the admiration of the spectators, this decision provoked their laughter: nevertheless, they executed the orders of their

governor, before whom two old men now presented themselves, one of them having a cane, which he used as a walking-staff. The other making up to the governor, “My lord,” said he, “some time ago, I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and assist him in an emergency, on condition that he should pay them upon demand; and for a good while, I never asked my money, that I might not put him to greater inconvenience in repaying, than that which he felt when he borrowed the sum; but as he seemed to neglect the payment entirely, I have demanded the money again and again, and he not only refuses to refund, but also denies that I ever lent him the ten crowns; or, if I did, he says he is sure they were repaid: now, I having no witnesses to prove the loan, nor he evidence of the repayment, for indeed they never were repaid, I intreat your lordship to take his oath; and if he swears the money was returned, I here forgive him the debt, in the presence of God.”—“What have you to say to this charge, honest gaffer with the staff?” said Sancho. “My lord,” replied the senior, “I confess he lent me the money; and since he leaves the matter to my oath, if your lordship will lower your rod of justice, I will make affidavit, that I have really and truly returned, and repaid the sum I borrowed.” The governor accordingly lowering his wand, the defendant desired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he should make oath, because it incumbered him; then laying his hand upon the cross of the rod, he declared that the other had indeed lent him those ten crowns which he now demanded; but that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender’s own hand, and he supposed he dunned him in this manner, because he had forgot that circumstance. This oath being administered, the great governor asked what farther the creditor had to say to the allegation of the other party. And he answered, that doubtless the defendant had spoke the truth; for he looked upon him as an honest man, and a good Christian; and that as he himself must have forgot the particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thenceforward. Then the defendant, taking back his

cane, and making his obeisance, quitted the court; while Sancho seeing him retire in this manner, and perceiving the resignation of the plaintiff, hung down his head a little, and laying the fore-finger of his right-hand on one side of his nose, continued in this musing posture for a very small space of time: then, raising his head, he ordered them to call back the old man with the staff, who had retired: he was accordingly brought before Sancho; who said to him, 'Honest friend, lend me that staff, I have occasion for it.'—'With all my heart, my lord,' replied the elder, reaching it to the judge: then Sancho took and delivered it to the plaintiff, saying: 'Now, go your ways, a God's name! you are fully paid.'—'How, my lord!' said the old man, 'is this cane then worth ten crowns of gold?'—'Yes,' replied the governor, 'otherwise I am the greatest dunce in nature: and now it shall appear, whether or not I have a noddle sufficient to govern a whole kingdom.' So saying, he ordered the cane to be broke in publick; and when, in consequence of his command, it was split asunder, ten crowns of gold were found in the heart of it, to the astonishment of all the spectators, who looked upon their new governor as another Solomon. When he was asked how he could conceive that the money was in the cane, he answered, that seeing the deponent give his staff to the other party before he made oath, then hearing him declare that he had really and truly returned the money; and lastly, perceiving that after his deposition he took back the staff, it came into his head that the money was concealed within the cane. And in this instance, we see that governors, though otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God: besides, Sancho had heard such a story told by the curate of his village, and his memory was so tenacious, in retaining every thing he wanted to remember, that there was not such another in the whole island. Finally, the two old men went away; the one overwhelmed with shame, and the other miraculously repaid; the by-standers were astonished; and he whose province it was to record the sayings, actions, and conduct of Sancho, could not determine in his own mind, whether he

should regard and report him as a simpleton, or a sage.

This suit being determined, a woman came into court, holding fast by a man habited like a rich herdsman, and exclaiming with great vociferation, 'Justice, my lord governor, justice! which, if I find not on earth, I will go in quest of to heaven! My lord governor of my soul, this wicked man has forced me in the middle of a field, and made use of my body, as if it had been a dirty dish-clout: alack, and a-well a-day! he has robbed me of that which I had preserved for three and twenty years, in spite of Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners: and have I, who was always as hard as a cork-tree, maintained my virtue entire, like a salamander in the midst of flames, or wool among brambles, to be handled by the clean hands of this Robin Goodfellow?'—'That must be enquired into,' said Sancho, 'whether the gallant's hands be clean or no.' Then turning to the man, he asked what he had to say to the complaint of that woman? To this question the culprit replied with great perturbation, 'My lord, I am a poor herdsman who deal in swine, and this morning went to market, saving your presence, with four hogs, and the duties and ex-tortions, and one thing and another, ran away with almost all they were worth; and so, in my return, I lighted on this honest damsel in the road; and the devil, who will always meddle and make, and have his finger in every pye, yoked us together. I paid her handsomely; but she, not satisfied, laid fast hold on me, nor would she quit her hold until she had brought me hither: she alledges I forced her; but, by the oath I have taken, or am to take, she lyes; and this is the whole truth, without the least crumb of prevarication.' Then the governor asked if he had any money about him; and when he owned he had a leathern purse with twenty ducats in his bosom, Sancho ordered him to pull it out, and deliver the whole to the complainant. The man obeyed this command with fear and trembling; the woman received the money, and making a thousand curtsies to all the by-standers, prayed God would preserve the life and health of my lord-governor,





nor, who took such care of damsels and orphans in necessity. So saying, she went away, holding the purse with both hands, though not before she had examined the contents. Scarce had she quitted the court, when Sancho said to the herdsman, who stood with tears in his eyes, sending his heart, and many a long look after his purse. 'Hark ye, friend! go after that woman, and take the purse from her, either by fair means or force, and bring it hither to me.' This command was not imposed upon one that was either deaf or doating; for he darted like lightning, in order to put it in execution: while all the spectators waited in suspense to see the issue of the suit. In a little time the parties returned, but more closely engaged, and clinging faster together than before; she, with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse in her lap, and he struggling, to no purpose, so take it from her; so vigorously did she defend her acquisition, crying aloud, 'Justice, in the name of God and his creatures! Take notice, my lord governor, of the impudence and presumption of this miscreant, who, in the very face of the people, and the middle of the street, wanted to rob me of the purse which I received by your lordship's decree.'—'Has he taken it from you, then?' said the governor. 'Taken it from me!' replied the wench; 'I'll sooner part with my life than with my purse. I should be a precious ninny indeed! otherguise cats must scratch my beard, and not such a pitiful muckworm as he. Pincers and hammers, mallets and chissels, should not tear it out of my clutches; no, not the claws of a lion; my soul and body shall rather be tore asunder.'—'It is even so,' said the man; 'I submit as the weaker vessel, and own I have not strength enough to recover my purse.' He quitted her accordingly. Then the governor said to the woman, 'Come hither, my virtuous and spirited dame; let me see thy purse.' Which, when she delivered it, he restored to the man; and turning to the wench, who was too forceful to be forced; 'Sister of mine,' quoth he, 'if you had exerted the same vigour and perseverance, or even half so much, in preserving your chastity, as you have shewn in defending the purse, the

force of Hercules would not have forced you. Be gone, a-God's name! be gone, I say, with a vengeance, and never more appear in this island, or within six leagues of it, on pain of receiving two hundred stripes. Be gone immediately, you chattering, shameless impostor!' The woman, terrified at his menaces, sneaked off, hanging her head, and discontented; and the governor spoke to the man in these words: 'Honest friend, get you home with your money, in the name of God; and unless you are inclined to lose it again, from henceforward avoid all temptations to yoke with any woman whatsoever.'

The herdsman thanked him as sheepishly as he could, and went away, and the audience were struck with admiration afresh, at the judgment and decisions of their new governor; every circumstance of which being recorded by his historiographer, was immediately communicated to the duke, who waited for the account with the utmost impatience.

But here let honest Sancho rest a little, for we are summoned in all haste by his master, who is greatly disturbed by the musick of Altisidora.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE DREADFUL CONSTERNATION, AND CATTISH CONCERT, TO WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS EXPOSED, IN THE COURSE OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA'S AMOUR.

WE left the great Don Quixote wrapped up in those cogitations that were suggested by the musick of the enamoured damsel Altisidora. With these companions he crept into bed; but, as if they had been fleas and vermin, they would not suffer him to sleep, or indeed enjoy a moment's repose, especially when reinforced with the reflection of his wounded stocking. But as time is so light and nimble, that no rub can retard his career, he galloped along upon the hours, and soon ushered in the morning, which was no sooner beheld by the knight, than he forsook the gentle down, and being the reverie of lazy, dressed himself in his shamoy suit. He put on his travelling boots to conceal

conceal the misfortune of his horse; threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulder, cased his head in a green velvet cap trimmed with silver, slung his trusty hanging sword in his buff-belt, took up his large rosary, which always depended from his wrist, and with great port and solemnity went forth into the hall, where the duke and duchess, already dressed, stayed for him. As he passed through a gallery, he perceived Altisidora, and the other maiden her friend, who stood waiting for his appearance; and he was no sooner beheld by the love-sick damsel, than she pretended to faint away; while her companions received her in her arms, and with all possible dispatch began to unclasp her bosom. The knight seeing her fall, approached the place where they were, saying, 'I know whence these accidents proceed.' And the companion replied, 'I do not know whence; for Altisidora is the healthiest damsel of the whole family, and I never knew her so much as fetch a sigh from the first minute of our acquaintance. Ill betide all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all so shy and scornful. Signior Don Quixote, I with your worship would leave the place; for this poor girl will not come to herself while you stand here.' To this entreaty the knight replied, 'Be so good, Madam, as to order a lute to be left in my apartment; and, at night, I will, to the best of my power, console this unfortunate damsel: for a speedy explanation in the beginning, is often an effectual cure for those who are indiscreetly in love.' So saying, he went away, that he might not be observed in conference with the damsels; and scarce was he gone, when the swooning Altisidora coming to herself, said to her companion, 'It will be requisite to leave the lute; for, doubtless, Don Quixote intends to entertain us with music, which cannot be bad if he is the performer.' Then they went and gave an account of what had passed, and in particular of the lute, to the duchess, who was rejoiced beyond measure, and concerted with her lord and her women, how to execute another joke which should be more merry than mischievous. This being accordingly contrived, they with great glee waited for night; and it came posting along in the same pace

that brought in the day, which their graces spent in savoury discourse with Don Quixote. On this day the duchess really and truly dispatched one of her pages, who acted the part of the enchanted Dulcinea in the wood, to Terresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and a bundle, which he had left on purpose to be sent home; and the messenger had particular orders to bring back a circumstantial detail of every thing that should pass between him and the governor's lady.

This step being taken, and the hour of eleven at night arrived, Don Quixote found a lute in his apartment; this he tuned, and having opened the window, perceived people walking below in the garden: he immediately ran over the strings of his instrument, making as good a prelude as he could, then hemming and clearing his pipes, he with an hoarse, though not untuneful voice, sung the following sonnet, which he had that very day composed.

SONG.

'LOVE, with idleness combin'd,
'Will unhinge the tender mind:
'But to sew, to work, and move,
'Will exclude the force of love.
'Blooming maids that would be married,
'Must in virtue be unwearied:
'Modesty a dow'r will raise,
'And be trumpet of their praise.
'A cavalier will sport and play
'With a damsel frank and gay;
'But, when wedlock is his aim,
'Chuse a maid of sober fame.
'Passion kindled in the breast,
'By a stranger or a guest,
'Enters with the rising sun,
'And fleets before his race be run,
'Love that comes so suddenly,
'Ever on the wing to fly,
'Neither can or will impart
'Strong impressions to the heart.
'Pictures drawn on pictures, shew
'Strange confusion to the view:
'Second beauty finds no base,
'Where a first has taken place.
'Then Dulcinea still shall reign
'Without a rival or a stain;
'Nor shall fate itself controul
'Her sway, or blot her from my soul:
'Constancy, the lover's boast,
'I'll maintain, whate'er it cost.
'This my virtue will refine;
'This will stamp my joy divine.'

So far had Don Quixote proceeded with his song, which was overheard by the

the duke and duchess, Altifidora, and almost all the people in the castle, when all of a sudden, from the top of a corridore immediately above Don Quixote's window, came down a cord to which above a hundred horse-bells were tied; and, after these was discharged a whole sackful of cats with smaller bells fastened to their tails. Such was the noise occasioned by the tinkling of these bells, and the meawling of the cats, that even the duke and duchess, who invented the joke, were terrified and confounded, and Don Quixote astonished and dismayed; especially when two or three cats chanced to enter his window, and coursed up and down through his apartment, which seemed to be haunted by a whole legion of devils; for they extinguished the lights, and ran to and fro, endeavouring to escape, while the rope with the large bells, was lowering down, and pulling up incessantly; so that the greatest part of the people in the family, who were ignorant of the scheme, listened with fear and admiration. Then Don Quixote starting up, and unsheathing his sword, began to fence with the window, exclaiming aloud, 'Avaunt, malignant enchanters! avaunt, ye wizzard crew! for I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, against whom your whole power and malice shall not avail.' So saying, he laid about him among the cats, which had entered his apartments; and they sprung towards the casement, from whence two of them made their escape; but the third, finding itself hard pressed by the valour and back-strokes of the knight, flew at his face, and laid fast hold on his nose with its teeth and claws. The pain of this assault affected Don Quixote in such a manner, that he began to roar with vast vociferation, which being heard by the duke and duchess, who guessed the cause of his cries, they ran instantly to his chamber, which they opened with a master-key; and lights being brought, they found the poor knight endeavouring with all his strength to disengage the cat from his visage. Seeing the unequal fray, they made haste to part the combatants; when Don Quixote called aloud, 'Let no man part us; but leave me hand to hand with this dæmon, this wizzard, this inchanter; and I will make him sensible of the difference between him and me, who am Don Quixote

de La Mancha.' The cat, however, without minding his threats, stuck fast to his nose; but, at length, the duke tore it away, and threw it out at the window; so that the knight remained with his face like a sieve, and his nose in no very sound condition; though he was very much dissatisfied, that they would not suffer him to finish the engagement he had so obstinately maintained with that felonious inchanter.

Oil of Aparicio was immediately fetched, and Altifidora herself, with her snowy hands, applied the balsam, saying in a low voice, as she bound up his wounds, 'All these misadventures befall thee, hard-hearted knight, as a punishment for thy cruelty and disdain; and God grant thy squire Sancho may forget to scourge himself, that thy so much beloved Dulcinea may never be disenchanted, nor thou enjoy her as a wedded wife, at least, during the life of me, by whom thou art adored.' To all this apostrophe Don Quixote answered not a word; but, heaving a profound sigh, laid himself along in his bed, and thanked their graces for this instance of their concern; not that he was afraid of such a cattish-inchanting and bell-ringing crew; but on account of the kind intention they had manifested in coming to his relief. As for the duke and duchess, they left him to his repose, and went away extremely sorry for the unfortunate issue of his joke; for they did not think Don Quixote would have suffered so terribly by the adventure, which cost him five days confinement in his bed, where he was engaged in another still more dividing, which, however, the historian will not at present recount, that he may return to Sancho Panza, who proceeded in his administration with equal pleasantry and solicitude.

CHAP. XV.

CONTAINING A FARTHER ACCOUNT
OF SANCHE'S BEHAVIOUR IN HIS
GOVERNMENT.

THE history relates, that from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a sumptuous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table, most elegantly furnished. When the governor entered, the waits struck up, and

and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the musick ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one seat only, and a cover for himself alone: while close by him stood a personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes. One who looked like a student, said grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and another person, who acted the part of sewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the said plate with his wand, it was snatched from him in a twinkling: the sewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but, before he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible dispatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by slight of hand!

To this interrogation, he of the wand replied: 'My lord governor must, in eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a salary as physician to the governors of this island, and take more care of their health than of my own; studying night and day, and considering the governor's constitution, that I may be able to cure him, in case he should be taken ill; but the principal part of my office is to be present at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and restrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his stomach. I therefore ordered the fruit to be removed, because it is dangerously moist; and, likewise commanded the other dish to be conveyed away, because it is excessively hot, as containing a number of spices which create thirst, and copious drinking drowns and destroys the radical moisture, which is the essence of life.'—'By that way of reasoning,' said Sancho, 'that there dish of roasted partridges, which seems to be very well seasoned, will do me no harm.' To

this hint the physician replied: 'Of these, my lord governor shall not eat while there is breath in my body.'—'And pray for what reason?' said the governor. 'Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of physic, expressly says, in one of his aphorisms, "*Omnis saturatio mala; perdix autem pessima*;" that is, All repletion is bad, but that with partridge worst of all.'—'If that be the case,' said Sancho, 'good Mr. Doctor, pray examine all the messes on the table, so as to point out that which will do me least harm and most good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration; for, by the life of the governor, and as God shall prolong it! I am ready to die of hunger; and to deny me victuals, even though Signior Doctor should prescribe fasting; and say a thousand things in it's praise, will, instead of preserving my health, deprive me of life entirely.'—'Your lordship is very much in the right,' replied the physician: 'and to begin, I would not have you touch these ragoo'd rabbits, because they are a sharp-haired food: of that veal, indeed, you might pick a little, if it was not roasted *a-la-daube*; but as it is, touch it not.'—'The dish that smokes yonder,' said Sancho, 'seems to be an *olla podrida*, and considering the variety of ingredients of which these *ollas* are composed, surely I cannot fail to light on something that will be both savoury and wholesome.'—'Abusi!' cried the physician, 'far from us be such a thought. There is not a more pernicious nutriment upon the face of the earth: leave your *ollas* to canons, rectors of colleges, and country weddings; but let them never appear upon the tables of governors, where elegance and neatness ought to reign.'—'The reason is clear; at all times, in all places, and by all the learned, simple medicines are more esteemed than those that are compound: for in the first, no mistakes can be committed; whereas, in the other, numberless errors may take place, in the quantity and proportion of the ingredients; but what I would advise my lord governor to eat at present, in order to preserve and corroborate his health, is about a hundred confectioned wafers, and a few thin slices of quinces, which will

will sit easy on his stomach, and assist digestion.'

Sancho, hearing this prescription, threw himself backwards in his chair, and surveying the physician from head to foot, asked in a grave and solemn tone, 'What was his name, and where he had studied?' To this question, the other replied, 'I, my lord governor, am called Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-well *, native of a place called Snatchaway, on the right hand between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo; and I took my doctor's degree at the university of Ossuna.' To this declaration Sancho replied, in a rage, 'Hark ye, then, Mr. Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-ill, native of Snatchaway, which is on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almodobar del Campo, graduate of Ossuna, get out of my presence this instant, or by the body of the sun! I will snatch up a cudgel, and beginning with you, employ it in such a manner as not to leave a physician on the whole island; of those, I mean, who are ignorant fellows; as for the learned, virtuous, and discreet members of the faculty, I will place them on my head, in token of respect, and honour them as things divine. But, I say again, be gone, Doctor Pedro Positive, or positively I will take up this chair on which I sit, and make immediate application to your scull; and, should I be called to account for it, when I resign my government, I will exculpate myself by proving that I have done service to God, in slaying a wicked physician, who was a scandal to the commonwealth. Let me have something to eat, therefore, or take back your government; for a post that will not afford victuals, is not worth a pease-cod.'

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a passion, and was going to snatch himself away from his presence; when, at the very instant, their ears were saluted with the noise of a post-boy's horn in the street; and the gentleman sewer going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with some dispatches of importance. Accordingly the messenger entered the

hall, sweating, with marks of consternation in his countenance; and taking a packet out of his bosom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the steward, with orders to read the superscription, which ran thus: 'To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, to be delivered into his own hand, or that of his secretary.' Sancho hearing the direction, 'Who is my secretary?' said he: One of the people who were present, answered, 'I am secretary, my lord; for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan.'—'Nay, with that addition,' said Sancho, 'you might be secretary to the emperor himself: open this packet, and see what it contains.' The new-born secretary obeyed the command; and having perused the contents, told his excellency, it was business for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered every body to quit the place, except the steward and gentleman sewer: accordingly the rest retired, with the doctor at their head: and the secretary recited the letter to this effect—

'I Have received information, Signior Don Sancho Panza; that certain enemies of mine and of the island, intend one of these nights, to give you a furious assault; you will therefore be vigilant and alert, that they may not find you unprepared. I am likewise informed, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise have entered the town, with intention to take away your life, as they dread the extent of your abilities: be upon your guard, therefore, examine every person who comes to speak with you, and taste nothing that comes in a present. I will take care to reinforce you, should you stand in need of assistance; meanwhile, you will act in every thing according to the good opinion I have of your understanding. Your friend,

'THE DUKE.

'From my castle, August 16th,
'at 4 in the morning.'

This epistle overwhelmed Sancho with astonishment, which the rest pre-

* The Spanish name is Pedro Rezio de Agüero; which, together with Tirte Afuera the place of his nativity, I have translated into English, that the humour may be better understood.

tended to share; and turning to the steward, 'What is to be done,' said he, 'and that immediately, is to con- fine Doctor Positive in a dungeon; for if any body has a design to take away my life, he is the man; aye, and by the most pitiful, and worst of all deaths; namely, hunger.'—'True,' replied the gentleman sewer; 'and, in my opinion, your lordship ought not to eat any of the victuals now on the table, for they were a present from certain nuns; and, as the saying is, The devil skulks behind the cross.'—'That is a truth not to be denied,' said Sancho; 'but, in the mean time, let me have a luncheon of bread, and about four pounds of raisins, which cannot be poisoned; for really and truly, I cannot live without eating; and, if we must be prepared for those battles with which we are threatened, at least let us be well fed; for the stomach supports the heart, and not the heart the stomach. You, secretary, must write an answer to my Lord Duke; and tell him his commands shall be obeyed to a tittle. You shall likewise make my compliments to my Lady Duchess, beseeching her, in my name, to remember to send an express, with my letter and bundle, to my wife Teresa Panza; in so doing she will lay me under great obligation, and I shall take care to be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. By the bye, you may thrust in a How d'ye to my master Don Quixote de La Mancha, that he may see I am not of an ungrateful leaven; you may, as a faithful secretary, and honest Biscayan, may add what you shall think proper, and most likely to turn out to advantage. At present, take away these things, and let me have something to eat; and I shall manage any spies, murderers, or inchanters, that may presume to attack me or my island.'

Here he was interrupted by a page, who, coming into the hall, told him there was a countryman without, who wanted to speak with his lordship upon some business of the utmost importance. 'Those people of business are strange fellows,' said Sancho; 'is it possible they are so ignorant, as not to see that this is not a proper hour for the trans-

action of business? Mayhap they think, we governors and judges are not made of flesh and blood, and therefore require no time for refreshment, any more than if we were created of marble. As I shall answer to God! if my government holds (though I begin to perceive it will not be of long duration) I will sit upon the skirts of more than one of these men of business *. At present, tell that honest man to come; but, first of all, take care that he is not one of the spies or murderers.'—'There is no occasion, my lord,' answered the page; 'for he seems to be a simple soul, and either I am very much mistaken, or he is as honest as a well-weighed loaf.'—'While we are present,' said the steward, 'there is nothing to fear.'—'Mr. Sewer,' said Sancho, 'now that Doctor Pedro Positive is not here, might not I eat something substantial, even though it should be nothing better than a luncheon of bread and an onion?'—'This night your supper shall make amends for the defect of dinner, so as that your lordship shall be perfectly well pleased, and satisfied,' replied the sewer. 'God grant I may be so!' quoth the governor.

At that instant the countryman entered the hall, of a goodly presence, and indeed one might have seen that he was an honest soul, even at the distance of a thousand leagues. The first thing he said, was, 'Which of all this company is my lord governor?'—'Who should be governor,' replied the secretary, 'but he who sits in the chair?'—'Then, I humble myself before him,' said the peasant; who, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his lordship's hand. This request, however, Sancho would not grant; but ordered him to rise, and explain his business. Accordingly, the countryman getting up, 'My lord,' said he, 'I am a husbandman belonging to Miguel Turra, a place about two leagues from Ciudad Real.'—'What! have we got another Snatchaway?' cried Sancho: 'proceed, brother; for I can tell you, that I am very well acquainted with Miguel Turra, which is not far from our own village.'—'This here, then, is the case, my lord,' said the coun-

* The original *Ponga en pretina*, signifies, I will put in my girdle.

tryman; 'by the mercy of God, I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy Roman Catholick church; and I have two sons now at college, the youngest of whom is to be a batchelor, and the elder is intended for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather she was killed by a wicked physician, who gave her a purge when she was big with child; and, had it pleased God that the fruit of her womb had come to light, and had been a boy, I would have bred him up a doctor, that he might not have envied his brothers, the batchelor and licentiate.'—'So then,' said Sancho, 'if your wife had not died, or been killed, in all likelihood you should not now be a widower.'—'No, my lord, by no manner of means,' answered the countryman. 'Agad!' cried Sancho, 'we are in a thriving way! Pray, go on, brother; for this is an hour more proper for sleep than for business.'—'Well, then,' replied the countryman, 'this son of mine, who is to be bred a batchelor, became enamoured of a young lady of the same town, called Clara Paralina*, daughter of Andrew Paralino, a very wealthy yeoman; and this name of Paralino does not come from their pedigree, or any family descent; but they have acquired it, because the whole race of them is paralytick; and so, in order to improve the sound, they are called Paralino; though, to say the truth, the young lady is a perfect oriental pearl, and when you look at her, on her right side, seems to be a very flower of the field; on the left, indeed, she is not quite so amiable, being blind of an eye, which she lost in the small-pox; and although the pits in her face are very large and numerous, her admirers say, that these are not pits, but graves, in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then she is so cleanly, that to prevent her face from being defiled, she carries her nose cocked up, as the saying is, so that it seems to be running away from her mouth; yet, for all that, she is extremely beautiful, for she has a very wide mouth, and if she did not want some ten or a dozen teeth, might pass

for a very phoenix of beauty. Of her lips I shall say nothing; but they are so thin and delicate, that if it was the custom to reel lips, they might be made up into a skein; but as they are of a different colour from common lips, they appear quite miraculous; for they contain a mixture of blue, green, and orange tawny. My lord governor will pardon me for painting so exactly the parts of her who is to be my daughter, for I love her exceedingly, and like to dwell upon the subject.'—'Paint what you will,' said Sancho; 'for my own part I am hugely delighted with your description, and if I had dined, should not desire a better desert than the picture you have drawn.'—'That shall be always at your service,' replied the countryman; 'and though we are not at present known to each other, the time will come when we shall be better acquainted. And now, my lord, if I could describe her genteel deportment, and tall stature, you would be struck with admiration; but that is an impossible task, because she is so doubled and bent, that her knees touch her mouth; and yet, for all that, one may see with half an eye, that if she could stand upright, her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand in marriage to my batchelor before this time, if she could have stretched it out, but it happens to be shrunk and withered; though, by the long channelled nails, one may easily perceive the beauty of it's form and texture.' 'Very well,' said Sancho. 'Now, brother, let us suppose you have painted her from head to foot; tell me what is your request, and come to the point, without going about the bush, through lanes and alleys with a parcel of scraps and circumlocutions.'—'Well then, my lord,' replied the countryman, 'my request is, that you would give me a letter of recommendation to the young lady's father, entreating him to give his consent to the match, as the parties are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune, and of nature; for, to say the truth, my Lord Governor, my son is possessed, and scarce a day passes, but he is three

* She is in the original called Perlerina, which I have changed into Paralina, in order to preserve the subsequent play on the words.

‘or four times tormented by the foul fiend; and, in consequence of having once fallen into the fire, his face is shrivelled up like a skin of parchment, and his eyes are bleared, and run woundily; but yet he has the temper of an angel, and if he did not beat and buffet himself, he would be a perfect saint.’—‘Do you want any thing else, honest friend?’ replied Sancho. ‘I did want something else,’ said the countryman, ‘but I dare not be so bold as to mention it: but, out it shall go; for, take or not take, it shall never rot in my belly. Why then, my lord, I wish your lordship would bestow three or six hundred ducats, to help to set up my batchelor; I mean, to furnish his house; for, the truth is, the young couple are to live by themselves, without being subject to the peevishness of us old folks.’—‘Consider if you want any thing else,’ said Sancho, ‘and speak without bashfulness or restraint.’—‘Truly, I want nothing else,’ replied the countryman. Scarce had he pronounced these words, when, the governor starting up, and laying hold on the chair that was under him, exclaimed, ‘I vow to God, you Don lubberly, rascally rustick, if you don’t get you gone, and abscond from my presence this instant, I will with this chair demolish your scull, you knavish son of a whore, and painter for the devil himself; is this a time to come and demand six hundred ducats? Where the devil should I find them, you stinkard! or, if I had found them, why the devil should I give them to you, you idiotical scoundrel? What a pox have I to do with Miguel Turra, or any of the generation of the Paralino’s? Be gone, I say, or, by the life of my Lord Duke, I’ll be as good as my word; thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some fiend sent from hell to torment me; hark ye, miscreant, I have been governor but a day and a half, and you would have me already in possession of six hundred ducats!’

The gentleman sewer made signs to the countryman to leave the place; and he accordingly quitted the hall, hanging his head, and seemingly afraid that the governor would execute his threats; for the rogue acted his part to admiration. But let us leave Sancho’s indig-

nation to cool, and peace attend him in his career, while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged up for the cure of his cattish wounds, which were not healed in the space of eight days; and in that time an adventure happened to him, which Cid Hamet promises to recount, with that truth and punctuality he has hitherto maintained, in recording even the most trivial and minute incidents of this authentick history.

CHAP. XVI.

OF DON QUIXOTE’S ADVENTURE WITH DONNA RODRÍGUEZ, THE DUCHESS’S DUENNA—AND OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY OF ETERNAL FAME.

EXCEEDINGLY peevish and melancholy was the fore wounded Don Quixote, with his face bandaged and marked; not by the hand of his Maker, but by the claws of a cat; and, indeed, such misfortunes are annexed to chivalry. Six days did he remain in his chamber, without appearing in publick; and during this time it was, that one night, while he lay watchful and awake, musing upon his disaster, and the persecution of Altisidora, he heard a key turning in the door of his apartment, and straight imagined the enamoured damsel was come to surprize his chastity, and tempt him to forego the fidelity he owed to his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. On this supposition, he pronounced with an audible voice, ‘No! the greatest beauty upon earth shall never have such an effect as to interfere with my adoration of her, who is impressed and engraved in the midst of my heart, and in the depth of my bowels! No, my dear mistress! whether thou art transformed into a garlick-eating wench, or as a nymph of the golden Tagus, art weaving webs of gold and silver twist: whether thou art in the power of Merlin or Montesinos; wheresoever thou mayest be, mine thou art, and where-soever I am, I must be thine.’ This ejaculation being uttered just as the door opened, he stood upright in his bed, wrapped up in a quilt of yellow silk, with a woollen night-cap on his head, his face and whiskers being bound up; the first, on account of the scratches he

he had received, and the last, in order to preserve the buckle; and in this equipage, he appeared the most extraordinary phantom that the imagination can conceive. His eyes were fixed upon the door, and when he expected to see the yielding and afflicted Altisidora enter, he beheld a most reverend duenna, with a white hemmed veil, so long as to cover her from head to foot. Between the fingers of her left-hand she held a lighted candle's end, and with her right she formed a shade to keep the glare from her eyes, which were furnished with large spectacles; and, in this trim, she came treading very softly, and moving her feet with great tranquillity as she advanced. Don Quixote surveyed her from his post, and marking her silence and appearance, concluded she was some hag or sorceress, come in that equipage to annoy him; and, in this opinion, he began to cross himself with great eagerness and devotion. The apparition advancing to the middle of the chamber, and lifting up it's eyes, perceived the knight busily employed in these devout precautions: if he was afraid at sight of her, she was no less terrified at his figure; for seeing him so tall and yellow, wrapped up in the quilt, and disfigured by the bandages, she cried aloud, 'O Jesus! what do I see?' and in the surprize dropped the candle. Finding herself now in the dark, she attempted to make her retreat, and treading upon her own skirts in the confusion of her fear, she stumbled and fell to the ground: while Don Quixote, sweating with terror, began to ejaculate, 'I conjure thee, O phantom! or whatever thou mayest be, to tell me who thou art, and what thou would'st have. If thou art a perturbed spirit, let me know, and I will do all that lies in my power to give thee relief; for I am a catholick Christian, well-disposed to befriend all mankind; and, in consequence of this disposition, I received the order of knightherrantry, which I now profess; and the exercise of that profession extends even so far as to give assistance to souls in purgatory.'

The duenna, bruised as she was with her fall, hearing herself exercised in this manner, guessed from her own fear, the terrors of Don Quixote, and in a low and plaintive tone replied, 'Signior

'Don Quixote, I am no phantom, apparition, or soul in purgatory, as your worship seems to suppose, but Donna Rodriguez, chief duenna to my Lady Duchess, and I come with one of those necessitous cases which your worship is wont to remedy.'—'Pray, tell me, Signora Donna Rodriguez,' said Don Quixote, 'are you come in the office of a go-between? because, I would have you to know, that I am altogether unfit for any such commerce, thanks to the peerless beauty of my own mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. Finally, I say unto you, Signora Donna Rodriguez, if you will suppress, and lay aside all amorous messages, you may go and light your candle, and return; and we will discourse upon any subject you shall think proper to introduce; saying, as I have already observed, all your dainty incitements.'—'Signior,' answered the duenna, 'I carry messages for no person. Your worship is but little acquainted with my character. Nor am I so stricken in years as to take to those fooleries; for, God be praised! there is still some soul in my body, and my teeth, grinders and all, are still in my head, except a very few I have lost by the rheums that are so rife in this country of Arragon; but, if your worship will wait a minute, I will go and light my candle, and return in an instant, and then I shall recount my disaster to you, as the physician of all disasters upon earth.'

So saying, she, without waiting for an answer, quitted the apartment, where the knight waited for her, in the utmost suspense and concern; then being assaulted by a thousand reflections upon this new adventure, he began to think it would be very indiscreet, even so much as to dream of exposing himself to the danger of breaking his fidelity to his own mistress. 'Who knows,' said he to himself, 'but the devil, who is equally crafty and dextrous, intends at present to seduce me by means of a duenna, after having in vain attempted me with empresses, queens, duchesses, marquisses, and countesses? for I have often heard it observed by a number of people of good understanding, that he will never give you an high nose, if a flat nose will serve your turn; and who knows but this solitude,

'solitude, opportunity, and silence, may waken those desires in me which are now asleep, and compel me at these years to fall, where hitherto I never so much as stumbled? In such emergencies, it is surely better to avoid than await the battle. And yet, I must certainly be deprived of my senses, to talk and think at this rate; for it is absolutely impossible, that a long, meagre, white-veiled, and spectacled duenna, should move or excite a lascivious thought in the lewdest bosom upon earth. Is there, for example, a duenna in nature who has a tolerable person? Is there a duenna upon this our globe who is not wrinkled, loathsome, and impertinent? Avaunt, then, ye duennian tribe; unfit for any human entertainment! Praise be to that lady who is said to have had at one end of her sophia two marble duennas, with their spectacles and bobbin cushions, in the attitude of working; and these statues fulfilled the dignity of the apartment, as well as if they had been duennas of flesh and blood.'

So saying, he started from his bed, with intention to lock the door, and deny admittance to Signora Rodriguez; but, before he could execute his resolution, that lady had returned with a lighted wax taper, and seeing Don Quixote so near her, with his quilt, bandages, night-cap, or hood, she was again affrighted, and retired backwards a couple of paces, saying, 'Am I safe, Sir Knight? for your worship's getting out of bed is no great sign of virtue, methinks.'—'Madam,' replied Don Quixote, 'I ought to ask you the same question; and I do accordingly ask, whether or not I am safe from assault and ravishment?'—'Of whom, or from whom, do you demand that security, Sir Knight?' said the duenna.

'Of you, and from you, and you alone,' answered Don Quixote: 'for, I am not made of marble, nor you of brats; nor is it now ten o'clock in the forenoon, but midnight, and something more, if I am not mistaken; and we are here in a more close and secret apartment than in the cave in which the treacherous and daring Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido: yet give me your hand, Madam; for, I require no other security than my own reserve and continence,

together with the appearance of that most reverend veil.'

So saying, he kissed his right-hand, and took hold of her's, which she presented with the like ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet, in a parenthesis, swears by Mahomet, that to have seen these two originals thus linked, and walking from the door to the bed, he would have given the best of his two jackets.

At length Don Quixote slipped into bed, and Donna Rodriguez seated herself in a chair at some distance from it, without quitting her spectacles or candle, then the knight shrunk under the clothes with which he covered himself in such a manner that nothing but his face appeared; and both parties having composed themselves, the first who broke silence was Don Quixote, who accosted her in these words: 'Now, Madam Duenna Rodriguez, you may unrip and unload all that lies upon your sorrowful heart and afflicted bowels; and I shall listen to your grievances with chaste ears, and redress them with generous works.'—'I believe as much,' said the duenna; 'for, from the genteel and agreeable presence of your worship, I could expect no other than such a christian reply.'

'This, then, is the case, Signior Don Quixote; although your worship now sees me seated in this chair, in the midst of Arragon, and in the dress of a contemptible and injured duenna, I was born in the Asturias of Oviedo, of a family which intermarried with many of the best in that province; but my niggardly fate, and the extravagance of my parents, who came to untimely want, without knowing how or wherefore, drove me to the court of Madrid, where, for the sake of peace, and in order to prevent greater misfortunes, my parents provided me with the place of needle-woman, in the service of a lady of quality; and, I would have your worship to know, that in making knitting-sheaths and plain-work, no person had ever the advantage of me in the whole course of my life. As for my parents, after they had seen me settled in this place, they returned to the country, and in a few years went to heaven; for they were exceeding good catholic Christians. Meanwhile, I was left an orphan, flunted

‘ flinted to the wretched salary, and
 ‘ pitiful wages, commonly given to
 ‘ such servants in great families; and
 ‘ so, about that time, a squire of the
 ‘ house fell in love with me, though
 ‘ I am sure I gave him no occasion.
 ‘ He was a man already well stricken
 ‘ in years, with a venerable beard, and
 ‘ of a comely appearance, and besides,
 ‘ as good a gentleman as the king, for
 ‘ he was a mountaineer. We did not
 ‘ correspond so secretly but our in-
 ‘ trigue came to the knowledge of my
 ‘ lady; who, waving all questions and
 ‘ commands, caused us to be married
 ‘ in peace and in the face of our holy
 ‘ mother the Roman catholick church.
 ‘ The fruit of this marriage was a
 ‘ daughter, who was the death of my
 ‘ good fortune, if any such I had: not
 ‘ that I died in child-bed; on the con-
 ‘ trary, I was safely and seasonably de-
 ‘ livered; but because, soon after that
 ‘ event, my poor husband died of a
 ‘ fright; and if I had now time to re-
 ‘ count the manner, I know your wor-
 ‘ ship would be struck with admira-
 ‘ tion.’

Here she began to weep most bitterly,
 and thus proceeded: ‘ Your worship,
 ‘ Signior Don Quixote, will pardon me
 ‘ for not being able to contain myself,
 ‘ for as often as I remember my un-
 ‘ fortunate husband, mine eyes run
 ‘ over. God be my comfort! with
 ‘ what dignity did he ride before my
 ‘ lady, on a mighty mule as black as
 ‘ jet; for, at that time, they did not
 ‘ use coaches or chairs, which, they
 ‘ say, are now in fashion; and the la-
 ‘ dies always rode behind their squires.
 ‘ This one circumstance, however, I
 ‘ cannot help recounting, because it
 ‘ demonstrates the good-breeding and
 ‘ punctilio of my worthy spouse. One
 ‘ day, as he entered the street of St.
 ‘ Jago, in Madrid, which is but nar-
 ‘ row, he happened to meet a judge,
 ‘ preceded by two of his officers; and
 ‘ my good squire no sooner beheld
 ‘ him, than he turned his mule in or-
 ‘ der to attend his worship. My lady,
 ‘ who sat behind him, said in a whis-
 ‘ per, “Blockhead, what are you going
 ‘ to do? Don’t you know that I am
 ‘ here?” while the judge, out of po-
 ‘ liteness, stopped his horse, saying,
 ‘ “Pray proceed, Signior; for, it is ra-
 ‘ ther my duty to attend my Lady
 ‘ Donna Casilda,” (that was the name

‘ of my mistress. Nevertheless, my
 ‘ husband still persisted, with his cap in
 ‘ hand, in his resolution to attend the
 ‘ judge; and my lady, enraged at his
 ‘ obstinacy, pulled out a large pin, or
 ‘ rather, I believe, a bodkin, from her
 ‘ tweezer-case, and thrust it into his
 ‘ loins; so that my poor man roared
 ‘ aloud, and writhed his body in such
 ‘ a manner, that both he and my lady
 ‘ came to the ground. Her two lac-
 ‘ quies ran immediately to lift her up,
 ‘ and were assisted by the judge and
 ‘ his officers. The whole gate of
 ‘ Guadajara, (I mean, the idle people
 ‘ about it) were in an uproar: my lady
 ‘ came home a-foot; and my husband
 ‘ hastened to a surgeon, declaring he
 ‘ was thrust through the bowels. His
 ‘ great courtesy soon became publick,
 ‘ inasmuch that the very children mock-
 ‘ ed him in the street; for which rea-
 ‘ son, and because he was a little short-
 ‘ sighted, my lady dismissed him from
 ‘ her service; and he took his dismis-
 ‘ sion so much to heart, that I am po-
 ‘ sitively certain it was the cause of his
 ‘ death. Thus was I left a forlorn
 ‘ widow, with a daughter upon my
 ‘ hands, who, as she grew up, increas-
 ‘ ed in beauty, like the foam of the
 ‘ sea. In a word, as I had the cha-
 ‘ racter of being an excellent needle-
 ‘ woman, my Lady Dukes, who was
 ‘ just then married to my Lord Duke,
 ‘ carried me and my daughter, without
 ‘ more ado, along with her to this
 ‘ kingdom of Arragon; where, in pro-
 ‘ cess of time, my child improved in
 ‘ all manner of accomplishments; she
 ‘ sings like any sky-lark, dances light
 ‘ as thought, cuts a caper as if she was
 ‘ mad, reads and writes like a school-
 ‘ master, and casts accounts like a mi-
 ‘ ser. I say nothing of her cleanli-
 ‘ ness, for the running water is not
 ‘ more pure; and if my memory does
 ‘ not fail me, she is now sixteen years,
 ‘ five months, and three days, perhaps
 ‘ one over or under. In a word, this
 ‘ maiden of mine captivated the son of
 ‘ a rich farmer, who lives in a village
 ‘ not far from hence, belonging to
 ‘ my Lord Duke; and so, the young
 ‘ couple meeting, I know not where
 ‘ nor how, he, under promise of mar-
 ‘ riage, played the rogue with my
 ‘ daughter, and refuses to perform his
 ‘ promise; and although my Lord
 ‘ Duke is well acquainted with the af-
 ‘ fair;

‘fair; for you must know, I complained to him—not once, but divers and sundry times, desiring he would order the young farmer to take my daughter to wife; he lends a deaf ear to my complaint, and indeed will scarce give me a hearing, because, forsooth, the young rogue’s father is extremely rich, and lends him money; nay, becomes surety for him when he happens to be in trouble; so that he will by no manner of means give him the least umbrage or disgust. Now, dear Sir, my request is, that your worship would undertake to redress this grievance, either by treaty or force of arms; for, as all the world says, your worship was born for such purposes, to rectify wrongs, and protect the wretched. And I beg your worship will consider the orphan state of my daughter, her gentility, her youth, and all those good qualities which I have told you she possesses: for in the sight of Heaven, and in my own conscience, I dare aver, that of all the damsels belonging to my Lady Duchess, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe: and though she whom they call Altifidora, is reckoned the most sprightly and good-humoured, when compared to my daughter, she does not come within two leagues of her; for, your worship must know, Signior, all is not gold that glitters. This same creature, Altifidora, has more forwardness than beauty, and more airiness than modesty: besides, she is not over and above wholesome; her breath has such a flavour that nobody can be near her; no, not for a moment; and even my Lady Duchess—but, mum for that! Walls have ears, as the saying is.’

‘What of my Lady Duchess?’ cried Don Quixote. ‘Signora Donna Rodriguez, I conjure you tell me, by the life of my soul.’—‘Nay, if you conjure me in that manner,’ answered the duenna, ‘I cannot help telling the truth. Signior Don Quixote your worship has, no doubt, perceived the beauty of my Lady Duchess; that freshness of complexion that shines like polished steel, those cheeks of milk and crimson, with the sun on one side, and the moon on the other, and that gaiety with which she treads, or rather disdains the ground,

‘seeming to diffuse health and joy wheresoever she walks. Well, then, your worship must know, that she may thank God, in the first place; and, secondly, two issues in her legs, that discharge the bad humours with which the doctors say she abounds.’—‘Blessed Virgin!’ cried the knight, ‘is it possible that my Lady Duchess should have occasion for such sluices? I would hardly believe the barefooted friars, should they make the assertion; yet, since Donna Rodriguez avers it, there is no reason to doubt, but from those issues, surely nothing but liquid amber can flow; and, in good sooth, I am now fully convinced that the use of issues must be a matter of great importance to the preservation of health.’

Scarce had Don Quixote pronounced these words, when the chamber door flew open, with a sudden flap, which surprized and disordered the duenna to such a degree, that she dropped the candle, and in a moment the apartment was dark as a dog’s mouth, as the saying is. Immediately, the poor duenna felt her throat assaulted by two hands, which pressed it so close that she could not speak, while another person, with incredible dispatch, and in great silence, turned up her petticoats, and with something like a slipper, began to make such application to her posterior parts, that she was in a most piteous taking. Although Don Quixote compassionated her case, he stirred not from his bed, as he did not know the nature of the assault, but lay snug and silent, in great fear that the same discipline would come round and sound to his own carcase. Nor was his apprehension altogether groundless; for the silent executioners having severely flogged the duenna, who durst not complain, advanced to Don Quixote; and stripping off the sheets and the quilt, pinched him so fast and so smartly, that he could not forbear defending himself by dint of fist; and the whole affair was transacted in wonderful silence. The battle having lasted about half an hour, the phantoms vanished, Donna Rodriguez adjusted her petticoats, and groaning over her misfortune, sneaked away, without speaking a syllable to the knight, who remained alone, full of pains and pinches, sorrow and confusion. And here we will leave him, burning

urning with desire to know who the
erverse inchanter was, who had used
him in such a cruel manner; but that
secret shall be revealed in due season.
Meanwhile we are summoned by San-
cho Panza; and the excellent plan of
our history obliges us to obey his call.

C H A P. XVII.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHE
PANZA, IN GOING THE ROUND
OF HIS ISLAND.

WE left the great governor out of
humour, and enraged at that same
painting country wag, who had re-
ceived his cue from the duke's steward
and gentleman-sewer, sent thither on
purpose to make merry at his expence:
nevertheless, he held out toughly against
the whole combination, Rude, and
brood, and simple as he stood; and ad-
dressing himself to all present, and
among the rest to Doctor Pedro Posi-
tive, who, after the duke's letter was
read, had returned to the hall, 'Now,'
said he, 'I am fully convinced that
'judges and governors are, or ought
'to be, made of brass, so as that
'they may not feel the importunity of
'people of business, who expect to
'be heard, and dispatched, at all
'hours and at all seasons, come what
'will, attending only to their own
'affairs; and if the poor devil of
'a judge does not hear and dispatch
'them, either because it is not in his
'power, or it happens to be an un-
'seasonable time for giving audience,
'then they grumble and backbite,
'gawp him to the very bones, and
'even bespatter his whole generation.
'Ignorant man of business! foolish
'man of business! be not in such a
'violent hurry; wait for the proper
'season and conjuncture, and come not
'at meals and sleeping time; for judges
'are made of flesh and blood, and
'must give to nature that which na-
'ture requires, excepting myself, un-
'happy wretch that I am! who can-
'not indulge my appetite, thanks to
'Doctor Pedro Positive Snatchaway
'here present, who intends that I shall

'die of hunger, and affirms that such
'a death is good living, which I pray
'God may fall to the share of him and
'all of his kidney! I mean, bad phys-
'icians; as for the good, they deserve
'palms and laurel.'

Every body who knew Sancho was
struck with admiration at hearing him
talk so elegantly, and could not ac-
count for his improvement any other
way, than by supposing that posts and
places of importance enlarge the fa-
culties of some, while they stupify the
understanding of others. Finally, Doc-
tor Pedro Positive Badewell de Snatch-
away, promised to indulge his excel-
lency with a plentiful supper at night,
even though he should transgress all
the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The
governor rested satisfied with this de-
claration, waiting for the approach of
night and supper with great impatience;
and although time seemed to stand
stock-still, the wished-for hour at
length arrived, when they treated him
with an hachis of beef well onioned,
and some calves feet not very fresh:
nevertheless, he attacked these dishes
with more relish than if he had been
served with Milan godwits, Roman
pheasants, Sorrento veal, partridges of
Moron, or geese of Lavajos; and, in
the midst of supper, turning towards
his physician, 'Take notice, doctor,'
said he, 'that from henceforth you
'need not take the trouble to provide
'dainties and delicate dishes for me;
'they will only serve to unhinge my
'stomach, which is used to goats flesh,
'cow beef, and bacon, with turnips
'and onions; and, if by accident it
'chances to receive any of your tit-
'bits, it contains them with loathing,
'and sometimes throws them up: but,
'Master Sewer may bring me those
'dishes called *olla podrida**; and the
'staler they are, so much the better.
'In one of these he may croud and
'cram all the eatables he can think of,
'and I will thank him for his pains;
'nay, one day or other I shall make
'him amend; and let no man play
'the rogue with me: either we are or
'we are not; let us live and eat in
'harmony and peace; for, when God
'sends the morning, the light shines
'upon all. I will govern this island

* *Podrida*, signifies rotten or mortified: hence the *olla podrida* is in French stiled
pot-pourri.

'without favour or corruption: and let every body keep a good look-out, and mind his own affairs; for, I would have you to know, the devil's in the dice*; and if you give me cause, you shall see wonders—yes, yes; make yourself honey, and the flies will bite.'

Assuredly, my lord governor,* said the steward, 'your lordship hath said nothing but the truth; and, I promise, in the name of all the islanders of this island, to serve your lordship with perfect love, benevolence and punctuality: for, the agreeable sample of government which your lordship hath given in the beginning, leaves us no room to do, or even to conceive, any thing that shall redound to the disgust and detriment of your honour.'—'I believe what you say,' replied Sancho; 'and indeed they must be fools to think or act any otherwise. And I say again, let the maintenance of me and my Dapple be taken care of; for that is the main point in this business: and when the time comes, let us go and make the round; my intention is to clear the island from all sort of filth, such as vagabonds, idlers, and immoral people; for I would have you to know, my friends, that your idle and lazy fellows are the fame in a commonwealth as drones in a bee-hive, that consume the honey which the industrious labourers have made. My resolution is to protect the farmers and handicrafts-men, maintain the prerogative of gentlemen, reward virtue; and, above all things, respect religion and the honour of the clergy. Tell me, my friends, what is your opinion of my plan? Does it smack of something? or do I thresh my scull to no purpose?'—'My lord governor,' said the steward, 'your lordship speaks so much to the purpose, that I am struck with admiration, to hear a man so illiterate as your worship (for I believe you do not know your letters) make so many observations full of sagacity, and give counsel so much above every thing that was expected from your lordship's capacity, by those who sent us, as well as by ourselves who are come hither. Every day produces

'something new: jokes are turned in to earnest, and the biters are bit.'

Night being come, and the governor having supped with the good leave of Doctor Pedro, they prepared for going the round. Accordingly his excellency went forth, accompanied by the steward, notary, gentleman-servant, and historiographer, whose office it was to record his actions; and attended by such a number of alguazils and scribes, as would have formed a moderate squadron. Sancho walked in the middle with his rod, and a goodly sight he was to see. Having traversed a few streets, they heard the clashing of swords, upon which hastening to the place of action, they found two men fighting, who, seeing the officers of justice, desisted, and one of them exclaimed, 'Help, in God's name, and the king's! What, are people suffered to be robbed in this town, and assaulted in the very middle of the street?'—'Compose yourself, honest friend,' said Sancho, 'and let me know the cause of this quarrel, for I am governor.' Then his adversary interposing, 'My lord governor,' said he, 'I will tell you the whole story in a few words: Your worship must know, that this gentleman has been at play at that gaming-house over the way, where he has won above a thousand rials, and God knows how fairly; now, I being present, decided more than once in his favour, when the bett was doubtful, against the dictates of my own conscience. He took up his winning, and when I expected he would gratify me with a crown at least, for good will, as players generally make such presents to men of honour like me, who attend in those places, ready at all adventures to support unreasonable demands, and prevent disturbance, he pocketed the cash, and went away; I followed him out of humour, yet in the most courteous manner begged he would indulge me with eight rials, as he knew me to be a gentleman without either business or fortune; for my parents neither bred me up to the one, nor left me the other; and the rascal, who, by the bye, is as great a thief as Cacus, and as errant a sharper as

* Literally, The devil's in Cantillana, which is a town of Andalusia, near Seville.

* Andradilla,

‘Andradilla, would not give me a farthing more than four rials; so that, my lord governor, your excellency may perceive what a shameless and unconscionable rogue it is; but in good faith, if your lordship had not come up, I would have made him disgorge his winning, and taught him how to trim the balance.’ When Sancho asked what the other had to say in his own defence, he owned, that as his adversary alledged, he had refused to give him more than four rials, because the plaintiff had often tasted of his bounty; and those who expect such gratifications, ought to be thankful, and take chearfully what their benefactors bestow, without pretending to make peremptory demands upon those who win, unless they know them to be cheats, and that their winning is unfairly acquired. He likewise observed, that there could be no surer mark of his honour and fair play, than his having refused to comply with the demands of such a rascal; for sharpers are always tributary to those lookers-on who know their knavery. ‘The remark is certainly just,’ said the steward: ‘how will your excellency please to dispose of these men?’—‘What must be done, is this,’ replied the governor: ‘You, Mr. Winner, whether you be good, bad, or indifferent, must immediately pay to this here flash-buckler, one hundred rials; and, besides, disburse thirty more for the use and behoof of the poor prisoners—and you, Sir, who have neither business, fortune, or employment in this island, take these hundred rials, and some time to-morrow banish yourself from this island for the space of ten years, on penalty (if you disobey the sentence) of completing the term of your exile in the other world; for, in that case, I will hang you on a gibbet; at least, the executioner shall do it by my order; and let no man presume to reply, or I will chastise him severely.’ The one disbursed, the other received the rials, this quitted the island, that retired to his own lodgings; and the governor, who remained on the spot, said to his followers, ‘If my power is not very small, I will suppress those gaming-houses, which I begin to perceive are very prejudicial to the publick.’—‘This, at least,’ said the notary, ‘your ex-

cellency cannot suppress; for it is kept by a person of quality, who, in the course of the year, loses a great deal more than he gets by the cards. Against petty gaming-houses of small account, which are productive of most mischief, and cover more crimes, your lordship may exert your authority; but, in the houses of noblemen and gentlemen of rank, the noted sharpers dare not put their tricks in practice; and since the vice of gaming is become a common exercise, better play in houses of fashion than in any publick gaming-house, into which an unfortunate wretch is often seduced in the middle of the night, and as it were skinned alive.’—‘Mr. Notary,’ replied the governor, ‘much may be said on that subject.’

Here he was interrupted by the arrival of a serjeant who had fast hold of a youth, and thus addressed himself to the governor: ‘This spark, my lord, was coming towards us; but no sooner had a glimpse of the officers of justice, than he turned his back, and began to scamper off as nimbly as a fallow-deer; a sure sign of his being some sort of a delinquent; I pursued him immediately, but should never have overtaken him, had not he stumbled and fallen.’—‘Young man,’ said Sancho, ‘what did you run for?’ To this question the youth replied, ‘I ran, my lord, in order to avoid the tedious interrogations of justice.’—‘What business do you follow?’—‘I am a weaver.’—‘And what sort of stuff do you weave?’—‘Iron heads for lances, with your honour’s leave.’—‘What! you are a small wit, methinks, and set up for a joker! Very well, Sir, and where was you going now?’—‘To take the air, my lord.’—‘And whereabouts do you take the air in this island?’—‘Just where it happens to blow.’—‘Good again! your answers are pat; and to be sure, you are a pretty smart young fellow; but, hark ye, youngster, I am the air that will blow in your poop, until you are safely lodged in prison.—Here, take and carry him to gaol, I will take order that he shall sleep for one night without air.’—‘Fore God!’ cried the youth, ‘your honour can no more make me sleep in gaol, than you can make me king.’—‘And wherefore cannot I make thee sleep in gaol?’

replied Sancho; 'is it not in my power to confine and release thee, when and where I please?'—'How great soever your honour's power may be,' said the young man, 'it is not sufficient to make me sleep in prison.'—'How! not sufficient?' cried Sancho: 'away with him, and let his own eyes convince him of his mistake; and lest the gaoler should practise his interested generosity upon him, I will fine him in two thousand ducats, if he suffers thee to move one step from the prison.'—'All this is matter of mirth,' answered the youth; 'for the truth is, all the people upon earth shall not make me sleep in prison.'—'Tell me, devil,' said Sancho, 'hast thou got a familiar to release thee, and loose the chains with which I intend thou shalt be fettered?'—'Now, my lord governor,' replied the youth with a graceful air, 'let us argue the matter, and come to the point.' Suppose your excellency should order me to be carried to gaol, to be loaded with chains and shackles, and thrust into a dungeon, and lay a heavy penalty upon the gaoler, in case he should allow me to escape; and lastly, suppose he should perform his duty with all imaginable care and success; notwithstanding all these precautions, if I have no inclination to sleep, and can keep myself awake all night, without closing an eye, pray tell me, is all your lordship's power sufficient to make me sleep against my will?'—'No, surely,' said the secretary; 'and the young man has made good his assertion.'—'Provided always,' said Sancho, 'that your defying sleep would be merely for your own pleasure, without any intention to contradict mine.'—'No, my lord,' replied the youth; 'I never dreamt of any such intention.'—'Then, peace be with you,' resumed the governor, 'you may go and sleep at home, and God send you a sound sleep; for I have no design to disturb your repose: but let me advise you, never henceforth to crack a joke upon justice; otherwise you may chance to light upon some of her ministers that will crack your skull.'

The youth went away, the governor continued his circuit; and he had not gone far, when two serjeants brought in a person they had taken, saying, 'My lord governor, this here person

that seems to be a man, is no other than a woman, and that not ugly neither, in man's cloaths.' Here they held up two or three lanterns, by the light of which they discovered the face of a woman, seemingly about sixteen years of age, beautiful as a thousand pearls, with her hair tied up in a net of green silk and gold. Having surveyed her from head to foot, they perceived her stockings were of flesh-coloured silk, tied with garters of white taffeta, and fringes of gold embroidery; her breeches were of green cloth of gold; she had a loose coat of the same stuff under which she wore a jacket of the finest brocade; and her shoes were white, and made like those used by men. She had no sword about her, but a very rich dagger, and upon her fingers were a great number of valuable rings: in a word, all who beheld the girl were struck with her appearance, though not one of them knew her face; and the inhabitants of the town said they could not conceive who she was. But those who concerted the jokes that were practised upon Sancho were most struck with admiration; for this incident and salvage was not of their contriving; and therefore they stood in suspense, waiting to see the issue of the adventure; while Sancho, confounded at the girl's beauty, asked who she was, whither she was going, and what had induced her to appear in the habit of a man. She, fixing her eyes upon the ground, with the most engaging bashfulness, replied, 'My lord, I cannot disclose in such a publick company, what it concerns me so much to conceal. One circumstance I beg leave to communicate: I am no thief or criminal person; but an unfortunate young lady, compelled by jealousy to trespass upon that decorum which is due to my honour and reputation.'

The steward hearing these words, said to Sancho, 'My lord governor, be so good as to bid the people retire, that this lady may disburden her mind with more freedom.' The governor accordingly laid his commands upon his attendants, all of whom retired, except the steward, the gentleman-sewer, and the secretary; and the young lady finding they were gone, proceeded to this effect: 'Gentlemen, I am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes

‘comes frequently to my father’s house.’—‘Madam,’ said the steward, ‘this will not go down. I am very well acquainted with Pedro Perez, and know he has neither chick nor child, male or female; besides, you first say he is your father, and then add, he frequently comes to your father’s house.’—‘That circumstance I likewise took notice of,’ said Sancho. ‘Well, gentlemen,’ replied the damsel, ‘I am in such confusion, that I know not what to say: but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de Llana, whom you must all know.’—‘Aye, this goes better,’ answered the steward; ‘Diego de Llana is my acquaintance, and a gentleman of rank and fortune; I know, too, he has a son and daughter; though, since he was a widower, no person in this town can pretend to say he ever saw the face of his daughter, whom her father keeps so closely shut up, that the sun himself has no opportunity to behold her; and yet, report says she is extremely beautiful.’—‘True,’ said the damsel; ‘I am that very daughter, and whether or not fame has belyed me in point of beauty, you yourselves, gentlemen, may judge from your own observation.’ So saying, she began to weep most tenderly.

The secretary perceiving her distress, said to the sewer in a whisper, ‘Doubtless, something of consequence must have happened to this poor young lady, seeing a person of her quality quits her own home at such an hour, and in such an equipage.’—‘Certainly,’ replied the other, ‘that suspicion is confirmed by her tears.’ As for Sancho, he consoled her in the best terms he could use, and desired that she would, without fear or constraint, communicate what had befallen her; for they would endeavour to remedy her disaster with great sincerity, and by all possible means. ‘This, then, is the case, gentlemen,’ answered the damsel, ‘my father has locked me up for the space of ten years, which are elapsed since my mother was committed to her grave: there is in the house a rich oratory where mass is said; and, in all that time, I have seen nothing but the sun in the heavens by day, and the moon and stars by night. I am utterly unacquainted with the streets, squares, churches, and all mankind, except my father,

my brother, and Pedro Perez, the wool farmer, whom, because he comes frequently to our house, I took it in my head to call my father, in order to conceal the name of my real parent. I have been very disconsolate for many days and months, on account of this confinement, and his constant refusal to let me go to church; I longed to see the world, at least the town in which I first drew breath; and I did not think, this desire transgressed the bounds of that decorum which young women of fashion ought to preserve. When I heard of bull-feasts, darting the javelin, and plays, I desired my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to describe the nature of these and many other things which I had not seen, and he gratified my desire to the utmost of his power; but his description served only to inflame my impatience to behold those spectacles: in a word, to cut short the account of my ruin, I say, I desired and intreated my brother—would to God I had never desired or intreated him!’

And here she renewed her lamentation; when the steward interposing, ‘Madam,’ said he, ‘be so good as to proceed, and finish the story of your adventure; for your own words and tears, keep us all in the utmost suspense.’—‘I have little else to say,’ replied the damsel, though a great many tears to shed; for such irregular desires are always, without fail, attended by such misfortunes.’

The beauty of this damsel having made an impression on the soul of the gentleman-sewer, he once more held up the lanthorn to take another view, and the tears she let fall, he took to be seed-pearl, or the dew-drops of the meadow; nay, his fancy even compared them to oriental pearls, and he ardently wished that her misfortune might not appear so great as her sighs and lamentation seemed to indicate.

The governor being tired of the dilatory manner in which the girl told her story, desired she would keep them no longer in suspense; for it was late, and they had a great part of their round still to perform. Then she, in the midst of interrupted sobbings and broken sighs, proceeded thus: ‘My misfortune and my disaster is nothing else than this; I begged my brother to disguise me in one of his suits, and carry me out

‘to

‘to see the town, some night while my father should be asleep; he, importuned by my intreaties, complied with my request, and gave me this dress, while he himself put on a suit of mine, which fits him to a nicety; for he has not one hair upon his chin, and looks exactly like a very handsome girl. This night, about an hour ago, little more or less, we sallied forth from our own house; and conducted by our foot-boy, and our own unruly desire, went round the whole town; but, when we wanted to return home again, we perceived a great number of people coming up, and my brother said, “Sister, this must be the patrol; quicken your pace, put wings to your feet, and run after me, that they may not know who we are, otherwise we shall be in evil taking.” So saying, he took to his heels, and began—not to run, but to fly; but scarce had I followed him six paces, when I fell through fear, and then came the officers of justice, who brought me before your lordship, where in consequence of my foolish and rash conduct, I find myself confounded and ashamed before so much company.’—‘So that after all, Madam,’ said Sancho, ‘no other mishap has befallen you, nor was it jealousy that brought you from your own house, as you alledged in the beginning of your story?’—‘Nothing else hath happened to me, nor did I quit my own home from jealousy, but merely from the desire of seeing the world, which extended no farther than a wish to see the streets of this town.’

The truth of this assertion was confirmed by the arrival of two other sergeants with her brother, whom they had taken in his flight. He had no other cloaths but a rich petticoat, and a mantle of blue damask laced with gold; on his head there was no cap, or any other ornament but his own hair, which was so rich and ruddy, that it looked like ringlets of gold. The governor, steward, and sewer, taking him aside, that he might not be overheard by his sister, questioned him about his being disguised in that dress; and the youth, with equal bashfulness and disorder, repeated the same story which his sister had related, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the enamoured sewer.

‘Gentlefolks,’ said the governor, ‘this is certainly a very childish trick, and in giving an account of your simplicity and rashness, there needed not all this weeping and wailing. Had you said at first, our names are so and so, and we fell upon this contrivance to steal out of our father’s house, merely to gratify our curiosity, without any other design, the affair would have been at an end, and you might have spared all this grunting and groaning.’—‘Very true,’ replied the damsel; ‘but your honours must know, my confusion was so great, that I was not mistress of my own behaviour.’—‘There is no harm done,’ replied Sancho; ‘let us go and see you safe home to the house of your father, who perhaps has not missed you as yet; and henceforward be not such a baby, or so desirous to see the world. The maid that would keep her good name, stays at home as if she was lame. A hen and a housewife, whatever they cost, if once they go gadding will surely be lost. And she that longs to see, I ween, is as desirous to be seen. This is all I shall at present say upon the subject.’

The young man thanked the governor for his intended civility in seeing them home; and accordingly they took the road to their father’s house, which was not far off. When they arrived at the gate, the brother threw a pebble at a casement, and immediately a maid-servant who sat up for them, came down and opened the door, at which they entered, leaving all the company in admiration at their beauty and genteel deportment, as well as at their scheme of seeing the world by night, without going out of the town; but this they ascribed to their tender years.

The sewer’s heart was transpierced by the charms of the sister, whom he resolved to demand in marriage of her father the very next day, concluding he should not meet with a denial because he was a domestick of the duke’s. Even Sancho was seized with a whim and inclination to make a match between the youth and his daughter Sanchica, and he actually resolved to effectuate it in due season; taking it for granted no man would refuse his hand to a governor’s daughter.

Thus ended the round for that night, and in two days he saw the end of his government.

government, which overthrew and destroyed all his designs, as will be seen in the sequel.

C H A P. XVIII.

WHICH DECLARES WHO WERE THE INCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS THAT SCOURGED THE DUENNA, AND PINCHED AND SCRATCHED DON QUIXOTE—TOGETHER WITH THE EXPEDITION OF THE PAGE, WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, SANCHE'S SPOUSE.

CID Hamet, the most punctual investigator of the most minute atoms belonging to this genuine history, says, that when Donna Rodriguez quitted her apartment to visit Don Quixote in his chamber, another duenna, who was her bedfellow, perceived her motions, and as all the individuals of that class are naturally disposed to enquire, to pry, and to smell into the affairs of their neighbours, she followed her so softly, that honest Rodriguez knew nothing at all of the matter; and when she saw her enter Don Quixote's apartment, that she might conform to the general custom of all duennas, who are much addicted to tale-bearing, she, that instant, went and informed my Lady Duchess, that Donna Rodriguez was in the knight's bed-chamber; the duchess communicated this intelligence to the duke, and asked leave to go along with Altisidora, and see what the duenna wanted with Don Quixote: the duke granted his permission, and the two, with great caution, treading softly, step by step, went up so close to the chamber-door, as to overhear every thing that was said; and the duchess hearing how Rodriguez divulged the secret of those healing streams *, that flowed from her body, could not bear the duenna's presumption, which was equally resented by Altisidora. Exasperated, therefore, and bent upon vengeance, they burst into the apartment, where they pinched the knight, and flogged the duenna, as

hath been already recited; for, affronts levelled directly against the beauty and pride of the fair sex, wakens the indignation of the offended party to a great degree, and inspires her with the desire of revenge.

The duchess recounted the adventure to the duke, who was extremely diverted with the particulars; and her grace resolving to proceed with her jokes, and extract entertainment from Don Quixote, dispatched the page who had acted the part of Dulcinea, in the contrivance of the disenchantment, which, by the bye, Sancho Panza had by this time forgot, so much was he engrossed by the affairs of his government—the duchess, I say, dispatched the page to Teresa Panza, with her husband's letter, and another from her grace, together with a rosary of rich coral in a present.

The history relates, then, that the page, who was a very intelligent acute young fellow, extremely well disposed to contribute to the entertainment of his lord and lady, set out with great satisfaction for Sancho's native place; but, before he entered the village, he saw a number of women washing linen in a brook, and of these he asked, if they could inform him whereabouts lived one Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza, squire to a certain knight, called Don Quixote de La Mancha. This question was no sooner pronounced, than a girl, who was washing, starting up, 'That Teresa Panza,' cried she, 'is my mother; and that same Sancho my honoured father, and that knight our master.'—'Come, then, young mistress,' replied the page, 'conduct me to your mother, for I bring her a letter, and a present from that same father of yours.'—'That I will do with all my heart, kind Sir,' answered the girl; who seemed to be fourteen years of age, over or under; and, leaving the cloaths upon which she was at work, to one of her companions, without putting on her cap or her shoes, for she was barefoot, and her hair hung about her eyes, she ran before the page's horse, saying, 'Come along, good Sir, our house is at this end of the village, and there you

* Literally, the Aranjuez of the fountains. *Fuentes* signifies, either fountains or issues; and *Aranjuez* is the name of a delightful palace, about seven leagues from Madrid, famous for gardens and fountains.

‘ will find my poor mother in a sorrowful taking, because she has not for many days heard any news of my honoured father.’—‘ But now,’ said the page, ‘ I bring her such good news, that she will have reason to bless God for this happy day.’ In a word, what with dancing, running, and skipping, the wench arrived at the village; but before she entered the house, she called aloud at the door, ‘ Come out, mother Teresa, come out; pray come out; here’s a gentleman who brings letters, and other good things, from my good father!’

Teresa Panza hearing this exclamation, came forth spinning tow from a distaff, with a grey petticoat, so short that it seemed to have been cut close to the placket; a jacket of the same stuff, and an open-breasted shift; she was not very old, though seemingly turned of forty; but strong, hale, nervous, and tough. Seeing her daughter, with the page on horseback, ‘ What is the matter, child?’ said she; ‘ what gentleman is that?’—‘ The very humble servant of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza,’ replied the page; who, throwing himself from his horse, ran with great eagerness and humility, to kneel before Madam Teresa, saying, ‘ Grant me permission to kiss your ladyship’s hand, Madam Donna Teresa, as the legitimate and particular consort of my Lord Don Sancho Panza, sole governor of the island Barataria.’—‘ Nay, good Sir, forbear; do not so!’ answered Teresa; ‘ I am none of your court dames; but a poor country-woman, a ploughman’s daughter, and wife to a squire-errant, but no governor.’—‘ Your ladyship,’ replied the page, ‘ is the most worthy consort of the most superlatively worthy governor; and this letter and present, is an incontestible proof of the truth of what I say.’ So saying, he instantly pulled from his pocket the string of coral, set in gold, and tied it round her neck; then producing a letter, ‘ This,’ said he, ‘ is from my Lord Governor, and this other with the necklace, from my Lady Duchess who sent me hither.’

Teresa was confounded, and her daughter no less astonished, exclaimed, ‘ I’ll be hanged if our master Don Quixote be not at the bottom of all this; and surely must have given my father that same government or count-

ship, which he promised him so often!’—‘ You are certainly in the right,’ answered the page; ‘ for it is entirely on Signior Don Quixote’s account, that Signior Sancho is now governor of the island Barataria, as will appear in this letter.’—‘ Pray, good gentleman, read it,’ said Teresa; ‘ for though I can spin, I cannot read so much as a crumb.’—‘ Nor I, neither,’ added Sanchica; ‘ but stay a moment, I’ll go and fetch one that shall read it, either the curate himself, or the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, who will come with pleasure to hear news of my father.’—‘ There is no occasion to fetch any person whatever,’ said the page; ‘ for though I cannot spin, I can read; and read it I shall.’ He accordingly read Sancho’s letter from beginning to end; but as it hath been already recited, we shall not repeat it in this place. Then he rehearsed the other, which came from the duchess, in these words—

‘ FRIEND TERESA,

‘ THE great talents, and excellent disposition of your husband Sancho, induced and obliged me, to beg of the duke my husband, that he would confer upon him the government of one, among many islands that are in his possession; and I understand he governs like any jerfaulcon; a circumstance that affords great pleasure to me, and of consequence to my Lord Duke; and I thank Heaven heartily, that I have not been deceived in chusing him for that same government; for, Madam Teresa must know, it is a very hard matter to find a good governor in this world, and God make me as good a woman as Sancho is a governor. I have sent you, my dear friend, a coral necklace set in gold; and I wish, for your sake, it had been of oriental pearls; but, He that gives, though it were but an egg, would be sorry to see thee lame of a leg. The time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and carry on a closer correspondence, and Heaven knows what may come to pass. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me, to keep herself in readiness; for I mean to match her very high, when perhaps she thinks least of the matter. I

‘ am

' am told your town is famous for fine large acorns; pray send me two dozen, which I shall greatly esteem as coming from your hand. Write me a long letter, giving an account of your health and welfare; and if you should want any thing, you have nothing to do but open your mouth, and it shall be measured. That God would protect you, is the prayer of your loving friend,

' THE DUCHESS.'

' La! now,' cried Teresa, when she heard the contents of the letter, ' what a kind, and plain, and humble lady! would I might live, and die, and be buried among such ladies, and not your gentlewomen of this town, who think, forthwith, because they are gentlefolks, the wind must not touch them, and go to church in such finery as if they were perfect queens; nay, they seem to think it a disgrace to look at a poor body; and see here now, how this worthy lady, even though no less than a duchess, calls me friend, and treats me as if I were her own equal; and equal may she be to the highest steeple in all La Mancha. As to what concerns the acorns, kind Sir, I'll send her a whole peck, so fair and large, that people shall come far and near to see and admire them.— For the present, Sanchica, we must look to the entertainment of this gentleman; let his horse be taken care of; fetch some eggs from the stable, and cut some rashers of bacon, and let us treat him like a prince; for the good news he has brought, and his own good countenance, deserves every thing at our hands. In the mean time I'll go out, and give an account of our good fortune to my neighbours, especially our father the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, who are, and always were, such friends to your father.—' I will do as you desire, mother,' answered Sanchica; ' but remember, you shall give me one half of the string of coral; for I don't take my lady duchess to be such a ninny, as to send the whole for your use.—' It is all thy own, daughter,' replied Teresa; ' but thou must let me wear it a few days about my neck; for in faith and troth, it will rejoice my poor heart.—' It

' will be still more rejoiced,' said the page, ' when you see the bundle in that portmanteau, consisting of a suit of superfine cloth, which was never wore but one day at the hunting, by the governor, who sends it for the sole use of Miss Sanchica.—' May he live a thousand years!' cried Sanchica, ' as well as he that brings it, neither more nor less; and even two thousand, if there should be occasion.'

Now Teresa going out with the letters, and the string about her neck, went along playing with her fingers upon the paper, as if it had been a cymbal; and casually meeting the curate and Sampson Carrasco, she began to caper about, saying, ' In good faith, we have no poor kindred now; we have caught the governorship: aye, aye, pick me up the best gentleman of them all, ifack! I'll look upon her as an upstart.—' What is the matter, Teresa Panza?' said the curate; ' What is the meaning of this rhapsody? and what papers are these?'—' No rhapsody at all,' replied Teresa, ' but only these letters are from duchesses and governors, and these here upon my neck are true corals; the Ave Marias and Paternosters are of beaten gold, and I am a governor!'—' God shield us, Teresa,' cried the curate, ' as we do not understand a word of what you say!'—' Seeing ' is believing,' answered the good woman, putting the letters into his hand; which he having read, in the hearing of Sampson Carrasco, they looked at one another with astonishment. When the bachelor asked who brought those letters, Teresa desired they would go along with her to her house, and they would see the messenger, who was a comely youth, like a perfect golden pine-tree, and had brought another present worth twice as much. The curate taking the string of coral from her neck, viewed and reviewed it with great deliberation; and, being satisfied the beads were real fine coral, was again struck with admiration, and exclaimed, ' Now, by the habit which I wear! I know not what to say, or what to think of these letters and presents: on one side I see, and even feel, the worth of these corals; and on the other, I read a letter from a duchess,

‘who begs two dozen of acorns!’—
 ‘Reconcile these things if you can,’
 said Carrasco; ‘but now let us go and
 see the bearer of this packet, whose
 information will solve all these diffi-
 culties.’

They accordingly accompanied Teresa, and found the page winnowing a little barley for his beast, while Sanchica was employed in cutting rashers to fry with the eggs, for the entertainment of their guest, whose appearance and equipage gave great satisfaction to the new-comers. After the compliments of salutation had courteously passed between them, Sampson intreated him to tell them news of Don Quixote, as well as of Sancho Panza; for although they had perused the letters of this last, and of my lady duchess, they were still overwhelmed with confusion, and could by no means comprehend the meaning of that government, especially of an island, seeing all, or the greatest part of the islands in the Mediterranean, belonged to his majesty. To this remonstrance the page replied, ‘That Signior Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no sort of doubt; but whether of an island or not, I do not pretend to decide: let it suffice, however, that he governs a place of above a thousand inhabitants; and with respect to the acorns, I can affirm, my Lady Duchess is of such a frank and humble disposition, that her sending for acorns to a countrywoman is not to be wondered at; nay, I once knew her send and borrow a comb of one of her neighbours; for you must know, gentlemen, the ladies of Arragon, although as noble, are not so ceremonious and superb, as the quality of Castile, but treat their inferiors with more frankness and familiarity.’

In the midst of this conversation, Sanchica coming in with her lap full of eggs, addressed herself to the page, saying, ‘Pray, tell me, Signior, does my honoured father wear trunk-hose since he was a governor?’—‘I have not observed that particular,’ replied the page; ‘but certainly he must.’—‘My God!’ cried Sanchica, ‘how glad I should be to see my father with trunk-hose! let me never thrive but I have, ever since I was born, longed to see father in laced trunk-breeches.’—‘Laced hose!’ said the

page; ‘Lord, Madam, if he lives, and his government should hold but two months, he is in a fair way of travelling with a hood to his riding-coat.’ The curate and batchelor could easily perceive the page made a jest of his entertainers; but the worth of the coral beads, and the hunting-suit which Sancho had sent, destroyed all their conjectures; for Teresa had shewn them the green garment: nor did they fail to laugh at the ambition of Sanchica; and their mirth was not extinguished, when Teresa accosting the priest, ‘Mr. Curate,’ said she, ‘do pray cast your eyes about a little, and see if any body be going to Madrid or Toledo, that I may have an opportunity to purchase a round farthing-gale, right and tight, fashionable and of the best sort; for truly and truly, I am resolved, to honour my spouse’s government as much as lies in my power; aye, and if they vex me, I’ll go to court, and ride in my coach, like all the rest, and the best of them; for she who is married to a governor, may very well procure and maintain such a convenience.’—‘Yea, forsooth,’ replied Sanchica; ‘and would to God it were to-day rather than to-morrow, although those who saw me seated with my lady mother in the coach, should say, Look at such a one daughter of such a garlick-eater, how she sits and lolls in a coach, like the pope’s lady; but let them trudge in the dirt, so I ride in my coach, with my feet lifted off the ground: An ill year, and worse month, betide all the envious grumblers upon earth; and, So I am warm, without and within, the mob may laugh, and the malicious grin. Speak I to the purpose, mother?’—‘To the purpose! yes, to be sure, daughter; and all this good luck, and even more, was prophesied by my good man Sancho, and thou shalt see, daughter, it will not stop until I am a countess; for good fortune wants only a beginning, as I have often heard it observed by thy worthy father, who is likewise the father of proverbs, When they bring thee a heifer, be ready with the halter; When they give thee a government, seize it a God’s name: When they bestow a countship, lay thy clutches upon it; and, When they throw thee
 ‘some

‘some good beneficial bone, wag thy tail, and snap at the favour; if not, sleep on, and never answer to good fortune and preferment, when they knock at thy door.’—‘And what do I care?’ added Sanchica, ‘let them say what they will, when they see me exalted in all my finery, and cry, There goes Mrs. Ape, with her buttocks cased in crape: and all the rest of that stuff.’

The curate hearing her remark, ‘I cannot believe,’ said he, ‘but that all the family of the Panzas are born with a bag of proverbs in their bowels; for I have never seen one of them, who does not scatter about old saws, at all times, and in all conversations.’—‘Your observation is very just,’ said the page; ‘for my Lord Governor Sancho utters them at every step; and although many of his proverbs are not much to the purpose, they nevertheless give great pleasure, and are very much extolled by my lady duchess and the duke.’—‘What! and do you still, my good Sir,’ said the bachelor, ‘affirm the truth of that government of Sancho; and that there is actually a duchess who sends presents and letters to his wife? For our parts, although we handle the presents, and have perused the letters, we cannot believe the evidence of our senses, and imagine this is one of those things which our townsman Don Quixote supposed to have been effected by enchantment; and therefore, I own, I have an inclination to touch and feel your person, that I may know whether you are a fantastical ambassador, or really a man of flesh and blood.’—‘Gentlemen,’ replied the page, ‘all that I know of the matter is, that I am a real ambassador; that Signior Sancho Panza is effectually a governor; and that my lord duke, and lady duchess, not only could, but actually did, invest him with that government, in which I hear the said Sancho Panza behaves with vast ability. Whether or not there is any enchantment in the case, I leave you, gentlemen, to dispute and decide among yourselves; that this is all I know of the matter, I swear by the life of my parents, who are still alive, and whom I love and honour

‘with the utmost reverence of affection.’—‘What you say may be true,’ answered the bachelor: ‘but, *Dubitat Augustinus*.’—‘Doubt as much as you please,’ resumed the page: ‘what I have said is the naked truth, which will always swim above falsehood, like oil above water; but, *Operibus credite & non verbis*: let one of you, gentlemen, go along with me, and he shall see with his eyes what he will not believe upon hearsay.’—‘I am for that jaunt,’ cried Sanchica: ‘good Sir, if you will take me up behind you, I shall be glad to go and see my father’s worship.’—‘The daughters of governors,’ said the page, ‘never travel alone; but are always accompanied by coaches, and litters, and a great number of attendants.’—‘Fore God!’ replied Sanchica, ‘I can travel upon a she-ass as well as in a coach: you won’t find me shy or fearful.’—‘Hold your tongue, wench,’ said Teresa: ‘you know not what you say. The gentleman is in the right; for, Every season has its reason. When it was plain Sancho, it was plain Sancha; but now, being governor, my Lady—I know not if what I say be to the purpose.’—‘Madam Teresa has said more than she is aware of,’ replied the page: ‘but, pray, let me have some victuals, and dispatch me immediately; for I intend to return this evening.’ To this remonstrance the curate answered, ‘Sir, you shall come and do penance with me; for Madam Teresa has more inclination than ability to entertain such a worthy guest.’ The page, at first, declined the invitation; but, at length, found it was his interest to consent; and the curate conducted him to his parsonage, with great pleasure, that he might have an opportunity to enquire at leisure about Don Quixote and his exploits.

The bachelor offered to write answers to Teresa’s letters; but she did not chuse that he should intermeddle in her affairs; for she looked upon him as a wag. She therefore gave a roll of bread and a couple of eggs, to a novice monk who could write; and he penned two letters, one for her husband, and another for the duchess, indited by Teresa’s own noddle, which are not the least entertaining that occur

in this sublime history, as will be seen in the sequel.

CHAP. XIX.

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHE PANZA'S GOVERNMENT—AND OTHER SUCH DIVERTING INCIDENTS.

AT length arrived the morning that succeeded the night of the governor's round, which the gentleman-ferwer passed without sleep, so much were his thoughts engrossed by the face, the air, and beauty of the disguised damsel; while the steward employed the time in writing an account of Sancho's conduct to his lord and lady, equally astonished at his words and actions, in which folly and discretion were strangely blended.

At last my lord governor arose, and by direction of Doctor Pedro Positive, he was fain to break his fast with a little conserve, and four gulps of cold water, which Sancho would have gladly exchanged for a luncheon of bread and a bunch of grapes; but, finding himself under compulsion, he bore his fate with grief of soul and anxiety of stomach; Pedro Positive giving him to understand, that your slight and delicate dishes animate the genius, consequently were most proper for persons appointed to posts and offices of importance, in which corporal strength cannot avail so much as the vigour of the understanding. By this sort of sophistry Sancho was subjected to such severe hunger, that he in secret cursed the government; aye, and him who conferred it: nevertheless, in despite of hunger, and upon the strength of the conserve, he, that day, sat in judgment; and the first case that occurred, was a question put by a stranger, in presence of the steward and the rest of the assistants: 'My lord,' said he, 'a certain manor is divided by a large river—I beg your honour will be attentive; for the case is of great consequence, and some difficulty. I say, then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it the gibbet, together with a sort of court-hall, in which four judges usually sit, to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge, and manor, which

runs to this effect: "Whosoever shall pass over this bridge, must first swear whence he comes, and whither he goes: if he swears the truth, he shall be allowed to pass; but if he forswear himself, he shall die upon the gallows, without mercy or respite."

This law, together with the rigorous penalty, being known, numbers passed, and as it appeared they swore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to pass freely, and without controul. It happened, however, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed, and swore by his deposition, that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention. The judges having considered this oath, observed, if we allow the man to pass freely, he swore to a lye, and therefore ought to be hanged according to law; and if we order him to be hanged, after he hath sworn he was going to be suspended on that gibbet, he will have sworn the truth, and by the same law ought to be acquitted. I beg, therefore, to know of your honour, my lord governor, what the judges must do with this man; for, hitherto they are doubtful and in suspense; and having heard of your lordship's acute and elevated understanding, they have sent me to intreat your honour, in their names, to favour them with your opinion in a case of such doubt and intricacy.' To this address Sancho replied, 'Assuredly, those judges who sent you to me, might have spared themselves the trouble; for, I am: a man that may be said to be rather blunt than acute; nevertheless, repeat the business so that I may understand it fully, and who knows but I may chance to hit the nail on the head.' The interrogator having repeated his story again and again, Sancho said, 'I think I can now explain the case in the twinkling of an eye; and this it is: A man swears he is going to be hanged upon such a gibbet; if he actually suffers upon that gibbet he swore the truth, and by the enacted law ought to be allowed freely to pass the bridge but if he is not hanged, he swore a lye, and for that reason ought to suffer upon the gibbet.'

The case is exactly as my lord governor

‘vernor conceives it,’ said the messenger: ‘and with respect to the scope, and understanding of the matter, there is no farther room for doubt or interrogation.’—‘I say, then,’ replied Sancho, ‘that part of the man which swore truth, ought to be allowed to pass; and that which told a lye, ought to be hanged; and in this manner the terms or condition of passing will be literally fulfilled.’

‘But, my lord governor,’ replied the questioner, ‘in that case it will be necessary to divide the man into two parts, namely, the false and the true; and if he is so divided, he must certainly die: therefore, the intent of the law will be frustrated, whereas, there is an express necessity for it’s being accomplished.’—‘Come hither, honest friend,’ said Sancho; ‘either I am a blockhead, or this passenger you mention has an equal title to be hanged, and to live and pass over the bridge; for, if the truth saves him on one side, his falsehood condemns him equally on the other. Now, this being the case, as it certainly is, I think you must tell the gentlemen who sent you hither, that as the reasons for condemning and for acquitting the culprit are equally balanced, they shall let him freely pass; for, it is always more laudable to do good than harm; and to this opinion I would subscribe if I could write my name. Nor, indeed, have I spoken my own sentiment on this occasion: but, I have recollected one, among the many precepts I received from my master Don Quixote, the night before I set out for the government of this island; he said, that when justice was doubtful, I should chuse and lean towards mercy; and it pleased God that I should now remember this maxim, which fails so pat to the present purpose.’—‘So it does,’ said the steward; ‘and I firmly believe, that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have uttered a more sagacious decision than that which the great Panza has pronounced. Now, let the audience end for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor shall dine to his heart’s content.’—‘That is my request,’ cried Sancho: ‘nothing but fair play; give me plenty of victuals, and let them

load me with cases and doubts, I will soon make them vanish into smoke.’

The steward kept his word; for, he had a scruple of conscience in furnishing such a discreet governor; especially as he intended that night to conclude the farce with the last joke he had a commission to execute.

Well, then, Sancho having dined that day, contrary to all the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Snatchaway, the cloth was no sooner removed than a courier entered with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor, who desired the secretary to read it by himself; and then, if there was nothing in it which required to be kept secret, to rehearse it in an audible voice. The secretary, in obedience to his command, having perused it in secret, ‘It may be very safely read aloud,’ said he; ‘what Signior Don Quixote writes to your lordship, deserves to be printed, and even displayed in golden letters. This is the purport of the letter.’

THE LETTER FROM DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA TO SANCHE PANZA
GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND
BARATARIA.

‘FRIEND SANCHE,

‘WHEN I expected to hear of thy negligence and impertinence, I was informed of thy discretion, for which I have returned particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill, and extract wisdom from the heart of the fool. I am told thou hast governed like a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast; such is the humility of thy deportment. Take notice, Sancho, it is often convenient and necessary, for the authority of office, to resist the humility of the heart; for the ornament of the person invested with charges of dignity, ought to be conformable to what these require, and not measured according to the will of an humble disposition. Appear always well dressed; for a maypole when decorated loses it’s original appearance: not that I advise thee to wear jewels and finery; or, as thou art a judge, to go in the habit of a soldier; but to adorn thyself with that garb which thine office requires, and

and to be always clean, and neatly dressed. In order to acquire the good will of the people over whom thou art set, among other things, remember two particulars; one is to be affable to every body—but this I have mentioned upon another occasion: the other is to procure plenty of provision; for there is nothing that gives such vexation to the poor as hunger and dearth.

Do not issue a great number of ordinances, but take care that those which are published be good; and, above all things, see they are maintained and put in execution; for those ordinances which are not observed, might as well be annulled, as they serve to demonstrate that the prince who had discretion and authority to enact them, wanted power to enforce obedience; and those laws which only intimidate, without being put in execution, resemble the King Log of the frogs, which at first terrified his subjects, by whom, however, at the long run, he was despised and insulted. Be thou a father to the virtuous, and a stepfather to the wicked. Thou must not be always rigorous, nor always gentle; but chuse the medium between these two extremities, in which lies the point of discretion. Visit the prisons, the slaughter-houses, and the markets; for in such places the presence of the governor will be of great importance. Console the prisoners with hope of being speedily dispatched. Be a bugbear to butchers, for then they will use honest weights; and a terror to market-women, for the same reason. Beware of shewing thyself (though thou really shouldst be so, and yet I believe thou art not) a miser, a lecher, or a glutton; for thy people, and those who have concerns with thee, knowing the bias of thine inclination, will batter thee from that quarter, until thou art overthrown into the profundity of perdition. Consider and reconsider, peruse and re-peruse, the advices and instructions which I gave thee in writing before thy departure for thy government; and, if thou observest the contents, thou wilt find in them a precious aid, that will alleviate the toils and difficulties which every moment occur to governors. Write to thy noble

patrons to evince thy gratitude; for, ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vilest sins that can be committed; and the person who is grateful to his benefactor gives indication that he is also grateful to God, whose benefits are so manifold and incessant. My lady duchess dispatched a messenger with thy hunting-suit, and another present to thy wife Teresa, and we expect her answer every moment.

I have been somewhat indisposed, in consequence of a certain cat-clawing adventure, which I lately achieved with some discomfiture of my nose: but that was of no consequence; for if I am maltreated by one set of inchanters, I am protected by another. Let me know if the steward, who is with thee, had any concern in the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, as thou once seemedst to suspect; and give me an account of every thing that betides thee, seeing the distance between us is so small. I think of leaving, in a little time, this idle life, for which I was never designed. I am like to be engaged in an affair, which, I believe, will bring me in disgrace with the duke and duchess; but, although this affects my mind, it shall not influence my conduct; for, in a word, I am resolved to comply with the duties of my profession, rather than with the dictates of their pleasure; in conformity with the old saying, "*Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.*" I write this sentence in Latin, because I apprehend thou hast learned that language since thou wast a governor. I commit thee to the protection of God, who is the fountain of all good; and am thy friend,

‘DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.’

Sancho listened with great attention to the letter, which was applauded for the good sense it contained, by all the hearers; then the governor rising from table, shut himself up in his apartment with the secretary, in order to compose an answer to his master, without loss of time. He desired the scribe to write what he should dictate, without the least addition or diminution. The secretary obeyed his command, and the answer was to this effect—

SANCHO

SANCHO PANZA'S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

‘THE employment of my office is so severe, that I have not time to scratch my head, or even to pair my nails, which I, therefore, wear so long, that God must find some remedy. This I observe, dear master of my soul, that your worship need not be confounded because I have not hitherto given you an account of my well or ill-being in this government; where, by the bye, I suffer more pinching hunger than when we two used to travel through woods and deserts.

‘My lord duke gave me notice the other day, in a letter, that certain spies had entered the island, in order to murder me; but, as yet, I have discovered none, except a doctor, who has a salary in the place, for killing all the governors that come hither. They call him Doctor Pedro Positive, and he is a native of Snatchaway; so that your worship may see by his name, what reason I have to fear I shall perish by his hands. This very doctor frankly owns, that he does not cure the distempers which are already formed, but only prevents their formation; and the medicine he prescribes, is fasting upon fasting, until the patient is clean skin and bone, as if a consumption was not worse than a fever. Finally, he is killing me by inches with hunger; and I find myself dying of pure vexation; for I thought, in coming to this government, I should have hot meals and cool liquor, and regale my body in Holland sheets, upon beds of down; whereas, I am come to penance like a hermit; and as I cannot even do that, I believe, at the long run, the devil will fly away with me.

‘Hitherto I have neither touched fee, nor fingered bribe; nor can I conceive the reason of such proceeding; for I have been told, that the governors who used to come to this island, even before their entrance, always received a good sum of money, either by way of present or loan, from the inhabitants; a custom observed in other governments as well as in this.

‘In going the round last night, I found a very beautiful damsel in

man's cloaths, and her brother in the dress of a woman: my gentleman-sewer is in love with the girl, and, as he says, hath fixed his fancy on her for a wife, and I have chosen the youth for my son-in-law; to-day we two will communicate our thoughts to the father of this young pair, who is one Diego de Llana, a gentleman, and as old a Christian as one would desire.

‘I visit the markets, according to your worship's advice; and yesterday seeing a huckster selling new nuts, I discovered that she had mixed with a bushel of the new, the same quantity of old nuts that were empty and rotten; upon which I gave the whole to the charity boys, who know very well how to separate the good from the bad, and forbade her to enter the market for fifteen days; I was told I had done gallantly. What I can assure your worship is, that according to the report of this town, there is not a more wicked set of people than those market-women; for they are all without shame, conscience, and moderation; and, indeed, I believe the report, from what I have seen in other corporations.

‘It gives me great satisfaction to hear that my lady duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent the present your worship mentions; and I will endeavour to shew my gratitude in due season. I beg your worship will kiss her grace's hand, in my name, and tell her I say, she has not thrown her favour into a rotten sack, as our deeds shall declare. I should be sorry that your worship came to any reckonings of disgust with my lord duke and lady duchess; for should there be any breach between you, it is very plain the whole would redound to my loss; and, considering the advice you gave me to be always grateful, it would not look well in your worship to be otherwise to those who have done you such favours, and treated you so nobly in their castle.

‘The story of the cat-clawing I do not understand; but do suppose it must have been one of those unlucky frays in which your worship is often engaged with wicked enchanters; but I shall know when we meet.

‘I would.

* I would fain present your worship
 * with something, but I know not what
 * to send, except some clyster-pipes,
 * which are very curiously turned and
 * mounted in this island; though, if
 * my office holds, it shall go hard but
 * I will find something to send, either
 * by hook or crook. If my wife Teresa
 * Panza should write to me, I beg
 * your worship will pay the postage,
 * and forward the letter; for I am ex-
 * tremely desirous to know the state of
 * my family, my wife, and children.
 * And now, the Lord deliver your
 * worship from evil-designing inchant-
 * ers, and safely and peaceably quit me of
 * this government; which I very much
 * doubt, for I believe I shall leave my
 * bones in it, so cruelly am I treated
 * by Doctor Pedro Postive. Your wor-
 * ship's humble servant,

‘SANCRO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.’

The secretary having sealed this let-
 ter, dispatched it with the courier; and
 those who executed the jokes upon San-
 cho, laying their heads together, con-
 trived a scheme for dismissing him from
 the administration. The evening his
 excellency spent in making some whole-
 some regulations touching the govern-
 ment of what he imagined to be an
 island. Among other things, he or-
 dained that there should be no mono-
 polizers of provision in the common-
 wealth: that wine should be imported
 from all parts indifferently, at the plea-
 sure of the merchant; with this addi-
 tion, that he should declare the place
 from whence it came, so as that a price
 might be set upon it, according to it's
 worth, fame, and estimation: and he
 who should be detected in dashing it
 with water, or falsifying it's name, should
 suffer death for the offence. He mo-
 derated the price of all kinds of hose,
 and particularly that of shoes, which
 he looked upon as exorbitant; he rated
 the wages of servants who went at full
 gallop in the road of interest; he laid
 severe penalties upon those who should
 sing lewd and lascivious ballads, by
 night or by day; he ordered that no
 blind man should sing his miracle in
 couplets, without an authentick testi-
 mony of the truth; it appearing that
 the greatest part of those sung by blind
 persons, are false and feigned, to the
 prejudice of those which are true; he

made and appointed an overseer of the
 poor, not to persecute, but to examine
 whether or not they were real objects;
 for sturdy thieves and hale drunkards,
 often screen themselves in the shade of
 feigned lameness, and counterfeit sores.
 In a word, he made so many good ré-
 gulations, that they are hitherto pre-
 served in the place, and called, The Con-
 stitutions of the Great Governor Sancho
 Panza.

CHAP. XX.

IN WHICH IS RECORDED THE AD-
 VENTURE OF THE SECOND AF-
 FLICTED, OR SORROWFUL MA-
 TRON, OTHERWISE CALLED
 DONNA RODRIGUEZ.

CID Hamet recounts, that Don
 Quixote being now cured of his
 scratches, began to think the life he led
 in the castle was altogether contrary to
 the order of chivalry which he pro-
 fessed; and therefore he determined to
 begleave of the duke and duchess, to set
 out for Saragossa, as the time of the
 tournament approached; for there he
 laid his account with winning the ar-
 mour which is the reward of the victor.
 Accordingly, while he one day sat at
 table with the duke and duchess, he
 began to execute his resolution in ask-
 ing leave; when behold, all of a sudden,
 two women, as it afterwards appeared,
 entered the dining-room, covered with
 mourning from head to foot. One of
 them approaching Don Quixote, pro-
 strated herself before him, and with her
 mouth close to his feet, uttered such me-
 lancholy, profound, and doleful groans,
 as overwhelmed all the spectators with
 confusion: for, although the duke and
 duchess imagined it was some joke
 which the servants intended to perpe-
 trate upon the knight; yet, seeing how
 violently the woman sighed, groaned,
 and wept, they remained doubtful and
 in suspense, until the compassionate
 Don Quixote raised her from the ground,
 and intreated her to discover herself, by
 taking away the veil that concealed her
 rueful face. She complied with his
 request, and shewed herself to be what
 nobody believed she was; for she dis-
 played the individual countenance of
 Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the
 house, and the other mourner was her
 daughter,

daughter, who had been seduced by the rich farmer's son. All who knew her were struck with admiration, and the duke and duchess more than any body; for, although they took her to be a fool, and a person of a soft disposition, they did not think her folly could have risen to such acts of extravagance. In fine, Donna Rodriguez addressing herself to the duke and duchess, 'I hope,' said she, 'your excellencies will give me leave to communicate a little with this knight; for it is necessary I should confer with him, that I may be safely extricated from the dilemma in which I am involved by the presumption of an evil-minded clown.'

The duke having assured her she was at full liberty to confer with Signior Don Quixote as much as she pleased, she directed her voice and her countenance to the knight, saying, 'Some days are elapsed, most valiant knight, since I gave you an account of the wrong and treachery which a wicked peasant has done my dearly-beloved daughter, who is this unfortunate creature now standing before you; and you promised, in her behalf, to redress the wrong she had suffered: but now I am informed that you are going to depart from this castle, in quest of the happy adventures God shall throw in your way; and therefore I could wish that before you begin your career through those paths, you would defy this inflexible rustick, and compel him to marry my daughter, and so fulfil the promise he made of being her spouse, before he first yoked with her in the way of love; for, to think my lord duke will do me justice, is the same as to look for pears upon an elm, for the reason which I explained to your worship in private. And upon these terms, the Lord preserve your worship's health, and grant us his protection.'

To this address, Don Quixote, with great gravity and stateliness of deportment, replied, 'Worthy duenna, moderate, or rather dry up your tears, and spare your sighs; for here I undertake to redress the grievances of your daughter: though it would have been better for her, had not she so easily believed the protestations of lovers, who, for the most part, are

'very ready and alert to promise, but very heavy and backward in the performance; nevertheless, with the good leave of my lord duke, I will forthwith set out in quest of this perfidious youth, and having found him, defy and slay him, whensoever and wheresoever he shall refuse to perform his promise; for the principal aim of my profession is, to pardon the humble, and chastize the haughty; that is, to succour the wretched, and destroy the cruel.'—'Your worship,' replied the duke, 'need not give yourself the trouble to go in quest of the rustick who is the subject of this worthy duenna's complaint; nor is there any occasion for your worship's asking my leave to challenge him to single combat; I consider the challenge as already given; I undertake for it's being conveyed to the party, and even for it's acceptance; and promise that he shall come to answer for himself in person at this castle, where I will furnish both with a listed field, and observe all the conditions that are wont and ought to be observed in such encounters; for justice shall be equally done to each, according to the obligation that lies on all those princes who furnish lists for combatants within the limits of their territories.—With this security, then, and the good leave of your grace,' replied Don Quixote, 'I now, for once, renounce my gentility, humble and adjust myself to the level of the delinquent, making myself equal with him, that he may be entitled and enabled to fight with me: I therefore, though in his absence, challenge and defy him, for his wickedness in seducing this poor creature, who was a maid, and now, through his fault, is deprived of her maidenhead; and he shall either perform the promise he made of being her lawful spouse, or die in default of the performance.'

So saying, he pulled off one of his gloves, and threw it into the middle of the hall; this was taken up by the duke, who said he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal: he likewise appointed the time at the distance of six days, and pitched upon the courtyard of the castle as the field of action: then they agreed to wear the usual arms of knights; namely, the lance, the

shield, the plaited coat of mail, and all other pieces, without the least fraud, treachery, or superstition, to be viewed and examined by the judges of the lifts.

—‘But, before we proceed,’ said the duke, ‘it will be necessary that this good duenna, and that mistaken maid, should put the justice of their cause into the hands of Signior Don Quixote; otherwise nothing to the purpose will be done, nor will the challenge ever come to due execution.’

‘I do put my cause into his hands,’ replied the duenna. ‘And I too,’ cried the daughter; all in tears, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion. The particulars of this affair being adjusted, and the duke having determined with himself what was to be done in the family, the mourners retired, and the duchess ordered that for the future they should not be treated as her servants, but as ladies adventurers come to her house to demand justice: she therefore allotted a separate apartment to themselves, and they were attended as strangers, not without the amazement of other servants, who could not conceive what would be the issue of the folly and effrontery of Donna Rodriguez and her indiscreet and unhappy daughter.

At this instant, in order to compleat the mirth of the company, and finish their meal with more enjoyment, who should enter the hall but the page who carried the letters and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of Governor Sancho Panza! The duke and duchess were extremely pleased at his arrival, and desirous to know the particulars of his journey, about which he was questioned accordingly. The page answered that he could not describe them in publick, or in a few words; but begged their excellencies would be pleased to reserve the account for their private ear; and, in the meantime entertain themselves with these letters. So saying, he produced two letters, and gave them to the duchess, one superscribed in these words: ‘To my Lady Duchess of I know not what nor where.’ And the other directed, ‘To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island Baratania, whom God prosper many more years than myself.’

The duchess would not toast her cake, as the saying is, until she had read her letter, which having opened and

perused by herself, when she perceived it might be recited aloud for the benefit of the duke and the company, she rehearsed it with an audible voice, to this effect.

TERESA PANZA’S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

‘I Received great satisfaction, my lady, from the letter your grace was pleased to write me; for, in truth, it was what I greatly desired: the string of coral is very good, and my husband’s hunting-suit comes not short of it. Your ladyship’s having made my spouse Sancho a governor, has given great pleasure to all our town, although there are some who cannot believe it, especially the curate Mr. Nicholas, the barber, and the batchelor Sampson Carrasco; but that gives me no trouble; for seeing it be so, as it certainly is, let people say what they will: though, if the truth must be told, had not the string of coral and the hunting-suit come, I should not have believed it myself; for in our town, every body takes my husband for a noodle, and taken as he was, from governing an herd of goats, they cannot conceive what other government he can be good for. The Lord make him fit for his office, and conduct him in that way which will be most for the advantage of his children!

‘For my own part, dear lady of my soul, I am resolved, with your honour’s leave, to bring this happy day home to my own house, and hie me to the court, where I will loll in my coach, and burst the eyes of a thousand people who envy my good fortune: I beg, therefore, your excellency will tell my husband to send me money, and let it be a round sum; for, it is very expensive living at court, where bread sells for a rial, and meat for thirty maravedis a pound; and that is an unconscionable price. If he does not chuse that I should go, let him give me notice in time, for my feet itch to be a travelling; and my neighbours and gossips tell me, if I and my daughter go to court, and appear in pomp and grandeur, my husband will come to be known by me, more
‘ than

‘ than I by him; because, when people ask, “Who are these ladies in that coach?” one of my servants will answer, “These are the wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria.” And in this manner Sancho will be known, I shall be respected, and to Rome for every thing.

‘ I was vexed to the heart that this year there was no acorn harvest in our town; nevertheless I send your highness about half a peck, which I gathered one by one upon the mountain, and went thither on purpose: I could find none larger, though I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

‘ I hope your pomposity will not forget to write to me, and I will take care to send an answer, giving an account of my own health, and of every thing that may be worth mentioning from this place, where I remain praying to our Lord that he will preserve your grace, without forgetting me. My daughter Sanchica and my son kiss your honour’s hand: and this is all at present from her who would much rather see your grace, than subscribe herself, your humble servant,

‘ TERESA PANZA.’

Great was the satisfaction which all the hearers received from this letter of Teresa Panza, though the greatest share fell to the duke and duchess; and her grace asked Don Quixote, whether or not he thought it would be proper to open the letter directed for the governor, which she imagined must be excellent in its kind. The knight said he would open it, to oblige her grace; and having done so, found the contents to this purpose.

TERESA PANZA’S LETTER TO HER
HUSBAND SANCHE PANZA.

‘ I Received thy letter, dear Sancho of my soul, and I promise and swear to thee, on the faith of a catholic christian, I was within two fingers-breadth of running mad with joy; and take notice, brother, when I heard thou wast a governor, I had like to have dropped down dead with pure pleasure; for thou knowest they

‘ say, sudden joy kills as well as deadly sorrow: thy daughter Sanchica scattered her water about insensibly, out of mere satisfaction: thy hunting-suit lay before me, the string of corals sent by my lady duchess was tied round my neck, the letters were in my hand, and the messenger in my presence; and yet, I imagined and believed, that all I saw and handled was a dream; for who could conceive that a goatherd should come to be governor of islands? Thou know’st, my friend, that my mother said, One must live long to see a great deal: this I mention, because I hope to see more if I live longer; for I do not intend to stop, until I see thee a farmer, or collector of the revenue; offices which, though they carry those who abuse them to the devil, are, in short, always bringing in the penny.

‘ My lady duchess will tell thee how desirous I am of going to court: consider of it, and let me know thy pleasure; for I will endeavour to do thee honour there, by riding in my coach.

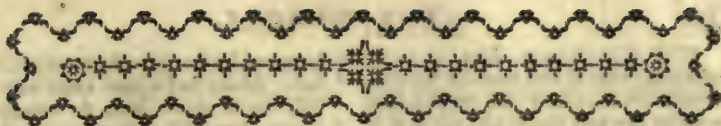
‘ The curate, barber, batchelor, and even the sexton, cannot believe thou art a governor, and say the whole is a deception or matter of enchantment, like all the affairs of thy master Don Quixote. Sampson vows he will go in quest of thee, and drive this government out of thy head, as well as the madness out of Don Quixote’s skull: I say nothing, but laugh in my own sleeve, look at my beads, and contrive how to make thy hunting-suit into a gown and petticoat for our daughter. I have sent some acorns to my lady duchess, and I wish they were of gold: send me some strings of pearl, if they are in fashion in thy island. The news of our town are these: the widow of the hill has matched her daughter with a bungling painter, who came here and undertook all sorts of brush-work; the corporation employed him to paint his majesty’s arms over the door of the town house; he demanded two ducats for the job, and they paid him beforehand; but after he had laboured eight whole days, he produced nothing, and saying he could not hit

' upon such trifles, returned the mo-
 ' ney; and yet for all that, he married
 ' with the character of a good work-
 ' man; true it is, he hath already laid
 ' aside the pencil, and taken up the
 ' spade, and goes to the field like a
 ' gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son
 ' has taken orders, and shaved his
 ' head, with intention to become a
 ' priest; and this circumstance being
 ' known by Minguilla, niece of Min-
 ' go Silvato, she is going to sue him
 ' upon promise of marriage: evil
 ' tongues scruple not to say she is with
 ' child by him; but this he positively
 ' denies. This year there are no
 ' olives, nor a drop of vinegar in the
 ' whole town. A company of soldiers
 ' marching this way, carried off three
 ' girls belonging to the village; but I
 ' will not tell thee who they are, be-
 ' cause perhaps they will return, and
 ' then there will not be wanting hus-
 ' bands who will take them with all
 ' their faults. Sanchica, by making
 ' bone-lace, clears eight maravedis a
 ' day, which she keeps in a pipkin, to
 ' be a stock to her when she grows
 ' up: but now, that she is a governor's
 ' daughter, thou wilt give her a por-
 ' tion without her working for it.
 ' The publick fountain is dried up.
 ' A thunder-bolt fell upon the pillory,

' and there may they always light! I
 ' expect an answer to this epistle, and
 ' thy resolution about my going to
 ' court: and so, God preserve thee
 ' more years than I have to live, or
 ' as many; for I should not chuse to
 ' leave thee behind me in this world.
 ' Thy faithful spouse,

' TERESA PANZA.'

The letters were read with admi-
 ration, esteem, laughter, and applause;
 and the entertainment was crowned by
 the arrival of the courier who brought
 Sancho's epistle to Don Quixote, which,
 being likewise recited in publick, ren-
 dered the governor's folly extremely
 doubtful. The duchess retired, in or-
 der to be informed by the page of
 what had happened to him in Sancho's
 village; and he recounted the par-
 ticulars at large, without leaving one
 circumstance untold: he delivered the
 acorns, together with a cheese, which
 Teresa vouched for excellent, and
 even preferred to those of Tronchon.
 This the duchess received with ex-
 cessive pleasure, in the enjoyment of
 which we will leave her grace, and re-
 late in what manner concluded the go-
 vernment of the great Sancho Panza,
 the flower and mirror of all insular
 governors.



THE
ATC HIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE HIDALGO

D O N Q U I X O T E
D E L A M A N C H A.

PART II. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

OF THE TOILFUL END AND CON-
CLUSION OF SANCHE PANZA'S
GOVERNMENT.



O think the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture, is a wild supposition; on the contrary, every thing goes in a round; I mean, goes round. Spring succeeds winter, summer follows spring, autumn comes after summer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn; then spring resumes it's verdure, and time turns round on an incessant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to it's end, unlike the circle of time, without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher; for the knowledge of the frailty and instability of the present life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural instinct have attained. But here our author makes the observation on account of the celerity with which Sancho's government was finished, consumed, destroyed, and dissolved into smoke and vapour.

This poor governor being a-bed on

the seventh night of his administration, not crammed with bread and wine, but fatigued with sitting in judgment, passing sentence, and making statutes and regulations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eye-lids, his ears were saluted with a terrible noise of bells and cries, as if the whole island had been going to wreck.

Sitting up in his bed, he listened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cause of such a mighty uproar: however, he not only failed in his expectation; but the noise of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, confounded, and aghast than ever. Then starting up, he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the ground; though without wrapping himself up in his morning-gown, or in any other sort of apparel; and opening the door of his apartment, saw above twenty persons running through the gallery, with lighted torches, and naked swords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and all together, 'Arm, arm, my Lord Governor, arm! a vast number of the enemy has landed on the island; and we are lost and undone, unless protected by your valour and activity.'

With

With this clamour, fury, and disturbance, they rushed towards Sancho, who stood astonished and perplexed at what he saw and heard; and when they came up to the spot, one of them accosting him, 'Arm, my lord,' said he, 'unless you want to perish, and see the whole island destroyed.'—'For what should I arm?' replied Sancho; 'I neither know the use of arms, nor can I give you protection. These matters had better be left to my master Don Quixote; who, in the turning of a straw, would dispatch the whole affair, and put every thing in safety; but, for me, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing of these hurly-burlys!'—'How! my Lord Governor,' cried another, 'what despondence is this?' Put on your armour, Signior: here we have brought arms offensive and defensive; come forth to the market-place, and be our guide and our general, seeing of right that place belongs to you, as being our governor.'—'Arm me, then, a God's name!' replied Sancho. At that instant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his shirt (for they would not give him time to clothe himself) one buckler before and another behind, they pulled his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and fastened them well together with cords, in such a manner, that the poor governor remained quite inclosed, and boarded up as straight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move one single step; and in his hands they put a lance, with which he supported himself as he stood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they desired him to march out, and conduct and animate his people; in which case he being the north star, their lantern, and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a prosperous issue. 'How should I march, unfortunate wight that I am,' said Sancho, 'when my very knee-pans have not room to play, so much am I cramped by those boards, which are squeezed into my very flesh? Your only way is to take me up in your arms, and lay me across, or set me upright in some postern, which I will defend either with this lance or this carcase.'—'Come, my Lord Governor,' replied the other, 'you are more

'hampered by fear than by your bucklers. Make haste, and exert yourself, for it grows late; the enemies swarm, the noise increases, and the danger is very pressing.'

In consequence of this persuasion and reproach, the poor governor endeavoured to move, and down he came to the ground with such a fall that he believed himself split to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise covered with its shell, or a flitch of bacon between two trays; or, lastly, like a boat stranded with her keel uppermost. Yet his fall did not excite the compassion of those unlucky wags; on the contrary, extinguishing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with such hurry and confusion, trampling upon the unhappy Sancho, and bestowing a thousand strokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered, and shrunk himself up, with drawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have passed his time but very indifferently; shrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he sweated all over with fear and consternation, and heartily recommended himself to God, that he might be delivered from the danger that encompassed him. Some stumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party stood upon him for a considerable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice, 'This way, my fellow-foldiers; for here the enemy make their chief effort! Guard this breach; shut that gate; down with those scaling ladders; bring up the fire-pots, with the kettles of melted pitch, rosin, and boiling oil; barricado the streets with woolpacks!' In a word, he named with great eagerness, all the implements, instruments, and munition of war, used in the defence of a city assaulted; while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and suffered grievously, said within himself, 'O! would it please the Lord that the island were quickly lost, that I might see myself either dead or delivered from this distress!' Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected such relief, his ears were saluted with a number of voices, crying, 'Victory! victory! the enemy is overcome! Rise, my Lord Governor, and enjoy your conquest; and

and divide the spoil taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm.

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, desired them to lift him up; and when they helped him to rise and set him on his legs again, 'I wish,' said he, 'the enemy I have conquered were nailed to my forehead. I want to divide no spoils; but I beg, and supplicate some friend, if any such I have, to bring me a draught of wine; and that he will wipe me dry of this sweat which has turned me into water.' They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and seated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, consternation, and fatigue. Those concerned in the joke now began to be sorry for having laid it on so heavy; but Sancho's recovery moderated their uneasiness at his swooning. He asked what it was o'clock; and they answered it was day-break: then, without speaking another syllable, he began to dress himself, in the most profound silence; and all present gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dressing himself so earnestly. At length, having put on his cloaths very leisurely, for his bruises would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the stable, attended by all the by-standers, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kiss of peace upon the forehead, saying, while the tears trickled from his eyes, 'Come hither, my dear companion! my friend, and sharer of all my toil and distress; when you and I consorted together, and I was plagued with no other thoughts than the care of mending your furniture and pampering your little body, happy were my hours, my days, and my years! but since I quitted you, and mounted on the towers of pride and ambition, my soul has been invaded by a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets.'

While he uttered this apostrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-saddle on his ass, without being interrupted by any living soul; and Dapple being equipped for the road, he made shift to mount him, with great pain and difficulty: then, directing his words and discourse to the steward, secretary, sew-

er, Doctor Pedro, and many others who were present, 'Make way, gentlemen,' said he, 'and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me go in quest of my former life, that I may enjoy a resurrection from this present death: I was not born to be a governor, or to defend islands and cities from the assaults of their enemies. I am better versed in ploughing and delving, in pruning and planting vines, than in enacting laws, and defending provinces and kingdoms. I know St. Peter is well at Rome—that is, every one does well in following the employment to which he was bred; a sickle becomes my hand better than a governor's sceptre; and I would rather fill my belly with soup-meagre, than undergo the misery of an impertinent physician who starves me to death. I would much rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and clothe myself with a sheepskin jacket in the winter, being my own master, than indulge, under the subjection of a government, with holland sheets, and robes of fables—God be with you, gentlemen; and pray tell my lord duke, Naked I was born, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. That is, I would say, Pennyless I took possession of this government, and pennyless I resign my office; quite the reverse of what is usually the case with governors of other islands. Make way, therefore, and let me go and be plaistered; for I believe all my ribs are crushed, thanks to the enemies who have this night passed and repassed over my carcase.'

'It must not be so, my Lord Governor,' said Doctor Positive: 'I will give your worship a draught, calculated for falls and bruises, that will instantly restore you to your former health and vigour; and with respect to the article of eating, I promise your lordship to make amends, and let you eat abundantly of every thing you desire.'—'Your promise comes too late,' answered Sancho; 'and I will as soon turn Turk as forbear going. Those are no jokes to be repeated. Before God! I will as soon remain in this, or accept of any other government, even though it should be presented in a covered dish, as I will fly to Heaven without the help
of

of wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all headstrong, and if once they say Odds, odds it must be, though in fact it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable I leave the pismire's wings, that carried me up into the clouds, to make me a prey to martlets and other birds; and now let us alight, and walk softly and securely on the ground; and if my feet are not adorned with pinked shoes of Cordovan leather, they shall not want coarse sandals of cord or rushes; Let ewe and wether go together; and, Nobody thrust his feet beyond the length of his sheet. Now, therefore, let me pass, for it grows late.'

To this address the steward replied, 'We shall freely allow your lordship to go, although we shall be great sufferers in losing you, whose ingenuity, and Christian conduct, oblige us to desire your stay; but it is well known that every governor is obliged, before he quits his government, to submit his administration to a scrutiny; and if your lordship will give an account of yours, during the seven days you have stood at the helm, you may depart in peace, and God be your guide.'—'Nobody can call me to an account,' said Sancho, 'but such as are appointed by my lord duke. Now to him am I a going, and to him will I render it fairly and squarely; besides, there is no occasion for any other proof than my leaving you naked as I am, to shew that I have governed like an angel.'—'Fore God! the great Sancho is in the right,' cried Doctor Positive; 'and, in my opinion, we ought to let him retire; for the duke will be infinitely rejoiced to see him.'

All the rest assented to the proposal, and allowed him to pass; after having offered to bear him company, and provide him with every thing he should want for entertainment of his person, and the convenience of the journey. Sancho said he wanted nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese, with half a loaf, for himself, the journey being so short, that he had no occasion for any better or more ample provision. All the company embraced him, and were in their turns embraced by the weeping Sancho, who left them, equally astonished at his dis-

course, as at his resolute and wise determination.

CHAP. II.

WHICH TREATS OF MATTERS BELONGING TO THIS HISTORY, AND NO OTHER WHATSOEVER.

THE duke and duchess resolved, that the defiance which Don Quixote breathed against their vassal for the cause already mentioned, should be answered; and although the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to avoid such a mother-in-law as Donna Rodriguez, they determined to supply his place with a Gascon lacquey, called Tosilos, whom they beforehand minutely instructed how to behave on this occasion.

Two days after these measures were taken, the duke told Don Quixote that in four days his antagonist would come and present himself in the lists, armed as a knight, and maintain that the damsel lyed by one half of her beard, and even by every hair of it, if she affirmed that he had promised her marriage. The knight received these tidings with great pleasure, flattering himself he should do something to excite the admiration of the whole family; and he thought himself extremely fortunate in having found an opportunity of shewing this noble pair how far the valour of his powerful arm extended. He, therefore, with great joy and satisfaction, waited the expiration of the four days, which, reckoned by his impatience, seemed equal to four hundred centuries.

In the mean time, let them pass, as we have already let many other matters pass, and attend Sancho, who, between merrily and sad, jogged along upon Dapple, in quest of his master, whose company he preferred to the government of all the islands upon earth. Well, then, he had not travelled far from the island of his government, (for he never dreamed of being certified whether what he governed was island, city, town, or village) when he saw coming towards him six pilgrims with their staves, of that sort which begs charity by singing. So soon, therefore, as they approached him, they made a lane; and, raising their voices together, began to sing in their

their language, though Sancho understood nothing of what they said, except the word Charity, which they distinctly pronounced; so that he immediately conceived the meaning of their outlandish song. Now, he being, according to the asseveration of Cid Hamet, extremely charitable, took out of his bags and gave them the bread and cheese with which he had been furnished, making them understand by signs, that he had nothing else to give. They received his benefaction cheerfully, pronouncing, however, the word, '*Guelte*, '*Guelte*;' to which Sancho answering, 'I really do not understand what you want, good people!' one of them took a purse from his bosom, and held it up, giving him to understand they wanted money. Then Sancho clapping his thumb to his throat, and displaying the back of his hand, signified that he had not so much as the corner of a rial, and spurred up Dapple, in order to make his way through the midst of them. As he passed, one of them having considered him very attentively, laid hold on Dapple's halter, and clasping him round the middle, exclaimed aloud, in very good Castilian, 'The lord protect me! what is this I see? Is it possible that I actually hold in my arms my dear friend, and good neighbour, Sancho Panza? Yes, doubtless; for I am neither asleep nor drunk.'

Sancho was astonished to hear his own name, and see himself embraced by a pilgrim, and a stranger, whom, though he silently gazed upon him with the utmost attention, he could by no means recollect. The pilgrim perceiving his surprize, 'Is it possible, brother Sancho Panza,' said he, 'that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote, the Moresco shopkeeper, that lived in your town?' Then Sancho, reviewing him with greater attention, began to recal his features; and at length, perfectly recognizing the Moor, he, without alighting, threw his arms about his neck, saying, 'Who the devil could know thee, Ricote, in that disguise? Tell me who has pilgrimized thee; and wherefore hast thou dared to return to Spain, where, if thou art found and known, thou wilt suffer for thy rashness?'—'If thou wilt not discover me, Sancho, I am secure,' replied the pilgrim; 'for in this disguise, nobody will know

me. Let us quit the high-road, and remove to yon poplar grove, where my companions intend to take some refreshment and repose; there thou shalt partake with them, for they are a very good sort of people; and there I shall have leisure to recount every thing that has befallen me since I departed from our town, in obedience to his majesty's proclamation, which so severely threatened the unfortunate people of my nation; as, no doubt, thou hast heard.'

Sancho assented to his proposal; and Ricote having spoke to the other pilgrims, they betook themselves to the tuft of poplars, at a good distance from the high-road. There they threw down their staves, laid aside their rochets or mantles, so as to remain in their doublets; and all of them appeared to be young men of genteel persons, except Ricote, who was already advanced in years. Each had a wallet, in all appearance well provided; at least, with incentives which provoked thirst, at the distance of two leagues. They stretched themselves upon the ground, and using the grass as a table-cloth, spread upon it bread, salt, knives, nuts, crusts of cheese, and some clean bones of bacon, which, though they could not be eaten, were in a condition to be sucked with pleasure. They likewise produced a black dish, which they called caviere, made of the roes of fishes, a great awakener of drought; nor did they want olives, which, though dry and without pickles, were very savoury and delicate; but what made the best figure in the field of this banquet, was a bottle of wine which every pilgrim drew forth from his wallet, not excepting honest Ricote, who, being transformed from a Moor into a German or Teutonian, pulled out his bottle also, which in size might have vied with all the other five. They began to eat with infinite relish, and great deliberation, smacking their lips at every mouthful which they took with the point of a knife, though they are but little; then, all at once, the whole squadron together raised their arms and bottles aloft, and joining mouth to mouth, with their eyes fixed on the firmament, they seemed to take aim at heaven. In this manner, shaking their heads from side to side, in token of the satisfaction they received, they con-

tinued a good while in the act of transfusing the contents of the bottles into their own bellies.

Sancho beheld this scene, with every part of which he was perfectly well pleased; and, in compliance with the proverb which he very well knew, importing, 'When thou art at Rome, follow the fashion of Rome,' he begged an embrace of Ricote's bottle, and took his aim like the rest; nor was his satisfaction inferior to theirs. Four times did their bottles admit of elevation; but the fifth was to no purpose: for, by that time, they were as clean and as dry as a rush; a circumstance that threw a damp upon the mirth which had hitherto prevailed. From time to time each pilgrim, in his turn, shook hands with Sancho, saying, 'Spaniard or German, all one, goot companion.' To which compliment Sancho replied, 'Goot companion, by the Lord!' bursting out into a fit of laughter which lasted a whole hour, without remembering at that time the least circumstance of what had happened to him in his government; for over the times and seasons of eating and drinking, care seldom holds jurisdiction. Finally, the conclusion of the wine was the beginning of sleep, which overwhelmed the whole company, and stretched them along upon the table and cloth they had been using. Ricote and Sancho were the only two who remained awake, in consequence of having eaten more, and drank less, than their fellows: then Ricote taking Sancho aside, they sat down at the root of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in an agreeable slumber; and without stumbling in the least upon his Morisco language, he spoke in pure Castilian to this effect.

'Well thou knowest, O Sancho Panza, my neighbour and friend, how the edict and proclamation which his majesty published against those of my religion, overwhelmed us all with terror and consternation; at least, they terrified me to such a degree, that long before the time allotted to us for our removal from Spain, I thought the rigour of the penalty was already executed against me and my children. I therefore resolved, and, I think, wisely, like the man who knowing he must quit the house he lives in, at such a time, provides

himself with another to which he may remove—I resolved, I say, to retire by myself, without my family, and go in quest of some place to which I might carry it commodiously, without that hurry and confusion which attended the departure of my neighbours; for I was very well convinced, and so were all our elders, that those edicts were not only threats, as some people said, but real laws, that would certainly be put in execution at the appointed time: and this truth I was compelled to believe by knowing the base and mad designs which our people harboured; such designs that, I verily think, his majesty was divinely inspired to execute such a gallant resolution. Not that we were all guilty; for some among us were firm and staunch Christians; but they were so few in number, that they could not oppose the schemes of those who were otherwise; and it was dangerous to nurse a serpent in one's bosom, by allowing the enemy to live within the house. In a word, we were justly chastised by the sentence of banishment, mild and gentle in the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible that could be pronounced. In what country soever we are, we lament our exile from Spain: for, in fine, here we were born; this is our native country; in no clime do we find a reception suitable to our misfortunes; nay, in Barbary, and all the other parts of Africk, where we expected to be received, cherished, and entertained, we have been most injured and maltreated; we knew not our happiness until we lost it; and so intense is the longing desire which almost all of us have to return to Spain, that the greatest part of those, and they are many, who understand the language like me, return to this kingdom, leaving their wives and children, unprotected abroad, such is their affection for this their native soil; and now, I know, by experience, the truth of the common saying, Sweet is the love of native land.

'Leaving our town, as I have already said, I repaired to France; and, though there we met with a civil reception, I was desirous of seeing other countries. I, therefore, travelled into Italy, from whence I passed into Germany,

Germany, where people seemed to live with more freedom: the natives do not pry with curious eyes into one another's concerns; every one lives according to his own humour; for, in most parts of the empire there is liberty of conscience. I left a house which I hired in a village near Augsb-
 burg, and joined these pilgrims, a great number of whom are wont to come hither yearly, on pretence of visiting the sanctuaries of Spain, which are their Indies, as being productive of well known advantage, and most certain gain. They traverse the whole country; and there is not a village from which they are not dismissed with a belly-full of meat and drink, as the saying is, and a rial at least, in money; so that at the end of their peregrination, they are above a hundred crowns in pocket, which, being changed into gold, they conceal in the hollow of their slaves, or in the patches of their cloaks, or task their industry in such a manner as to carry off their purchase to their own country, in spite of the guards at the passes and gates, where they are examined and registered.

My present intention, Sancho, is to carry off the money I have buried, which, being without the town, I can retrieve without danger; then I shall write, or take a passage from Valencia, to my wife and daughter, who, I know, are at Algiers, in order to contrive a method for transporting them to some port of France, from whence I will conduct them to Germany, where we will bear with resignation the will of Heaven: for, in fine, Sancho, I am positively certain that my daughter Ricota, and my wife Francisca Ricote, are real Catholick Christians; and, though I myself am not entirely of that way of thinking, I have more of the Christian than the Mussulman; and I incessantly pray to God to open the eyes of my understanding, that I may know how to serve him in the right way. But what excites my wonder, and baffles my penetration, is the conduct of my wife and daughter; who have chosen to retire into Barbary, rather than to France, where they might have lived as Christians.

To this observation Sancho replied,

Why, look ye, Ricote, they were not, I suppose, at liberty to chuse for themselves, inasmuch as they were carried off by your wife's brother, John Tiopieyo, who, being a rank Moor, would naturally go to the place where he himself intended to make his abode: and, I can tell you, moreover, I believe it will be in vain for you to go in search of what you left under-ground; for we are informed that thy wife and brother-in-law, were stripped of a number of pearls, and a great deal of money, which, was carried off to be registered.—‘That may be very true,’ said Ricote: ‘but I am certain, Sancho, they have not touched my hoard; for I would not tell them where it was hid, because I dreaded some misfortune: and therefore, Sancho, if thou wilt come along with me, and assist me in taking up and concealing it, I will gratify thee with two hundred crowns, to relieve thy necessities, which thou art sensible I know to be manifold.’—‘I would comply with thy proposal,’ answered Sancho; ‘but I am not at all covetous; were I that way inclined, I this morning quitted an employment by which I might have been enabled to build the walls of my house of beaten gold, and in less than six months, eat out of plate: for this reason, therefore, and because I should think myself guilty of treason to my king, in favouring his enemies, I will not go along with thee, even though in lieu of promising me two hundred, thou shouldst here lay down four hundred crowns upon the nail.’—‘And pray, what office is this that thou hast quitted?’ said Ricote. ‘I have quitted the government of an island,’ replied Sancho: ‘aye, and such a one as, in good faith, you will not find it's fellow in three bowshots.’—‘And whereabouts is this island?’ resumed the other. ‘Whereabouts!’ cried Panza: ‘about two leagues from hence, and it is called the island Barataria.’—‘Spare me, spare me, good Sancho,’ said Ricote: ‘islands are far at sea; there are none upon the continent.’—‘How, none!’ replied Sancho: ‘I tell thee, friend Ricote, I left it but this morning, and yesterday governed in it at my pleasure, like a perfect sagittary; but, for

all that, I resigned my place; for I found the office of governors is very troublesome and dangerous.—'And what hast thou got by this government?' said Ricote. 'I have got sense enough to know that I am fit for governing nothing but a flock of sheep,' answered Sancho: 'and that the wealth acquired in such governments is got at the expence of ease, sleep, and even sustenance; for, in islands the governors must eat very little, especially if they have physicians to watch over their health.—'I really do not understand thee, Sancho,' said Ricote: 'but, every thing thou had spoke, to me seems mere madness; for who would give thee islands to govern, when there is plenty of men in the world so much more capable of governing than thou? Keep thy own counsel, Sancho, and recollect thy judgment, and consider whether or not thou wilt accompany me, as I proposed, to assist me in conveying the treasure I have hid; for, the sum is really so great, it may well be called a treasure, and I will give thee wherewithal to live, as I have already promised.—'I have already told thee, Ricote, that I will not,' answered Sancho: 'be satisfied that by me thou shalt not be discovered; continue thy journey in happy hour, and let me proceed in mine: for, well I know, What's honestly earned may be easily lost, but ill-got wealth is ever at the owner's cost.—'Well, I will not farther importune thee,' said Ricote: 'but, pray tell me, Sancho, wast thou in our village when my wife and daughter departed with my brother-in-law?'—'Yes, I was,' replied Sancho: 'and I can tell thee, thy daughter appeared so beautiful, that all the people in town went forth to see her, and every body owned she was the fairest creature under the sun; she went along weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance; and begged of all that came to see her, that they would recommend her to God, and our Lady his blessed mother. Indeed, her behaviour was so moving, that I myself, who am no blubberer, could not help shedding tears; and, in good sooth, many persons were very desirous of going after, and carrying her off, in order to conceal her; but they were diverted

from that design, by the fear of acting contrary to the king's proclamation. He that shewed himself the most passionately fond of her, was Don Pedro Gregorio, the young rich heir, who, thou knowest, was said to be in love with her. After her departure, he never more appeared in our town, and every body believed he went away, in order to carry her off; but hitherto we have had no account of his motions.—'I had always a suspicion,' said Ricote, 'that the young gentleman was enamoured of my daughter; but, as I confided in the virtue of Ricota, his passion gave me no disturbance; for thou must have heard, Sancho, that the Moorish women seldom or never engage in amorous intercourse with old Christians; and my daughter, whose inclination, I believe, leaned more to Christianity than to love, paid no attention to the importunities of that young heir.—'God grant it may be so,' replied Sancho: 'for it would have been to the prejudice of both; and now let me depart in peace, friend Ricote; for, this night, I intend to be with my master Don Quixote.—'God be thy guide, brother Sancho,' said the Moor: 'I see my companions are stirring, and it is time for us to make the best of our way.'

Then the two having embraced one another, Sancho mounted Dapple, Ricote supported himself with his staff, and in this manner they parted different ways.

CHAP. III.

OF CERTAIN ACCIDENTS THAT BEFEL SANCHO UPON THE ROAD—AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH TO KNOW YOU NEED ONLY LOOK FORWARD.

SANCHO was so long detained by Ricote, that he could not reach the duke's castle that day, though he was within half a league of it, and there overtaken by the night, which was dark and close; but it being the summer season, he was not much concerned, and retired a little from the high-road with intention to wait patiently for morning.—It was, however, the pleasure of his niggard and unhappy fortune, that in seeking a place proper for

for his accommodation, he and Dapple tumbled into a deep and very dark pit, among a number of old buildings. In falling, he recommended himself to God, with all his heart, in the firm persuasion that he would not stop until he reached the bottom of the profound abyss; but this apprehension was happily disappointed; for, Dapple having descended little more than three fathoms, touched the ground, and his rider found himself on his beast's back, without having sustained the least hurt or damage. He felt his body all over, and held in his breath to know whether he was found or perforated in any part; and when he found himself safe, whole, and in Catholick health, he did not fail to thank our Lord God for his protection, as he actually thought he had been shattered into a thousand pieces. He likewise felt about the sides of the pit, to know if there was any possibility of being extricated without assistance; but he found them all smooth and perpendicular, without any projection or cranny of which he could take the least advantage; a circumstance that greatly increased his chagrin, especially when he heard Dapple complain, in a most pathetic and lamentable tone; and, indeed, it was no great wonder, nor did he lament out of wantonness, for, in truth he was in a very sorry condition.

It was then that Sancho Panza exclaimed, 'Alack, and a-well-a-day! how unexpected are the accidents which, at every turn, befall those who live in this miserable world! Who could foretell, that he who yesterday saw himself enthroned as governor of an island, giving orders to his servants and vassals, should to-day be buried in a dungeon, without a soul to remedy his misfortune, or a servant or vassal to hasten to his relief? Here I and my poor beast must perish by hunger, if we do not give up the ghost before that period; he, in consequence of being battered and bruised, and I, from pure sorrow and vexation. At least, I shall not be so lucky as my master Don Quixote de La Mancha; who, when he descended, and sunk into the cave of that same enchanted Montesinos, was better entertained than he could have been in his own house; so that the cloth seemed to be laid, and the bed

fairly made. There he enjoyed beautiful and agreeable visions; but here, I believe, I shall see nothing but toads and serpents. Unfortunate wretch that I am! to what a pass am I brought by my fantasies and folly. From this cavern (when Heaven shall be pleased to discover them) my bones, together with those of my honest friend Dapple, will be taken up smooth, and white, and bare as an atomy; and, from this particular, perhaps, it will be discovered who we are, especially by those who know that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. I say again, miserable creatures that we are! why would not our niggard fortune allow us to die at home, in our own country, in the midst of our friends? where, though our misfortune would admit of no remedy, we should not have wanted relations to grieve at our fate, and close our eyes in the last hour of our trial!

'O my dear companion, and my friend! how ill have I rewarded thy good services! Forgive me, honest Dapple, and entreat fortune in the best terms thou canst use, to deliver us from this vexatious misery in which we are equally involved; in which case, I promise to put a crown of laurel upon thy head, so as that thou shalt look like a poet-laureate; and, withal, to give thee double allowance of provender.' In this manner did Sancho Panza pour forth his lamentation, to which the poor beast listened, without answering one word. Such was the danger and distress to which the poor animal found himself exposed.

At length, after they had passed the whole night in miserable complaints and lamentations, day broke; and, by the light and splendor of the morning, Sancho perceived, that of all impossibilities it was the most impossible to free himself from that pit without assistance; so that he began to lament afresh, and roar aloud, in hope that some body might hear his voice: but, all his cries were uttered to the desert; for, in all that neighbourhood there was not a soul by whom he could be heard; and therefore he gave himself up for lost. As Dapple lay with his mouth uppermost, Sancho Panza exerted himself in such a manner as to raise

raise his friend upon his legs, which, by the bye, could scarce bear his weight; and, taking a piece of bread out of his wallet, which had likewise suffered the same unfortunate fall, gave it to the poor beast, who received it very thankfully; and Sancho told him, as if he understood his words, 'All 'ills are good, when attended with 'food.' About this time he discovered a hole at one side of the dungeon, large enough to give passage to a man, provided he could bend his body, and creep through: to this he hastened, and squeezing himself into it, perceived, within, a large extensive space, the particulars of which he could distinguish; for, through what may be termed the roof, descended a small stream of light that illuminated the whole place, which, as he observed, dilated and extended itself through another spacious concavity.

Sancho, having made these remarks, returned to the place where his companion stood and, with a stone began to clear away the rubbish from the hole, which he in a little time enlarged to such a degree that Dapple passed with ease. Then taking the halter in his hand, he led him forwards through that cavern, in hope of finding an exit at the other end: and sometimes he proceeded darkling, and sometimes without one ray of light; but, always in fear and trepidation. 'God Almighty 'protect me!' said he within himself; 'this, that is such a dismal expedition to me, would be an excellent adventure to my master, who would 'look upon these depths and dungeons, 'as so many flower-gardens, and palaces of Galiana*; and expect to pass 'from this distress and obscurity, into 'some blooming meadow adorned with 'the pride of spring; whereas, I, a 'miserable wretch! equally imprudent 'and poor-spirited, dread, at every 'step, that another dungeon, still more 'deep, will suddenly open under my 'feet, and swallow me up at once. 'We may bear, without a groan, the 'misfortune that comes alone.' In venting these ejaculations, he fancied he had proceeded about half a league, when he perceived a kind of confused light, like that of day, glimmering

through a passage that seemed to be the road from this to the other world.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli, leaving the squire, returns to Don Quixote waiting with joy and transport for the combat in which he was to engage with the person who had robbed the daughter of Donna Rodriguez of her precious virtue; for he made no doubt of redressing the grievance and disgrace which the delinquent had feloniously entailed upon the innocent damsel.

Chancing one morning to go out, in order to improve and inure himself to the exercise of arms which he meant to practise in that combat to which in a few days he must be exposed, he, in wheeling about, or giving the charge with Rozinante, rode so near the mouth of a cavern, that if he had not vigorously pulled in the reins, he must have plunged into it, without all possibility of escape. He kept his seat, however, and at length made his retreat good; then, re-approaching the hole, he, without alighting, surveyed the depth of the cave; and, while he was thus employed, heard loud cries issuing from below; in consequence of which, listening with great attention, he could distinguish articulate sounds, and distinctly understand the following exclamation: 'So hol above there; is there any 'Christian within hearing? or any 'charitable gentleman whose bowels 'yearn at the distress of a sinner buried alive, and an unfortunate misgoverned governor?'

Don Quixote thought he recognized the voice of Sancho Panza, at hearing which he was confounded and astonished; and raising his own voice as high as he could strain, 'Who is that below,' cried he, 'complaining so grievously? —' 'Who should be here, or 'who complain, but the bewildered 'Sancho Panza, for his sins and misfortune, appointed governor of the 'island Barataria, who was formerly 'squire to the renowned knight Don 'Quixote de La Mancha?' When the knight heard this declaration, his surprise redoubled, his amazement increased, and he was struck with the notion that Sancha Panza was dead, and his soul doing penance in that place. Swayed by this conjecture, he

* This was a Moorish princess, for whom her father built a stately palace near the Tagus, the ruins of which remain to this day.

exclaimed, 'I conjure thee, by all that is sacred, as a Catholick Christian, to tell me who thou art? If a soul in punishment, let me know what I can do in thy behalf; for, as it is my profession to favour and assist the needy of this world, so likewise am I ready to succour and relieve the miserable objects of the other world, who cannot relieve themselves.'—'At that rate, and by your worship's discourse,' answered the voice, 'you should be my master Don Quixote de La Mancha; and, indeed, by the tone of your voice, I know you can be no other.'—'Don Quixote I am,' replied the knight; 'he who professes to aid and assist the living, as well as the dead, in their distresses. Tell me, therefore, who thou art, by whom I am thus held in astonishment; for if thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and hast quitted this life, seeing the devils have not got possession of thy soul, but through the mercy of God thou art now in purgatory, our holy mother, the Roman Catholick church, has prayers sufficient to deliver thee from thy present pain; and I, for my part, will solicit them in thy behalf, as far as my whole fortune will extend; I say, therefore, make haste, and declare thy name and situation.'—'I vow to God!' answered the voice, 'and swear by the birth of whom your worship pleases, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, that I am your identical squire, Sancho Panza, and was never yet dead in the whole course of my life, but I quitted my government for causes and considerations which I must have more leisure to explain; last night I fell into this dungeon, together with Dapple, who will not suffer me to tell an untruth; by the same token he stands now at my back.' One would have imagined the beast understood what his master said; for that moment he began to bray so strenuously, that the whole cave echoed with the sound. 'A most unexceptionable evidence!' cried Don Quixote; 'I know that note as well as if I had given it birth; and, besides, I recognize thy voice, my good Sancho. Wait a little, I will ride to the duke's castle, which is hard by, and bring people to extricate thee from

that dungeon into which thou hast been plunged for thy sins and transgressions.'—'I entreat your worship to go, for the love of God! and return speedily; for, I cannot bear to be buried here alive; and, moreover, I am ready to die with fear!'

The knight leaving him accordingly, repaired to the castle, where he recounted to the duke and duchess the accident which had befallen poor Sancho, at which they were not a little surprized, though they at once comprehended how he must have fallen by the correspondence of that cavern which had been there time out of mind; but they could not conceive how he should have quitted the government, without giving them notice of his coming. Finally, ropes and cables were provided, together with a good number of people; and Dapple and Sancho Panza, though not without a great deal of trouble, were hoisted up from dungeons and darkness to the cheerful light of day. 'In this manner,' said a student, who chanced to be among the spectators, 'should all bad governors be dragged from their governments like that poor sinner from the profound abyss, half dead with hunger, pale with fear, and, as I believe, without a penny in his pocket.' Sancho, hearing this observation, replied, 'Eight or ten days are now elapsed, brother growler, since I assumed the reins of government in that island, which was committed to my charge; and, in all that time, I never once had my belly-full, even of dry bread. I have been persecuted by physicians; my bones have been crushed by the enemy; but, I never had a bribe in view, nor did I ever receive my due. And this being the case, as it certainly is, methinks, I have not deserved to be dragged out in this manner: but, Man projects in vain, for God doth still ordain; Heaven knows how meet it is to grant, what every one pretends to want; Every season has its reason; Let no man presume to think, of this cup I will not drink; for, Where the flitch we hoped to find, not even a hook is left behind. God knows my meaning, and that's enough; I shall say no more, though perhaps I could speak more plainly.'—'Be not angry, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote,

Quixote, 'and give thyself no concern about what thou mayest hear, otherwise there will be no end of thy vexation; console thyself with a good conscience, and let them say what they will; for it is as impracticable to tie up the tongue of malice, as to erect barricadoes in the open fields. If a governor resigns his office in good circumstances, people say he must have been an oppressor and a knave; and if poverty attends him in his retreat, they set him down as an idiot and fool.—'For this time,' answered Sancho, 'I am certain they will think me more fool than knave.'

Thus discoursing, and surrounded by a number of boys, and other spectators, they arrived at the castle, where the duke and duchess waited to receive them in a gallery; but Sancho would not go up stairs, until he saw Dapple properly accommodated in the stable; for, he observed, the poor creature had passed the preceding night in very indifferent lodging. Then he went to pay his respects to his noble patrons; before whom, falling on his knees, 'According to the good pleasure of your graces,' said he, 'and without any merit on my side, I went to govern your island Barataria, which Naked I entered, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing as little I gain. Whether I have governed righteously or amiss, there are witnesses who will declare, and say whatsoever they think proper. I have explained doubts, and decided causes, though all the time half dead with hunger, because my fasting seemed good unto Doctor Pedro Positive, native of Snatchaway, the island and governor's physician; we were assaulted in the night by the enemy, who put us all in great jeopardy and consternation; and the inhabitants of the island said they were delivered and proved victorious, by the valour of my invincible arm; but, so may God deal with them as they speak truth. In a word, I have, during my administration, considered the cares and obligations that attend the exercise of power, and found them, by my reckoning, too weighty for my shoulders; they are neither fit burdens for my back, nor arrows for my quiver; and, therefore, that the government might not discard me, I have thought pro-

per to discard the government; and yesterday I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofs, which belonged to it when I took possession. I have borrowed of no man, nor consulted my own private gain or advantage; and, although my intention was to make some wholesome regulations, I did not put my design in execution, because I was afraid they would not be observed; and a law neglected, is the same thing as one that never was enacted.

'I quitted the island, as I have said, without any other company than that of Dapple; I fell into a dungeon, through which I groped my way, until this morning, by the light of the sun, I perceived a passage out of it though not so easy but that if Heaven had not sent my master Don Quixote, to my assistance, there I should have remained to the day of judgment. Here, then, my lord duke and lady duchess, is your governor Sancho Panza, who, during the ten days of his administration, has gained nothing but so much knowledge, that he would not give a farthing to be governor, not only of an island, but even of the whole world; and in this opinion, kissing your graces feet, and imitating the game of boys, who cry, "Leap and away," I take a leap from the government into the service of my master Don Quixote; for, in short, though with him I eat my bread in terror and alarm, I at least fill my belly; and so that is full, I care not whether it be with carrots or partridge.'

Here Sancho concluded his harangue, during which the knight was in continual apprehension that he would utter a thousand absurdities; but when he heard it finished with so few, he thanked Heaven in his heart; while the duke embraced Sancho, and told him he was grieved to the soul that he had so soon left his government; but he would find means to invest him with another office in his estate, which would be attended with less care and more advantage. He was likewise consoled by the duchess, who gave particular orders about his entertainment, as he seemed to be sorely bruised, and in a lamentable condition.

CHAP. IV.

OF THE DREADFUL AND UNSEEN BATTLE, FOUGHT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, AND THE LACQUEY TOSILOS, IN BEHALF OF THE DAUGHTER OF RODRIGUEZ THE DUENNA.

THE duke and duchess did not repent of the joke they had executed upon Sancho Panza, with respect to his government, especially as the steward arrived the same day, and gave a circumstantial detail of all the words and actions which he had said and performed during the term of his administration. In fine, he magnified the assault of the island, and the terror of Sancho, and described the manner of his departure, from the account of which they received no small pleasure and satisfaction.

The history afterwards relates, that the day appointed for the combat arrived; and the duke, having again and again instructed his lacquey Tosilos how to manage Don Quixote, so as to conquer without slaying, or even wounding the knight, ordered the lances to be divested of their iron heads, observing to Don Quixote that Christianity, upon which he valued himself, would not allow him to let the combat be fought with any risk or danger of his life; and that he hoped the knight would be satisfied with his granting a field for the lifts in his territories, an indulgence contrary to the decree of the holy council, which prohibits all such challenges; he therefore desired that the battle might not be fought to the last extremity. Don Quixote said his excellency might order the particulars of that affair according to his own pleasure, and that he would punctually comply with every circumstance of the disposition.

The dreadful day then being arrived, and the duke having caused a spacious scaffold to be erected before the courtyard of the castle, for the accommoda-

tion of the judges of the field, and the mother and daughter, who were plaintiffs in the cause; an infinite number of people assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, to see the novelty of this battle; for such a combat had never been seen nor heard of in that country, by either the living or the dead. The first that entered the lifts was the master of the ceremonies, in order to examine the ground; and he accordingly surveyed the whole field, to see that there was no deceit, or any thing concealed that might occasion stumbling or falling; then came the duennas and took their seats, veiled down to the eyes, and even to the bosom, with demonstrations of excessive grief. They being seated, Don Quixote presented himself in the lifts; and in a little time appeared the great lacquey Tosilos upon a mighty steed that shook the very ground; accompanied with a number of trumpets, his vizor being down, and his whole body stiffened with strong and shining armour; his horse seemed to be of the Friesland breed, broad built; and of a flea-bitten colour, with a stone of wool hanging to every foot. Thus approached the valiant combatant, well instructed by the duke how to engage the valorous Don Quixote de La Mancha, and particularly cautioned against taking away the life of his knightly opponent; for, he was warned to avoid the first encounter as he would shun his own death; which must have been certain had they met full shock in the midst of their career. This champion, crossing the field, and riding up to the place where the duennas were seated, began very earnestly to contemplate the person who claimed him as her husband*; while the master of the field, calling to Don Quixote, who had likewise entered the lifts, and kept close to Tosilos, asked the duennas if they consented to depend upon Don Quixote de La Mancha for the redress of their grievances; they replied in the affirmative, declaring, at the same time, that whatever he should

* A critick inclined to enumerate the inadvertencies of Cervantes, might observe that Sancho pulled a piece of bread out of his wallet and gave it to Dapple, after he had given the contents of the said wallet to the pilgrims; that he tells the duke and duchess he had governed ten days, whereas he had continued but seven days in office; and, lastly, that Tosilos contemplated the beauties of the damsel, though we are previously told that she was veiled down to the bosom.

do in the affair they would hold as well done, firm, and sufficient†. By this time, the duke and duchess had placed themselves in a gallery that overlooked the barriers, which were crowded with an infinite number of people, who came to see the dreadful and never-beheld encounter; but, before they engaged, it was stipulated, that if Don Quixote should overcome his antagonist, he the said antagonist, should marry the daughter of Donna Rodriguez; but should victory declare for the defendant, he should be released from the promise they pretended he had made, without giving any other satisfaction.

The master of the ceremonies having divided the sun, and stationed each combatant in his proper post, the drums began to thunder, the sound of trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the hearts of the gazing multitude throbbed with suspense and expectation, some hoping, and others fearing, the good or bad success of the battle. Finally, Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his heart to our Lord God, and to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, waited with impatience for the precise signal of engaging; while our lacquey, engrossed by far other sentiments, thought of nothing but what we will now explain. While he stood gazing at his female enemy, she appeared in his eyes the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in the whole course of his life, and the little blind urchin, vulgarly known by the name of Cupid, was unwilling to lose this opportunity to triumph over a lacqueyan soul, and register this subject in the list of his achievements; he, therefore, approached him fairly and softly, and unperceived let fly an arrow two yards long, which, entering his left-side, transfixing his heart: nor was it difficult to perform this exploit; for Love is invincible, and makes his entrance and exit where-soever he chuses to pass, without being called to account by any person upon earth—I say, when they gave the signal for battle, our lacquey's soul

was transported by the beauty of her, to whom, by this time, he had surrendered his liberty; and therefore, he was not so much affected by the sound of the trumpet as his antagonist Don Quixote, whose ears it no sooner saluted, than he sprang forwards to assault his adversary with all the mettle that Rozinante could exert; and his good squire Sancho seeing him begin his career, exclaimed with an audible voice, ‘God be thy guide, thou cream of flower of knights-errant: God grant thee the victory, seeing thy cause is the best!’

Although Tosilos saw Don Quixote advancing against him, he did not budge one step from his station, but called aloud to the field-master, to whom, when he went up to see what he wanted, he thus addressed himself: ‘Tell me, Signior, is not this combat appointed to determine whether I shall or shall not marry that lady?’ To this question the other having replied in the affirmative, ‘Well, then,’ resumed the lacquey, ‘I have a tender conscience that would be grievously burdened should I proceed in this quarrel; and, therefore, I own myself vanquished, and will forthwith take the lady to wife.’ The field-master was surprized at this declaration of Tosilos; and, being in the secret of the plan, knew not what answer to make; while Don Quixote, perceiving his enemy did not come on to the assault, checked Rozinante in the middle of his career. The duke, being ignorant of the cause that retarded the battle, was by the field-master informed of what Tosilos had said, at which he was extremely surprized and incensed; whereas, Tosilos, in the mean time, rode up towards the place where Donna Rodriguez was seated, and pronounced with a loud voice, ‘Madam, as I am willing to marry your daughter, there is no occasion to seek that by disputes and contention which I may obtain peaceably without the danger of death.’ The valiant Don Quixote hearing this address, ‘Since that is the

† In the romance of Gerard de Nevers we read, that a certain young lady, perceiving the eagerness with which that knight undertook her defence, pulled the glove from her left-hand, and presented it to him, saying, ‘Sir Knight, my body, life, lands, and honour, I commit to the protection of God and you, to whom I pray he may grant grace to obtain the victory, and deliver us from the danger in which we are now involved.’

'case,' said he, 'I am released and acquitted of my promise; let them marry a-God's name, and as our Lord bestows the bride, may St. Peter bless the nuptials!'

The duke descending into the courtyard of the castle, and advancing to Tosilos, 'Knight,' said he, 'is it true that you own yourself vanquished, and that, instigated by your timorous conscience, you consent to marry this damsel?' When he answered, 'Yes, my lord.'—'He is very much in the right,' cried Sancho: 'Give always to the cat what was kept for the rat; and, Let it still be thy view all mischief to eschew.' As for Tosilos, he began to unlace his helmet, and earnestly begged that somebody would come to his assistance; for his breath was almost gone, and he could not bear to be confined so long in such a narrow lodging. People accordingly ran to his relief; and his head being uncased, Donna Rodriguez discovered the individual countenance of our lacquey, which the daughter no sooner beheld than she cried aloud, 'A cheat! a cheat! My Lord Duke has palmed his lacquey upon us, in lieu of my lawful husband: I demand justice of God and the king, for this malicious, not to call it knavish contrivance.'

'Ladies,' said Don Quixote, 'give yourselves no concern; there is neither malice nor knavery in the case; or if there is, it cannot be occasioned by the duke, but by those wicked inchanters who persecute me without ceasing: envious of the glory I should have acquired in this achievement, they have metamorphosed your husband's face into the aspect of this man, who, you say, is the Duke's lacquey. Take my advice, therefore, maugre the malice of mine enemies, bellow your hand upon him; for without all doubt, he is the very person whom you desire to obtain as an husband.'

The duke, overhearing this admonition, had well-nigh vented all his indignation in laughter, saying, 'The adventures that happen to Signior Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that I am apt to believe this is not really my lacquey; but, let us make use of this expedient and stratagem: we will, if it be agreeable, delay the marriage a fortnight, and confine this person, of

whom we are doubtful, and in that time perhaps he will retrieve his former figure; for surely the rancour of those wicked inchanters, who hate Don Quixote, cannot last so long; especially as such delusions and transformation avail them so little.'—'O my lord!' cried Sancho, 'those banditti have been long accustomed to chop, change, and transmography every thing that belongs to my master; some time ago he vanquished an errant, called the Knight of the Mirrors, and in a twinkling they transformed him into the figure of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman and great friend of ours; as for my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they have changed her into a homely country wench; and, therefore, I take it it for granted that this man will die and live a lacquey all the days of his life.'

Here the daughter of Donna Rodriguez interposing, 'Be who he will,' said she, 'I am obliged to him for asking me in marriage: and I would rather be the lawful wife of a lacquey, than the deluded mistress of a gentleman; although he who deluded me has no pretensions to that title.' In fine, all these incidents and explanations ended in the resolution to confine Tosilos, until they should see the issue of his transformation; while, with unusual acclamation, the victory was adjudged to Don Quixote; though the greatest part of the spectators seemed melancholy and disappointed, because they had not seen two such hopeful combatants hew one another in pieces: in the same manner as the boys are out of humour, when the execution is prevented by the malefactor's being pardoned, either by the party or the king.

The crowd dispersed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, Tosilos was sent to prison; Donna Rodriguez and her daughter rejoiced exceedingly, when they saw, that one way or another, this affair would end in marriage, and the lover consoled himself with the same prospect.

CHAP. V.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE TOOK LEAVE OF THE DUKE;

AND OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN HIM AND THE GAY AND WITTY ALTISIDORA, ONE OF THE DUCHESS'S DAMSELS.

BY this time Don Quixote thought he would do well to quit that idle way of life which he led in the castle; for he imagined himself much to blame in living thus buried and inactive among those infinite dainties and entertainments with which he, as a knight-errant, was indulged by that noble pair; and he concluded that he would be obliged to give a severe account to Heaven of this idleness and sequestration. He therefore, one day, begged leave of the duke and duchess to depart; and they granted his request, with marks of being extremely grieved at his intention. The duchess delivered to Sancho Panza his wife's letter, and the good squire wept bitterly when he understood the contents; saying, 'Who could have thought such mighty hopes as were ingendered in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza, by the news of my government, would vanish in my returning again to the woeful adventures of my master Don Quixote de La Mancha? Nevertheless, I am pleased to find that my Teresa behaved like herself, in sending the acorns to the duchess; for had she failed in that particular, I should have been sorely vexed, and she would have shewn herself ungrateful: what comforts my poor heart is, that they cannot call this present a bribe; for I was actually in possession of the government before the acorns were sent: and it is but reasonable, that folks who receive any sort of benefit should shew their gratitude, even though in trifles. In effect, naked I took possession of the government, and naked I resigned my office; therefore, I may say with a safe conscience, which is no small boast, I naked was born, and naked remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain.'

This conference Sancho held with his own bosom on the day of their departure: as for Don Quixote, having taken leave of their graces over-night, her in the morning presented himself armed in the court-yard of the castle, where he furnished a spectacle to all the people of the family, not even excepting the duke and duchess, who

viewed him from the gallery. Sancho was mounted upon Dapple, extremely well pleased with the contents of his bags, wallet, or store; for the duke's steward, who acted the part of the Countess Trifaldi, had given him a small purse of two hundred crowns, to answer the emergencies of the road: but of this supply Don Quixote was ignorant. While every individual, as we have said, stood gazing at the knight, all of a sudden, from among the other duennas and damsels of the duchess, the gay and witty Altisidora, raising her voice, pronounced what follows, in a lamentable tone.

AH! hear my plaint, unlucky knight,
 ' Pull in thy reins, and do me right;
 ' And pry'thee spare, at my request,
 ' The flanks of that poor batter'd beast.
 ' Consider she whose heart's at stake,
 ' False man! is not a scaly snake;
 ' But a young lambkin, meek and true,
 ' Just wean'd from teat of mother ewe.
 ' Say, monster, why undo a maid
 ' More beautiful than ever stray'd
 ' With Cynthia, huntress of the wood,
 ' Or Venus, native of the flood?
 ' But if Æneas-like thou mean'st to fly,
 ' The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!
 ' Thou, robber! in thy claws hast got
 ' The heart and bowels, and what not,
 ' Of a weak virgin, Heav'n befriending her!
 ' Mild, humble, timorous, and tender.
 ' Three linen night-caps hast thou stole,
 ' And silken garters strong and whole,
 ' That to these legs did appertain;
 ' These legs, as marble smooth and clean.
 ' Thou carry'st off two thousand sighs,
 ' Which, kindled by thy beaming eyes,
 ' Would in a twinkling quite destroy
 ' Two thousand cities great as Troy.
 ' But if Æneas-like thou mean'st to fly,
 ' The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!
 ' May Sancho's buttocks, and his heart,
 ' Ne'er feel the ignominious smart
 ' Prescrib'd, when he is pleas'd and ready
 ' To disinchant thy fav'rite lady!
 ' Since thine's th' offence, and thine the
 ' blame,
 ' Endure the punishment and shame
 ' Which in my country, once a year,
 ' The righteous for the wicked bear.
 ' Be thy adventures (small and great)
 ' Inglorious and unfortunate;
 ' Like dreams may all thy pleasures fade,
 ' Thy constancy oblivion shade;
 ' And if Æneas-like thou mean'st to fly,
 ' The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!

May'st thou be deem'd a perjur'd devil,
 ' E'en from Marchena unto Seville;

From

' From Loja to Granada hated,
 ' From London Tow'r to England baited.
 ' At drafts should'st thou attempt to play,
 ' Or waste at ombre all the day,
 ' May no crown'd monarch or spadille
 ' Attend the efforts of thy skill;
 ' When angry corn disturbs thy toe,
 ' May blood at ev'ry paring flow;
 ' And of each tooth the barbers draw,
 ' The stump still fester in thy jaw:
 ' Nay, since Æneas-like thou mean'st to fly,
 ' The death of Barrabas may Quixote die!'

While the afflicted Altisidora complained in these strains, Don Quixote surveyed her attentively; and, without answering a word to her lamentation, turned to Sancho, saying, 'By the age of thine ancestors, my dear Sancho, I conjure thee to tell me the truth: say, hast thou actually got the three caps and the garters, which this enamoured damsel mentions?' To this question the squire replied, 'The three caps I have; but as to the garters, I know nothing of the matter.'

The duchess was surprized at the freedom of Altisidora's behaviour; for, although she knew her to be forward, merry, and frank, she did not think the girl possessed of assurance enough to attempt a scheme of this nature; and her admiration was the greater, as she had not been previously apprized of the intended joke. The duke, however, in order to reinforce the jest, addressed himself to Don Quixote in these words: 'It does not look well, Sir Knight, that you who have met with such honourable reception and treatment in this my castle, should presume to carry off by stealth three night-caps, at least, if not a pair of garters likewise, belonging to my damsel: these are marks of a bad heart, and but ill agree with your reputation. Restore the garters to the right owner; otherwise, I challenge you to mortal combat, without any apprehension that knavish incantations will transform or change my face, as they have practised upon my lacquey Tosilos, your last antagonist.' 'God forbid,' replied Don Quixote, 'that I should unsheath my sword against your illustrious person, of whom I received such favours! The three night-caps shall be restored; for Sancho owns they are in his custody: but it is impossible to make restitution of the garters, as neither he nor I did ever receive them; and I dare say your damsel will find them, if she will take

' the trouble to rummage her own drawers. I, my lord duke, was never a thief, and I hope never shall in the whole course of my life, provided God will not withdraw from me his guiding hand. The damsel, according to her own declaration, talks like an enamoured person; but surely I am not to blame for her impertinence: and, therefore, I have no reason to ask pardon either of her or your excellency, whom I entreat to look upon me with more favourable sentiments, and beseech anew to consent that I may prosecute my journey.'—'God grant your departure may be so happy,' said the duchess, 'that we may always hear good news of Don Quixote's exploits. Go, then, a-God's name; for the longer you stay, your presence blows up the fire the more fiercely in the bosoms of the damsels who behold you: as for mine, I will chastize her in such a manner, that from henceforward she shall never transgress either in word or deed.'—'One word more, however, I beg thou wilt hear me speak, O valiant Don Quixote!' said Altisidora, 'I crave pardon for having taxed you with the garters; for as I shall answer to Heaven and my own conscience, they are now upon my legs; and I have been guilty of a mistake, like the man who went in search of his ass, while he was mounted on his back.'—'Did not I tell you so?' cried the squire: 'I should be a rare fellow indeed, to receive and conceal stolen goods; had I been that way inclined, I might have had opportunity enough in my government.'

Don Quixote bowing his head, made a profound reverence to the duke and duchess, and all the spectators; then turning Rozinante, and being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, he set out from the castle, directing his course to Saragossa.

CHAP. VI.

SHEWING HOW ADVENTURES
 THRONGED UPON DON QUIXOTE
 SO THICK AS TO ENTANGLE ONE ANOTHER.

WHEN Don Quixote found himself in the open field, free and disembarassed from the complaints of Altisidora,

Altisidora, he seemed to be placed in the very center of his own wish, and to enjoy a renovation of spirits, in order to prosecute anew the aim of his chivalry. Turning, therefore, to his squire, 'Sancho,' said he, 'liberty is one of the most precious gifts which Heaven hath bestowed on man, exceeding all the treasures which earth incloses, or which ocean hides; and for this blessing, as well as for honour, we may and ought to venture life itself: on the other hand, captivity and restraint are the greatest evils that human nature can endure. I make this observation, Sancho, because thou hast seen the delicacies and the plenty with which we were entertained in that castle: yet, in the midst of those savoury banquets, and ice-cooled potations, I thought myself confined within the very straits of famine, because I did not enjoy the treat with that liberty which I should have felt, had it been my own; for obligations incurred by benefits and favours received, are fetters which hamper the freeborn soul. Happy is he to whom Heaven hath sent a morsel of bread, for which he is obliged to none but Heaven itself.'

'But notwithstanding all that your worship hath said,' replied Sancho, 'we, for our parts, ought not to be ungrateful, considering the two hundred crowns of gold which the duke's steward gave me in a purse, and which, as a plaister and a cordial, I keep next my heart, in case of emergency; for we shall not always find such castles where we can be entertained; on the contrary, we may sometimes stumble upon sorry inns, where we shall be soundly cudgelled.'

With this and other such discourse, the two errants, knight and squire, amused themselves while they proceeded on their journey. Having travelled a little more than a league, they perceived upon a green spot of ground, about a dozen countrymen at dinner, with their cloaks spread under them; and hard by, certain white sheets at some distance from one another, that seemed to cover something, above which they were raised up and stretched with great care and caution. Don Quixote approaching the men, first of all saluted them courteously, and then asked what it was they covered so carefully with these

pieces of linen. 'Signior,' replied one of the countrymen, 'under these sheets are carved images for an altar-piece to be set up in our town; we cover them in this manner, that they may not be sullied, and carry them upon our shoulders that they may not be broken.'—'If you please,' replied the knight, 'I should be glad to see them; they must certainly be good images, which you so carefully convey.'—'Good!' cried the other; 'aye, that the price of them will declare: I can assure you there is not one of them that does not cost above fifty ducats; and that your worship may be convinced of the truth of what I say, stay a moment, and you shall see it with your own eyes.'

So saying, he left his dinner, and rising up, uncovered the first piece, which represented St. George on horseback, with his lance thrust into the throat of a serpent coiled at his feet, exhibiting all the fierceness with which that animal is usually painted; and the whole groupe looked, as the saying is, like a flame of gold.

Don Quixote, immediately recognizing the subject, 'This knight,' said he, 'was one of the best errants that ever signalized themselves in divine warfare; his name was St. George, and he was, moreover, a protector of damsels. Let us see the next,' which, when displayed, appeared to be the image of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with the beggar. Don Quixote no sooner beheld it, than he said to Sancho, 'This knight was also one of the Christian adventurers, and, I believe, more liberal than valiant, as thou mayest perceive by this circumstance of dividing his cloak and giving one half to the beggar; and, doubtless, this incident must have happened in the winter season, otherwise the saint was so charitable he would have given the whole.'—'Nay, that surely was not the case,' replied the squire; 'but he held fast by the old proverb, which says, The man in wisdom must be old, who knows in giving where to hold.'

Don Quixote smiled at this remark, and desired the man to lift the third cover, under which appeared the figure of the patron of Spain on horseback, with his bloody sword, trampling down and bruising the heads of the Moors. Don

Quixote seeing this representation, exclaimed, 'Ah! this is a knight, and chief in the squadrons of Christ; his name is Don San Diego Mata Moros*, and he was one of the most valiant saints and knights which earth ever produced, or heaven now contains.' Then they unveiled the fourth, which exhibited St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually set forth in the picture of his conversion, so lively represented, that one would have almost thought Christ was speaking and Paul answering the voice. 'This,' said Don Quixote, 'was the most bitter enemy the church of God ever had; while our Lord and Saviour was on earth, and afterwards the greatest defender it will ever have: a knight-errant in his life, and a perfect saint in his death; an unwearied labourer in the vineyard of our Lord, a teacher of the Gentiles, schooled by Heaven, and whose professor and master was Jesus Christ himself.'

There being no other images to see, Don Quixote desired the man to cover up those he had examined; and addressing himself to the bearers, 'Brothers,' said he, 'I look upon it as a good omen to have met with these images; for these saints and knights were of my profession, which is the exercise of arms: with this difference, however, they were saints, and fought in a divine manner; and I, who am a sinner, fight in the manner of men. They conquered Heaven by the force of their arms; for the kingdom of Heaven suffers violence; whereas, I know not, hitherto, what I have conquered by the toils and troubles I have undergone: but if my Dulcinea del Toboso should be delivered from those she now sustains, my fortune will be bettered, my judgment repaired, and perhaps my steps may be directed through a better path than that which I at present follow.'

This declaration was closed with an exclamation of Sancho, who cried aloud, 'The Lord give ear, I pray; and sin be deaf for aye!' The men were equally astonished at the knight's appearance and discourse, one half of

which they did not understand; nevertheless, they made an end of their meal, shouldered their images, and taking leave of Don Quixote, pursued their journey. Sancho was, on this occasion, as much astonished at the learning of his master, as if he had never known him before that day; and imagined there was not an history or event in the whole world, that was not decyphered on his nail, or nailed to his memory. 'Truly, master of mine,' said he, 'if what has happened to us to-day, may be called an adventure, it is the most sweet and delicious of all that have yet befallen us in the whole course of our peregrinations; from this we have escaped with whole skins and fearless hearts; we have neither unsheathed our swords, battered the earth with our poor carcases, nor are we left in a starving condition; blessed be God who hath spared me to see this good luck with my own eyes!'—'Thou sayest well, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'but thou must take notice, that all times are not the same, nor equally fortunate; and those incidents which the vulgar call omens, though not founded on any natural reason, have, even by persons of sagacity, been held and deemed as fair and fortunate. One of these superstitious omen-mongers rises in the morning, goes abroad, chances to meet a friar belonging to the beatified St. Francis; and as if he had encountered a dragon in his way, runs back to his own house with fear and consternation. Another Foresight† by accident scatters the salt upon the table, by which fear and melancholy are scattered through his heart; as if nature was obliged to foretel future misfortunes by such trivial signs and tokens; whereas, a prudent man and a good Christian will not so minutely scrutinize the purposes of Heaven: Scipio chancing to fall in landing upon the coast of Africk, and perceiving that his soldiers looked upon this accident as a bad omen, he embraced the soil with seeming eagerness, saying, "Thou shalt not scape me, Africk; for I have thee fast within my arms." Therefore, San-

* Moor-killer.

† The original word is Mendoza, the name of a great family in Spain, one of whom was remarkably superstitious.

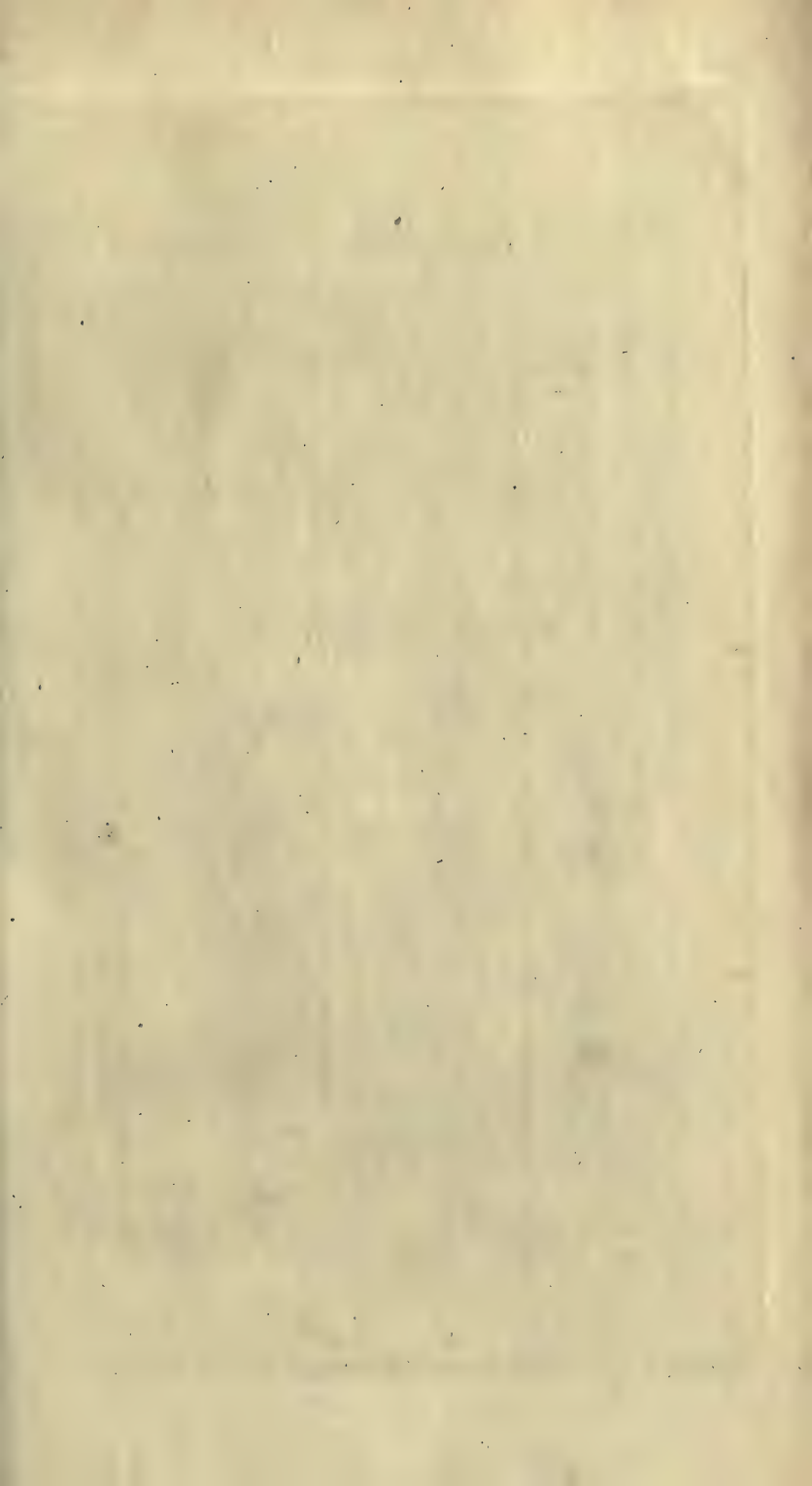
‘cho, my meeting with those images I consider as a most happy encounter.’ — ‘I am of the same opinion,’ answered the squire; ‘but I wish your worship would be pleased to tell me, for what reason the Spaniards, when they join battle, and invoke that same St. Diego Mata Moros, cry, “St. Jago!” and “Close, Spain!” Is Spain cloven in such a manner, as to want closing; or what is the meaning of that ceremony?’ — ‘Sancho,’ replied the knight, ‘thy simplicity is very great. You must know, that God has given this great Knight of the Red Cross, as a patron and protector to Spain, especially in those dreadful battles fought against the Moors. The Spaniards, therefore, invoke and call upon him as their defender on all such occasions; nay, many times hath he been seen overthrowing, trampling, slaying, and destroying the squadrons of the children of Hagar*; and of this truth I could convince thee by many examples recorded in the authentick histories of Spain†.’

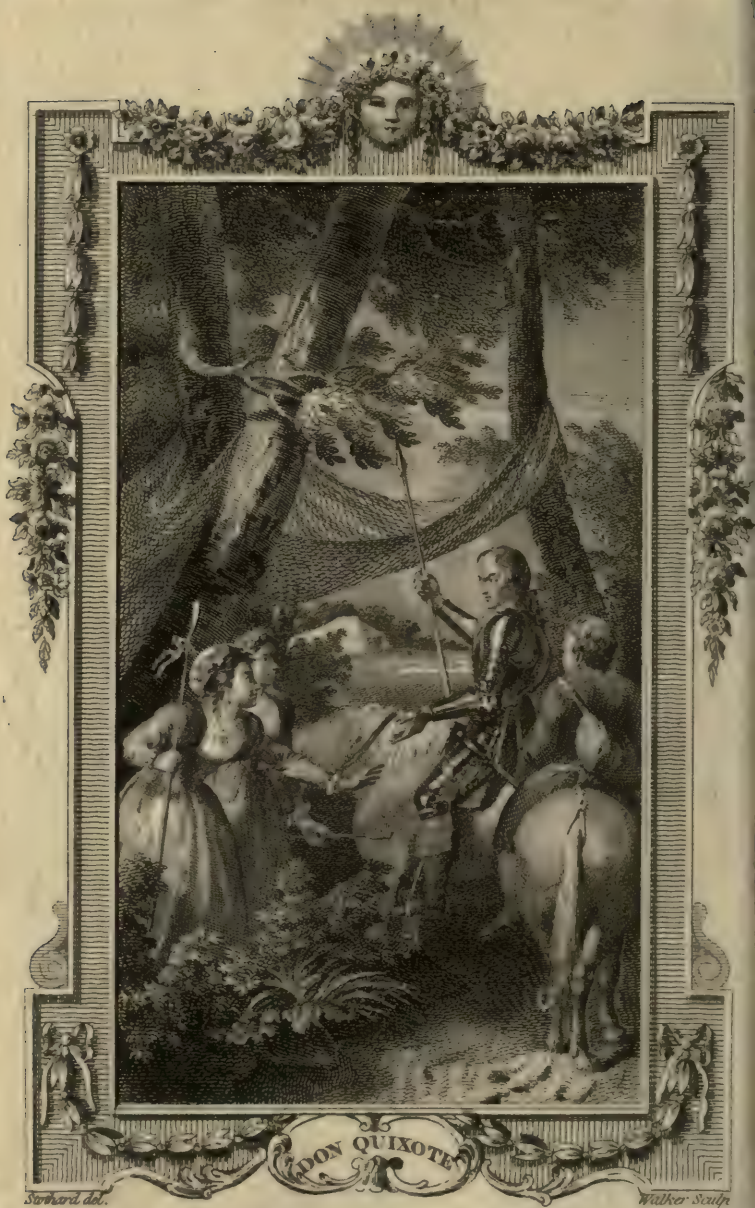
Sancho changing the subject of conversation, ‘Signior,’ said he, ‘I was astonished at the boldness of her grace’s damsel, Altisidora. I faith! she must be rarely pricked and stabbed by him they call Cupid; who, they say, is a mischievous blind boy, and is able with those bleared eyes of his; or rather with no eyes at all, if once he takes aim, to pierce through and through with his arrows, the smallest heart that ever was seen. I have also heard it observed, that by the modesty and reserve of young women, those same amorous shafts are blunted and broken; but in Altisidora they seem to be rather whetted than blunted.’ — ‘Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘you must know that love has no respect of persons; nor, in his progress, does he confine himself within the bounds of reason; indeed he is of the same disposition with death; for he assaults the lofty palaces of kings, as well as the humble cottages of swains. When he once has

taken full possession of the soul, his first exploit is to expel fear and modesty; and without these did Altisidora declare her passion, which engendered not pity, but confusion in my breast.’ — ‘O monstrous and notorious cruelty!’ cried Sancho, ‘unheard of ingratitude! I can say for myself, that the least kind word from her would have subdued and made me her bond-slave. Ah, the son of a whore! what a heart of marble, bowels of brass, and soul of plaister! — But I cannot, for the blood of me, conceive what the damsel could see in your worship, to tame and bring her to such an humble pass; what finery, what good humour, what gentility could she observe about your person? or what beauty could she spy in that face? for women are taken with these qualities either severally or conjunctly. Verily, verily, I have often stopped to survey your worship from the sole of your foot to the last hair upon your scull; and I protest before God! I think, you would be more apt to frighten than to captivate a fair lady; and as I have, moreover, heard it said, that beauty is the chief and principal article that inspires love, your worship being quite destitute of that commodity, I cannot imagine what the poor creature was in love with.’ — ‘Take notice, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘there are two kinds of beauty, one of the mind, and another of the body: that of the mind displays itself in the understanding, in honourable and virtuous behaviour, in a liberality of disposition, and in good breeding; now, all these qualifications may center in an ugly man; and when this kind of beauty, preferable to that of the body, is the object of admiration, it produces love that glows with equal impetuosity and advantage. For my own part, Sancho, I can easily see that I am not beautiful; but I likewise know I am not deformed; and a gentleman who is not altogether monstrous, may inspire the most ardent love, provided he is in possession

* The Moors are said to be descended from Hagar.

† Sancho must have been very simple indeed, to be satisfied with this explanation, which does not even hint at the main point of his question; namely, why do the Spanish soldiers, when they charge their enemy, cry, ‘Close, Spain.’ A phrase of encouragement, by which the soldiers exhort one another to do their duty, and close with the foe.





‘ of those qualities of the mind which
‘ I have mentioned.’

Thus discoursing together they entered a wood, at a small distance from the highway; and, all of a sudden, without dreaming of any such lett or impediment, Don Quixote found himself entangled among some nets of green thread, which were spread and stretched from tree to tree. As he could not conceive the meaning of this phenomenon, ‘ I believe,’ said he to Sancho, ‘ that this of the nets must be one of the newest adventures that ever were imagined or contrived. Let me die if the enchanters by whom I am persecuted, have not a mind to entangle me in them and obstruct my journey, in revenge for my rigour and indifference towards Altisidora! But I shall give them to understand, that although these nets, instead of thread, were made of the hardest adamant, and stronger than that in which the jealous God of blacksmiths caught Mars and Venus together, I would break through them as easily as if they were of rushes and unspun cotton.’

So saying, he endeavoured to proceed and destroy this obstacle, when all at once, from a tuft of trees, came forth two most beautiful shepherdesses, at least they were clad like shepherdesses, though their jackets and petticoats were of fine brocade—I say, their petticoats were of the richest gold tabby; their hair hung loose upon their shoulders, and in shining might have vied with the rays of Apollo himself; their heads were adorned with garlands of green laurel, interwoven with sprigs of red amaranth; and their age seemed to be neither under fifteen, nor turned of eighteen; a sight that struck Sancho with admiration, the knight with surprise, and suspended the sun in the middle of his career. All the four, for some time, remained in silent wonder; and at length, the first who spoke was one of the two country maidens, who, addressing herself to Don Quixote, ‘ Forbear, Sir Knight,’ said she, ‘ and do not break our nets, which, I assure you, were not spread for your inconvenience, but merely for our own pastime: and because I know you will ask for what reason they are placed, and who we are, I will satisfy your curiosity in a few words. At a village about two leagues from

‘ hence, which is inhabited by many
‘ people of fortune and fashion, it was
‘ agreed among a number of friends
‘ and relations, that they, their wives,
‘ sons, daughters, neighbours, friends
‘ and kinsfolks, should come and enjoy
‘ the fine season in this spot, which
‘ is the most agreeable situation in all
‘ this country; and here form a new
‘ pastoral Arcadia, the girls being habited
‘ like shepherdesses, and the
‘ young men like swains. We have
‘ studied two eclogues; one of the famous
‘ poet Garcilasso, and another
‘ of the most excellent Camoens, in
‘ his own Portuguese language; though
‘ they are not yet represented, for we
‘ arrived only yesterday. Among these
‘ trees we have pitched some field-tents,
‘ upon the banks of a plentiful stream
‘ which fertilizes all these meadows;
‘ and last night we spread these nets
‘ from tree to tree, in order to deceive
‘ and catch the simple little birds,
‘ which, frightened by the noise we
‘ make, may fly into the snare: if you
‘ chuse to be our guest, Signior, you
‘ shall be treated liberally and courteously,
‘ for at present neither melancholy
‘ nor disgust shall enter this
‘ place.’

Here she left off speaking; and Don Quixote replied, ‘ Assuredly, most beautiful nymph, Asteon himself could not be seized with more surprize and admiration, when he all of a sudden beheld Diana bathing, than that which but now overwhelmed me at sight of such uncommon charms! I applaud the scheme of your entertainments and diversions; I thank you heartily for your courteous proffer, and if I can serve you in any shape, you may command me, with full assurance of being obeyed; for I have chosen this profession solely because it consists in being grateful and benevolent to all mankind, especially to persons of rank such as your appearance declares you to be; and if these nets, which I suppose occupy but a small space, were extended over the whole circumference of the globe, I would find new worlds through which I might pass, rather than by breaking the least mesh, run the risque of interrupting your diversion. That you may give some credit to this exaggeration, be pleased to take notice, that he who makes it is no other than

‘Don Quixote de La Mancha, if per-
adventure such a name hath ever
reached your ears.’

The young lady no sooner heard these words, than turning to the other shepherdes, ‘O my dear companion!’ cried she, ‘what an happy incident is this! that there knight, I assure thee, is the most valiant, enamoured, and courteous person in the whole world, if we are not misled and deceived by the printed history of his exploits, which I have read from end to end; and I’ll lay a wager that honest man who accompanies him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantry is above all comparifon.’—‘You are in the right,’ said Sancho; ‘I am that same pleasant fellow and loyal squire whom your ladyship hath so honourably mentioned; and that gentleman is my master, the very individual historified and aforesaid Don Quixote de La Mancha.’

‘Good now, my dear,’ said the other, ‘let us beseech them to stay; our fathers and brothers will be infinitely pleased with their conversation; for I have likewise heard the same account of the knight’s valour and the squire’s pleasantry: as for Don Quixote, in particular, he is said to be the most constant and loyal lover that ever was known; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, who bears away the palm of beauty from all the ladies in Spain.’—‘Aye, and justly too,’ said the knight; ‘unless your unequalled beauty should invalidate her claim. Weary not yourselves, fair ladies, in persuading me to stay; for the indispensible duties of my profession will not allow me to rest in any place whatever.’

Just as he pronounced these words, they were joined by a brother of one of the two nymphs, clad likewise in the fashion of a shepherd, though his dress, in point of richness and gaiety, corresponded with that of the ladies, who told him that the gentleman on horseback was the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, and the other his squire Sancho, whose characters he already knew from his having perused their history. The gallant youth paid his compliments, and pressed Don Quixote to accompany them to the tents, in such a manner that he could not help com-

plying. Then setting up the shout, the nets were filled with different kinds of little birds, which, deceived by the colour of the meshes, flew precipitately into the very danger they sought to avoid.

In this place they were joined by above thirty persons, gaily clad like shepherds and shepherdesses, who were immediately informed of the names of Don Quixote and his squire; a circumstance which afforded them no small satisfaction, as the history had already made them acquainted with the characters of both.

Repairing to the tents, where they found tables ready furnished with elegance and abundance, they complimented the knight with the place of honour, and all the company gazed upon him with admiration. At length, when the cloth was taken away, Don Quixote raising his voice, thus harangued them with great solemnity: ‘Of all the crimes which mankind commit, though some say pride is the greatest, I affirm that ingratitude is the most atrocious, adhering to the common supposition, that hell is crouded with the ungrateful. This crime I have, as much as in me lies, endeavoured to avoid ever since the first moment in which I could exercise my reason; and though I may not be able to repay in kind the benefits which I receive, I substitute the will for the deed: when that is not sufficient, I publish them to the world; for he that promulgates the favours he has received, would also requite them with equal generosity, if it was in his power to make such recompence. But, for the most part, people who receive benefits are inferior to those who bestow them; and, therefore, God is above all, because he is the fountain of all good things. Yet there is an infinite difference between the benefits conferred by men and those bestowed by God, so as to reject all comparifon; and this narrowness and insufficiency on our part, is in some measure supplied by gratitude. Now, I being grateful for the favours you have done me, which I cannot repay in the same measure, and being hampered by the narrow limits of my ability, must offer that which is in my power to present; I say, therefore, that I will, for

for two natural days, in the middle of that high-road that leads to Saragossa, maintain that the ladies here present, disguised in pastoral habits, are the most fair and courteous damsels in the whole world, excepting always and only, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to the honourable hearers be it spoken.'

Here Sancho, who had stood listening attentively to what he said, exclaimed with great vociferation; 'Is it possible, now, that there can be persons in the world, who have the presumption to say and swear that my master is a madman? Pray tell me, gentlemen and ladies, shepherds and shepherdesses, is there ever a country-curate in Spain, let him be never so wise and learned, that could say what my master has just now said; or is there a knight-errant, let him be never so famed for valour, who could make such an offer as my master has made?'

Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with rage and indignation in his countenance, 'Miserant,' said he, 'is it possible there should be a person upon earth who would not say thou art stark mad, and that thy soul is lined and bordered with fillets of malice and knavery? By what authority, wretch! art thou entitled to intermeddle in my affairs, and give thy opinion whether my brain be sound or crazy? Seal up thy lips, and make no reply; but saddle Rozinante, if he is without his saddle, and let us go immediately and perform my promise; for as I have justice on my side, you may deem all those who shall contradict my assertion as already vanquished.'

So saying, he rose from his seat with great fury and demonstrations of wrath, leaving the whole company astonished, and doubting whether they should consider him as a lunatick or person of sound intellects. However, they endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing such a declaration, saying they took his gratitude for granted, and that there was no need of new proofs to demonstrate his valour, seeing those were sufficient which they had seen recorded in the history of his achievements.

Notwithstanding this remonstrance, the knight executed his design; he

mounted Rozinante, embraced his shield, and, grasping his lance, posted himself in the middle of the king's highway, which was not far from their verdant habitation, being followed by Sancho upon Dapple, and the whole flock of those pastoral gentry, who were curious to see the issue of his arrogant and hitherto unseen enterprize.

Having taken possession of the ground, he wounded the very vault of heaven with the loudness of the tone in which he pronounced these words: 'O ye passengers and travellers, knights, squires, persons on horseback or afoot, who come or are to come this way, within the space of two days, from this present hour, know that Don Quixote de La Mancha, knight-errant, is here posted to maintain that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and woods, excel in beauty and courtesy all the ladies upon earth, exclusive of Dulcinea del Toboso, the mistress of my soul. Let him who thinks the contrary, advance; here I am ready to receive him.'

Twice did he repeat this declaration, and twice was it repeated unheard by any knight-adventurer; but fortune, which was bent upon directing his affairs to better purpose, ordained, that in a very little time, he descried upon the road a great number of men on horseback, some of them armed with lances, riding towards him in great haste, and all in a cluster. Those who were with Don Quixote no sooner perceived this troop, than they turned their backs and retired a good way from the road, knowing that some mischief would befall them, should they keep their ground: the knight alone maintained his post with an undaunted heart, and Sancho Panza shielded himself with the flanks of Rozinante.

When this troop of lancemen advanced, one of them that rode before the rest, began to halloo as loud as he could cry to Don Quixote, 'Get out of the way, thou servant of the devil, or these bulls will trample thee to dust!'—'So ho, caittiffs!' replied the knight; 'your bulls shall not avail against me, even though they are the fiercest that ever fed upon the banks of Xarama; confess, ye miscreants, unsight, unseen, the truth of what I have proclaimed, or meet my vengeance in the field of battle.'

The herdsman had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to retire, had he been never so willing; so that the drove of wild bulls and tame cattle, together with a multitude of drivers and other people employed to convey them to a place, where, in a few days, they were to be baited—the whole throng, I say, passed over the bellies of Don Quixote, Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, whom they in a twinkling overthrew and rolled in the mire, in such a manner that the squire was squeezed as flat as a pancake, his master astonished, Dapple terribly bruised, and Rozinante in no very catholick condition. At length, however, all the four got upon their legs; and Don Quixote, staggering here, and tumbling there, began to pursue the drove on foot, calling aloud, ‘Halt, and wait a little, ye felonious plebeians; he is a single knight who defies you to the combat, and not of the disposition and opinion of those who say, “Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.”’

But notwithstanding all his exclamation, the drovers did not slacken their pace, or mind his threats, more than they minded last year’s weather. Don Quixote being so tired, that he could run no farther, sat down upon the side of the road, more incensed than revenged, and waited for Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple, who soon arrived. Then the knight and squire, mounting their beasts, proceeded on their journey with more shame than satisfaction; and never dreamed of returning to take a formal leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia.

CHAP. VII.

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED THE EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE, AND MAY WELL PASS FOR AN ADVENTURE.

THE dust and drought which Don Quixote and Sancho derived from the uncivil behaviour of the bulls, were remedied by a clear and limpid stream which they had the good fortune to find in a cool shade, and on the margin of which this down-trodden pair, the master and man, seated themselves, after Rozinante and Dapple were unbri-

dled and unhaltered, and left to the freedom of their own will. Sancho immediately had recourse to the store of his wallet, from which he drew forth what he usually called his belly-timber; but not before he had rinsed his mouth, and his master had washed his own face, in consequence of which refreshment they recovered their exhausted spirits. Nevertheless, Don Quixote forbore eating, out of pure vexation, while Sancho, who durst not touch the food that was before him, waited, out of pure good-manners, until his master should begin. Seeing, however, the knight, so absorbed in his own imagination, that he forgot to lift the bread to his mouth, he, without letting one word escape his own, but trampling under foot all kind of good-breeding, began to cram his paunch with the bread and cheese which constituted his provision. ‘Eat, friend Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and support life, which is of more importance to thee than to me, and leave me to die by the strength of imagination and the severity of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayest be convinced of this truth, consider me recorded in history, renowned in arms, courteous in demeanour, respected by princes, courted by damsels; and, after all, when I expected palms, triumphs, crowns of laurel, obtained and merited by my valiant achievements, I have, this morning, seen myself trampled, spurned, and bruised, by the feet of filthy, unclean animals! This consideration blunts my teeth, stupifies my grinders, benumbs my hands, and deprives me wholly of appetite; so that I believe I shall die of hunger, the most cruel of all deaths.’—‘At that rate,’ answered the squire, without suspending the action of his jaws, ‘your worship will not approve of the proverb, which says, Let Martha die, but not for lack of pye. At least I, for my own part, have no intention to starve myself; on the contrary, I am resolved to follow the example of the corderwainer who stretches the leather with his teeth until it is sufficient for his purpose; now, I will also employ my teeth in stretching out my life with eating, to that end which is ordained

‘dained by Heaven; and you must know, Signior, that it is the greatest madness in nature to seek to despair like your worship. Take my advice; eat a little for refreshment, and then take a nap upon the green couch of this delightful grass, and when you awake you will see how much you’ll be relieved.’

The knight relished his advice, which he thought savoured more of the philosopher than of the ideot; and said to him, ‘Now, Sancho, if thou wouldst do that for me which I am going to mention, my relief would be more certain, and my affliction diminished: my proposal is, that while I sleep, in compliance with thy advice, thou wouldst go aside a little farther, and, exposing thy flesh to the air, bestow upon it, with the reins of Rozinante’s bridle, three or four hundred stripes, of the three thousand three hundred which thou hast undertaken to endure for the disincantment of Dulcinea; for it is a lamentable circumstance that the poor lady should remain so long enchanted, through thy carelessness and neglect.’ — ‘There is much to be said on that subject,’ replied Sancho: ‘let us both go to sleep in the mean time; and afterwards God must ordain that which will come to pass. Your worship must know, that it requires great resolution in a man to scourge himself in cold blood; especially when the stripes fall upon a body which is poorly fed and supported: let my Lady Dulcinea have a little patience; when she least thinks of it, she will see my body scourged into a perfect sieve; and while there is life there is hope; my meaning is, that while I hold life, I shall never quit the desire of performing my promise.’

Don Quixote, thanking him for his good-will, took a little sustenance, Sancho ate voraciously, and then both laid themselves down to sleep, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, those two friends and inseparable companions, at full liberty to feed without restraint, upon the luxuriant grass with which the meadow abounded.

The day being far spent before they awoke, they remounted their cattle, and pursued their journey with uncommon expedition, in order to reach an inn

which they desired at a league’s distance. I say, an inn, because it was so called by Don Quixote, contrary to his former custom of mistaking every inn for a castle. When they arrived at this place of entertainment, they asked if they could be accommodated with lodging; and the landlord replied in the affirmative, telling them, at the same time, that his house afforded as good conveniences and entertainment as could be found in the whole city of Saragossa. They alighted accordingly, and Sancho carried his bags into an apartment, of which the innkeeper gave him the key; then he led the cattle to the stable, where he gave them their allowance; from thence he went to receive the commands of his master, who had sat down upon a bench, and thanked Heaven in a particular manner, that Don Quixote had not committed his usual mistake. They retired to their chamber, and supper-time approaching, Sancho desired to know what they could have for that meal. To this interrogation mine host replied, that his taste should be fitted to a hair, and that he might bespeak what he liked best; for, as far as the birds of the air, the fowls of the land, and the fish of the sea could go, he would find the house provided. ‘Less than all that will serve,’ answered Sancho: ‘we shall be satisfied with a couple of chickens roasted; for my master has a very delicate taste, and eats but little; and as for myself, I am not a very unconscionable cormorant.’

The other frankly owned he had no chickens; for the kites had destroyed the whole brood. ‘Well, then, Mr. Landlord,’ said the squire, ‘you may order a pullet to be put to the fire; but see it be very tender.’ — ‘A pullet!’ cried the innkeeper; ‘body o’ my father! now, as I’m an honest man, I sent above half a hundred yesterday to market; but setting aside pullets, you may have what you will.’ — ‘If that be the case,’ said Sancho, ‘there will be no want of veal or kid.’ — ‘At present,’ replied the innkeeper, ‘there is really none in the house; we are just out of these articles; but next week we shall have enough and to spare.’ — ‘To be sure, we shall be much the better for that!’ answered Sancho; ‘I’ll lay a wager all these wants will be supplied with plenty of eggs’

‘eggs and bacon.’ — ‘Fore God!’ said the host, ‘my guest has an admirable knack at guessing; I have told him there is neither hen nor pullet in the house, and he would have me treat him with eggs*! Shift about, if you please, to some other delicacies, and think no more of poultry.’

‘Body o’ me!’ cried Sancho, ‘let us come to some resolution; tell me at once what is in the house, and pray, Mr. Landlord, no more of your shiftings.’ — ‘What I really and truly can afford,’ said the innkeeper, ‘is a dish of cow-heel, so delicate they might be taken for calves-feet; or you may call them calves-feet, that might pass for cow-heel. They are stewed with pease, onions, and bacon, and this blessed minute cry, “Come, eat me; come, eat me.”’ —

‘I mark them for my own,’ cried Sancho, ‘from henceforth for ever, amen. Let no man touch the mels, for which I will pay you handsomely; for nothing in the whole world could be more agreeable to my taste; and, provided I have cow-heel, the calves-feet may go to the devil.’ — ‘No man shall interfere with you,’ replied the landlord; ‘as for the other company in the house, they, out of pure gentility, bring along with them their own cook, butler, and sumpter-mule.’

— ‘Nay, as for gentility,’ said the squire, ‘no man has more of that than my master; but his profession will not admit of travelling-stores and butteries: lack-a-day! we lay ourselves down in the middle of a green field, and fill our bellies with med-lars and acorns.’ Such was the conversation, that passed between the innkeeper and Sancho; who would not, however, go any greater lengths in satisfying the curiosity of mine host, who was very desirous to know the office or profession of his master.

Supper being ready, Don Quixote retired to his apartment, whither the landlord brought the pot just as it was, and very decently sat down to partake of the meal. At that instant, the knight heard people talking in the next room, from which he was divided only by a partition of lath, and could plainly distinguish these words: ‘As you hope to live, Don Geronimo, I conjure you, as supper is not yet ready,

to read another chapter of the second part of Don Quixote de La Mancha.’

The knight, hearing his own name mentioned, started up immediately, and listening with great attention, heard Geronimo reply to this effect: ‘What pleasure can you have in reading such absurdities, Don John? No person who has seen the first part of the history of Don Quixote de La Mancha, can possibly be entertained with this which is called the second.’ — ‘Nevertheless,’ said Don John, it will not be amiss to read a little; for there is no book so bad as to contain nothing that deserves regard. What displeases me most in this performance is, the author’s describing Don Quixote as altogether disengaged and detached from Dulcinea del Toboso.’

The knight, hearing this remark, was filled with rage and vexation, and exclaimed aloud, ‘If any person whatever affirms that Don Quixote de La Mancha either has forgotten or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will, with equal arms, make him know and own, that his assertion is far distant from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot possibly be forgot; nor is Don Quixote susceptible of forgetfulness: his motto is Constancy, which he professes to maintain with gentleness and suavity of manners.’ — ‘Who is he that answers?’ cried the voice. ‘Who should it be,’ replied Sancho, ‘but Don Quixote de La Mancha, in his own person, who will make good whatever he has said, and whatever he shall say; for, A good paymaster wants no pawn.’

Scarcely had the squire pronounced these words, when two gentlemen, for such they appeared, entered the apartment; and one of them throwing his arms about Don Quixote’s neck, ‘Your appearance,’ said he, ‘does not belye your name, and your name cannot but give credit to your appearance. Without all doubt, you, Signior, are the true Don Quixote de La Mancha, the north-star and luminary of knight-errantry, maugre and in despite of him who has thought proper to usurp your name, and annihilate your exploits; I mean, the author of this here book:’ which he took from his companion, and put in-

* Why might not this innkeeper have had eggs in his house, as he had sent no less than fifty pullets to market the very day before?

to the hand of Don Quixote; who, without answering one word, began to turn over the leaves, and in a very little time gave it back to the stranger, saying, 'In the little I have read, I find three things worthy of reprehension in the author; first, some expressions in the prologue or preface; secondly, his using the Arragonian dialect, and writing sometimes without articles; and thirdly, that which confirms my opinion of his ignorance, his erring and deviating from the truth in the most material circumstances of the history; for he says, the wife of my squire Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, whereas her name is Teresa Panza; now, if he blunders in such an essential circumstance, we may justly conclude that his whole history is full of mistakes*.'

'A pleasant historian, i'faith!' cried Sancho: 'he must be well acquainted with our adventures, to be sure, when he calls my dame Teresa by the name of Mary Gutierrez! Take the book again, Signior, and see if he has lugged me in, too, under a borrowed name!'—'From what you have said, friend,' replied Don Geronimo, 'I find you must certainly be Sancho Panza, squire to Signior Don Quixote.'—'Even so,' answered the squire; and I am proud of the occupation.'—'Then, in good sooth!' said the cavalier, 'this author has not treated you so handsomely as from your appearance I conclude you deserve; he represents you as a gormandizer, a simpleton without the least vein of humour or pleasantry; and, in short, quite different from the Sancho described in the first part of the history of your master!'—'The Lord in heaven forgive him!' cried Sancho: 'he might have let me sleep in my corner, without remembering there was such a sinner as me upon the face of the earth: for, He that has skill should handle the quill; and, I know that St. Peter is well at Rome.'

The two gentlemen invited Don

Quixote to sup with them in their apartment, as they knew the inn could not afford any thing proper for his entertainment; and the knight, who was always the pink of courtesy, complied with their request; so that Sancho, remaining undisputed master of the pot, *Cum mero mixto imperio*, he seated himself at the head of the table, in company with the landlord, who vied with him in affection for the cow-heel and calves-feet.

Don John, in the course of the conversation at supper, asked what news Don Quixote had concerning the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso: he begged to know if she was married, brought to bed, or in a state of pregnancy; or, if still single, she, as far as modesty and decorum would permit, smiled upon the passion of her lover Don Quixote. 'Dulcinea,' answered the knight, 'is still unmarried, and my passion more intense than ever: our correspondence stands on the old footing, and her beauty is transformed into the appearance of a base-born, rustick wench.'

Then he, in a very circumstantial manner, related the enchantment of his mistress, together with his adventure in the cave of Montesinos, and the means prescribed by the sage Merlin for her relief; namely, the flagellation of Sancho.

Unspeakable was the satisfaction which the two cavaliers enjoyed in hearing Don Quixote recount the strange incidents of his history; and they were equally astonished at the folly of his adventures and the elegance with which he related them: here they esteemed him as a man of sound understanding; and there he slipped through their opinion into the sink of madness; so that they could not determine what rank he should maintain between lunacy and discretion.

Meanwhile, Sancho having finished his meal, left his landlord more than half seas over; and entering the chamber where his master sat, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I'll be hanged if the author

* I am apt to believe that this remark was intended as an ironical sarcasm on the trivial observations of hypercriticks: for we cannot suppose Cervantes did not know, by this time, that he himself had, more than once, in the first part of this history, actually called Sancho's wife by the name of Mary Gutierrez; an oversight which I have taken notice of in the proper place.

† The proverb, in the original, alludes to a kind of tabor: as if one should say, 'He alone should attempt to play, who knows how to beat the tabor.'

‘ of that book your worships were talking of, has any mind or inclination that he and I should be messmates. Since he has given me the character of a glutton, as your worships have observed, I wish he may not have likewise called me a drunkard.’—‘ He has, indeed,’ replied Don Geronimo: ‘ but I do not remember the expression, though I know the words are very scurrilous and false above measure, as I can plainly perceive in the physiognomy of honest Sancho here present.’—‘ Take my word for it, noble gentlemen,’ said the squire, ‘ the Sancho and Don Quixote of that history must be persons quite different from those recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, who are no other than we ourselves, here standing and sitting in your presence: my master valiant, sagacious, and enamoured; and I simple, and withal pleasant, but neither sot nor gormandizer.’—‘ I believe what you say,’ replied Don John: ‘ and wish it were possible to obtain a mandate, prohibiting any person or persons from presuming to meddle with the affairs of the great Don Quixote, excepting Hamet, his original author; in the same manner as Alexander the Great decreed that no painter but Apelles should draw his portrait.’—‘ Any body may draw my portrait,’ said the knight; ‘ but let no man maltreat my character; for patience often falls to the ground, when it is overloaded with injuries.’—‘ No injury can be done to Don Quixote, but what he can easily revenge,’ answered Don John: ‘ unless he chuse rather to ward it off with the buckler of his patience, which, I believe, is both strong and ample.’

In this and other such conversation they spent great part of the night; and although Don John would fain have persuaded Don Quixote to read a little more of the book, that they might hear him descant upon particulars, he could not accomplish his purpose; the knight assuring him he considered it as good as read, and pronounced the whole an heap of absurdities; nor did he chuse that the author, who might perhaps hear it was in his hands, should have the satisfaction of thinking he had perused his performance; for, from objects of obscenity and turpi-

tude, not only the eyes but even the imagination ought to be kept sacred. When they asked, whither his course was at present directed, he told them he was bound for Saragossa, in order to signalize himself in the prize-jousts which are yearly solemnized in that city.

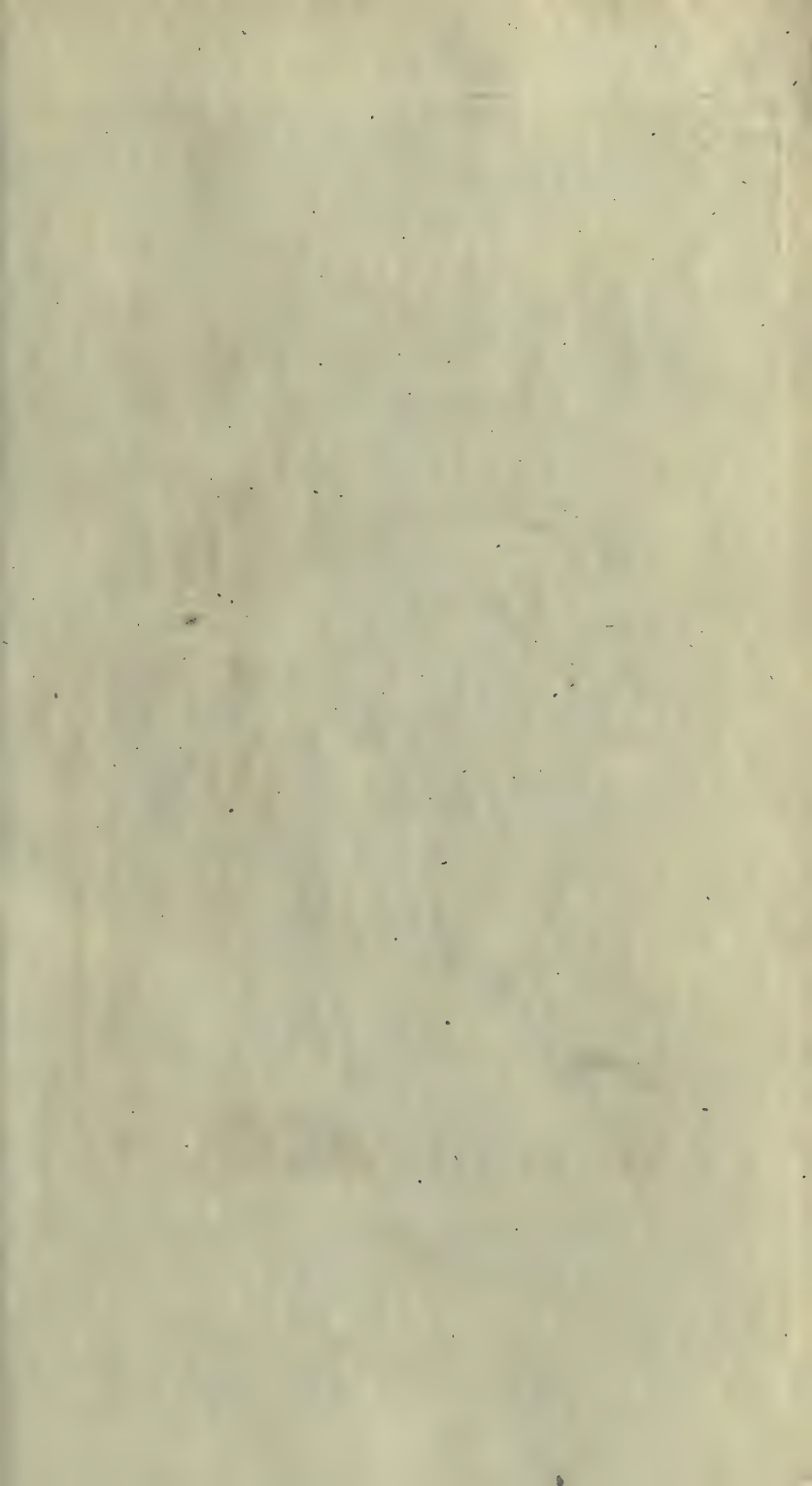
Then Don John gave him to understand that the new history gives an account of the spurious Don Quixote’s having been in that place at a course, the description of which was barren of invention, low in style, miserably poor in devices, and rich in nothing but folly and impertinence.—‘ For that very reason,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ I will not set foot in Saragossa, and so demonstrate to the wide world, the falsehood of this modern historian, and let the nations see I am not the Don Quixote whom he has described.’—‘ I applaud your resolution,’ replied Don Geronimo; ‘ and there will be a tournament in Barcelona, where Don Quixote will have an opportunity to signalize his valour.’—‘ And that I shall surely embrace,’ answered the knight: ‘ at present, gentlemen, as it is high time, you will give me leave to retire to bed; and I beg you will esteem and place me among the number of your most sincere friends and humble servants.’—‘ And me also,’ said Sancho: ‘ peradventure my service may be good for something.’ They accordingly took their leave, and retired to their apartment, leaving Don John and his companion astonished at the medley of sense and madness they had observed in his discourse: they believed, without hesitation, these to be the real Don Quixote and Sancho, and not the persons described by the Arragonian author.

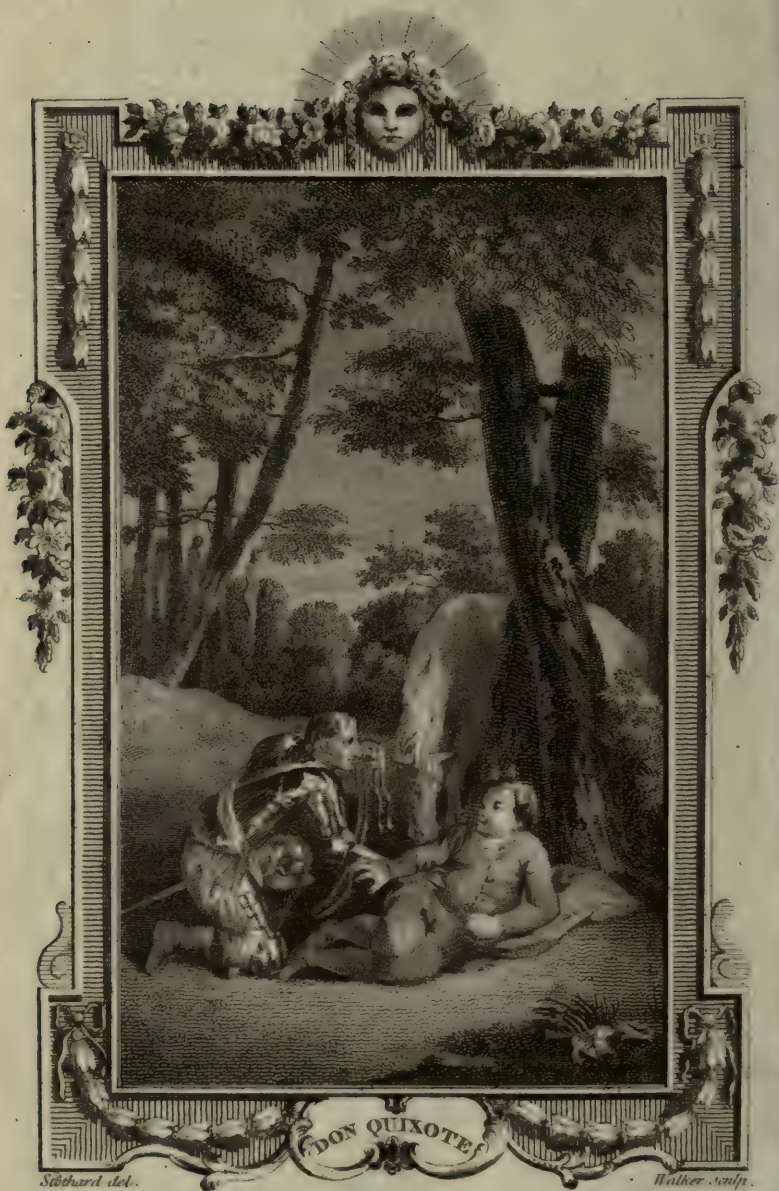
Don Quixote rising early next morning, tapped at the partition, and bade farewell to his entertainers: and Sancho paid his reckoning like a prince; advising the landlord, however, either to furnish his house better, or to brag less of his accommodations.

CHAP. VIII.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN HIS WAY TO BARCELONA.

THE morning was cold, and seemed to promise but little less for the day on which Don Quixote departed





parted from the inn, after having informed himself of the nearest road to Barcelona which he could travel without touching at Saragossa; so eager he was to fix the lye upon the new historian by whom they said he was so scurvily treated.

So it happened that he met with nothing worthy of record during six days; at the end of which, having quitted the high road, he was benighted among a thick cluster of oaks or cork-trees; for, in this particular, Cid Hamet has not preserved his usual punctuality. The master and man alighting from their beasts, and accommodating themselves at the roots of two separate trees, Sancho, who had laid in a good afternoon's luncheon, entered the gates of sleep abruptly, and without hesitation; whereas the knight, who was kept awake more by fancy than by hunger, could not close an eye; but, on the contrary, rambled in his imagination through a thousand different scenes. Sometimes he conceived himself to be in the cave of Montesinos; sometimes he thought he saw Dulcinea skipping and leaping upon her ass, in that dismal state of rustick transformation; and then his ears seemed to tingle with the words of the sage Merlin, who pronounced the conditions and endeavours to be observed and exerted for the disincantment of his mistress. He was driven almost to desperation, when he reflected on the sloth and uncharitable disposition of his squire Sancho, who, to the best of his belief, had hitherto given himself only five stripes; a number poor and inconsiderable in comparison with the infinite score unpaid: and this consideration overwhelmed him with such anxiety and chagrin, that he thus argued with his own bosom.

'If Alexander the Great ventured to cut the Gordian knot, on the supposition that cutting would be as effectual as untying it; and notwithstanding this violence, became sole master of all Asia, the same success may now attend my efforts in disincanting Dulcinea, should I scourge Sancho against his own consent; for if the condition of this remedy be, that Sancho shall receive three thousand three hundred stripes, what signifies it to me whether they are bestowed by his own hand, or that of some other person, seeing the essential

point is in his receiving them, from what quarter soever they may come?'

Inspired with this notion, he took the reins of Rozinante's bridle, which he formed into an instrument of flagellation; and, approaching the sleeping squire, began to untruss his points: indeed, it is the general opinion, that he had but one before which kept up his breeches. But scarce had he begun to perform this operation, when Sancho, shaking off the fetters of slumber at one start, exclaimed aloud, 'What's the matter? Who the devil is that so busy untrussing me while I'm asleep?' — 'It is I,' answered the knight, 'who mean to atone for thy omissions, and remedy my own misfortunes. I come to scourge thee, Sancho, and discharge some part of the debt which thou art obligated to pay. Dulcinea pines in a state of transformation; and, while thou livest at thine heart's ease, I am dying with desire: untie these points, therefore, of thy own free-will; for mine, I assure thee, is to afflict thy posteriors with two thousand stripes at least, before we quit this unfrequented place.' — 'By no manner of means!' cried Sancho; 'I advise your worship to be quiet, or, by the God of Israel! the deaf shall hear us: the stripes I have obliged myself to receive, must be given with my own free-will and consent, not by force or compulsion; and, at present, I have not the least inclination to discipline my own flesh: let it suffice, I give your worship my word and honour, that I will flog and fly-flap my carcase as soon as ever I find myself disposed for such exercise.' — 'I must not leave it to thy courtesy,' replied the knight; 'for thou hast a stony heart, and though a peasant, art very tender of thy flesh.' He accordingly struggled with all his might to unbreech the squire; who, finding the affair become very serious, started up from the ground, sprung upon his master, and closing with him in a trice, tripped up his heels, so that the knight came instantly to the ground, where he lay with his face uppermost: then the victor, clapping his right knee to the breast of the vanquished party, and gripping him fast by both wrists, hampered him in such a manner, that he could scarce either breathe or move. Nevertheless he made shift to pronounce these words: 'How now, traitor! dost

‘thou presume to rebel against thy master and natural lord, whose bread thou hast eaten?’—‘I neither exalt kings nor dethrone them,’ answered Sancho; ‘but, being my own master, I stand up in my own defence: if your worship will promise to be quiet, and think no more of scourging me for the present, I will forthwith free and disencumber you from these bonds: otherwise, here thou shalt die, traitor and enemy to Donna Sancho.’

The knight subscribed to the conditions, swearing by the life of his inclinations, that he would not touch the nap of his garment, but leave him at full liberty to begin the flagellation when he himself should think proper. On these considerations Sancho arose, and went aside a good way to another tree, at whose root he resolved to take his lodging for the remaining part of the night. There he felt something bob against his head, and putting up his hand, found two legs provided with shoes and stockings: trembling with affright, he moved with great expedition to another tree, where he met with the same salutation, which increased his terror to such a pitch, that he roared aloud for assistance. His master hearing this exclamation, ran towards the place, and enquired into the cause of his fear and confusion; when the squire gave him to understand that all these trees were loaded with human legs and feet. The knight reaching up his hand, immediately conceived the meaning of this strange circumstance, and said to Sancho, ‘Thou needest not be afraid, for those legs and feet which thou hast felt without seeing, certainly belong to some robbers and outlaws who are hanged upon the trees; for, when they are apprehended in this place, the officers of justice string them up by twenties and thirties; and from this particular, I am convinced that we must now be near Barcelona.’ And, indeed, his conjecture was right. Soon as objects were rendered visible by the dawn, they lifted up their eyes, and saw that the clusters depending from the trees were no other than the bodies of banditti. The morning forthwith ushered in the day; and if they were scared by the dead, they were no less aghast when they found themselves all of a sudden surrounded by above forty

living robbers, who called to them in the Catalonian language to be quiet, and stand still until their captain should arrive.

Don Quixote being a foot, his horse unbridled, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in short, his person without any means of defence, he thought proper to cross his arms upon his breast, and hung his head, reserving himself for a better season and more happy conjuncture. Meanwhile, the robbers made such dispatch in plundering Dapple, that in the twinkling of an eye there was not the least crumb left in the wallet and pillion; and lucky it was for Sancho that he had secured, in a concealed girdle, the duke’s crowns and the money he had brought from home; nay, notwithstanding this precaution, those honest gentlemen would have searched and rummaged him in such a manner as to have found the cash, even though it had been hidden between the flesh and the skin, had not they been interrupted by the seasonable arrival of their captain, who seemed to be about four and thirty years of age, of a robust make, middling stature, grave countenance, and brown complexion; he rode a strong horse, was provided with a coat of mail, and he had slung a pair of pistols with firelocks at each side of him. Seeing his squires (for so they call the gentlemen of that profession) very busy in rifling Sancho Panza, he ordered them to desist; and, as they immediately obeyed his command, the girdle happily escaped. Surprized to see a lance leaning against a tree, a shield lying on the ground, and Don Quixote armed at all points and in manifest despondence, exhibiting the most rueful and melancholy figure that Melancholy herself could have formed, he approached the knight, saying, ‘Be not so dejected, honest friend; you have not fallen into the hands of a cruel Osiris, but of those of Roque Guinart, who has more of compassion than cruelty in his disposition.’

‘My dejection,’ answered the knight, ‘does not proceed from my having fallen under thy power, O valiant Roque, whose fame the limits of this earth cannot confine; but from the consciousness of my own neglect, in consequence of which thy soldiers found me unprepared: whereas I am bound by the order of chivalry, which I profess,

‘ I profess, to be always alert and vigilant, and to stand as it were at all times sentry upon myself; and give me leave to tell thee, O renowned Roque! they would not have found it such an easy task to subdue me, had I been on horseback, armed with my lance and shield: for know, I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose exploits are celebrated through this whole terraqueous globe.’

Roque Guinart immediately perceived that the knight’s infirmity partook more of madness than of valour; and although he had frequently heard him named, he looked upon his achievements as altogether fabulous, and could not believe that such a humour did ever prevail in the heart of man: he was therefore extremely well pleased with this encounter, that he might with his own eyes see immediately before him what he had heard reported afar off. ‘ Valiant knight,’ said he, ‘ do not vex yourself, or consider your present situation in the light of a misfortune; perhaps, by stumbling in this manner your crooked fate may be made straight; for Heaven, by strange unforeseen windings, which mankind cannot comprehend, is wont to raise the fallen, and enrich the needy.’

Don Quixote’s mouth was already open to thank him for his courteous behaviour, when they heard behind them a noise like that of a whole troop of horse, though there was only one, upon which came at full speed a youth who seemed to be about the age of twenty, dressed in green damask laced with gold, long breeches, a loose coat, a hat cocked in the Walloon fashion, with strait waxed boots and spurs; armed with a gold-hilted sword and dagger, a small fusil in his hand, and a case of pistols by his side.

Roque hearing the noise, turned about, and was surprized with the sight of this handsome figure, who accosted him in these terms: ‘ In search of thee, courageous Roque! I came hither, hoping by thy means to find, if not a remedy, at least an alleviation, of my misfortune: and, to keep thee no longer in suspense, as I am certain you never saw me before, know that I am Claudia Geronima, daughter of Simon Forte, who is thy intimate friend, as well as the particular enemy of Clauquel Torellas, thy in-

veterate foe, as being head of the party which thou hast always opposed. This Torellas, thou knowest, has a son called Don Vincente Torellas, at least he was, two hours ago, distinguished by that name. I will be as brief as possible in the account of my disaster, and explain the occasion of it in a few words. That youth happened to see me, and courted my good graces; I listened to his addresses, and gave him my heart, without the knowledge of my father; for there is no woman whatsoever so retired and mewed up, but she will find a time to execute and gratify her irresistible desires. In a word, he promised to be my husband, I consented to become his wife; and this was the farthest extent of our correspondence. Yesterday I was informed, that, forgetting this obligation, he intended to marry another woman, and that this morning he had set out to celebrate his nuptials. My brain was disturbed, and my indignation arroused to such a degree by these fatal tidings, that, taking the advantage of my father’s absence, I disguised myself in this apparel, pursued a-horseback my perfidious lover, whom, having overtaken about a league from this place, I, without staying to make complaints, or hear apologies, discharged upon him this fusil and these two pistols; so that, I believe, he has more than a brace of bullets in his body: thus I opened a gate through which my honour, though bathed in his blood, may escape, and left him in the hands of his servants, who neither could nor presumed to exert themselves in his defence. Thence I came in quest of thee, to beg that thou wilt conduct me safely to France, where I have relations; and, at the same time, promise to defend my father from the numerous kindred of Don Vincente, who may otherwise sacrifice him to their insatiable revenge.’

Roque was struck with admiration at the gallantry, gay appearance, genteel mien, and adventure of the beautiful Claudia, to whom he replied, ‘ Come, Madam, let us first see whether or not your enemy is actually dead, and then we will consider about the most proper measures to be taken in your behalf.’ Here Don Quixote, who had

listened with great attention to Claudia's address, and Roque's reply, interposing in the conversation, exclaimed, 'No man has any occasion to give himself the least trouble about the defence of this lady, which I take upon my own shoulders. Give me my horse and my arms, and stay where you are; I will go in quest of the gentleman, and dead or alive compel him to perform the promise he hath made to so much beauty.'—'Who doubts that!' cried Sancho; 'adad! my master has an excellent hand at match-making; a few days ago, he compelled another person who likewise refused to keep his word with a young woman; and if those plaguy enchanters who persecute him so much, had not transfigured the gallant into a lacquey, that very hour, she that was a maid before, would have been a maid no more.*'

Roque, whose attention was engrossed by the adventure of the beautiful Claudia, paid very little regard to what was said either by the master or the man; but, ordering his squires to restore the spoils of Dapple to Sancho, and retire to the place appointed for their quarters that night, he set out with Claudia, in great haste, to reconnoitre the situation of the dead or wounded Don Vincente. When they arrived at the spot where he had been overtaken by the young lady, they found nothing but some recent blood; but, casting their eyes around, they discovered some people on the side of a hill, and conjectured they could be no other than the servants of Don Vincente carrying their master to a proper place, where he might be cured, if alive, or buried, if dead. Their supposition was just; and spurring up their horses, they soon overtook the unhappy cavalier, whom they found in the arms of his attendants, whom he entreated, with a faint and languid voice, to let him die where he was; for the pain of his wounds would not suffer him to proceed farther. Then Claudia and Roque approached him, to the great terror of his servants, who stood aghast at sight of this famous free-booter; but Claudia was greatly disturbed at the melancholy situation of Don Vincente; and agitated by the conflicting passions of

tenderness and resentment, took him by the hand, saying, 'Hast thou given me this of thy own accord, conformable to the mutual promise subsisting between us, thou wouldst never have been in this condition.'

The wounded cavalier opened his eyes, which were almost shut for ever, and recognizing Claudia, 'I plainly perceive,' said he, 'most beautiful and mislaid young lady, that I owe my death to your hand; a punishment altogether unmerited and unsuited to my inclinations, which, as well as my conduct, were, in regard to your person, altogether void of offence.'—'What!' cried Claudia, 'is it not true, that you, this morning, intended to marry Leonora, daughter of the rich Balvaistro?'—'No, surely,' replied Don Vincente; 'my evil genius must have alarmed you with such information, that, your jealousy being inflamed, you might deprive me of life, which, as I leave it in your arms, and your embrace, I consider as happily lost; and, that you may be convinced of my sincerity, give me your hand, and, if you please, receive me for your husband, this being the only satisfaction I can make for the offence I was supposed to have given.' Accordingly, Claudia and he joined hands and hearts together, in such a manner that she fainted away upon his bloody breast, and he sunk into a mortal paroxysm.

Roque being confounded and perplexed, the servants ran for water which they sprinkled upon their faces, and Claudia recovered from her swoon; but this was not the case with her unhappy lover, who had already breathed his last. The young lady, perceiving her beloved husband was no more, rent the air with her groans, wounded the heavens with her lamentation, tore her locks and scattered them to the winds, and disfigured her face with her own nails, exhibiting all the marks of the most severe grief that ever took possession of an afflicted bosom. 'O cruel and inconsiderate woman!' she cried; 'how easily wast thou provoked to execute such dire revenge! O furious jealousy! to what fatal despair dost thou conduct all those who give thee harbour in their breasts! O my dear

* This rhyme is substituted in lieu of Sancho's playing on the word *fuera*, in the original.

‘ husband! whose unhappy fate, in
‘ being mine, hath made thy marriage
‘ bed thy grave!’

Such were the melancholy exclamations of Claudia, which brought water into the eyes of Roque, who had seldom or never shed tears before; their servants wept bitterly; the young lady swooned almost at every step, and this whole circuit seemed to be the scene of sorrow, and field of misfortune. At length, Roque Guinart ordered the servants to carry their master’s body to his father’s country-seat, which was hard by, that it might be buried according to the old gentleman’s directions; and Claudia expressed her desire of retiring to a certain monastery, the abbess of which was her aunt, where she intended to finish her life, in company of a better and more eternal husband. Roque applauded her design, and offered to conduct her to the place, promising, at the same time, to defend her father from the kindred of Don Vincente, and all the world, should they conspire against his peace. She would by no means avail herself of his attendance; but, thanking him for his obliging offers in the most courteous terms she could use, took her leave of him, shedding a torrent of tears: the servants of Don Vincente carried off the body, Roque returned to his gang, and thus ended the amour of Claudia Geronima; a catastrophe not to be wondered at, when we consider that the web of her melancholy fate was woven by the baleful and invincible force of jealousy.

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place where he had ordered them to take up their night’s lodging, and in the midst of them Don Quixote upon Rozinante, exhorting them in a long harangue, to quit that way of life, to dangerous both to soul and body; but as the greatest part of them were Gasccons, a brutal and disorderly sort of people, the knight’s arguments made but little impression. The chief arriving, asked Sancho Panza if the men had restored the furniture and effects they had taken from Dapple; and the squire replied in the affirmative, excepting, however, three night-caps worth as many royal cities. ‘ What the devil does the fellow say!’ cried one of the gang; ‘ here they are, and any body may see they would not sell for three rials.’

‘ True,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ but my squire values them at that rate, on account of the person of whom I received them in a present.’ Roque commanded the men to restore them instantly; then, forming his people into a line, gave orders for bringing before them all the cloaths, jewels, money, and every thing they had acquired by robbery since the last partition; then, making a short valuation, and reducing the indivisibles into cash, he shared the whole among his company, with such equity and discretion, that in the most minute article, he neither exceeded nor fell short of distributive justice.

Having made this partition, with which every individual was perfectly well satisfied and contented, Roque turning to Don Quixote, ‘ If we did not ob-
‘ serve this punctuality,’ said he, ‘ there would be no living among such a crew.’ To this declaration Sancho replied, ‘ From what I have seen, I find justice so excellent in itself, that the practice of it is necessary even among thieves.’

One of the squires overhearing the remark, lifted up the butt-end of his musket, with which, in all probability, he would have shattered Sancho’s skull, had not the general commanded him to desist; while Panza, trembling in every limb, resolved never to open his lips again so long as he should sojourn among such ruffians.

About this time arrived one of the gang, who was placed centinel on the road to reconnoitre travellers, and bring intelligence; and riding up to their chief, ‘ Signior,’ said he, ‘ not far from hence, there is a large company of people travelling to Barcelona.’ ‘ Have you perceived,’ answered Roque, ‘ whether they are such as we seek, or such as are in quest of us.’ When the squire replied that they were such as he sought; ‘ Set out, then, all together,’ said he, ‘ and bring the whole company hither, without suffering one to escape.’

This whole gang departed accordingly, leaving their chief alone with Don Quixote and Sancho, to wait the issue of their expedition; and during this interval, Roque addressing himself to the knight, ‘ This life of ours,’ said he, ‘ must appear very strange to Don Quixote, exposed as it is to infinite adventures and incidents replete with danger;

‘ danger; and, indeed, I do not wonder that it should appear in that light; for I must know there can be no situation so full of terror and disquiet as that in which I live, and into which I was misled by the desire of revenge, which is often powerful enough to disturb the most philosophick breast. I am naturally benevolent and compassionate; but, as I have already observed, the desire of revenging an injury which I received, hath overturned all my virtuous inclinations in such a manner, that I persevere in this career, maugre and in despite of my own understanding; and, as deep calleth unto deep, and sin unto sin, different schemes of revenge are so linked together, that I undertake not only my own, but also those of other people; yet, by the blessing of God, although I find myself thus involved in a labyrinth of confusion, I have not lost the hope of being, one day, happily extricated from all my troubles.’

Don Quixote was surprized to hear Roque talk so sensibly and with such moderation; for he imagined, that among those who were in the daily practice of assaunting, robbing, and murdering their fellow-creatures, there could not surely be one single person of sense and reflection. ‘ Signior Roque,’ said he, ‘ the beginning of health is the knowledge of the disease, and the patient’s desire to comply with the physician’s prescription. You are now in the diseased condition, sensible of your infirmity, and Heaven, or rather God himself, who is the great physician, will apply those medicines which are proper for the cure of your distemper; but these remedies are wont to operate slowly, not in a sudden miraculous manner; and sensible sinners are much more likely to recover, than delinquents of little understanding. Now, as your discourse evinces your discretion, be of good cheer, and courageously wait for the perfect recovery of your conscience. If you are in earnest inclined to quit this road, and enter at once into that which leads to salvation, come along with me and learn to be a knight-errant, in which capacity you will undergo such toils and disastres as will be deemed sufficient penance, and exalt you to Heaven in the turning of two balls.’

Roque could not help smiling at Don Quixote’s advice; but changing the conversation, he recounted the tragical adventure of Claudia Gerónima, at which Sancho was exceedingly grieved; for he had been hugely pleased with the beauty, vivacity, and demeanor of the young lady.

About this time they were joined by the squires of the booty, who brought along with them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, attended by six servants, partly mounted and partly footmen, together with two muleteers who waited upon the gentlemen. These came all in a troop surrounded by the squires, and universal silence prevailed among the victors and the vanquished; both sides expecting, with resignation, the commands of the great Roque Guinart, who, approaching the gentleman, asked who they were, whither they were going, and what money they had.

To these interrogations one of them replied, ‘ Signior, we are captains of the Spanish infantry, our companies are in Naples; our intention is to embark on board of four galleys, which, they say, are now in the harbour of Barcelona, ready to sail for Sicily; and our funds amount to two or three hundred crowns, with the possession of which we thought ourselves rich and happy, considering the narrow appointments of a soldier, which will not permit him to heap up a great deal of wealth.’

Then Roque putting the same questions to the pilgrims, they answered, that their design was to embark for Italy, in order to visit Rome; and that, between both, they could muster about sixty rials. He likewise desired to know the quality of those who were in the coach, the place to which they were going, and the state of their finances. In these particulars he was satisfied by one of the horsemen, who said, ‘ The company in the coach consists of my Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinones, wife to the regent of the vicariate of Naples, her little daughter a damsel, and a duenna; I am one of the six servants who attend them, and her ladyship’s cash may amount to six hundred crowns.’—‘ At that rate, then,’ replied the mighty Roque, ‘ here are nine hundred crowns and sixty rials: I have sixty soldiers; see what

‘ what each man’s share will come to, for I am but an indifferent arithmetician.’ The robbers hearing this decision, cried aloud, ‘ Long life to Roque Guinart, and confusion to the knaves who endeavour to effect his ruin!’

The captains exhibited evident marks of affliction, my lady regent assumed a very sorrowful countenance, and the pilgrims did not at all rejoice at this confiscation of their effects. Although Roque kept them for some time in suspense, he had no mind to protract their melancholy, which was plainly perceivable a gunshot off; but, turning to the captains, ‘ Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘ be so good as to lend me sixty crowns, and my lady regent will favour me with fourscore, in order to satisfy my squadron; you know, The abbot must not want, who for his bread doth chant; then you may prosecute your journey without fear or molestation, by virtue of a safe conduct I will grant; in consequence of which, you will be exempted from plunder, in case you should fall in with any other of those squadrons which I have posted up and down in different divisions; for it is not my intention to aggrieve either soldiers or ladies, especially ladies of quality.’

Infinite and well turned were the compliments in which the captains acknowledged their obligation to Roque for his politeness and liberality, for such they accounted it, in leaving them possessed of their own money. My Lady Donna Guimar de Quinones would have thrown herself from the coach, in order to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque; but he would by no means accept such marks of submission: on the contrary, he begged pardon for the injury which he was compelled to do them, in compliance with the precise duty of his wicked profession. The lady ordered her servant to pay instantly the eighty crowns which were demanded; the captains had already disbursed threescore; and the pilgrims were going to surrender their miserable pittance; when Roque desired them to desist, and turning to his gang, ‘ Of these crowns,’ said he, ‘ two shall fall to the share of each man, and then there will be an overplus of twenty, one half of which I give to the pilgrims, and the other ten to this

‘ honest squire, that he may make a favourable report of the adventure.’

After this decision, he took pen, ink, and paper, with which he was always provided, and writing a safe conduct directed to the chiefs of his squadrons, gave it to the company, whom he courteously dismissed, and they proceeded on their journey, struck with admiration at his noble demeanour, gallant disposition, and strange conduct, looking upon him rather as an Alexander the Great, than a notorious robber. One of the squires, displeased at the booty, said in his Catalanian dialect, ‘ This captain of ours is fitter for praying than preying; if henceforth he has a mind to shew his generosity, let it be from his own purse, and not what is ours by right of conquest.’

The unhappy wretch did not speak so softly, but that he was overheard by Roque, who instantly unsheathing his sword, cleft his head almost in two, saying, ‘ Thus I chastise mutiny and presumption.’ All the rest of the gang were terrified at this execution, and not one of them durst open his lips, so much were they over-awed by the character of their chief.

As for Roque, he went aside and wrote a letter to a friend at Barcelona, giving him to understand how he had met with the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, that knight-errant whose exploits were in every body’s mouth; and, he assured him, that the adventurer was the most agreeable and understanding man in the whole world: he likewise gave him notice, that in four days from the date of the letter, on the feast of St. John, the said knight-errant would appear on the beach of the city, armed cap-a-pee, mounted on Rozinante, and accompanied by his squire Sancho upon an ass. He, therefore, desired his correspondent to communicate this intelligence to his friends the Nearri, that they might enjoy the character of Don Quixote, and wished his enemies the Cadelli might not partake of the diversion. But that was a vain desire, because the mixture of madness and discretion in the knight, and the pleasantries of his squire, were such as could not fail to yield entertainment to the whole world in general.

This letter was dispatched by one of his squires; who, disguising himself in the

the habit of a peasant, entered Barcelona, and delivered it according to the direction.

CHAP. IX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE ON HIS ENTRANCE INTO BARCELONA—WITH OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES THAT PARTAKE MORE OF TRUTH THAN OF DISCRETION.

THREE days and three nights did Don Quixote remain with Roque, and had he staid as many hundred years, he would not have wanted subject for enquiry and admiration at their way of life: they lodged in one place, dined in another; sometimes they fled from they knew not what, sometimes waited for they knew not whom. They slept standing, and even that slumber was often interrupted; they shifted from place to place; in a word, their whole time was spent in appointing spies, examining centinels, and blowing matches for their muskets, though they had but few; for they chiefly used firelocks. As for Roque, he passed the night by himself, in private haunts and places concealed even from the knowledge of his own gang; for the repeated proclamations issued by the viceroy of Barcelona, setting a price upon his head, had rendered him restless, diffident, and fearful; so that he durst not confide in any person whatever, being apprehensive that even his own followers would either murder or deliver him up to justice; a life, of all others, assuredly the most tiresome and miserable! At length, this renowned freebooter, accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, and attended by six of his own squires, set out for Barcelona, through unfrequented roads, short cuts, and private paths, and arrived upon the strand, after it was dark, on the eve of St. John.

Here Roque, embracing Don Quixote, and giving to Sancho the ten crowns, which, though promised, had not hitherto been paid, took his leave and returned to his station, after mutual protestations of friendship had passed between him and our hero, who resolved to sit on horseback as he was till day, which was not far off. Accordingly, they had not tarried long in this situ-

ation, when Aurora disclosed her rosy face through the balconies of the east, infusing vigour and seeming joy into every plant and flower, instead of gratifying the ear, which, however, was also that instant regaled with the sound of waits and kettle-drums, together with the noise of morrice bells, the clatter of horses upon the pavement, and the repetition of 'Clear the way!' pronounced by the couriers who came forth from the city. Aurora vanished before the sun; who, with a countenance ample as a target, gradually arose from below the horizon; then Don Quixote and Sancho, extending their view all around, perceived the sea, which they had never before beheld, and which seemed to be infinitely vast, and abundantly more spacious than even the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha: they likewise beheld the galleys in the road, which, when their awnings were furled, displayed a glorious sight of pendants, flags, and streamers, that wantoned in the wind, and kissed and brushed the surface of the deep; while they were surrounded with clarions, trumpets, and other sorts of musick, which filled the air for many leagues around, with sweet and martial accents. Now they began to move, and forming themselves into line of battle, exhibited the representation of a naval fight upon the tranquil bosom of the sea. At the same time, a mock skirmish was acted on the shore, by a great number of gentlemen, mounted on beautiful horses, who came forth from the city, in gay attire, with splendid liveries. The soldiers of the galleys discharged an infinite number of fire-arms, which were answered from the wall and forts of the city; and to the great guns, which seemed to rend the air with their tremendous sound, the midship cannons of the galleys made a suitable reply; the joy that resounded on board, the pleasure that appeared on shore, together with the serenity of the air, which was sometimes disturbed by the smoke of the artillery, seemed to infuse and engender a sudden flow of spirits and delight in every breast. As for Sancho, he could not conceive how those great hulks could use such a number of feet in moving through the sea.

About this time, the cavaliers so richly caparisoned, crying, hallooing, and

and shouting, in the Moorish manner, came riding up to the place where Don Quixote sat on horseback overwhelmed with surprize and astonishment; and one of their number, who had been apprized by Roque, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Welcome to our city, thou mirror, lanthorn, planet, and polar star, of all chivalry in it's utmost extent! Welcome, valourous Don Quixote de La Mancha, not the false, fictitious, and apocryphal adventurer, lately in spurious history described; but the real, legal, and loyal knight recorded by Cid Hamet Benengeli, the flower of historians.'

Don Quixote answered not a word; nor did the cavaliers wait for his reply; but, with their followers, began to wheel and turn, and curvet in a circle round the knight; who, addressing himself to Sancho, 'As these people know us so well,' said he, 'I will lay a wager they have read our history, and even that of the Arragonian, which hath been lately printed.' The gentleman who had at first accosted him returning, renewed his address in these words: 'Signior Don Quixote, be so good as to go along with us, who are all the intimate friends and humble servants of Roque Guinart.' To this entreaty the knight replied, 'If courtesy engenders courtesy, yours, Signior Cavalier, is the daughter, or, at least, nearly allied to that which I experienced in the gallant Roque. Conduct me whither you please to go; my will shall, in all respects, be conformable to yours, and I should be proud if you would employ it in your service.'

The gentleman answered this compliment with expressions equally polite; and all his companions surrounding the knight in a body, they, to the music of the waits and kettle-drums, conducted him to the city, his entrance into which was attended with a small misfortune. That mischief, from which all mischief is produced, ordained, that two bold and impudent boys, more mischievous than mischief itself, should squeeze themselves through the crowd, and approaching Rozinante and Dapple, clap an handful of furze under the tail of each: the poor animals, feeling the severity of this new kind of spurs, augmented the pain, by pressing their tails more close-

ly to their buttocks; so that, after a thousand plunges, they came with their riders to the ground, to the unutterable shame and indignation of Don Quixote; who, with great dispatch, delivered the posteriors of his companion from this disagreeable plumage; while Sancho performed the same kind of office for his friend Dapple.

The gentlemen would have willingly chastised the boys for their presumption; but, it was not in their power to give the strangers that satisfaction; for, they had no sooner executed their purpose, than they concealed themselves among the crowd of above a thousand youngsters who followed the cavalcade: so that Don Quixote and Sancho were obliged to pocket the affront; and remounting their beasts, proceeded with the same music and acclamation to the house of their conductor, which was large and magnificent and in all respects suitable to the rank of an opulent cavalier. Here, then, we shall leave him for the present; for such is the will of Cid Hamet Benengeli.

CHAP. X.

CONTAINING THE ADVENTURE OF THE INCHANTED HEAD—WITH OTHER TRIVIAL INCIDENTS, WHICH, HOWEVER, MUST NOT BE OMITTED.

DON Quixote's landlord was called Don Antonio Moreno, a wealthy gentleman of good understanding, who loved a joke in a fair and good-humoured way; so that finding our knight safely housed under his roof, he began to contrive means for extracting diversion from the madness of his guest, without prejudice to his person; for, those are no jests that give pain; nor is that pastime to be indulged which tends to the detriment of a fellow-creature. His first step was to unarm Don Quixote, and in that strait shamoy doublet, which we have already painted and described, expose him to publick view in a balcony that jetted out into one of the chief streets in the city, where he was surveyed by the people and the children, who gazed upon him as if he had been a monster or baboon. While he stood in this situation, the gentlemen with the rich live-

ries performed their courses before him, as if for his sake only, and not in order to celebrate the festival, they had provided all their finery; and Sancho was ravished with the thoughts of having so luckily found, without knowing how or wherefore, another wedding of Camacho, another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda, and another palace equal to the duke's castle, where he had been so hospitably entertained.

Don Antonio had that day invited some friends to dinner, and all of them paid particular respect to Don Quixote, whom they treated as a renowned knight-errant, a circumstance that elevated his vanity to such a pitch, that he could scarce contain his satisfaction; and Sancho's conceits flowed so fast and humorous, that all the servants of the family, and all who heard his sallies, seemed to hang upon his lips. While he waited at table, Don Antonio accosting him, 'Honest Sancho,' said he, 'we are informed you are such a lover of fowls and balls of forced meat, that, when you can eat no longer, you pocket what remains for next day.'—'No, Signior,' answered Sancho; 'that is not the case, and your worship must have been misinformed; I am a cleanly squire, and no such filthy glutton; for my master, here present, knows very well, that we have often passed eight whole days, without any other sustenance than a handful of nuts or acorns. True it is, if ever the heifer is offered, the tether is at hand; my meaning is, I eat what I get, and ride the ford as I find it*. If, therefore, any person whatever hath said that I am an exceeding glutton and foul feeder, your worship may take it for granted that he is in a mistake; and I would tell him my mind in another manner, if it was not for the respect I bear to the honourable beards of this company.'—'Assuredly,' said Don Quixote, 'Sancho's cleanliness, and moderation in eating, might be inscribed and engraved on tables of brass, for an everlasting memorial and example to succeeding ages. True it is, when very hungry, he may seem to be a little voracious; for he eats with precipitation, chewing with both

sides of his jaws; but cleanliness he punctually maintains; and, while a governor, learned to eat so delicately, that he took up grapes, and even the grains of a pomegranate, with a fork.'—'How!' cried Don Antonio, 'hath Sancho been a governor?'—'Yes, sure,' replied the squire; 'and that of an island called Barataria, which I governed according to my own will and pleasure, for the space of ten days, during which I lost my natural rest, and learned to despise all the governments upon earth: I, therefore, fled from it as I would fly from the devil, and tumbled into a cavern, from whence, though I gave myself up as a dead man, I was brought up alive by a perfect miracle.' Then Don Quixote gave them a circumstantial account of Sancho's government, which afforded extraordinary entertainment to the whole audience.

Dinner being ended, and the table uncovered, Don Antonio took our hero by the hand, and conducted him into a private apartment, where there was no furniture but a table, that seemed to be of jasper, supported by one foot of the same substance; and upon this table was placed a bust of bronze, from the breast upwards, representing a head of one of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio, after having traversed the room with his guest, and more than once walked round the table, 'Signior Don Quixote,' said he, 'now that I am assured no person overhears us, as nobody listens, and the door is bolted, I will impart to your worship one of the rarest adventures, or rather one of the greatest rarities, that ever was known; on condition, however, that you will deposit the secret in the most hidden recesses of your heart.'—'I swear to the condition,' answered Don Quixote: 'and, for the greater security, will put a tomb-stone over whatever you shall communicate; for, know, Signior Don Antonio,' (by this time he had learned his name) 'your worship is talking to one, who, though he has ears to hear, has never a tongue to tattle; so that you may securely transfuse the contents of your own breast into mine, and take it for granted, you have ingulphed them in the abyss of silence.'—'On

* Literally, 'Use the times as I find them.'

‘the faith of that promise,’ replied Don Antonio; ‘I will excite your worship’s admiration with what you shall see and hear; and I, myself, will enjoy some alleviation of the pain I have felt from having no person to whom I could communicate the secret, which is not to be trusted to every body’s discretion.’ Don Quixote waited with impatience and surprize to see the result of this pretamble; when his entertainer, taking him by the hand, made him feel all around the bust, the table, and the jester’s foot upon which it was supported; then accosting him with great solemnity of aspect: ‘This bust, Signior Don Quixote,’ said he, ‘was made and contrived by one of the greatest enchanters and necromancers that ever the world produced. He was, I think, a native of Poland, and disciple of the famous Escotillo,* of whose knowledge such wonders are reported. As he chanced to be in this part of the world, I took him into my house, where in consideration of a thousand crowns which I paid, he wrought this head, in which is centered the surprizing power and virtue of answering every question communicated to it’s ear. The master performed certain rites, erected schemes, consulted the stars, and carefully observed the lucky and unlucky minutes, until, at length, he brought it to that perfection which we shall perceive to-morrow; for, on Fridays it is mute, and this being Friday, we must wait till another day: in the mean time, your worship may consider and prepare your questions, which I know by experience it will truly answer.’ Don Quixote was confounded and astonished at this property and virtue of the head, and, indeed, almost tempted to disbelieve Don Antonio’s account; but, seeing how little time was required to make the experiment, he would not mention his incredulity; but, in very polite terms, thanked his entertainer for

having entrusted him with such an important secret. They accordingly quitted the apartment, and Don Antonio having locked the door, returned to the rest of the company, who were highly entertained with Sancho’s recapitulation of many adventures and incidents to which his master had been exposed.

The same evening, they persuaded Don Quixote to make a progress along the streets with them, not in his armour, but in a loose coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which would have made ice itself sweat at that season; and, in the mean time, they directed their servants to amuse Sancho within doors, that he might not come forth and spoil their diversion. The knight was not mounted on Rozinante, but accommodated with an ambling mule, gaily caparisoned; and, upon the back of his coat or cloak, they, without his knowledge, pinned a parchment inscribed in large letters, ‘This is Don Quixote de La Mancha.’ The procession no sooner began than this scroll attracted the eyes of the people; and, when they read it aloud, the knight was astonished to find himself known, and hear his name repeated by all the spectators. He, therefore, turning to Don Antonio, who rode by his side, ‘Great,’ said he, ‘is the prerogative that centers in knight-errantry, the professors of which are known and celebrated through all the corners of the earth: take notice, Signior Don Antonio, how my name is repeated by the very boys who never saw me before.’—‘It is even so, Signior Don Quixote,’ replied Antonio; ‘for, as light cannot be shut up and concealed, so neither can virtue remain unknown; and, that which is acquired by the profession of arms, shines with superior splendor over all other acquisitions.’

While our knight thus proceeded amidst the acclamation of the crowd, a certain Castilian happened to pass, and reading the scroll, exclaimed aloud,

* This was Michael Scot, who lived in the thirteenth century, and was such an adept in medicine, mathematicks, chymistry, alchymy, and other branches of natural knowledge, that the vulgar looked upon him as a wizard or magician. But as this philosopher died in 1291, and this conversation between Don Antonio and our knight must have happened after the year 1605, when the first part of Don Quixote was licensed, how could the disciple of Scot be in the house of Don Antonio? Yet this anachronism might easily pass upon Don Quixote, as it related to matters of enchantment.

'Now, the devil take thee, Don Quixote de La Mancha! how hast thou made shift to come so far without expiring under some of those infinite drubbings which thy ribs have received? A madman thou surely art: and if the defect of thine understanding affected thyself only, and was confined within the gates of thy own madness, the misfortune would be the smaller; but thy frenzy is of such a peculiar nature as to turn the brains of all those with whom thou hast any commerce or communication; witness these gentlemen by whom thou art now accompanied. Return to your own house, Mr. Goose-cap, mind your family concerns; look after your wife and children; and discard these vain maggots, which have eaten and burrowed into your brain, and skimmed off the very cream of your understanding.'—'Hark ye, brother,' said Don Antonio, 'go about your business; and do not pretend to offer your advice to those who want none of your counsel.' Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha is renowned for wisdom, and we who accompany him are not so mad as you may imagine. Virtue ought to be honoured wheresoever it is found: therefore be gone with a vengeance; and seek not to meddle in those affairs with which you have no concern.'—'Fore God! your worship is in the right,' replied the Castilian: advising that honest man is kicking against the pricks. Nevertheless, I am extremely sorry that the good sense which, they say, this madman displays in some things, should be unprofitably wasted through the canal of his knight-errantry: and may that vengeance which your worship imprecated, overtake me and all my posterity, if, from this day forwards, I give advice to any person whatever, asked or unasked, even though I should live to the age of Methusalem!' So saying; this counsellor went away, and the procession went on; but the throng was so great, occasioned by the boys and other idle people who pressed in to read the scroll, that Don Antonio was fain to take it off, on pretence of freeing the knight from some other annoyance.

In the twilight they returned to the house of Don Antonio, where they

found a ball prepared by his lady, who was a woman of birth, beauty, good humour, and discretion; and had invited a number of friends to come and honour her guest, and enjoy the strange peculiarities of his madness: they accordingly came, and after supper, at which they were entertained in a very splendid manner, the ball began about ten o'clock. Among the company were two ladies who had a turn for satire, accompanied with a great deal of humour; and who, though persons of unblemished honour, indulged themselves with uncommon freedom of behaviour, in order to keep up the spirit of the diversion, that it might not flag. This pair of female wags persisted with incredible eagerness, in dancing with Don Quixote, until not only his body, but even his very soul, seemed fainting with fatigue; and nothing could be more ludicrous than the figure of the knight, so long, so lank, so lean, so yellow, capering about in a strait shamy doubler, with an air unspeakably awkward, and legs that were never designed for such exercise. The young ladies affected to court his good graces by stealth; and he privately treated their advances with disdain, until, finding them become more and more pressing, he pronounced aloud, '*Fugite partes adversæ!* disturb not my repose, ye unwelcome thoughts! avaunt, ladies, with your unruly desires; for she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent that I should surrender or be subject to any other than her own!'

So saying, he sat down upon the floor in the middle of the hall, quite exhausted and demolished with the violent exercise he had undergone; so that Don Antonio gave orders for his being carried forthwith to bed; and the first person who touched him in obedience to this order, was his own squire Sancho Panza; who, as he endeavoured to raise him upon his legs, could not help reprehending him in these words: 'What a plague tempted your worship to fall a capering? did you suppose every valiant man was as nimble as an harlequin, or that all knights-errant must needs be masterly dancers? If that was your opinion, I say you were much deceived: for, there be men who would rather undertake to slay a giant than to cot a caper.'





‘caper. Had it been the shoe-slapping horn-pipe, I could have supplied your place; for I slap like a jer-falcon; but as for your figured dances, I know not a stitch of the matter.’ With this address Sancho raised a laugh from the assembly, and his master from the floor, and carrying the knight to bed, covered him up very warm, that he might sweat out the cold caught in dancing.

Next day Don Antonio thought proper to try the experiment of the enchanted head, and for this purpose entered the apartment, accompanied by Don Quixote, Sancho, a couple of friends, with our hero’s two waggish partners, who had staid all night with Antonio’s lady. The door being fast bolted, he explained the property of the bust, after having laid injunctions on the company to keep the secret, and declared this was the day on which he intended to make the first trial of the virtue contained in the enchanted head*. Indeed, except his two friends, no other person knew the mystery; and if they had not been previously informed by Don Antonio, they would certainly have shared in the same admiration which necessarily seized the rest who were present at the execution of a scheme so artfully contrived.

The first who approached the ear of this enchanted head was Don Antonio himself, who said in a low voice, but so as to be overheard by all present, ‘Tell me, O head, by thy inherent virtue, what are my present thoughts?’ To this interrogation the head, without moving it’s lips, replied in a clear and distinct voice, which was heard by the whole company, ‘I do not pretend to investigate the thoughts.’ Those who knew not the plot were confounded at hearing this answer, as they plainly perceived there was not a living soul under the table or in the whole apartment to utter this reply. Don Antonio addressing himself again to it, asked, ‘How many persons are here in company?’ and was answered in the same key, ‘You and your wife †, two friends of yours, and two of her companions, with a famous knight called Don

Quixote de La Mancha, and his squire Sancho Panza by name.’ Here was fresh amazement! here was their hair standing on end with affright; while Don Antonio, stepping aside from the table, said, ‘This is enough to convince me that I have not been deceived by the person of whom I purchased thee, thou sage, speaking, oracular, and admirable head! Let some other person go and question it at will.’

As women are usually very curious and impatient, the next who approached was one of the two ladies, and her question was this: ‘Tell me, O head, what I shall do to be extremely beautiful?’ She received for answer, ‘Be extremely virtuous;’ and replied, ‘I ask no more.’ Then her companion advanced, saying, ‘I want to know, sagacious head, whether or not I am fondly beloved by my husband?’ and she was answered, ‘That you will learn by observing his behaviour.’ The married lady retired, observing that it required no magic to solve that question; for, in effect, an husband’s behaviour to his wife will always declare the state of his affection. The third person that approached the table was one of Don Antonio’s friends, who asked, ‘What am I?’ and when the voice answered, ‘Thou knowest best,’ he replied, ‘That is not the purport of my question; I desire thou wilt tell me if thou knowest my name?’—‘Yes,’ said the oracle; ‘I know thou art Don Pedro Noriez.’—‘Then I am satisfied,’ answered Don Pedro; ‘for that answer is sufficient to convince me, O head, that thou knowest every thing.’ Then he withdrew, and was succeeded by the other gentleman; who, advancing to the table, ‘Tell me, O head,’ said he, ‘the wish of my eldest son?’—‘I have already owned that I cannot dive into the thoughts of men,’ said the voice; ‘nevertheless, I will tell thee, that the wish of thy son is to bury his father.’—‘That is indeed his wish,’ replied the cavalier; ‘I see it with my eye, I touch it with my finger, and do not chuse to ask another question.’ Don Antonio’s lady

* But in this very chapter he has already told Don Quixote, that he knew the virtue of the head from experience.

† Antonio’s wife must have been here before the others entered: for she is not in the list of those who went in with her husband.

approached, saying, 'I know not how to interrogate thee, O head; but I should be glad to know if I shall long enjoy my good husband?'—'Yes, you will,' replied the voice; 'his healthy constitution, and moderate way of life, promise a long succession of years and a good old age, of which many men deprive themselves by their own intemperance.'

Don Quixote now took his turn, and addressing himself to the bust, 'Tell me then, whatsoever thou art,' said he, 'is my account of what befel me in the cave of Montesinos really fact, or only the illusion of a dream? will the flagellation of my squire Sancho be certainly accomplished? and will the disenchanted of Dulcinea take effect?'—'With respect to the cave,' replied the oracle, 'much may be said; the adventure partakes both of truth and illusion. The flagellation of Sancho will proceed slowly; but Dulcinea will be disenchanted in process of time.'—'And that is all I desire to know,' cried the knight; 'for, in the disenchanted of Dulcinea, I shall reckon all my wishes at once happily fulfilled?'

The last interrogator was Sancho; who, approaching the table, 'Pray, good Mr. Head,' said he, 'shall I peradventure obtain another government? shall I ever rise above the humble station of a squire? and lastly, shall I ever see again my wife and children?' To these questions he received these answers: 'If it be thy fate to return to thy own house, thou wilt govern thy family, and see thy wife and children; and in ceasing to serve, thou wilt cease to be a squire.'—'Fore God! an excellent response!' cried Sancho; 'that I could have foretold myself, and the prophet Perogrullo could have said no more.'—'What answer would you have, you beast?' said Don Quixote; 'is it not sufficient that the responses delivered by the head correspond with the questions you have asked?'—'It shall suffice,' replied the squire; 'but I wish it had explained itself a little more fully, and told me some more of my fortune.'

Thus ended the questions and answers, but not the admiration of the whole company; except Antonio's two friends, who had been let into the se-

cret; which Cid Hamet Benengeli will now explain, that the world may not be kept longer in suspense, or imagine that any necromantick talisman or extraordinary mystery was contained in this wonderful bust. He gives us, therefore, to understand, that Don Antonio Morano, in imitation of such another head which he had seen at Madrid, contrived by a statuary, ordered this to be made in his own house for his private amusement, and with a view to surprize the vulgar; and in this manner was the whole fabricated. The table was of wood painted and varnished like jasper, and the foot that supported it of the same materials, carved into the resemblance of four eagles talons, which kept it firm and steady in its position. The head formed from the medal of one of the Roman emperors, and covered with a copper colour, was hollow, as well as the table, in which it was so nicely fixed, that no eye could perceive the joining; the foot was likewise hollow, and answered to the neck and breast of the bust; and the whole corresponded with another chamber below, by means of a concealed tin pipe which passed through the bust, the table, and the foot. In this lower apartment, communicating with that of the enchanted head, did the person who uttered the responses fix his mouth to the pipe, so as that the voice ascended and descended in distinct and articulate sounds, and it was impossible for any person to discover the deception. The respondent was Antonio's nephew, a student of acute parts, and a well-cultivated understanding, who, being previously informed by his uncle of the number and names of the persons whom he intended to introduce into the chamber of the enchanted head, was enabled to answer the first question with great facility and precision; and to the rest he replied by conjectures which were equally ingenious and discreet.

Cid Hamet moreover relates, that for ten or twelve days the virtue of this wonderful machine continued in full force; but a report diffusing itself through the city, that Don Antonio had in his house an enchanted head, which could answer all manner of questions, he began to be afraid that these tidings might reach the ears of the vigilant centinels of our faith; for which reason he explained the whole affair

affair to the fathers of the inquisition; who forbade him to proceed with the deception, and gave orders that the head should be broke in pieces, lest it should give umbrage to the superstitious vulgar: but, in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, it passed for a head that was really enchanted and oracular; though it had given more satisfaction to the knight than the squire.

The gentlemen of the city, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for the entertainment of Don Quixote, whom they wanted to furnish with an opportunity of discovering his diverting follies, appointed a running at the ring to be performed in six days; but this was prevented by an incident which will be explained in the sequel. Meanwhile, the knight was desirous of going out and viewing the city at leisure, and a-foot; fearing that, should he appear on horseback, he would again be persecuted by the boys and vulgar. He accordingly went forth, attended by Sancho, and two of Antonio's servants, whom their master had chosen for that purpose; and chancing to lift up his eyes in passing through one of the streets, he saw inscribed over a gate, in capital letters, 'This is a printing-house;' a circumstance which gave him uncommon satisfaction, as hitherto he had never seen a printing-press, and longed much to know something of that art: he therefore entered the house with all his train, and saw people casting off in one part, correcting in another, composing in a third, revising in a fourth, and, in short, the whole economy of a large printing-house. Going up to one box, he asked what was doing; and being informed by the workmen, expressed his admiration, and proceeded to a second. Among others, he went up to one, and putting the same question, the workman replied, 'Signior, that there gentleman,' pointing to a grave person of a very prepossessing appearance, 'has translated a book from the Tuscan into the Castilian language, and I am now composing it for the press.'—'What is the name of the book?' said Don Quixote. 'Signior,' answered the author, 'the book in the original is called, *Le Bagatelle*.'—'And what is the significa-

tion of *Le Bagatelle* in our language?' resumed the knight. '*Le Bagatelle*,' replied the author, 'is, as if we should say, in Castilian, *Juquetes**: and, although the title of the book be so humble, it includes and contains a great deal of excellent and substantial writing.'—'I am not altogether ignorant of the Tuscan language,' said Don Quixote, 'for I value myself upon singing some stanzas of Ariosto; but, pray tell me, Signior, (and what I am going to ask is not with any intention to sound your genius, but merely to satisfy my own curiosity) have you ever, in composing your books, met with the word *pignatta*?—'Yes, frequently,' replied the author. 'And how do you translate it into Castilian?' resumed the knight. 'How should I translate it,' said the other, 'but by the word *olla*?—'Body o'mel!' cried Don Quixote, 'what progress you have made in the knowledge of the Tuscan idiom! I will lay a good wager that you translate *piace* into *plaze*, *più* into *mas*, *su* into *arriba*, and *giù* into *abaxo*.—'Certainly,' said the author, 'because these words of the two languages correspond with one another.'—'Notwithstanding all your learning,' replied the knight, 'I could almost swear you are hitherto unknown to the world, which is ever averse to remunerate a flourishing genius, and works of merit.' What talents are lost, what abilities obscured, and what virtues are undervalued, in this degenerate age! yet, nevertheless, a translation from one language to another, excepting always those sovereign tongues the Greek and Latin, is, in my opinion, like the wrong side of Flemish tapestry, in which, though we distinguish the figures, they are confused and obscured by ends and threads, without that smoothness and expression which the other side exhibits: and to translate from easy languages, argues neither genius nor elocution, nor any merit superior to that of transcribing from one paper to another; but from hence I would not infer that translation is not a laudable exercise, for a man may employ his time in a much worse and more unprofitable occupation. At any rate, my observation cannot af-

* Trifles.

‘fect our two famous translators, Doctor Christoval de Figueroa, in Pastor Fido, and Don Juan de Xaurigui in Aminta, two pieces they have so happily executed, as to render it doubtful which is the original and which the translation: but pray, Signior, is this book printed on your own account, or have you sold the copy to a bookseller?’—‘I publish it on my own account,’ replied the author, ‘and expect to gain a thousand ducats at least upon the first impression, of which there will be two thousand copies, that will fetch six rials a piece in the turning of a straw.’—‘That is a very clear and comfortable reckoning,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘but you seem to be very little acquainted with the outgoings and the incomings, the schemes, conspiracies, and cabals of booksellers: when you find your back burdened with two thousand copies, I give you my word both your mind and body will be terribly fatigued; especially if the books should be harsh, or a little deficient in point of spirit.’—‘What!’ said the author, ‘your worship thinks, then, I ought to offer my performance to a bookseller, who would give me three maravedis for the copy, and insist upon it that he had done me a favour into the bargain? I do not publish with a view to acquire reputation in the world, where, thank Heaven, I am already well known by my works; I print for profit, without which, reputation is not worth a doit.’—‘God send you good luck, Signior,’ answered the knight; who, advancing to another box, where he saw the corrector employed on the sheet of a book, intitled, ‘The Light of the Soul;’—‘Aye,’ said he, ‘these are the books that ought to be printed; for, although there is already a pretty large number of this kind in print, numerous are the sinners for whose use they are intended; and for such multitudes who are in darkness, an infinite number of lights is required.’ He proceeded in his enquiry, and when he asked another corrector the name of a book on which he saw him at work, he understood it was the second part of The Sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by a certain person

a native of Tordefillas. ‘I have heard of this performance,’ said the knight; ‘and really, in my conscience, thought it was long before this time burned into ashes, or pounded into dust, for the impertinence it contains; but, as we say of hogs, “Martinmas will come in due season*.”’ Works of imagination are the more useful and entertaining the nearer they approach to truth, and the more probability they contain; and even history is valued according to its truth and authenticity.’

So saying, he quitted the printing-house with some marks of displeasure; and that same day, Don Antonio proposed that he should go on board, and see the gallies in the road; a proposal which was extremely agreeable to Sancho, who had never seen the inside of a galley in the whole course of his life; and he sent a message to inform the commodore of his intention to visit him in the evening, with his guest the renowned Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose name and person were already well-known to this commander and all the citizens of Barcelona. What passed during this visit, will be related in the following chapter.

CHAP. XI.

OF THE MISFORTUNE WHICH BEFEL SANCHE PANZA ON BOARD OF THE GALLIES, AND THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOOR.

MANIFOLD and profound were the self-deliberations of Don Quixote on the response of the enchanted head, without his being able to discover the deceit; and the result of all his reflections was the promise of Dulcinea’s being disenchanted, on which he reposed himself with the most implicit confidence. This was the goal of all his thoughts, and he rejoiced, in full assurance of seeing it suddenly accomplished. As for Sancho, although he abhorred the office of a governor, as we have already observed, he could not help wishing for another opportunity of issuing out orders and seeing them obeyed; a misfortune which

* About Martinmas the killed the hogs designed for bacon.

never fails to attend the exertion of power, even though founded on mock authority.

In a word, that very evening his landlord Don Antonio Moreno, and his two friends, went on board of the galleys with Don Quixote and Sancho; and the commodore being apprized of the visit intended by two such famous personages, no sooner perceived them coming towards the sea-side, than he ordered the awnings to be struck and the musick to play; the barge was hoisted out, covered with rich carpets, and furnished with velvet cushions, and the minute Don Quixote embarked, the cannon a-midships of the captain-galley was discharged, and the others followed her example. When the knight ascended the accommodation-ladder, on the starboard side, the whole crew saluted him with three cheers, a compliment usually paid to persons of the first quality; and the general, for by this name we shall henceforth call him, who was a noble Valentinian, presented his hand, and embracing Don Quixote, 'This day,' said he, 'will I mark with a white stone, as one of the happiest I shall ever enjoy, on account of seeing the renowned Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha, in whom the whole worth of knight-errantry is cyphered and concentrated.'" No less courteous and polite was the reply of Don Quixote, who rejoiced above measure at seeing himself treated with such respect. The whole company having ascended the poop, which was very gaily ornamented, and seated themselves upon benches, the boatswain repaired to the gangway, and making a signal with his whistle, for all the slaves to strip, was obeyed in an instant, to the no small discomposure of Sancho, who was terrified at the sight of so many naked backs; nor did his apprehension abate, when he saw the awning stretched with such incredible dispatch, that he thought all the devils in hell had assisted in the operation. Yet this was nothing but cakes and gingerbread to what I am going to relate.

The squire sat upon the stentril, close by the aftermost rower on the starboard side; who, in consequence of the previous instructions he had received, lifted up Sancho in his arms, and while the whole crew of slaves stood up, alert with the prospect of the joke, tossed

him like a tennis-ball to his fellow who, in the same manner, committed him to a third; and thus he was ban-died forwards on the starboard side, from slave to slave, and bench to bench, with such expedition, that poor Panza lost his eye-sight entirely, and firmly believed himself in the possession of the fiends: nor did they desist from this exercise, until he was reconveyed by the larboard-side to the poop, where this miserable object lay bruised, breathless, and covered with a cold sweat, and in such perturbation of spirits that he scarce knew what he had undergone.

Don Quixote seeing Sancho flying in that manner without wings, asked the general, if it was a ceremony practised upon every person at his first going on board; for, in that case, as he himself did not intend to make profession of a seafaring life, he had no ambition to perform such an exercise; and he vowed to God, if any man should attempt to seize him, as a fit subject for flying, he would spurn his soul out of his body; in confirmation of which resolve, he started up, and laying his hand upon his sword, put himself in a posture of defence.

At that instant the awning was furl-ed, and the main-yard lowered with such a terrible noise, that Sancho imagined the heavens were torn from off their hinges and tumbling down upon his head, which he forthwith shrunk between his legs in an agony of terror: nor was all serene in the breast of Don Quixote; who, while his legs trembled under him, shrugged up his shoulders, and changed colour. The crew having hoisted the main-yard, with the same expedition and noise which were made in it's descent; while they themselves continued as silent as if they had been altogether without breath or utterance, the boatswain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and leaping into the middle of the gangway, began to ply their shoulders with his supple-jack, or bull's-pizzle, and the galley by little and little stood out to sea.

Sancho beholding such a huge body, moved by so many painted feet, for such he took the oars to be, said within himself, 'This, indeed, is really incantment; but what my master takes for it, is no such matter. What have these miserable wretches done to be scourged in this manner? and I won-

‘der how the devil that single man, who skips up and down, piping and whistling, dares whip and flog so many people; now, on my conscience, I believe this is hell itself, or purgatory at least!’

Don Quixote perceiving with what attention the squire observed every circumstance, ‘Friend Sancho,’ said he, ‘with what facility and dispatch might you now, if you please, strip yourself from the middle upwards, and taking your place among these gentlemen, finish at once the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for, amidst the distress of so much good company, you would hardly be sensible of bodily pain: and who knows, but the sage Merlin would reckon each of these stripes, which are bestowed with good-will, equivalent to ten of those, which, at the long run, you must receive from your own hand.’ The general had just opened his mouth to enquire about the nature of this flagellation, and Dulcinea’s disenchantment, when a mariner came and told him, that the fort of Munjoy had made signal of a rowing bark upon the coast, to the westward. He no sooner received this intelligence, than advancing into a gang-way, ‘Pull away, my lads!’ cried he: ‘let not this cowardly brigantine escape; for certainly she must be a vessel belonging to Algiers which the castle has discovered.’

The other three gallies ranging alongside of the admiral to receive orders, the general directed that two of them should stand out to sea, and the other keep along shore, so that the Algerine should not escape. The slaves immediately began to ply their oars, which impelled the gallies with such velocity, that they seemed to fly; while the two that put to sea, at the distance of two miles, discovered a bark, which, from the view, they judged to have fourteen or fifteen banks, and their conjecture was right. This vessel no sooner descried the gallies, than she made the best of her way, in hope of being able to escape by her nimbleness; but she was baffled in this expectation; for the admiral being one of the swiftest gallies that ever sailed, came up with her apace, and the captain of the brigantine perceiving plainly that he could not escape, desired the rowers to quit their oars

and strike, that he might not by his obstinacy, incense the officer who commanded the gallies: but fate, which conducted their affairs in another manner, ordained, that even after the admiral was within hearing, and ordered them to strike, two Toraquis, that is, a couple of drunken Turks, belonging to the brigantine, discharged two firelocks, which killed as many soldiers who chanced to be in the head of the galley; an incident which was no sooner perceived by the general, than he swore he would not leave one person alive in the brigantine, which he ordered his people to board with all expedition; nevertheless, she, for the present, escaped under the oars, and the galley had such way, that she shot ahead to a good distance, so that the people on board the chace, seeing themselves in danger of being destroyed, hoisted their sails and put before the wind, while the galley tacked and pursued with all her force of canvas and of oars. The diligence and dexterity of the Algerines did not turn out so much to their advantage, as their presumption conduced to their prejudice; for, the admiral running along-side, grappled with the brigantine, and took the whole crew prisoners. The other two gallies came up, and all returned with the prize to the road, while a great concourse of people stood on the beach, to see the contents of the ship they had taken. The general anchored close by the shore, and understanding the viceroy of the city was among the spectators, he ordered the barge to be hoisted out to fetch him on board, and commanded the yard to be lowered for the convenience of hanging the master of the brigantine, and the other Turks he had taken, to the number of thirty-six, all stout young fellows, and mostly Turkish musqueteers. When he asked who commanded the brigantine, one of the prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spanish renegado, answered in Castilian, ‘That there young man is our master;’ pointing to one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that human imagination can conceive, whose age to all appearance was under twenty. ‘Ill-advised dog,’ said the general, ‘what induced thee to kill my soldiers, when thou sawest it was impossible to escape? Is that the respect which is due to admiral-gal-

‘lies?’

‘lies? Dost thou not know, that rashness is not valour, and that doubtful hopes ought to make men resolute, but not desperate?’

The Moor was about to reply, but the general could not at that time hear his answer, because he was obliged to go and receive the viceroy, who had just entered the galley, with some of his own servants, and a few other persons. ‘General,’ said this nobleman, ‘you have had a fine chace.’—‘Aye, so fine,’ replied the other, ‘that your excellency shall see it presently hoisted up at the yard-arm.’—‘For what reason?’ said the viceroy. ‘I mean, the master of the brigantine and his crew,’ answered the commodore, ‘who have, against all law, reason, and custom of war, killed two of the best soldiers that ever served on board; so that I have sworn to hang all the prisoners, especially this youth who was their captain,’ pointing to the handsome Moor; who, by this time, waited for execution, with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck.

The viceroy, surveying this unhappy prisoner, (whose beauty, genteel mien, and humility, served him instead of a recommendation) was seized with the desire of saving his life, and approaching him, ‘Tell me, corsair,’ said he, ‘art thou a Turk, Moor, or Renegado?’ To this question the youth answered, in the Castilian tongue, ‘I am neither Turk, Moor, or Renegado.’—‘Then, what art thou?’ resumed the viceroy. ‘A Christian woman,’ replied the captive. ‘A Christian woman,’ cried the viceroy, ‘in such dress and situation! this is a circumstance more worthy of admiration than of credit.’—‘Gentlemen,’ said the youth, ‘be so good as to suspend my execution, until I shall have recounted the particulars of my story; and that small delay will not much retard the accomplishment of your revenge.’ What heart could be so obdurate as not to relent at this address; so far, at least, as to hear the story of the afflicted youth? The general, accordingly, told him he might proceed with his relation, but by no means expect pardon for the crime of which he was convicted. With this permission, he began in these terms.

‘I was born of that nation, more unfortunate than wife, which hath been lately overwhelmed by a sea of

trouble: in other words, my parents were Moors; and, in the torrent of their misfortune, I was carried by two uncles into Barbary, notwithstanding my professing myself a Christian; not one of those impostors, who are so only in appearance, but a true and faithful Roman catholic. This declaration did not avail me with those who had the charge of our miserable expulsion; nor was it believed by my uncles, who, on the contrary, supposing it no more than a lye, and expedient, by which I thought to obtain permission to remain in my native country, hurried me along with them in a forcible manner. My mother was a Christian, and my father a prudent man of the same religion: I sucked in the catholic faith when an infant at the breast, and was trained up in the ways of virtue; nor do I think I have ever given the least marks of Mahometanism, either in word or deed. In equal pace with my virtue, (for I really think my life was virtuous) my beauty, such as it is, hath ever walked; and notwithstanding the extraordinary reserve in which I lived, concealed from publick view, it was my fate to be seen by a young cavalier, called Don Gregorio, eldest son of a gentleman who had an estate in our neighbourhood. How he became desperately enamoured of me, and how I grew fond of him to distraction, it would be tedious to relate, considering my present situation, standing as I am, with the fatal cord between my tongue and throat; I shall therefore only observe, that Don Gregorio resolved to accompany me in my exile, and actually mingled with those Moors who joined us in different places, without being discovered; for he spoke the language perfectly well. Nay, in the course of our voyage, he insinuated himself into the friendship of my two uncles, with whom I travelled; for my father, who was a man of prudence and foresight, no sooner heard the first mandate for our expulsion, than he went abroad to foreign kingdoms in quest of an asylum for his family, leaving a large quantity of pearls, valuable jewels, with some money, in crusadoes and doubloons of gold, concealed and interred in a certain

place, to which I alone was privy; and laying strong injunctions upon me to avoid touching this treasure, in case we should be exiled before his return. I obeyed his commands in this particular, and as I have already observed, set sail with my uncles, relations, and friends, for Barbary; and the place in which we settled was Algiers, whereas we might as well have taken up our habitation in hell itself. The king hearing of my beauty, and the report of my wealth, which was partly fortunate for my designs, ordered me to be brought before him, and asked from what part of Spain I had come, and what money and jewels I had brought to Barbary. I told him the place of my nativity; and gave him to understand that the money and jewels were buried under ground: but that I should easily recover the whole hoard, provided I could return alone for that purpose. This information I gave, that he might be more blinded by his own avarice than by my beauty: but, during the conversation, a person told him that I was accompanied in my voyage, by one of the most beautiful and genteel youths that ever was seen. I immediately understood, that this was no other than Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty far exceeds the fairest that ever was extolled; and was exceedingly afflicted at the prospect of danger to which the dear youth might be exposed; for, among those barbarous Turks, a boy or handsome youth is more prized and esteemed than any woman, let her be never so beautiful.

The king forthwith ordered his people to bring Don Gregorio into his presence, and in the mean time asked me if his person actually corresponded with this report. Then I, as if inspired by Heaven, answered in the affirmative; though at the same time I assured him, it was no youth, but a woman like myself; and begged leave to go and dress her in her natural attire, which would shew her beauty to the best advantage, and enable her to appear in his presence with less confusion. He said I might go, in good time, and that some other day he would concert measures for my return into Spain, to bring off the hidden treasure. Thus dismissed, I went and explained

to Don Gaspar the risque he would run in appearing as a man, and dressing him in the habit of a Moorish woman accompanied him that same evening to the presence of the king, who was seized with admiration at sight of her beauty, and resolved to keep her for a present to the Grand Signior. In order to avoid the danger to which this young creature might be exposed in his seraglio, from his own inordinate desires, he ordered her to be lodged, quartered, and attended, in the house of some Moorish ladies, whither she was immediately conveyed; and what we both felt at parting, for I cannot deny that I love him tenderly, I leave to the consideration of lovers who have experienced such a cruel separation.

The king afterwards contrived a scheme for my returning to Spain in this brigantine, accompanied by two native Turks, the very persons who killed your soldiers, and that Spanish renegado, (pointing to him who spoke first) who I know is a Christian in his heart, and is much more desirous of remaining in Spain than of returning to Barbary; the rest of the crew are Moors and Turks, whom we engaged as rowers. The two insolent and rapacious Turks, without minding the order they received to land the renegado and me in the habit of Christians, with which we were provided, on the first part of Spain they could make, resolved previously to scour the coast, with a view to take prizes, fearing that should they set us on shore beforehand, we might meet with some accident which would oblige us to discover that there was a corsair on the coast, and they of consequence run the risk of being taken by the gallies. At night we deserted this road, though we did not perceive the four gallies, and being discovered, were taken as you see. In a word, Don Gregorio remains in the habit of a woman among the Moorish ladies, at the imminent hazard of his life, and here I stand fettered and manacled, in expectation, or rather in fear, of losing that existence of which I am already tired. This, Signior, is the end of my lamentable story, which is equally true and unfortunate; and all I beg of you is, that I may die like a Christian, seeing, as I have already observed, I have

‘ have in no shape been guilty of the fault which hath been charged upon our unhappy nation !’

So saying, she stood silent, her lovely eyes impregnated with tears, which few of the spectators could behold unmoved; and the viceroy, whose disposition was humane and compassionate, unable to speak, advanced to the place, and with his own hands released those of the beautiful Moor.

While this Christian Moor related her peregrinations, an ancient pilgrim who had followed the viceroy into the galley, kept his eyes close fixed upon her countenance, and her story was no sooner finished than he threw himself at her feet, which he bathed with his tears, while in accents interrupted with a thousand sighs and groans, he exclaimed, ‘ O, Anna Felix ! my unhappy daughter; I am thy father Ricote, who have returned in search of thee to Spain, because I could not live without thee, who art dear to my affection even as my own soul !’

At these words, Sancho opened his eyes, and raised his head, which he had hitherto hung in manifest despondence, reflecting upon the disgrace of his flying adventure; and looking at the pilgrim, recognized that same Ricote whom he had encountered the very day on which he quitted his government: he likewise recollected the features of his daughter, who being by this time unbound, mingled her tears with those of her father, whom she tenderly embraced; and then the old man, addressing himself to the viceroy and general, ‘ My lords,’ said he, ‘ this is my daughter; not so happy in the incidents of her life, as in her name, which is Anna Felix, with the addition of Ricote, as famous for her beauty as for her father’s wealth. I left my country in quest of a place where we should be received and hospitably entertained; and having found such an asylum in Germany, I returned as a pilgrim in the company of some people of that nation, hoping to find my daughter, and fetch away the wealth which I had buried in the earth: my daughter was gone, but I recovered my hoard, which is in my possession; and now, by this strange vicissitude which you have seen, I have retrieved that treasure which is the chief object of my affection, I

mean, my beloved daughter. If our innocence and mutual tears can have influence enough upon your integrity and justice, to open the gates of mercy, O let it prevail in favour of us, who never offended you even in thought, nor in any shape corresponded with the designs of our people, who have been justly expelled.’ Here Sancho interposing, ‘ I am very well acquainted with Ricote,’ said he, ‘ and know all he has said about his daughter Anna Felix to be true; but, with respect to that other trash of his comings and goings, and his good or evil designs, I neither meddle nor make.’ Every person present expressed admiration at this strange incident; and the general turning to the daughter, ‘ Every tear you let fall,’ said he, ‘ conspires in preventing the performance of my oath. Live, beauteous Anna Felix, the term of your life prescribed by Heaven; and let those insolent and presumptuous wretches suffer punishment for the crimes they have committed.’

So saying, he ordered the two Turks, who had killed his soldiers, to be hanged at the yard’s arm; but the viceroy earnestly entreated him to spare their lives, as their crime was rather the effect of madness than of preconceived design. The general granted his request, especially as he did not think it commendable to execute revenge in cold blood.

Then they began to contrive some method for extricating Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger in which he was involved; and Ricote offered to the value of above two thousand ducats, which he had about him in pearls and jewels, to any person who could effect his deliverance. Many schemes were projected; but none of them seemed so sensible as that which was presented by the fore-mentioned Spanish renegado, who offered to return to Algiers in some small bark of about six banks, manned with Christians, as he knew where, how, and when he might land with safety, and was well acquainted with the house in which Don Gaspar remained. The general and the viceroy were dubious of the renegado, and scrupled to trust him with the command of Christian rowers; but Anna Felix was satisfied of his integrity, and her father said he would engage to ransom them,

them, should they chance to be taken and enslaved.

Matters being settled on this footing, the viceroy went ashore, after having laid strong injunctions on Don Antonio Moreno, who had invited the Moorish beauty and her father to his house, to make much of his guests, and command whatever his own palace could afford for their entertainment. Such was the charity and benevolence which Anna's beauty had infused into his heart!

CHAP. XII.

GIVING THE DETAIL OF AN ADVENTURE WHICH GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE MORTIFICATION THAN HE HAD RECEIVED FROM ALL THE MISFORTUNES WHICH HAD HITHERTO BEFALLEN HIM.

DON Antonio's lady, as the history relates, was extremely pleased at the sight of Anna Felix, whom she received with great cordiality, equally enamoured of her beauty and discretion; for, indeed, the Moor excelled in both; and here she was visited by all the people of fashion in town, as if by toll of bell. As for Don Quixote, he gave Antonio to understand, that in his opinion, the plan they had formed for the deliverance of Don Gregorio was more dangerous than expedient; and that it would be much more effectual to set him on shore in Barbary, with his arms and horse; in which case he would bring home the young gentleman, in despite of the whole Moorish race, as heretofore Don Gayferos had delivered his wife, Melisandra. Sancho, hearing this proposal, 'Consider,' said he, 'that Signior Don Gayferos delivered his wife from captivity, on the main land, and carried her off to France through the high road; but, in this case, even granting we should have the good luck to release Don Gregorio from his confinement, we shall not be able to convey him hither to Spain, because the sea is between us and Barbary.'—'There's a remedy for all things but death,' replied the knight: 'for, if there is a bark by the

shore, we can go aboard, in opposition to the whole universe.'—'Your worship describes it a very easy matter,' said the squire: 'but, between Said and Done, a long race may be run; and, for my part, I would stick to the offer of the renegado, who seems to be a very honest person, and a man of compassionate bowels. Don Antonio said, that if the renegado should fail in his undertaking, they would certainly find some means for transporting the great Don Quixote to Barbary; and in two days the renegado departed in a light bark with six oars on a side, manned with a crew of approved valour. In two days after her departure the gallies likewise set sail for the Levant, after the general had begged and obtained the viceroy's promise to let him know the success of the scheme they had contrived for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, together with the fate of the lovely Anna Felix.

One morning, Don Quixote rode forth upon the strand, completely armed; for he often observed, arms were his ornaments, and fighting his diversion, and he never cared to appear in any other dress; and as he pranced along, he saw coming towards him, a knight, likewise armed cap-a-pee, having a full moon painted on his shield. This apparition was no sooner within hearing, than he addressed his discourse to Don Quixote, pronouncing aloud, 'Renowned cavalier, never enough applauded Don Quixote de La Mancha, I the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of exploits may, peradventure, recal him to your remembrance, am come with hostile intent to prove the force of thine arm; to convince and compel thee to own that my mistress, whosoever she is, exceeds in beauty thy Dulcinea del Toboso, beyond all comparison: which truth, if thou wilt fairly and fully confess, thou wilt avoid thy own death; and spare me the trouble of being thy executioner; but shouldst thou presume to engage with me in single combat, and be overcome, all the satisfaction I demand is, that thou wilt lay aside thine arms, desist from travelling in quest of adventures, and, quitting the field, retire to thine own habitation;'

'when'

‘ where thou shalt continue a whole year, without drawing a sword, in comfortable peace and profitable tranquillity, which may tend to the augmentation of thy fortune, and the salvation of thy precious soul. On the other hand, if it be my fate to be vanquished, my life shall exist at thy discretion; thine shall be the spoils of all my arms and horse, and to thee shall be transferred all the fame of my achievements: consider which of these alternatives thou wilt chuse, and answer me on the spot; for, on this very day, the affair must be dispatched and determined.’

Don Quixote was astonished and confounded, as well at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the cause of his defiance; and, after a short pause of recollection, replied with a solemn tone, and countenance severe, ‘ Sir Knight of the White Moon, whose exploits have not as yet reached mine ear, I dare say you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you enjoyed that happiness, I know you would not have dreamed of making such a rash demand: one glimpse of her would have undeceived you perfectly, and plainly demonstrated, that there never was, or will be, beauty comparable to that which she possesses. I, therefore, without giving you the lye, but only affirming that you are egregiously mistaken, accept of your defiance on the conditions you have proposed, and will fight you forthwith before the day you have pitched upon shall be elapsed; with this exception, however, that I will by no means adopt the fame of your exploits; because, I know not how, where, or wherefore they were achieved, and am content with my own, such as they are: chuse your ground, therefore, and I will take my share of the field; and, let St. Peter bless what God shall bestow.’

The Knight of the White Moon being discovered from the city, and seen talking with Don Quixote, notice was given to the viceroy; who, supposing it was some new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno, or some other gentleman of the town, went down to the strand, accompanied by the said Don Antonio, and a number of other cavaliers, and reached the

spot just as Don Quixote wheeled about on Rozinante to measure his distance. Seeing both parties ready for returning to the encounter, he placed himself in the middle between them, and demanded the cause that induced them so suddenly to engage in single combat. The Knight of the White Moon answered, that it was the precedence of beauty; and briefly repeated his proposal to Don Quixote, with the mutual acceptance of the conditions proposed. Then the viceroy taking Don Antonio aside, asked if he knew this Knight of the White Moon; and if this was a joke which he intended to perpetrate upon Don Quixote. Don Antonio assured him that he knew not the stranger, nor could guess whether the challenge was given in jest or earnest. He was a little perplexed, and dubious whether or not he should allow the battle to be fought; but, as he could not conceive it to be any thing else than a preconcerted joke; he retired, saying, ‘ Valiant knights, seeing there is no other remedy, but you must confess or die; and Signior Don Quixote persists in denying what you, of the White Moon presume to affirm; I leave you to your fate, and God stand by the righteous.’

The stranger, in very polite terms, and well-selected phrase, thanked the viceroy for the permission he had granted; and his example was, in this particular, followed by Don Quixote, who, having recommended himself heartily to Heaven and his Dulcinea, according to his usual practice when he engaged in any combat, turned about to take a little more ground, in imitation of his antagonist; then, without receiving a signal for engaging, either by sound of trumpet, or any other instrument, both parties wheeled about at the same instant. The Knight of the White Moon having the swifter horse, coming up with his adversary, before this last had run one third of his career, lifted up his lance purposefully that he might not wound Don Quixote, whom, however, he encountered with such an irresistible shock, that both he and Rozinante came to the ground with a very dangerous fall: the victor instantly sprung upon him, and clapping his lance to his vizor, ‘ Knight,’ said he, ‘ you are vanquished,’

quished, and a dead man, unless you acknowledge the terms of the defiance.' To this address the battered and astonished Don Quixote, without lifting up his beaver, replied in a languid tone and feeble voice, that seemed to issue from a tomb, 'Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth; and, as it is not reasonable that my weakness should discredit this truth, make use of your weapon, knight, and instantly deprive me of life, as you have already divested me of honour.'—'By no means,' said he of the White Moon: 'let the fame of my Lady Dulcinea's beauty flourish in full perfection; all the satisfaction I ask is, that the great Don Quixote shall retire to his own house, and there abide for the space of one year, or during the term which I shall prescribe, according to the articles agreed upon before we engaged.' This whole dialogue was overheard by the viceroy, Don Antonio, and a number of other people who were present, and they were also ear-witnesses of the answer made by Don Quixote, who said, that as the victor had demanded nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would comply with his proposal like a true and punctual knight.

He of the White Moon hearing his declaration, turning his horse, and, bowing courteously to the viceroy, entered the city at an half gallop, whither he was followed by Don Antonio, at the desire of the viceroy, who entreated him to make enquiry, and obtain satisfactory information concerning this romantick stranger. In the mean time, they raised up Don Quixote; and uncovering his face, found him pale as death, and his forehead bedewed with a cold sweat, while Rozinante lay motionless, from the rough treatment he had received. As for Sancho, he was so overwhelmed with sorrow and vexation, that he knew not what to say or do; this unlucky incident seemed to be a dream, and he looked upon the whole scene as a matter of enchantment. Seeing his lord and master overcome, and obliged to lay aside his arms for the space of a whole year, he imagined the splendor of his exploits was eclipsed, and all those fair hopes, produced from his late promise, dispersed in the air, as

smoke is dissipated by the wind: in a word, he was afraid that Rozinante was maimed for ever, and his master's bones dislocated; and even thought it would be a great mercy if he was not in a worse condition.

Finally, the viceroy ordered his people to bring a sedan, in which the knight was carried to the city, accompanied by that nobleman, who longed very much to know who this Knight of the White Moon was, by whom Don Quixote had been left in such a cruel dilemma.

C H A P. XIII.

WHICH DISCOVERS WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS, AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE DELIVERANCE OF DON GREGORIO—WITH OTHER INCIDENTS.

DON Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, who was also accompanied, and even persecuted by a number of boys, until they had housed him in one of the city inns, which was at the same time entered by Don Antonio, who burned with impatience to know what he was; and, without ceremony, intruded himself into the apartment to which the stranger retired, with his squire, to be unarmed. He of the white moon, perceiving how much the gentleman's curiosity was inflamed, and that he was resolved to stick close by him until it should be satisfied, 'Signior,' said he, 'I am not ignorant that you are come hither on purpose to know who I am; and, as there is no reason why I should refuse you that satisfaction, I will, while my servant is employed in taking off my armour, explain the whole mystery, without the least reserve: you must know, then, Signior, that I am called the Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, a townsman of Don Quixote de La Mancha, whose madness and extravagance has given great concern to all his acquaintance, and to me in particular. Believing that his recovery would depend upon his living quietly at his own habitation, I projected a scheme for compelling him to stay at home; and, about three months ago, sallied forth upon the highway,

highway, as a knight-errant, assuming the appellation of the Knight of the Mirrours, fully resolved to engage and vanquish Don Quixote, without hurting him dangerously, after I should have established, as the condition of our combat, that the vanquished should be at the discretion of the victor: and, as I deemed him already conquered, my intention was to demand that he should return to his own house, from which he should not stir for the space of one year, in which time I hoped his cure might be effected. But, fate ordained things in another manner; I was conquered and overthrown, and my design entirely frustrated; he proceeded in quest of new adventures, and I returned vanquished, ashamed, and sorely bruised by the dangerous fall I had sustained in battle: nevertheless, I did not lay aside the design of returning in quest of him to overthrow him in my turn, and you have this day seen my intention succeed; for, he is so punctual in observing the ordinances of chivalry, that he will, doubtless, perform his promise in complying with my demand. This, Signior, is an account of the whole affair; nor have I omitted one circumstance; and I beg you will not discover and disclose to Don Quixote who I am, that my christian intention may take effect, and the poor gentleman retrieve his judgment, which would be altogether excellent, were he once abandoned by those mad notions of chivalry.—‘God forgive you, Signior,’ cried Don Antonio, ‘for the injury you have done the world, in seeking to restore to his senses the most agreeable madman that ever lived! Do not you perceive, Signior, that the benefit resulting from the cure of Don Quixote will never counterbalance the pleasure produced by his extravagances? But, I imagine, all the care and industry of Signior Batchelor will hardly be sufficient to effect the recovery of a man who is so thoroughly mad, and, if it was no breach of charity, I would say, May Don Quixote never be cured; for, in his recovery, we not only lose his own diverting flights, but also those of his squire Sancho Panza; and any of these conceits are such as might convert

Melancholy herself into merriment and laughter: nevertheless, I shall put a seal upon my lips, and say nothing, that I may see whether or not I shall judge aright, in supposing that the diligence of Signior Carrasco will not answer his expectation.’ The batchelor answered, that all things considered, the business was already in a fair way; and, he did not doubt, would be blessed with a prosperous issue. Don Antonio having made a tender of his services, and taken his leave, Sampson ordered his arms to be fastened upon a mule; then mounting the horse on which he engaged Don Quixote, he quitted the city that same day, on his return to his own country, in which he arrived without having met with any incident worthy of being recorded in this authentick history. Don Antonio made the viceroy acquainted with all the particulars he had learned from Carrasco, which afforded no great pleasure to that nobleman, as the retirement of Don Quixote would destroy all that entertainment enjoyed by those who had the opportunity of observing his madness.

Six whole days did Don Quixote lie a-bed, pensive, melancholy, mauld, and meagre, revolving in his imagination, and meditating incessantly on the unfortunate incident of his overthrow; notwithstanding the consolations of Sancho, who, among other arguments of comfort, exhorted his worship to hold up his head, and dispel his sorrow, if possible. ‘Your worship, said he, has reason to thank God, that, though you are overthrown, your ribs are still whole: you know that, in those matters, we must take as well as give; and where there are hooks we do not always find bacon—A fig for the physician, seeing we do not want his help in the cure of this distemper: let us return to our habitation, and leave off travelling about in quest of adventures, through lands and countries unknown; nay, if we rightly consider the case, I am the greatest loser, though your worship is the most roughly handled; for though, when I quitted the government, I likewise, quitted all thought of governing, I did not give up the desire of being a count, which will never be fulfilled if your worship should renounce your

‘design of being a king, and quit the exercise of chivalry; in that case all my hopes must vanish into smoke.—Peace, Sancho,’ said the disconsolate knight; ‘the term of my penance and retirement will not exceed a year, at the end of which I will return to the honourable duties of my profession, and then we shall find kingdoms to conquer and countships to bestow.’—‘The Lord give ear, and my sin never hear!’ cried Sancho: and I have always heard it said, that righteous hope is better than unjust possession.’

‘Their conversation was interrupted by Don Antonio; who, entering the apartment with marks of infinite satisfaction, exclaimed, ‘Money for my good news, Signior Don Quixote: Don Gregorio, and the renegado who undertook his deliverance, are now in the road—in the road! they are, by this time, in the viceroy’s palace, and will be here in an instant.’ The knight was a little revived by these tidings, and replied, ‘In truth, I was going to say, I should have been glad to hear that the scheme had not succeeded, so that I should have been obliged to cross over into Barbary, where I would, by the strength of my arm, have given liberty not only to Don Gregorio, but also to all the christian captives in Algiers—but, what, am I saying, miserable cat! I am not I vanquished? am not I overthrown? am not I excluded from the exercise of arms for the space of a whole year? wherefore, then, promise what I cannot perform? wherefore praise my own valour, when I am fitter for handling a distaff than for wielding a sword?’—‘No more of that, good Signior,’ replied the squire; ‘Let the hen live though she has the pip: To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me: as to those matters of encounters and dry baskings, they are not to be minded; for, he that falls to-day may rise to-morrow, if he does not chuse to lie a-bed; I mean, if he does not chuse to despair, without endeavouring to recover fresh spirits for fresh adventures. Get up, therefore, I beseech your worship, and receive Don Gregorio; for the people are in such an uproar, that by this time he must be in the house.’

This was really the case: Don Gre-

gorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of the voyage and success of the undertaking, the young gentleman, impatient to see his dear Anna Felix, was come with his deliverer to the house of Don Antonio; and, although Don Gregorio was in woman’s apparel when they delivered him from Algiers, he had exchanged it in the vessel with another captive by whom he was accompanied; but, in any dress whatsoever, his appearance was such as commanded friendship, service, and esteem; for, he was exceedingly beautiful, and seemingly not above seventeen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went forth to receive him; the father with tears of joy, and Anna with the most modest deportment: nor did this fair couple embrace one another; for, where genuine love prevails, such freedom of behaviour is seldom indulged. The beauty of Don Gregorio and his misfortunes excited the admiration of all the spectators; while silence spoke for the lovers themselves, and their eyes, performing the office of the tongue, disclosed the joy of their virtuous thoughts. The renegado recounted the stratagem and means he had used for the deliverance of the youth; who, likewise, entertained the company with a detail of the dangers and distresses to which he was exposed among the women with whom he had been left; and this talk he performed not with diffused prolixity, but in elegant and concise terms, which plainly proved that his discretion far exceeded his years. Finally, Ricote liberally rewarded the rowers and the renegado, who re-united and re-incorporated himself with the church, and from a rotten member, became fair and sound, by dint of mortification and sincere repentance.

Two days after the arrival of Don Gregorio, the viceroy consulted with Don Antonio about the means of obtaining permission for Anna Felix and her father to reside in Spain, as they were persuaded that no inconvenience could arise from such indulgence to a daughter who was so perfectly a Christian, and a father so righteously disposed. Don Antonio offered to negotiate this affair at court, whither he was pressingly called by his own occasions; observing, that by dint of interest and presents many difficulties are removed,

removed. Ricote, who was present at this conversation, said, 'There is nothing to be hoped from favour or presents; neither tears, entreaties, promises, nor presents, will avail with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, Count de Selaza, to whom his majesty has entrusted the charge of our expulsion; for, although he really tempers justice with mercy, as he perceives the whole body of our nation contaminated and gangrened, he applies the actual cautery instead of the mollifying ointment; so that, by his diligence, prudence, sagacity, and terrifying threats, he has sustained upon his able shoulders the weight of that vast project which he has successfully put in execution, without suffering his Argus eyes, which are always alert, to be blinded by all our indutry, stratagem, fraud, and solicitation. He is resolved that none of our people shall remain concealed; lest, like an hidden root, they may hereafter bud and bring forth fruit which may be poisonous to Spain, already cleansed and delivered from those fears that arose from the prodigious number of Moors: an heroic resolution of the great Philip III. who has, at the same time, displayed the most consummate wisdom, in committing the execution of the scheme to the courage and ability of Don Bernardino de Velasco.'—'Nevertheless,' said Don Antonio, 'I will, while at court, use all possible means in your behalf, and leave the determination to Heaven; Don Gregorio shall go along with me, and console his parents for the grief they have suffered from his absence; Anna Felix shall stay with my wife, or be boarded in a monastery; and, I know, my lord viceroy will be pleased to lodge honest Ricote until we shall see the issue of my negociation.' The viceroy agreed to every circumstance of the proposal; but Don Gregorio, being informed of the scheme, declared he neither could nor would leave his charming Anna Felix. At length, however, he assented to the proposal, resolving to go and visit his parents, with whom he would concert measures for returning to fetch away his mistress; so that Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote staid in the viceroy's palace.

The hour of Antonio's departure arrived; and, in two days, was followed by that of Don Quixote, whose fall would not permit him to travel before that time. The parting of the lovers was attended with weeping, sighing, sobbing, and swooning; and Ricote offered to accommodate Don Gregorio with a thousand crowns; but the young gentleman would take but five, which he borrowed of Don Antonio, promising to repay them at court. Thus they set out together for Madrid; and soon after, as we have already observed, Don Quixote and Sancho departed from Barcelona; the knight unarmed, in a travelling dress, and the squire trudging a-foot, because Dapple carried the armour of his master.

CHAP. XIV.

TREATING OF THAT WHICH WILL
BE SEEN BY HIM WHO READS,
AND KNOWN BY HIM WHO HEARS
IT READ.

DON Quixote, in leaving Barcelona, turned about to survey the fatal spot in which he had fallen, and thus exclaimed: 'Here Troy once stood! here, by misfortune, not by cowardice, was I despoiled of all the glory I had acquired! Here did I feel the vicissitudes of fortune! here all my achievements were eclipsed! and, finally, here fell my fortune, never more to rise!' Sancho hearing this effusion, 'Signior,' said he, 'it is the part of a valiant man to bear with patience his sufferings and adversity, as well as to enjoy his prosperity with good humour. I judge from my own feeling; for, if I was merry when a governor, I am not melancholy now that I am a poor squire travelling a-foot; and I have often heard, that the we call fortune is a drunken, fickle female, and so blind withal, that she sees not what she does, and knows not whom she is abusing, or whom exalting.'—'Sancho,' answered the knight, 'thou art very philosophical, and hast spoke with great discretion, which I know not where thou hast learned; I can tell thee, however, there is no such thing as fortune in the whole world; nor do those things which happen,

‘whether good or evil, proceed from chance, but solely from the particular providence of Heaven; and hence comes the usual saying, That every man is the maker of his own fortune. I at least have been the maker of mine, though not with sufficient prudence, and therefore my presumptuous hopes miscarried. I ought to have considered that Rozinante’s weakness could not resist the weight and magnitude of my adversary’s horse; in a word, I tried my fortune, did what I could, found myself vanquished and overthrown, and though I lost mine honour, I neither did nor can forfeit my integrity, and the merit of fulfilling my promise; while I was a knight-errant valiant and intrepid, my hand and my performance gave credit to my exploits; and now that I am no more than a pedestrian squire, my word shall be confirmed by the accomplishment of my promise. Make haste, then, friend Sancho, let us return to our own country, and pass the year of our probation, and during that term of confinement acquire fresh vigour and virtue, to resume the never by me forgotten exercise of arms.’—‘Signior,’ answered the squire, ‘the pastime of trudging a-foot is not quite so pleasant, as to move and instigate me to travel a great pace; let us leave these arms of yours, hanging like a malefactor on some tree; and then I, occupying the back of Dapple, with my feet no longer in the mire, we may travel just as your worship shall desire or demand; but, to think that I can make long marches a-foot, is a vain supposition.’—‘Thou art in the right, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘let my arms be suspended in form of a trophy; and beneath, or around them, we will engrave upon the tree, an inscription like that which appeared under the armour of Orlando—

“Let him alone these arms displace,
“Who dares Orlando’s fury face.”

‘A most excellent device!’ cried the squire; ‘and if it were not that we should feel the want of him in our journey, it would not be amiss to hang up Rozinante at the same time.’—

‘Nevertheless,’ replied Don Quixote,

‘neither Rozinante nor my arms will I suffer to be hung up; for it shall never be said of me, that a good service met with a bad remuneration.’—‘Your worship talks very much to the purpose,’ said Sancho; ‘for, according to the opinion of wise men, The pannel ought not to suffer for the fault of the ass; and since your worship alone was to blame for the bad success of the last adventure, you ought to punish yourself only, and not vent your indignation upon your bloody and already rusted arms, or upon the meekness of Rozinante, or, lastly, upon the tenderness of my feet, in desiring them to walk at a pace which they cannot maintain.’

In this conversation, and other such discourse, they passed that whole day and the next four, without meeting with any incident that could interrupt their journey: on the fifth, which was a holiday, they entered a village where they saw a number of people making merry at the gate of an inn; and when Don Quixote approached, a countryman exclaimed, ‘One of these gentlemen travellers, who are unacquainted with the parties, shall decide our wager.’ The knight assuring them he would give his opinion freely and honestly, as soon as he should be informed of the matter, the peasant replied, ‘Worthy Signior, this here is the case: One of our townsmen, who is so fat and bulky that he weighs little less than three hundred weight, has challenged one of his neighbours, a thin creature, not half so heavy, to run with him one hundred yards with equal weight. The match was accordingly made; but when the challenger was asked how the weight of both should be made equal, he insisted on the other’s carrying the difference in bars of iron, by which means, Limberham would be upon a footing with Loggerhead.’—‘By no means,’ tried Sancho, interposing before his master could answer one word, ‘to me, who have been lately a governor and a judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and give my opinion in every dispute.’—‘Speak then, in happy time, friend Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘for my judgment is so confounded and disturbed, that I am hardly fit to throw crumbs to a cat.’ With this

this permission, Sancho addressing himself to the peasants, who had assembled around him, and waited his decision with open mouths, 'Brothers,' said he, 'the demand of Loggerhead will not hold water, and is indeed without the least shadow of justice; for, if what all the world says be true, namely, that the challenged party has the choice of the weapons, it is not reasonable that the said Loggerhead should pretend to choose such arms as will encumber his adversary, and secure the victory to himself; it is therefore my opinion, that Loggerhead, the challenger, shall scrape, shave, pare, polish, slice, and take away, one hundred and fifty pounds weight of his own individual flesh from different parts of his body, according to his own fancy and convenience; so that, leaving the other moiety which will be sufficient to counterbalance his antagonist, the parties may run with equal advantage.'—'Fore God!' cried one of the countrymen, hearing this wise decision, 'the gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon; but, sure I am, Loggerhead will not part with an ounce, much less one hundred and fifty pounds of his flesh.'—'The best part of the joke,' replied another peasant, 'is, that the match cannot be run; for Limberham will not touch a bar of iron, and Loggerhead will not pare himself: let us therefore spend the half of the moiety in treating these gentlemen at the tavern with some of the best wine; and, when it rains, let the shower fall upon my cloak.'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Quixote, 'I thank you for your invitation, but I really cannot tarry a moment; for melancholy thought and unlucky adventures oblige me to appear uncivil on this occasion, and to travel faster than the ordinary pace.' So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and set on; leaving them astonished in consequence of having seen and observed the strange figure of the master, and the sagacity of the servant, for such they supposed Sancho to be. One of them could not help saying, 'If the servant is so wise, what must the master be? I'll lay a wager if they go to study at Salamanca, they will

in a trice be created alcaides of the court; for it is nothing but children's play, studying and poring, and naving interest and good luck: and when a man thinks least about the matter, he finds himself with a white rod in his hand, or a mitre upon his head.'

That night our adventurer and his squire passed in the middle of an open field, under the spacious cope of heaven; and next day proceeding on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man on foot, with a javelin or half-pike in his hand, and a wallet on his back; circumstances from which they judged he was a post or courier. As he advanced he quickened his pace, and running up to Don Quixote, embraced his right thigh, for he could reach no higher, exclaiming, with marks of extraordinary satisfaction, 'O my good Signior Don Quixote! how will the heart of my lord duke be rejoiced when he knows your worship is returning to his castle, where he still continues with my lady duchess!—'Friend,' said the knight, 'I do not recollect your features, nor do I know who you are, unless you will be pleased to tell me.'—'Signior Don Quixote,' replied the courier, 'I am my lord duke's lacquey Tosilos, who refused to fight with your worship concerning the marriage of the duenna's daughter.'—'God in heaven protect me!' cried the knight, 'is it possible that you are he whom my enemies the enchanters transformed into that lame lacquey you mention, to deprive me of the glory of that combat?'—'No more of that, worthy Signior,' replied the post; 'there was no enchantment in the case, nor any sort of transformation; I was as much the lacquey Tosilos when I entered the lists, as when I left them. I thought the girl handsome, and therefore would have married her without fighting, but the event did not answer my expectation. Your worship was no sooner gone from the castle, than my lord duke ordered me to be severely bastinadoed, for having contradicted the instructions he had given me before I entered the lists; and this is the upshot of the whole affair: the girl is by this time a nun, Donna Rodriguez is gone back to

Castile,

‘Castile, and I am now bound for
 ‘Barcelona with a packet of letters
 ‘from his grace to the viceroy. If
 ‘your worship is inclined to take a
 ‘small draught of good wine, though
 ‘not very cool, I have here a calabash
 ‘full of the best, and some slices of
 ‘Tronchon cheese, which will serve as
 ‘provocatives and rousers of thirst, if
 ‘perchance it should be asleep.’—
 ‘Your invitation is accepted,’ cried
 Sancho; ‘truce with your compliments
 ‘and skink away, honest Tosilos,
 ‘mangle and in despite of all the in-
 ‘chanters of the Indies.’—‘Verily,
 ‘Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘thou
 ‘art the most insatiate glutton in the
 ‘universe, and the most ignorant ani-
 ‘mal upon earth: but, as thou art not
 ‘persuaded that this courier is in-
 ‘chanted, and no other than a coun-
 ‘terfeit Tosilos, thou mayest tarry
 ‘along with him and fill thy belly,
 ‘and I will jog on at a slow pace
 ‘until thou shalt overtake me.’ The
 lacquey smiled at his infatuation, un-
 sheathed his calabash, unwalletted his
 cheese, and producing a small loaf, he
 and Sancho sat down upon the grass,
 where in peace and harmony they dis-
 patched and discussed the contents of
 the wallet with great perseverance and
 good-will, and even licked the packer,
 because it smelled of cheese. During
 the repast, Tosilos said to the squire,
 ‘Doubtless, friend Sancho, thy master
 ‘is bankrupt in common-sense.’—
 ‘How, bankrupt!’ answered Panza;
 ‘he owes no man a farthing, but pays
 ‘like a prince, especially where mad-
 ‘ness is the current coin; I see the
 ‘matter plain enough, and tell him
 ‘my opinion freely: but to what
 ‘purpose? Now, indeed, he is going
 ‘home in despair, for having been
 ‘vanquished by the Knight of the
 ‘White Moon.’ Tosilos earnestly
 begged he would recount that adven-
 ture; but Sancho declined the task,
 observing, that it would be unmannerly
 to let his master wait for him; though
 at their next meeting he should have
 more leisure. He accordingly started
 up, and shaking the crumbs from his
 garment and beard, bade adieu to To-
 silos; then driving Dapple before him,
 soon came up with his master, whom
 he found waiting for him under the
 shade of a tree.

C H A P. XV.

OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH DON
 QUIXOTE TOOK TO BECOME A
 SHEPHERD, AND LEAD A PASTO-
 RAL LIFE UNTIL THE TERM OF
 HIS CONFINEMENT SHOULD BE
 ELAPSED—WITH OTHER INCI-
 DENTS TRULY ENTERTAINING.

IF Don Quixote was perplexed with
 cogitation before his overthrow,
 much more was he fatigued by his own
 thoughts after his late misfortune.
 Under the shade of a tree, as we have
 already observed, did he remain, and
 there he was stung with reflections
 that swarmed like flies about honey;
 some dwelling upon the disenchantment
 of Dulcinea, and others revolving plans
 for the life he was to lead in his com-
 pulsive retirement. When Sancho
 joined him, and began to expatiate upon
 the liberal disposition of Tosilos, ‘Is
 ‘it possible, O Sancho,’ said the
 knight, ‘that thou still believest that
 ‘man to be the individual lacquey?
 ‘One would think thou hadst forgot
 ‘that thy own eyes have seen Dulcinea
 ‘converted and transformed into a
 ‘country wench, and the Knight of
 ‘the Mirrors into the Bachelor Car-
 ‘asco, by the wicked arts of those
 ‘inchanters who persecute my virtue.
 ‘But, tell me now, didst thou ask To-
 ‘silos how Providence hath disposed,
 ‘of Altisidora? Hath she bewailed
 ‘my absence, or already consigned to
 ‘oblivion those anorous thoughts by
 ‘which she was tormented during my
 ‘residence at the castle?’—‘My
 ‘thoughts,’ answered Sancho, ‘were
 ‘not such as allowed me to ask these
 ‘childish questions. Body O me!
 ‘Signior, is your worship at present
 ‘in a condition to enquire about other
 ‘people’s thoughts, especially those
 ‘you call anorous?’—‘Sancho,’ said
 the knight, ‘you must consider there
 ‘is a wide difference between the sug-
 ‘gestions of love, and those of grati-
 ‘tude: a gentleman may very well
 ‘be insensible to love; but, strictly
 ‘speaking, he can never be ungrate-
 ‘ful. Altisidora, in all appearance,
 ‘loved me to distraction: she, as thou
 ‘very well knowest, made me a present
 ‘of three night-caps; she bewailed
 ‘my

‘ my departure, loaded me with curses and reproach, and, in spite of maiden shame, complained of me in public; undoubted proofs of my being the object of her adoration; for, the indignation of lovers usually vents itself in maledictions. I had no hopes to give, nor treasures to offer; all my affections are yielded to Dulcinea; and the treasures of knight-errant are like those of the fairies, altogether phantom and illusion: all, therefore, that I can return, is a kind remembrance, without prejudice, however, to the memory of Dulcinea, who is greatly aggrieved by thy remissness in delaying to scourge and chastize that flesh which I hope will be a prey to the wolves; seeing thou seemest more inclined to reserve it for the worms, than to use it in behalf of that poor distressed lady.’—‘ Signior,’ answered the squire, ‘ if the truth must be told, I cannot persuade myself that the whipping of my posteriors can have any effect in disinchanting those who are enchanted, no more than if we should anoint the thins to cure the head-ache; at least, I will venture to swear that in all the histories your worship has read concerning knight errantry, you have never found that any person was disinchanting by such a whipping: but be that as it may, I will lay it on when I have time, convenience, and inclination, to make free with my own flesh.’—‘ God grant thou mayest,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ and Heaven give thee grace to understand and be sensible of the obligation thou liest under, to assist my mistress; who, as thou art mine, is thine also.’

With such conversation they amused themselves in travelling, until they arrived at the very spot where they had been overturned by the bulls; when Don Quixote recognizing the ground, ‘ This is the meadow,’ said he, ‘ where we met the gay shepherdesses and gallant swains, who sought to renew and re-act the pastoral Arcadia, a project equally original and ingenious; in imitation of which, shouldst thou approve of the scheme, we will assume the garb and employment of shepherds during the term of our retirement. I will purchase some sheep, together with all the necessary im-

plements of a pastoral life, and taking the name of Quixotiz, while thou shalt bear that of the swain Pancino; we will stroll about through mountains, woods, and meadows, singing here, lamenting there, drinking liquid chrysal from the gelid springs, the limpid rills, and mighty rivers. The lofty oaks will shed upon us abundance of their delightful fruit; the trunks of hardest cork-trees will yield us seats; the willows will afford us shade; the rose perfume; the extended meadow, carpets of a thousand dyes; the pure serenity of air will give us breath; the moon and stars will grant us light in spite of darkness; our singing will inspire delight; our lamentations, mirth; Apollo, verses; and Love himself, conceits to render us immortal and renowned, not only in the present age, but also to latest posterity.’—‘ Odds tens!’ cried Sancho ‘ such a life will square, aye, and be the very corner-stone of my wishes: the Batchelor Sampson Carrasco and Master Nicolas the barber, as soon as they have a glimpse of it, will wish to join us in the scheme, and turn shepherds for our company; and God grant that the curate himself may not take it in his head to enter the fold; for he is a merry companion, and a great friend to good fellowship.’—‘ Thou hast a very good notion,’ said the knight; ‘ and if the batchelor shall be inclined to join our pastoral association, as he doubtless will, he may take the appellation of the shepherd Sansonino, or of the swain Carrascon: Nicolas the barber may be called Niculoso, as old Boscan called himself Nemoroso: and as for the curate, I know not what title we can confer upon him, except some derivative from his own name, such as the shepherd Curiambro. For the nymphs of whom we must be enamoured, there is plenty of names to chuse; but seeing that of my mistress will suit as well with a shepherdess as with a princess, I need not give myself the trouble to invent any other that might be more proper; as for thee, Sancho, thou mayest give thy mistress what appellation will please thy own fancy.’—‘ I have no intention,’ replied the squire, ‘ to give her any other

other than that of Teresa, which will fit her fatnets to an hair, as well as be agreeable to her own name Teresa; especially as in celebrating her in verse, I shall disclose my chaste desires, without going in search of fine bread in a neighbour's house: the curate would be in the wrong to chuse a shepherdess, because he ought to set a good example to his flock; and as for the batchelor, if he has any such inclination, let him please his own soul, without lett or controul.'

'Good Heaven! friend Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'what a life shall we lead! how will our ears be regaled with pipes and bagpipes of Zamora, tambourines, timbrels, and rebeck! and if these different kinds of music be reinforced with the sound of the albogues, we shall have a full concert of all the pastoral instruments.'—'And pray what are the albogues?' said Sancho, 'I never saw nor heard them named before, in the whole course of my life.'—'Albogues,' answered the knight, 'are plates of brass resembling candlesticks, the hollow parts of which being clasped together produce a sound, if not ravishing or harmonious, at least not disagreeable nor unsuited to the rusticity of the bagpipe and tabor. The name of *albogues* is Moorish, as are all the words in our language beginning with *al*; for example, *almaca*, *almorcar*, *alumbra*, *alguazil*, *alucina*, *almacen*, *alcanzia*, and a few others; and we have only three Moorish words ending in *i*, namely, *borcagui*, *zaquicami*, and *maracedi*; as for *albeli* and *aljaqui*, they are known to be Arabick, as well from their beginning with *al*, as for their ending in *i*: these observations I have made, by the bye, in consequence of having mentioned *albogues*, which recalled them to my remembrance. But, to return to our scheme, nothing will conduce so much to the perfection of it, as my having a talent for versification, as thou very well knowest, and the batchelor's being an excellent poet. Of the curate I shall say nothing; though I would lay a good wager that his collars and points are truly poetical: and that Master Nicolas is in the same fa-

shion I do not at all doubt; for people of his profession are famous for making ballads and playing on the guitar. For my own part, I will complain of absence; thou wilt extol the constancy of thy own love; the swain Curatcon will lament the disdain of his mistress; the curate Curianbro chafe his own subject; and every thing proceed in such a manner as to furnish the warmest wishes.'

To this effusion Sancho replied, 'Verily, Signior, I am such an unlucky wretch, that I am afraid the time will never come when I shall see myself in that blessed occupation. O what delicate wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! O what crumls and cream shall I devour! O what garlands and pastoral nicknacks shall I contrive! and though these may not, perhaps, add much to my reputation for wisdom, they will not fail to convince the world of my ingenuity. My daughter Sanchica shall bring our victuals to the fold; but 'ware mischief! the wench is buxom, and there are some shepherds more knavish than simple; I would not have her come out for wool and go home shorn. These same amours, and unruly desires, are gratified in the open field as well as in the city chamber, in a shepherd's cot as well as in a royal palace. The sin will cease when the temptation is removed; The heart will not grieve for what the eye does not perceive; and, What prayers ne'er can gain, a leap from an hedge will obtain.'—'No more of your proverbs, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'any one of those thou hast repeated is sufficient to explain thy meaning; and I have often exhorted thee to be less prodigal of old saws, and keep them more under command; but, I see it is like preaching to the desert: and My mother whips me, and I scourge the top.'—'Under correction,' answered the squire, 'your worship, methinks, is like the frying-pan which called to the pot, "Avaunt, black-a-moor, avaunt!" Even in the very act of rebuking me for uttering proverbs, your worship strings them together in pairs.'—'But, then, you must consider, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'that when I use them, they are seasonably

* seasonably brought in, and fit the
 * purpose as the ring fits the finger:
 * whereas, by thee, they are not
 * brought in, but lugged in, as it
 * were, by the head and shoulders,
 * If my memory fails me not, I have
 * formerly told thee, that proverbs are
 * short sentences extracted from the
 * experience and speculation of ancient
 * sages; and a proverb unseasonably
 * introduced, is rather an absurdity
 * than a judicious apothegm. But let
 * us quit the subject, and, as the day is
 * already spent, retire from the highway
 * to some place where we may pass the
 * night; for God alone knows what
 * will be to-morrow.

They accordingly retired to a grove, where they made a late and very indifferent supper, to the no small mortification of Sancho, who ruefully reflected upon the meagre commons of chivalry, so uncomfortably discussed among woods and mountains; though his imagination was also regaled with the remembrance of that abundance which he had enjoyed at the castle, as well as at the wedding of the rich Camacho, and in the houses of Don Diego de Miranda, and Don Antonio de Moreno; but, finally, considering it could not be always day, or always night, he resolved, for the present, to sleep, while his master indulged his contemplations awake.

CHAP. XVI.

OF THE BRISTLY ADVENTURE IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS INVOLVED.

THE night was a little dark; for, although the moon was in the heavens, she was invisible to the people of our hemisphere, Madam Diana having taken a trip to the Antipodes, and left our mountains obumbrated and our vallies obscured.

Don Quixote, in compliance with nature, enjoyed his first sleep without indulging himself in a second, quite contrary to the practice of Sancho, who never desired a second, because the first always lasted from night till morning; a sure sign of little care, and an excellent constitution. As for the knight, his cares interfered so much with his repose, that he wakened his squire, to

whom he said, 'I am amazed, Sancho, at the indifference of thy disposition, and imagine thou art made of marble or obdurate brass, unsusceptible of sentiment or emotion. I watch whilst thou art snoring; I weep whilst thou art singing; I faint with fasting, whilst thou art overloaded and out of breath with eating! It is the province of a good servant to sympathize with his master's pain, and to share his anguish, even for the sake of decorum. Observe the serenity of the sky and the solitude of the place, which invite us to make an intermission in our repose. I conjure thee, by thy life, to rise and go aside to some proper place, where, with good will and grateful inclination, thou mayest conveniently inflict upon thyself three or four hundred stripes, on account of Dulcinea's enchantment; and this favour I humbly request, without any intention to try again the strength of thine arms, which I know to be heavy and robust: after the performance of that task, we will pass the remainder of the night in harmony; I, in singing the torments of absence, and thou, in chanting the constancy of thy passion; and thus will we begin the pastoral life which we are to lead at our own village.'—'Signior,' answered the squire, 'I am no monk, to rise and discipline my flesh in the middle of the night; nor do I think the extremity of pain is such a provocative to music; I therefore desire your worship will let me take out my nap, without pressing me farther to scourge myself, lest I should grow desperate, and solemnly swear never to whip the nap of my garment, much less an hair of my skin.'—'Soul of a savage! flinty-hearted squire!' cried Don Quixote: 'O ill-bestowed bread! O ill-requested benefits, intended or conferred! By my means wast thou created governor; and through me alone dost thou now enjoy the near prospect of being a count, or something else of equal title; nor will the accomplishment of thy wishes be retarded longer than the term of one fleeting year; for, *Post tenebras spero lucem*.'—'Your conclusion,' said Sancho, 'I do not understand; but well I know, that while I sleep, I am troubled neither with fear nor
 * hope,

hope, nor toil nor glory; and praise be to him who invented sleep, which is the mantle that shrouds all human thoughts; the food that dispels hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms the cold; the cool breeze that moderates heat; in a word, the general coin that purchases every commodity; the weight and balance that makes the shepherd even with his sovereign, and the simile with the sage; there is only one bad circumstance, as I have heard, in sleep, it resembles death; inasmuch as between a dead corpse and a sleeping man there is no apparent difference.—‘Truly, Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘I never heard thee talk so elegantly before, whence I perceive the truth of the proverb which thou hast often repeated, Not he with whom you was bred, but he by whom you are fed.’—‘Odds my life! Sir master of mine,’ cried Sancho, ‘I am not the only person who strings proverbs: they fall from your worship’s mouth in couples, faster than from mine; indeed, there is some difference; for your worship’s proverbs come at a proper time, whereas mine are always out of season; but, nevertheless, they are all proverbs.’

Thus far the conversation had proceeded, when they heard a dull confused noise, intermingled with very harsh sounds, that seemed to extend through the whole valley. The knight immediately started up and unsheathed his sword; while the squire squatted down under Dapple, fencing himself on each side with his master’s armour and the pannel of the ass, being as much afraid as Don Quixote was astonished; for the noise increased every moment, as the cause of it approached the two tremblers, or rather one trembler, for the other’s valour and courage are well known. The case, in fact, was this: some dealers were driving about six hundred hogs to a fair; and, as they travelled in the night, the noise of their feet, together with their grunting and blowing, made such a din, as almost deafened Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not conceive the meaning of such an uproar. Meanwhile, the numerous grunting herd advanced; and, without shewing the least respect to the authority of Don Quixote or Sancho, ran

over them in a twinkling, demolished the barricadoes of the squire, and trampled down not only the master, but also his steed Rozinante; the thronging, the grunting, and the hurry of those unclean animals, throwing every thing in confusion, and strewing the master and the man, the horse and the ass, the pannel and the armour, along the ground. Sancho, getting up as well as he could, demanded his master’s sword, in order to sacrifice half a dozen of those discourteous gentlemen-porkers; for, by this time he had discovered what they were; but the knight refused to grant his request, saying, ‘Let them pass, friend Sancho; this affront is the punishment of my crime; and the just chastisement of Heaven inflicted upon a vanquished knight, is, that he shall be devoured by dogs, stung by wasps, and trampled upon by swine.’—‘At that rate, then,’ replied the squire, ‘the chastisement which Heaven inflicts upon squires of vanquished knights, is, that they shall be bitten by fleas, devoured by lice, and assaulted by famine: if we squires were sons of the knights we serve, or even their near relations, it would be no great wonder if the punishment of our faults should overtake us to the fourth generation: but what affinity is there between the Panzas and the Quixotes? At present let us put things to rights again, so that we may sleep out the remainder of the night, and we shall be in better plight when God sends us a new day.’—‘Enjoy thy repose,’ said Don Quixote; ‘thou wast born to sleep and I to watch; and during the little of night that remains, I will give my thoughts the rein, and cool the furnace of my reflections with a short madrigal, which I have this evening, unknown to thee, composed in my own mind.’—‘In my opinion,’ answered the squire, ‘your thoughts could not be very troublesome and unruly, if they gave you leisure to make couplets; but, however, your worship may couple as many as you please, and I will sleep as much as I can.’ So saying, he chose his ground, on which he huddled himself up, and enjoyed a most profound sleep, which received no interruption from the remembrance of debt, surety, or any

any other grievance. As for Don Quixote, he leaned against a beech or cork-tree; for Cid Hamet Bencheli has not distinguished the genus; and, to the musick of his own sighs, sung the following stanzas.

I.

- “ O Cruel love! when I endure
 “ The dreadful vengeance of thy
 “ bow,
 “ I fly to death, the only cure
 “ For such immensity of woe.

II.

- “ But, when I touch the peaceful goal,
 “ That port secure from storms of strife,
 “ The sight revives my drooping-soul,
 “ I cannot enter for my life!

III.

- “ Thus life exhausts my vital flame,
 “ But death still keeps the spark alive;
 “ O wond’rous fate! unknown to fame!
 “ That life should kill, and death-revive.”

Every verse he accompanied with a multitude of sighs and a torrent of tears, as if his heart had been transpierced with grief for his overthrow and the absence of Dulcinea. In this situation he was found by the day, when Phoebus darting his rays into Sancho’s eyes, the squire awoke, yawned, turned, stretched his lazy limbs, and surveying the havock which the swine had made in his store, he bitterly cursed the whole herd; aye, and even went farther with his maledictions.

Then the two proceeded in their journey; and, towards the close of the afternoon, desferied about ten men on horseback, and half that number on foot, advancing towards them; a sight which made the knight’s heart throb with surprize, and the squire’s with terror; for this company was armed with lance and target, and approached in a very hostile manner. Don Quixote turning to his squire, ‘Sancho,’ said he, ‘if I could now exercise my arms, and my hands were not tied by a solemn promise, I would look upon that machine, which comes upon us, with contempt, as so much cake and gingerbread; but, perhaps, it may be something else than we apprehend.’ He had scarce pronounced these words, when the horsemen coming up, and couching their lances, surrounded him in a trice; then clapping the points of

their weapons to his back and breast, seemed to threaten immediate death and destruction; while one of those on foot, laying his finger on his mouth, as a signal for him to be silent, seized Rozinante’s bridle, and led him out of the highway. The rest of the footpads drove Sancho and Dapple before them, and, while a wonderful silence prevailed, followed the knight, who attempted twice or thrice to ask whither they conducted him, and what they wanted; but scarce had he began to move his lips when they threatened to shut them for ever with the points of their spears. The same menaces were practised upon Sancho, who no sooner expressed a desire to be talking, than he was pricked in the posteriors with a goad by one of his attendants; and Dapple met with the same fate, as if he too had made a motion to speak, like his master.

As night approached they quickened their pace, and the terrors of the captives increased in proportion as the darkness deepened, especially as their guard pronounced from time to time, ‘Dispatch, ye Troglodytes! silence, ye Barbarians! now ye shall suffer, ye Antropophagi! not a word of complaint, ye Scythians! open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemuses! ye carnivorous lions and beasts of prey.’ With these and other such appellations, they tormented the ears of the miserable master and the forlorn Sancho, who said within himself, ‘Draggle doits! Barber Anns! Henry puff a Jay! City hens! and Paulfa-mouses! these are fine names with a vengeance! I’m afraid this is a bad wind for winnowing our corn! the mischief comes upon us altogether, like drubbing to a dog; and I with this misventrous adventure, that threatens so dismally, may end in nothing worse!’ As for Don Quixote, he was utterly astonished and confounded; nor could he, with all his reflection, comprehend the meaning of his own captivity, and those reproachful terms, from which he could only conclude, that no good but a great deal of mischief was to be expected. In this state of anxious suspense he continued till about an hour after it was dark, when they arrived at a castle; which the knight immediately recognizing to be the duke’s habitation, where he had so lately resided, ‘Good Heaven!’ cried he,

he, 'where will this adventure end! surely this is the dwelling place of politeness and hospitality; but to those who are vanquished, good is converted into bad, and bad to worse.' This ejaculation he uttered as they entered the court of the castle, which was decorated in a strange manner that increased their admiration, and redoubled their fear, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAP. XVII.

OF THE MOST SINGULAR AND STRANGEST ADVENTURE THAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

THE horsemen alighting, with the assistance of those who were on foot, snatched up the bodies of Don Quixote and Sancho, and carried them hastily into the court of the castle, round which above a hundred flaming torches were placed, and the corridors of the court were illuminated by five hundred tapers, shining with such a blaze, that, in spite of the night, which was dark, there was no want of the day. In the middle of the court appeared a monument raised about two yards from the ground, and covered with a spacious canopy of black velvet; and, upon the steps that led up to it, above a hundred tapers of virgin wax stood burning in silver candlesticks. On the tomb lay the body of a young damsel, whose beauty was such as rendered death itself beautiful; her head was raised on a cushion of brocade, and crowned with a garland of various odoriferous flowers; and in her hands, that were crossed upon her breast, appeared a bough of green victorious palm. On one side of the court was erected a theatre, on which were seated two personages, whom their crowns and sceptres declared to be either real or fictitious kings; and hard by the theatre, which was furnished with steps, two other chairs, upon which Don Quixote and Sancho were seated by their captors, who still maintained their former silence, the observance of which they likewise recommended, by signs, to our hero and his squire;

though these injunctions were altogether superfluous; for their astonishment at what they saw, had effectually tied their tongues; and, indeed, how could they help being astonished at sight of this apparatus! considering, too, that by this time the knight had discovered the dead body on the tomb to be no other than the beautiful Altisidora? At this juncture, two noble personages, with a numerous retinue, ascended the theatre, and seated themselves in magnificent chairs, hard by the figures that were crowned; then Don Quixote and Sancho, perceiving the new comers to be their former entertainers, the duke and duchess, rose up and bowed with great veneration, and their graces, rising also, returned the compliment with a slight inclination of the head. And now an officer crossing the court, and approaching Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram, painted all over with flames of fire; at the same time pulling off his cap, he put upon his head one of those pasteboard mitres which are worn by the penitents of the holy office; and in a whisper advised him to keep his lips fast sewed together, unless he had a mind to be gagged or put to death without mercy. Sancho surveyed himself from head to foot, and saw his robe in flames; but as they did not burn, he valued them not a farthing; then he took off his mitre, and perceiving it figured with pictures of fiends, set it on his head again, saying to himself, 'As the flames do not burn, and the fiends do not fly away with me, I am very well satisfied.' Don Quixote likewise surveyed the squire; and, although his reflection was still disturbed with fear and suspense, could not help smiling at the ludicrous figure.

Sancho being thus equipped, a low yet agreeable sound of flutes seemed to issue from beneath the tomb, and being uninterrupted by any human voice, for here silence itself kept silence, produced a very soft and pleasing melody. Then all of a sudden, a beautiful youth, in a Roman habit, appeared close by the cushion on which the seemingly dead body reposed, and to the sound of the harp on which he himself played, with a sweet harmonious voice he sung the two following stanzas—

I.

‘TILL fair Altisidora slain
 ‘ By Quixote’s cruelty, return;
 ‘ And all th’ enchanted female train
 ‘ Her hapless fate in sack-cloth mourn;
 ‘ Until duennas clad in baize
 ‘ Appear in presence of her grace,
 ‘ I’ll celebrate the nymph in lays
 ‘ That would not shame the bard of
 ‘ Thrace.

II.

‘ Nor shall thy beauty fade unsung,
 ‘ When life forsakes my gelid veins;
 ‘ My clay-cold lips, and frozen tongue,
 ‘ In death shall raise immortal strains.
 ‘ My soul when freed from cumb’rous clay,
 ‘ Her flight o’er Stygian waves shall take;
 ‘ And while on Lethe’s banks I stray,
 ‘ My song shall charm th’ oblivious lake.’

Here he was interrupted by one of the two pretended kings; who said—
 ‘ Enough, divine songster! it would
 ‘ be an infinite task to describe the
 ‘ death and beauties of the peerless
 ‘ Altisidora, not dead as the ignorant
 ‘ world imagines, but alive in the voice
 ‘ of fame, and in the penance which
 ‘ Sancho Panza here present must undergo, in order to restore her to the
 ‘ light she has lost; and therefore, O
 ‘ Rhadamanthus! who sittest with me
 ‘ in judgment, within the gloomy caverns of Lethe, as thou art intimately
 ‘ acquainted with all the determinations of the inscrutable fates, touching the revival of this damsel, relate
 ‘ and declare them without loss of time, that we may no longer delay
 ‘ that happiness which we expect from
 ‘ her recovery.’

Scarce had Minos pronounced these words, when his fellow-judge and companion Rhadamanthus stood up, saying—
 ‘ So ho! ye ministers of this house,
 ‘ high and low, great and small, come
 ‘ hither one by one, and mark the
 ‘ face, the arms, and loins of Sancho,
 ‘ with two dozen of tweaks, one dozen
 ‘ of pinches, and half a dozen pricks
 ‘ with a pin; for upon this execution
 ‘ depends the revival of Altisidora.’
 Sancho Panza hearing this sentence, broke silence, and exclaimed aloud—
 ‘ I
 ‘ vow to God, I will sooner turn Turk,
 ‘ than allow my face to be marked or
 ‘ my flesh to be handled in any such
 ‘ manner. Body o’ me! what has the
 ‘ pinching of my face to do with the
 ‘ resurrection of that damsel. The old
 ‘ woman has got a liquorish tooth,

‘ forsooth, and she is still licking her
 ‘ fingers. Dulcinea is enchanted, and
 ‘ I must be scourged for the disenchancement of her ladyship: Altisidora
 ‘ is dead by the hand of God, and in
 ‘ order to bring her to life, I must
 ‘ suffer two dozen of tweaks, my body
 ‘ must be pinked into a sieve with large
 ‘ pins, and my arms pinched into all
 ‘ the colours of the rainbow! Such jokes
 ‘ may pass upon a brother-in-law; but
 ‘ I am an old dog, and will not be
 ‘ coaxed with a crust.’—
 ‘ Then thou
 ‘ shalt die,’ cried Rhadamanthus with an audible voice.
 ‘ Tame that savage
 ‘ heart of thine, thou tyger; humble
 ‘ thyself, thou proud Nimrod! suffer
 ‘ and be silent. We ask not impossibilities, and therefore thou must
 ‘ not pretend to examine the difficulties
 ‘ of this affair: tweaked thou shalt be;
 ‘ pinked shalt thou find thyself, and
 ‘ pinched until thy groans declare thine
 ‘ anguish.—So ho! I say, ye ministers!
 ‘ execute my command, or by the faith
 ‘ of an honest man, you shall see for
 ‘ what you were born!’

In consequence of this summons, six duennas came walking through the court-yard in procession, one by one, the four first with spectacles, and each with her right-arm raised, about four inches of the wrist being bared according to the present fashion, that the hand may seem the larger. Sancho no sooner beheld these matrons, than he began to bellow like a bull; exclaiming—
 ‘ I
 ‘ might have allowed myself to be
 ‘ handled by all the world besides, but
 ‘ that duennas should touch me I will
 ‘ by no means consent! they may claw my face, as my matter was served in this very castle; they may run
 ‘ me through the guts with daggers of
 ‘ steel; they may tear the flesh off my
 ‘ arms with red-hot pincers; all these
 ‘ tortures will I bear patiently, for the
 ‘ service of these noble persons: but I
 ‘ say again, the devil shall fly away
 ‘ with me, before I suffer a duenna to
 ‘ lay a finger on my carcase!’ Then
 Don Quixote addressing himself to Sancho, broke silence in these terms—
 ‘ Ex-
 ‘ ert thy patience, my son, for the satisfaction of these noble personages,
 ‘ and givethanks to Heaven, which hath
 ‘ indued thy person with such virtue,
 ‘ that by the martyrdom of thy flesh,
 ‘ the enchanted are delivered from in-
 ‘ chantment, and even the dead revived.’

By this time the duennas had surrounded Sancho; who, being softened and persuaded, seated himself in a proper posture, and held out his face and beard to the first, who treated him with a well-planted twitch, and then dropped a profound curtsy. 'Less courtesy, less anointing, good Madam Duenna,' cried the squire; 'for, by the Lord, your fingers smack of vinegar!' In a word, he was tweaked by all the duennas, and pinched by a great number of other persons belonging to the family: but what he could by no means be brought to endure, was the puncture with pins, which they no sooner began to perform, than starting up in a rage, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him, he assaulted the duennas, and all the rest of his executioners, crying—'Avaunt, ye ministers of hell! I am not made of brass, to be insensible to such torture.' At this instant, Altisidora, who must have been tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side; and this motion was no sooner perceived by the spectators, than all of them exclaimed, as if with one voice, 'Altisidora moves! Altisidora lives!' Then Rhadamanthus desired Sancho to lay aside his indignation, seeing the intended aim was already accomplished.

Don Quixote seeing Altisidora stirring, fell upon his knees before Sancho, saying—'Now is the time, dear son of my bowels, and no longer my squire! now is the time to inflict upon thyself some of those lashes thou art obliged to undergo for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. This, I say, is the time, when thy virtue is seasoned, and of efficacy sufficient to perform the cure which we expect from thy compliance.' To this apostrophe the squire replied—'This is reel upon reel, and not honey upon pancakes: scourging, to be sure, is a very agreeable dessert to a dish of twitches, pinches, and pin-prickings. There is no more to be done, but to take and tie a great stone about my neck, and toss me into a well; it will be much better for me to die at once, than to be always the wedding-heifer, to remedy the misfortunes of other people: either let me live in peace! or, before God, all shall out, sell or not sell.'

By this time Altisidora sat upright on the tomb, and at that instant the

waits beginning to play, were accompanied by the musick of flutes, and the voices of all the spectators, who acclaimed—'Live Altisidora! Altisidora live!' The duke and duchess, together with Minos and Rhadamanthus, rising from their seats, and being joined by Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive this young lady, and help her in descending from the tomb; while they were thus employed, she assumed a languid and fainting air, and inclining her head towards the duke and duchess and the two kings, darted a sidelong glance to Don Quixote, saying—'God forgive thee, unrelenting knight! by thy cruelty I have been doomed to remain, as I believe, above a thousand years in the other world! but as for thee, thou most compassionate squire that this wide earth contains! I thank thee kindly for that life I now enjoy. From this day, friend Sancho, thou mayest command six of my shifts to be converted into shirts for thy own body; and if they are not quite whole, at least they are white and clean.' Sancho thanked her for the present, with mitre in hand and knee on ground: and when the duke ordered his servants to take away those badges of disgrace, and restore his own cap and coat, the squire entreated his grace to let him keep the mitre and the flaming robe, and carry them to his own country, as a mark and memorial of this incredible adventure. To this supplication the duchess replied, that he might keep these testimonials, for he knew how much she was his friend.

The duke ordered the court to be cleared, the company to retire to their several chambers, and the knight and squire to be conducted to the apartments which they had formerly occupied.

CH A P. XVIII.

WHICH FOLLOWS THE PRECEDING, AND TREATS OF MATTERS THAT MUST BE DISCLOSED, IN ORDER TO MAKE THE HISTORY THE MORE INTELLIGIBLE AND DISTINCT.

SANCHO slept that night in a truckle-bed, in the apartment of Don Quixote; a circumstance which he would

would have waded, if possible, because he well knew his master would keep him awake with questions and replies, and he was not at all in a talkative humour; for the pain of his past sufferings kept them still present in his fancy, depriving his tongue of its usual freedom; and he would have much rather slept alone in a hut, than in the richest chamber thus accompanied. His apprehension was so true, and his suspicions so just, that scarce had his master committed his body to the bed, when he accosted the squire in these words: 'What is thy opinion, Sancho, of this night's adventure? Great and powerful is the force of amorous disdain, as thou hast seen with thy own eyes. Altisidora dead—not by shaft, or sword, or warlike instrument, or mortal poison, but solely by the reflection of that rigour and disdain with which I have always treated her advances.'—'She might have died in good time, when and how she thought proper,' cried Sancho, 'and left me in quiet at my own house, seeing I never treated her either with love or disdain in the whole course of my life; for my own part, I neither know, nor can I conceive, as I have formerly observed, what the health or life of such a whimsical girl as Altisidora has to do with the martyrdom of Sancho Panza: but now at length I can clearly and distinctly perceive, that this world actually abounds with enchanters and enchantments, from which I pray God may deliver me, since I cannot deliver myself! in the mean time, I humbly beseech your worship to let me sleep, without farther question, if you have not a mind to let me throw myself out of the window.'—'Sleep, then, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'if thou canst enjoy the benefit of slumber after the pinching, twitching, and pricking thou hast undergone.'—'No pain is comparable to that of the twitching,' replied the squire; 'for no other reason, but because it was inflicted by duennas, whom God in heaven confound! I again entreat your worship to leave me to my repose, for sleep is a remedy for those miseries which we feel when awake.'—'Be it so,' said the knight, 'and the Lord make thy sleep refreshing!'

While these two are left to their repose, Cid Hamet, author of this sublime

history, takes occasion to explain the motives that induced the duke and duchess to raise the edifice of the adventure above related. He says, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco still remembering how, as Knight of the Mirrors, he had been vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, and his whole design blotted and defaced by that unlucky fall and defeat, he resolved to try his fortune once more, in hope of meeting with better success; and learning where the knight was, from the information of the page who carried the letter and the present to Sancho's wife Teresa Panza, he purchased a new suit of armour and a horse, ordered a white moon to be painted on his shield, and fastened the whole cargo on the back of an he-mule, which was conducted by a certain ploughman, and not by his old squire Tom Cecial, lest he should be known by Sancho or Don Quixote. With this equipage he set out for the duke's castle, where he was informed of the knight's motions and route, together with his intention to assist at the tournament in Saragossa. His grace likewise gave him an account of the jokes they had executed upon our adventurer, with the contrivance of Dulcinea's disenchancement, to be effected at the expence of Sancho's posteriors. Nor did he forget to relate the trick which Sancho had practised on his master, in making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; as also how my lady duchess had persuaded the squire that Dulcinea was really and truly enchanted and transformed, and he himself the person that was mistaken and deceived: particulars which afforded abundance of mirth to the bachelor, who could not help admiring afresh the mixture of archness and simplicity in Sancho, as well as the unaccountable madness of Don Quixote. The duke begged he would return that way and communicate his success, whether he should be vanquished or victor. Sampson, having promised to comply with his request, set out in quest of our knight; and, as he did not find him in Saragossa, proceeded to Barcelona, where he met with the adventure we have already related in its proper place: then he returned to the duke's castle, where he gave an account of the whole engagement, and the conditions of the combat;

bat; in consequence of which Don Quixote was already on his return, to fulfil, like a worthy knight-errant, the promise he had made to reside at his own habitation for the term of one year, during which the batchelor said he might possibly be cured of his madness. He declared this was his sole motive for disguising himself in such a manner, as it was a thousand pities that a gentleman of Don Quixote's excellent understanding should continue under the influence of such infatuation. He accordingly took his leave of the duke, and returned to his own country, in full hope that the knight was not far behind.

From this information, his grace took the opportunity to contrive this last adventure, so much was he delighted with the behaviour of Sancho and Don Quixote. He ordered a great number of his people on horseback and a-foot, to scour the country far and near, and a patrol through every road by which he thought the knight could possibly return, with orders to bring him to the castle, either by fair means or foul. Accordingly, when they found him, they gave notice to his grace, who having already pre-concerted what was to be done, no sooner heard of his coming than he directed that the torches and tapers should be lighted around the court, and Altisidora placed upon the tomb, together with all the apparatus already described; which was so naturally and artfully executed, that it differed very little from the real truth. Nay, Cid Hamet moreover observes, that he looked upon the jokers to be as mad as those who were joked; and the duke and duchess to be within two fingers-breadth of lunacy, seeing they placed such happiness in playing pranks upon two confirmed madmen; one of whom the new day found sleeping at full snore, and the other watching over his disastrous thoughts, and very impatient to quit his couch; for, whether vanquished or victor, Don Quixote never took pleasure in lolling on the lazy down.

It was now that Altisidora, who in the knight's opinion had returned from death, in compliance with the humour of her lord and lady, entered his apartment crowned with the same garland she had worn on the tomb, clad in a

robe of white taffety powdered with flowers of gold, her hair flowing loose upon her shoulders, and supporting herself upon a staff of fine polished black ebony. This apparition discomposed our hero to such a degree, that he shrunk within his nest in silent confusion, and almost covered himself wholly with the sheets, fully determined against making any return of compliment. Meanwhile, Altisidora sitting down upon a chair, at his bed's-head, heaved a profound sigh, and thus addressed herself to him, in a faint and tender tone—'When women of fashion, and damsels of reserve, trample upon honour, and give their tongues the liberty to break through all inconveniences, so as to divulge the secrets which their hearts conceal, their condition must be desperate indeed. I am one of those, Signior Don Quixote de La Mancha; sorely hampered, vanquished, and enamoured; but withal so patient and modest, that my soul broke through my silence, and I lost my life: in consequence of thy rigour, O flinty-hearted knight! more deaf than marble to my complaints, have I been dead for two days, or at least supposed to be dead by those who saw me; and if love, in pity to my fate, had not deposited a remedy in the tortures of that worthy squire, I should have remained for ever in the other world.'—'Love,' said Sancho, might as well have deposited the remedy in the tortures of my ass, and I should have thanked him for it heartily: but, pray, Madam, tell me, so may Heaven send you a kinder lover than my master, what did you see in the other world? What is going forward in hell? for surely those who die in despair must go to that baiting-place.'—'To tell you the truth,' answered Altisidora, 'I could not be quite dead, seeing I did not enter the infernal regions; for, had I been once fairly introduced, I could not have left the place again, whatever inclination I might have had to return. The truth is, I went no farther than the gate, where I saw about a dozen devils playing at tennis, in their drawers and doublets, having bands edged with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same at their wrists, which were naked to the length of four inches, in order to enlarge the appearance

pearance of their hands, in which they wielded rackets of fire: but what I chiefly admired was, that instead of balls, they made use of books, which seemed to be filled with wind and flocks; a circumstance equally new and surprizing! and yet there was another particular which still increased my astonishment; for, whereas among the gamesters of this world, it is natural for the winners to be merry, and for the losers to be sad; in that diabolical pastime, all the players growled and grumbled, and cursed one another.—“That is not to be wondered at,” replied the squire; “for the devils, play or not play, win or not win, can never be content.”—“That must certainly be the case,” answered Altisidora; “but there was likewise another peculiarity at which I wonder, I mean, at which I then wondered; namely, that after the first toss, the ball was useless, and could not be used a second time; so that they whirled them away, new and old, in a marvellous manner. On one of these, which was finely gilt and lettered, they bestowed such a violent stroke, that the guts flew out in scattered leaves. “What book is that?” said one devil to his fellow. The other answered, that it was the second part of the history of Don Quixote de La Mancha, composed not by the original author Cid Hamet, but by an Arragonian, who calls himself a native of Tordeillas. “Away with it!” cried the first, “plunge it into the lowest abyss of hell, that mine eyes may never behold it again.”—“What, is it so bad!” said the second. “So very bad,” replied the other, “that if I myself had endeavoured to make it worse, it would not have been in my power.” They proceeded with their play, driving about the unfortunate books; and I hearing them mention Don Quixote, whom I love and adore, endeavoured to retain the vision in my memory.—“A vision it must have been, without all doubt,” said Don Quixote; “for there is no other I in the whole world; and as for that history, it is bandied from hand to hand, without finding a resting-place, and every body has a sling at the author: nor am I in the least mortified to hear that I wander like a fantastick shadow through the dark abodes of

hell, as well as through the enlightened mansions of this globe, as I am not the person recorded in that history; which, were it elegant, faithful, and authentick, would live for ages; but, being false and execrable as it is, there will be no great distance between its birth and burial.”

Altisidora was going to proceed with her lamentations, when she was prevented by the knight, who said, with great solemnity, “I have often told you, Madam, that I am sorry you have placed your affection upon me, who can make no other return than that of gratitude and thanks; I was born for Dulcinea del Toboso; and the Fates, if such there be, have consecrated me for her service; so that to imagine any other beauty shall ever occupy the place which she possesses in my heart, is to suppose a mere impossibility. Let this declaration, therefore, undeceive and prevail upon you to retire within the limits of virtue and decorum, seeing no man is obliged to perform impossibilities.” Altisidora, in consequence of this repulse, assumed an air of indignation, and in an affected transport of rage, exclaimed, “How now, Don Stockfish! soul of a mortal! stone of a date! more positive and obstinate than a courted peasant when his harrow hath chanced to hit the mark, by the Lord! if I once fall upon you, I will tear your eyes out. Hark ye, Don Beaten-and-cudgelled, are you such a wiseacre as to suppose I died for love of you? All you have seen this last night was pure fiction; for I am not the woman to have a finger ache, much less to die for such a camel.”—“O my conscience! I believe what you say,” cried Sancho; “that of dying for love is a most ridiculous affair: your lovers, indeed, may easily say they are dying; but that they will actually give up the ghost, Judas may believe it for me.”

During this conversation, the musician and poet, who had sung the two stanzas which we have already repeated, came into the apartment, and made a profound bow to Don Quixote, saying, “Sir Knight, I beg you will esteem and reckon me among the number of your most humble servants; for many days are elapsed since I have conceived the warmest affection for your

‘person, from the fame of your character and achievements.’ When Don Quixote desired to know who he was, that he might respect him according to his merit, he answered, that he was the musician and panegyrist of the preceding night. ‘Assuredly, your voice is extremely sweet,’ said the knight; ‘but, methinks, the verses you sung were not much to the purpose; for what affinity is there between the stanzas of Garcilasso and the death of this young lady?’—‘Your worship must not wonder at that impropriety,’ answered the musician; ‘it is a common practice among the beardless poets of this age, to write what they will, and steal from whom they please to pillage, whether it be or be not to the purpose; and every absurdity that occurs in their singing or writing, they attribute to the *licentia poetica*.’

Don Quixote’s reply was prevented by the entrance of the duke and duchess, who came to visit him in his chamber, and a long diverting conversation ensued, in the course of which Sancho uttered so many humorous sallies, and satirical jokes, that their graces admired anew the mixture of his acuteness and simplicity. As for the knight, he humbly requested that he might be allowed to depart that very day, as it was much more proper that vanquished knights, like him, should live in hogsties than in sumptuous palaces. They graciously complied with his request; and when the duchess enquired if Altisidora had, as yet, acquired his good graces, ‘Your grace must know,’ said he, ‘that damsel’s distemper wholly proceeds from solenities, which may be easily cured by continual and decent occupation: she tells me it is the fashion in hell to wear lace; and as she knows how to make it, let the work never be out of her hand, which being employed in moving the bobbins, the idea or ideas of what she loves will no longer move in her imagination; and this is the truth, the substance of my opinion, and the marrow of my advice.’—‘Aye, and of mine too,’ cried Sancho; ‘for never in my born days did I know a lace-maker die for love: the thoughts of girls employed at that work, run more upon the finishing of their tasks than upon the idle fancies of love; and, for myself, I

can safely say, that while I am digging in the field, I never so much as dream of my duck; I mean, my wife Teresa Panza, whom I love as the apple of mine eye.’—‘You talk like an oracle, Sancho,’ said the duchess; and I will take care, that, from this day forward, Altisidora shall be employed in some plain work, which she understands to perfection.’—‘Your ladyship shall not need to use any such expedient,’ replied Altisidora; ‘for the consideration of the cruelty with which I have been used by that felonious monster, will blot him effectually from my remembrance, without any other assistance; and, in the mean time, with your grace’s permission, I will retire, that I may no longer have before my eyes—I will not say his rueful countenance, but his frightful and abominable aspect.’—‘These reproaches,’ said the duke, ‘put me in mind of the old observation, that Scolding among lovers is the next neighbour to forgiveness.’

Altisidora, making a shew of wiping the tears from her eyes with a white handkerchief, dropped a low curtsey to her lord and lady, and withdrew; and Sancho sending after her an earnest look, ‘Poor damsel!’ cried he, ‘I can bequeath, bequeath thee nothing, I say, but bad luck, seeing thou hast placed thine affection upon a soul of rush, and an heart of oak: had it lighted upon me, another sort of a cock would have crowned thy fortune.’

Thus the conversation ended, Don Quixote put on his cloaths, dined with the duke and duchess, and set out that same evening for his own habitation.

CHAP. XIX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, IN THEIR JOURNEY TO THEIR OWN VILLAGE.

THE perplexed and vanquished Don Quixote travelled along, extremely chagrined on one account, though greatly rejoiced on another: his melancholy was occasioned by his overthrow, and his joy produced from the consideration of that virtue inherent in his squire, which he had seen demonstrated

monstrated in the resurrection of Altifidora, though he had some scruples in persuading himself that the enamoured damsel was actually dead. As for Sancho, he felt no sort of pleasure; but, on the contrary, was much mortified to find that Altifidora had failed in performing her promise touching the present of the shits; and his imagination dwelling upon this circumstance, he said to his master—
 ‘ Truly, Signior, I must certainly be the most unfortunate physician that ever lived upon the earth, in which there are many lee-hes, who, though they kill their patients, insist upon being paid for their trouble, which, by the bye, is no more than writing and figuring a list of medicines upon a scrap of paper; for the apothecary makes up the prescription, and so the cure is acted, whereas, I receive not a doist, though I cure other people’s maladies at the expence of pinches, twitches, pin-pricks, lashes, and drops of blood; but, I vow to God! if any other patient is put into my hands, they shall be well anciented before I undertake the cure; for, The abbot chants but to supply his wants: and I cannot believe that Heaven hath bestowed such virtue upon me, in order that I should throw it away upon the undeserving.’—
 ‘ Thou art in the right, friend Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ and Altifidora is much to blame in having withheld the promised shits, although thy virtue is *gratis data*, without having put thee to the trouble of studying aught but the art of enduring personal torture; for my own part, I can say, that if thou hadst demanded payment for the disenchanted stripes, I should have allowed it to thy own satisfaction; though I know not how such hire might interfere with the cure; and I should not wish that the premium might impede the effect of the medicine: nevertheless, I do not think the experiment could be attended with any bad consequence. Consider, Sancho, what thou wouldst have; then proceed to the flagellation, and pay thyself fairly out of my money which is in thy own hands.’

At this proposal, the squire opened his eyes and ears a full span, and resolving in his heart to scourge himself

with good will, answered in these words—
 ‘ Aye, now, Signior, I find myself extremely well disposed to comply with your worship’s desire, since my compliance will be attended with some profit; and, I own, my regard for my poor wife and children makes me seem a little selfish.—
 ‘ Pray what will your worship chuse to give for every stripe?’—
 ‘ Were I to pay thee, Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘ according to the greatness of thy deserts, and the quality of the cure, the bank of Venice and mines of Potosi would not afford a sufficient recompence: but, see how much of my money thou hast got, and set thy own price upon every lash.’—
 ‘ The number of stripes to be given,’ answered the squire, ‘ amounts to three thousand three hundred and odd: of these I have received about five, which shall stand for the odd; so that three thousand three hundred remain. Now, if we value each lash at a quarter of a rial, and I would not bare a doist though the whole world should desire me, the sum will be three thousand three hundred quantillos; the three thousand quantillos make fifteen hundred half rials, which are equal to seven hundred and fifty rials, and the other three hundred quantillos make one hundred and fifty half-rials, which are equal to seventy five rials, and these being added to the former seven hundred and fifty, the whole reckoning amounts to eight hundred and twenty-five rials. These I will deduct from your cash that is in my hands, and then I will return to my own house, rich and satisfied, though well scoutged; for, We cannot catch trouts without wetting our clouts: and I will say no more upon the subject.’—
 ‘ O blessed Sancho! O lovely Sancho!’ cried Don Quixote; ‘ Dulcinea and I will be bound to serve thee all the days that Heaven shall permit us to live; provided she shall retrieve her lost form: and, in this hope, we cannot possibly be mistaken; her misfortune will prove fortunate, and my overthrow a most happy triumph. And now, Sancho, consider when thou wilt begin this discipline; towards the speedy performance of which, I add another hundred rials.’—
 ‘ When?’ replied

the squire; 'this very night, without fail: if your worship will take care to chuse our lodging in the open field, I will take care to open my own castle.'

At length the night arrived, after it had been impatiently expected by Don Quixote, who thought the wheels of Apollo's car had broken down, and that the day was extended to an unusual length; like those lovers whose desires ever outstrip the career of time.

In the evening, they betook themselves to the covert of some pleasant trees at a little distance from the highway, and vacating the saddle of Rozinante, and the pannel of the ass, sat down together upon the grass, and supped upon the store contained in the wallet of Sancho; who, forming a strong and flexible scourge with Dapple's halter, retired into a tuft of beeches about twenty paces from his master. The knight seeing him withdraw so brisk and resolute—'Beware, friend Sancho,' said he, 'of scourging thyself to pieces; perform thy discipline at leisure; let the stripes follow one another in regular succession, and do not run so fast as to be out of breath in the middle of thy career; I mean, do not lash thyself so severely, as to destroy thy own life before the number be compleated; and, that thou mayest not lose it by a card too many, or too few, I will stand aside and count the stripes upon my rosary. Mayest thou enjoy the protection of Heaven, which thy christian intention so richly deserves!'—'A good paymaster needs no bail,' answered the squire: 'I intend to scourge myself in such a manner as will mortify my flesh, without any hazard of my life; for, in that medium the substance of the miracle must consist.' He forthwith stripped himself naked from the waist upwards, and snatching the scourge, began to whip himself, while his master reckoned the stripes. About half a dozen or eight lashes had Sancho bestowed upon himself, when he found the joke very expensive, and the reward dog cheap; and suspending the instrument, told the knight he had been deceived, and claimed the benefit of an appeal; for, every one of these stripes was worth half a rial instead of a quantillo. 'Proceed, friend Sancho, without dis-

'may,' replied Don Quixote, 'and I will double the allowance.'—'At that rate,' replied the squire, 'to it again, by the grace of God, and let it rain lashes.' But, the cunning knave no longer made application to his own shoulders; in lieu of which he began to scourge the trees, venting between whiles such dismal groans as seemed to tear his very soul up by the roots. The knight, from the tenderness of his own disposition, being apprehensive that he would actually put an end to his life, and of consequence defeat the purpose of his flagellation by his imprudence, exclaimed—'I conjure thee, by thy life, friend Sancho, to let the business rest where it now stands: the medicine seems to have a very rough operation, and it will be better to proceed leisurely; for Zamora, was not taken in one hour. Above a thousand stripes hast thou already inflicted upon thyself, if my reckoning is just, and these shall suffice for the present; for, if I may use a vulgar expression, Though the load must lie over the ass, he must not be overloaded.'—'No, no, Signior,' replied Sancho, 'they shall never say of me, When money's paid before it's due, a broken limb will straight ensue. Pray stand aside a little, Signior, and let me lay on another thousand, if you please: two such bouts will perform the bargain, and leave something to boot.'—'Since thou findest thyself in such an excellent frame and disposition,' said the knight, 'Heaven protect thee; stick to the stuff, and I shall withdraw.' Sancho, resuming his task and reckoning, had already disbarked a number of trees, with the rigorous application of his scourge; when, bestowing a dreadful stroke upon an unfortunate beech, he exclaimed with great vociferation—'Here, Sampson, shalt thou die, with all thine abettors.' Don Quixote hearing this dismal ejaculation, and the terrible sound of the stroke, ran up to the spot, and seizing the twitted halter that Sancho used instead of a bull's pizzle—'Fate,' said he, 'friend Sancho, will not permit that for my pleasure thou shouldst lose that life on which the sustenance of thy wife and family must depend. Dulcinea shall wait for a more favourable conjuncture, and I will con-

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tain myself within the limits of the nearest hope, until thou shalt recover new strength to conclude this affair to the satisfaction of all parties.— Since your worship is so inclined, answered the squire, 'so be it in happy time; and pray, good Signior, throw your cloak about my shoulders; for I am all in a sweat, and would not willingly catch cold, which is so often the case with new disciplinants.' The knight, in compliance with this request, stripped himself of his upper garment, with which he covered up Sancho, who slept until he was wakened by the sun; then they proceeded on their journey, which, for that day, did not exceed three leagues.

They alighted at an inn; for such it was acknowledged by Don Quixote, who did not, as usual, suppose it a cattle furnished with a fosse, turrets, portcullices, and draw-bridges: indeed, since his defeat, he had talked with more sanity on all subjects, as will presently appear. He was shewn into a low apartment, hung with old painted serge, instead of tapestry, such as is used in country places, in one piece of which some wretched hand had drawn the rape of Helen, who was carried off from Menelaus by his presumptuous guest; and in another was represented the story of Dido and Æneas, the unhappy queen standing upon a lofty tower, making signals with a white sheet to her fugitive lover, who, in a frigate or brigantine, was flying from her coast. He observed, of these two history pieces, that Helen shewed no marks of compulsion; but rather exhibited her satisfaction in a roguish smile; whereas, from the eyes of the beautiful Dido, tears as big as walnuts seemed to fall. Don Quixote having considered both pictures, 'These two ladies,' said he, 'were most unfortunate, because they did not live in this our age; and I, above all men unhappy, because I did not live in theirs. Had I encountered these gentlemen, Troy had ne'er been burnt, nor Carthage laid in ruins; for, by killing Paris only, I should have prevented such disasters.'— 'I'll lay a wager,' said Sancho, 'that in a very little time, every cook's cellar, tavern, inn, and

barber's shop in the kingdom, will be ornamented with pictures containing the history of our achievements; but I should be glad to see them painted by a better workman than him who made these daubings.'— 'Thou art in the right,' replied Don Quixote; 'he that painted these pieces is just such another as Orhaneja, a painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he was about, answered, "Just as it happens;" and, if he chanced to represent a cock, he wrote under it, "This is a cock," that it might not be mistaken for a fox: Such a person, I suppose, is that same painter or author, for it is the same thing, who ushered into the world the lately published history of the new Don Quixote; for he has painted or described whatever came uppermost; or, perhaps, he resembles an old court poet called Mauleon, who pretended to answer every question, extempore; and being one day asked the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, replied, "*De donde diere*." But, waving this subject, tell me, Sancho, if thou art resolved to take the other turn to night, and whether thou wouldst chuse to go to work under an humble roof, or beneath the high canopy of heaven?'— 'Fore God! Signior,' replied the squire, 'as to what I intend to take, it matters not much, whether it be taken within doors or without: nevertheless, I should chuse to go to work among trees; for they seem to accompany and assist me wonderfully in bearing the brunt of the application.'— 'But it must not be so at present, friend Sancho,' answered the knight; 'in order to recruit your strength, the execution shall be postponed until we arrive at our own village, which we shall reach the day after to-morrow, at farthest.' Sancho said he might take his own way; though he himself should be glad to dispatch the business now he was warm, and while the mill was a going; 'For, Delay breeds danger; and We ought still to be doing while to God we are suing. I will give thee, is good; but, Here, take it, is better. A sparrow in hand is worth an eagle on wing.'— 'No more proverbs,' Sancho, for the love of God!' cried

* 'Wherever it may hit' an answer that has no affinity with the question, but the faint resemblance of sound.

the knight; thou seemest to be returning to *fiat erat*. 'Speak plainly and perspicuously, without such intricate mazes, as I have often advised thee, and thou wilt find thyself one loaf per cent. in pocket.'—'I am so unlucky,' answered the squire, 'that I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor a proverb that I do not think a good reason; but I will mend if I can!' And here the conversation ended for that time.

CHAP. XX.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S ARRIVAL AT HIS OWN HABITATION.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho tarried at the inn, waiting for night, during which the one intended to finish his whipping task in the open field, and the other hoped to see the accomplishment of that discipline on which depended the accomplishment of his desire. In the mean time, a gentleman on horseback arrived at the door, attended by three or four servants, one of whom said to him who seemed to be the matter, 'Signior Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship may pass the afternoon in this house; the lodging seems to be cool and cleanly.' Don Quixote hearing this address, 'Ha! ye, Sancho,' said he, 'when I glanced over the second part of my history, I am very much mistaken if I did not perceive, as I turned over the leaves, this very name of Don Alvaro Tarfe.'—'Very likely,' replied the squire; 'first let him alight, and then we can ask questions.' Accordingly the traveller having alighted, was conducted by the landlady into a room that fronted the knight's apartment, and was ornamented with the same kind of paintings which we have already described. This new-come cavalier, laying aside his upper garment, came out into the porch, which was cool and spacious, where seeing Don Quixote walking backwards and forwards for the benefit of the air, he asked in a courteous manner, which way his worship was travelling. The knight told him he was going to the place of his nativity, which was a village in the neighbourhood; and, in his turn, ex-

pressed a desire of knowing the direction of the stranger's course. 'Signior,' said the cavalier, 'I am traveling to Grenada, which is my native country.'—'And a good country it is,' replied Don Quixote; 'but will your worship be so good as to tell me your name; which I believe is of more importance to me to know, than I can well explain.'—'My name,' said the stranger, 'is Don Alvaro Tarfe.'—'Without doubt, then,' replied the knight, 'you must be the gentleman mentioned in the second part of the history of Don Quixote de La Mancha, lately printed and published by a modern author.'—'I he very true,' answered the cavalier; 'Don Quixote, the principal character of that history, was an intimate acquaintance of mine: I brought him from his own habitation; at least I persuaded him to fight in the tournament of Saragosa, which was going, and when I saw by and by did him fight bravely; and particularly I seen his back broken very roughly handled by the champion, for his excessive rage and heat.'—'And pray, Signior Don Alvaro, is there any resemblance between me and that Don Quixote whom your worship mentions?' said the knight. 'No, surely, none at all,' replied the stranger. 'Is not that Don Quixote attended by a squire called Sancho Panza?' resumed our hero. 'Yes, he is,' answered the other; 'and although he was reported to be a very humorous companion, I never heard him utter one merry conceit.'—'That I can very well believe,' said Sancho, mingling in the discourse; 'it is not every body that can utter conceits; and that same Sancho, whom your worship mentions, must be a very great knave, and indeed both fool and knave; for I am the true Sancho Panza, who have as many conceits as there are drops of rain. If your worship will but try the experiment, and keep me company for a year or so, you will see them fall from me at every step; nay, they are so merry and so numerous, that very often when I myself know not what I have said, they make all the hearers burst their sides with laughing; and the true Don Quixote de La Mancha, the renowned, the valiant, the sage, the enamoured knight, the undoer of wrongs,

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the tutor of wards and orphans, the protector of widows, the destroyer of uncles, he who owns no other mistress than the people's Duke in a del Toboso, is my master, this very gentleman here present: every other Don Quixote, and every other Sancho whatever, is no better than a dream or delusion.—'Before God! I am of the same opinion,' replied Don Alvaro; 'for, truly, my good friend, you have uttered more pleasantry in these few sentences you have spoke, than ever I knew come from the mouth of the other Sancho Panza, though he was an eternal babbler; he was much more of a glutton than an orator, and rather idiotical than humorous. Indeed, I am fully persuaded, that those enchanters who molest the good Don Quixote, have been pleased to persecute me with the bad Don Quixote: and yet I know not what to say; for I can take my oath that I left him at Toledo in the nuncio's house, under the care of surgeons; and now, another Don Quixote starts up in this place, though of a very different character and complexion!—'I know not whether or not I am the good Don Quixote,' replied the knight; 'but, I will venture to say, I am not the bad Don Quixote; and, as a proof of what I alledge, my good Signior Don Alvaro Tarfe, your worship must know, that in the whole course of my life I never was at Saragossa; on the contrary, having been informed, that the fantastical Don Quixote had been present at the tournament of that city, I would not set foot within it's walls, that I might demonstrate his imposture to the satisfaction of the whole world: I, therefore, openly repaired to Barcelona, that repository of politeness, that asylum of strangers, that hospital of the poor, that native place of gallantry, that avenging tribunal of the injured, that agreeable scene of unshaken friendship, unparalleled both in beauty and situation! and although certain adventures which there befel me did not so much contribute to my satisfaction, but, on the contrary, conducted to my unspeakable disquiet, I bear my fate without repining, and count myself happy in having seen that celebrated place: finally, Sig-

nior Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am the real Don Quixote de La Mancha, so well known to fame, and not that wretched impostor who has thought proper to usurp my name, and deck himself with the spoils of my reputation. I must therefore entreat your worship, as you value yourself on the character of a gentleman, to make a declaration before the alcalde of the place; importing, that, before this day, you never saw me in the whole course of your life; and that I am not the Don Quixote described in the second part, nor this Sancho Panza the squire whom your worship knew in his service.—'With all my heart,' said Don Alvaro; 'and yet I cannot help being astonished to see two Don Quixotes, and two Sanchos at the same time, so similar in name, and so unlike in character; so that I say again, and even affirm, that I have not really seen that which I thought I had seen, nor met with those incidents in which I supposed myself concerned.—'Doubtless,' cried Sancho, 'your worship must be enchanted, like my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; and would to God your disenchantment depended upon my undergoing another tale of three thousand three hundred lashes, such as I have undertaken in her favour; I would lay them on without interest or deduction.' When Don Alvaro said he did not understand what he meant by lashes, the squire answered it was a long story, which, however, he would relate to him should they chance to travel the same road.

Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together; and the alcalde of the town chancing to enter the inn with a scrivener, our hero demanded, by a formal petition, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the gentleman there present, should depose before his worship, that he was not acquainted with him, Don Quixote there present also; and that he the said Don Quixote was not the person described in a certain history, intitled, The second part of Don Quixote de La Mancha; composed by one Avellanada, native of Tordesillas. In a word, the alcalde proceeded in form; the deposition was drawn up in the strongest terms, and the knight and squire were as much rejoiced as if this certificate had been of the utmost consequence to their identity, and

and as if the difference between the two Quixotes and Sanchos would not have plainly appeared from their words and actions.

Many compliments and proffers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote; and our great Manchegan gave such proofs of discretion as undeceived Don Alvaro, who persuaded himself that he was certainly enchanted, seeing he had felt, as it were with his hand, two such contrary Don Quixotes. In the evening they departed from the village, and travelled together about half a league, until they found the highway divided into two roads, one of which led to the habitation of Don Quixote, and Don Alvaro's journey lay through the other: yet, in that small space, the knight recounted the misfortune of his overthrow, together with Dulcinea's enchantment, and the remedy proposed; so as to excite anew the admiration of the stranger; who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, took his leave, and proceeded on his own affairs, while our knight jogged on at an easy pace, and passed the night in a grove of trees in order to give Sancho an opportunity to perform his penance, which he accomplished as before, at the expence of the beeches, and not of his own shoulders; these he defended with such care, that they felt not even the whiff of any stripe sufficient to displace a fly. The credulous knight lost not one in his reckoning of the lashes; which including those of the preceding night, amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine: the sun seemed to rise early on purpose to behold this sacrifice; and to light our adventurer on his way, which he prosecuted, conversing with Sancho upon the mistake and deception of Don Alvaro, and his own presence of mind in obtaining such an authentick testimonial before the justice.

The whole day and night they travelled without encountering any adventure worthy of record, except that, in the dark, Sancho finished his discipline, to the unspeakable satisfaction of the knight, who waited with impatience for the day, in hope of finding his mistress Dulcinea disenchanted upon the road: indeed, he was so much engrossed by this notion, that he went up to every woman he met in the remaining part of his journey, to see if she

was not Dulcinea del Toboso; infallibly persuaded that there could be no deceit in the promises of Merlin. While he indulged these reflections and deliries, they ascended a rising ground, from whence they descried their own village; which Sancho no sooner perceived, than he fell upon his knees, saying, 'Open thine eyes, beloved country! and behold the return of thy son Sancho Panza; who, though not very rich in coin, is well stored with lashes: open thine arms at the same time, and receive thy son Don Quixote; who, though vanquished by a stranger's hand, returns the victor of himself; and that, as he hath often told me, is the greatest conquest which can be desired. With regard to my own fate, I have money in my purse; for, though the stripes fell thick and heavy, I was rewarded like a gentleman.'—'Leave these fooleries,' said the knight, 'and let us go directly home, where we will indulge our imagination with free scope, in contriving the scheme of pastoral felicity which we intend to enjoy.'

They accordingly descended the hill, and made the best of their way to their own village.

C H A P. XXI.

OF THE OMENS THAT OCCURRED TO DON QUIXOTE WHEN HE ENTERED THE VILLAGE—WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WHICH ADORN AND AUTHENTICATE THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

CID Hamet relates, that Don Quixote, as he entered the village, perceived two boys quarrelling in a threshing-floor, and heard the one say to his antagonist, 'Struggle thy fill, Periquillo, thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life.' These words no sooner reached the knight's ears, than turning to his squire, 'Friend Sancho,' said he, 'didst not thou mark what the boy said?—Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life.'—'And what signifies what the boy says?' answered the squire. 'What!' replied the knight, 'dost thou not perceive that these words, applied to my concerns, signify,

nify, that I shall never behold Dulcinea?' Sancho was just going to answer, when he was prevented by the sight of an hare, which being pursued by a number of greyhounds and hunters, came running through the field and squatted down in a fright under Dapple; the squire immediately saved it from the dogs, by seizing and presenting it to his master, who said, '*Malum signum, malum signum!* the hare flies, the hounds pursue, and Dulcinea does not appear.'—'That is a strange fancy in your worship!' replied the squire; 'let us, for example, suppose it Dulcinea del Toboso, and these pursuing hounds the felonious enchanters who have transformed her into a country-wench; she flies, I catch and deliver her to your worship, who hold and fondle her in your arms; what bad sign is that? or what ill omen can be conjured from such a circumstance?' At this juncture the two boys who had been quarrelling, came up to see the hare; and Sancho having asked the cause of their quarrel, was answered by him who said, 'Thou shalt never see it in all the days of thy life,' that he had taken a cage full of crickets from the other boy, which he did not intend to restore in the whole course of his life. In consequence of this information, the squire pulled out of his pocket four farthings, and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he put into the hands of Don Quixote, saying, 'Behold, Signior, the wreck and destruction of those omens, which I (though a fool) imagine have no more to do with our affairs than last year's clouds; and if I right remember, I have heard the curate of our parish observe, that no Christian of common sense ought to mind such childish trifles; nay, even your worship made the same remark some time ago, and told me those Christians were actually mad who put any faith in omens; and therefore we have no occasion to make a stumbling-block of this accident: but let us proceed, and enter the town a-God's name.'

The hunters coming up, demanded the hare, which was delivered to them by our knight, who jogging on with his squire, perceived the curate and

batchelor Carrasco busy at their devotion, in a little meadow that skirted the town. Now the reader must know, that Sancho Panza had, over the bundle of armour carried by Dapple, thrown, by way of sumpter-cloth, the buckram robe painted with flames of fire, which he had worn in the duke's castle on the night of Altisidora's resurrection; and he, at the same time, had fixed the mitre upon the head of the ass, which, thus adorned, exhibited the strangest transformation that any beast of burden in the world had ever undergone. Our adventurers were immediately recognized by the curate and batchelor, who ran to receive them with open arms; when Don Quixote alighting, embraced them with great cordiality; and the boys, who are quick-sighted as lynxes, descrying the mitre of the ass, came running in crowds to behold this new spectacle, crying to one another, 'Come along, boys, and see Sancho Panza's Dapple, as fine as a May-morning*, and Rozinante more lean than ever.'

In a word, they entered the town, surrounded with boys, and accompanied by the curate and batchelor, who attended them to the knight's house, at the gate of which they found the niece and housekeeper, already apprized of his arrival. The same intimation, neither more nor less, had been given to Sancho's spouse Teresa Panza, who came running to see her husband, half naked, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her daughter Sanchica in her hand; but, seeing he was not so gayly equipped as she thought a governor should be, 'Hey-day, husband!' cried she, 'you come home a-foot, and seem to be quite foundered, and look more like a governor of hogs, than a ruler of men.'—'Hold your tongue, Teresa,' replied the squire; 'you will often find hooks where there is no bacon; let us e'en trudge home, where I will tell thee wonders: I have money in my purse, (and that's the one thing needful) earned by my own industry, without prejudice to any person whatsoever.'—'Do you bring home the money, good husband,' said Teresa, 'and let it be earned here or there, or got in what shape you please, I give myself

* In the original, 'as fine as Mingo,' who was a bad poet, and tawdry beau, contemporary with Cervantes.

'no trouble about the matter; I am sure, in getting it, you have introduced no new fashion into the world.' Sanchica embraced her father, and asked if he had brought any thing for her, who had expected him as impatiently as if he had been May-dew: then taking hold of his girdle with one hand, and leading Dapple with the other, while her mother held him by the fist, they repaired to their own house, leaving Don Quixote to the care of his niece and housekeeper, and in company with the curate and bachelor.

The knight, disregarding times and seasons, instantly retired into an apartment with his two friends, to whom he briefly related his overthrow, and the obligation under which he lay, to stay at home for the space of one year, which obligation he intended literally to observe, without failing in the least tittle, like a true knight-errant, bound by the punctuality of the order which he had the honour to profess. During this term of retirement, he proposed to turn shepherd, and enjoy the solitude of the field, where he would give full scope to his amorous sentiments, and exercise himself in all the virtues of a pastoral life: he, at the same time, besought them (provided they had any time to spare, and were not hindered by business of more consequence) to become his companions; assuring them he would purchase a flock of sheep sufficient for a number of swains, and that the principal part of the scheme was already effected, inasmuch as he had invented names that would suit them with the utmost propriety. The curate expressing a desire to know these appellations, the knight said, he would call himself the shepherd Quixotiz, the bachelor should be distinguished by the name of the swain Carrascon, the curate he denominated Curiambro, and the squire, Pancino. They were confounded at this new species of madness; but, lest he should once more forsake his habitation to follow his new chivalries, and in hope that he might possibly be cured during the year of his confinement, they seemingly assented to this new proposal, extolled his madness as the very essence of discretion, and promised to be his companions in the exercise he had planned. 'All the world knows that I am a celebrated poet,' said Sampson Carrasco, 'and at every turn I

shall compose verses, pastorals, or courtly sonnets, or such as will best answer the purpose of entertaining us in the fields through which we shall rove: but there is one circumstance, gentlemen, which we must by no means neglect; and that is, every man shall chuse a name for the shepherdess he intends to celebrate, and inscribe and engrave it on every tree, let it be never so hard, according to the constant practice of enamoured swains.'—'A very seasonable suggestion,' answered Don Quixote: 'but, although I am at liberty to chuse a fictitious name, I shall not employ my invention for that purpose, while there is such a person as the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks! the ornament of these meadows! the support of beauty! the cream of all gentility! and, finally, the subject that suits all praise, how hyperbolical soever it may be.'—'Very true,' said the curate; 'but we must put up with nymphs of an inferior rank; who, though they will not square, may corner with our desires.'—'And should we be at a loss,' added Sampson Carrasco, 'we will borrow names that abound in printed books; such as Phillis, Amaryllis, Diana, Florida, Galatea, and Belifarda; which, as they are publicly sold, we may purchase and appropriate to our own use. If, for example, my mistress, or rather shepherdess, be called Ann, I will celebrate her under the name of Anna; if her name is Frances, she shall be called Francenia; if Lucia, she shall be known by the appellation of Lucinda: in the same manner shall other names be metamorphosed; and if Sancho Panza is inclined to be one of our fraternity, he may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza, under the name of Teresayna.' Don Quixote could not help smiling at this transformation; and the curate, in very high terms, applauded his honourable and virtuous resolution, promising anew to spend in his company all the time he could spare from his indispensable obligations. And now they took leave of the knight; after having advised and entreated him to have a reverend care of his health, and comfort his stomach with something good and substantial,

The niece and housekeeper having by accident overheard this conversation, entered the apartment as soon as the curate and batchelor were gone; and the former, addressing herself to Don Quixote, 'Uncle,' said she, 'what is the meaning of all this! Now that we thought you was returned to stay at home, and lead a quiet and honourable life in your own house, you want to re-entangle yourself in new labyrinths, and turn a poor shepherd. Thou can'st with a crook, and with a scrip thou wilt go, as the saying is; for, in good faith, the straw is too old to make pipes of.'

—'And does your worship think,' added the housekeeper, 'that you can stay in the field, during the heats of summer, and the frosts of winter, to hear the howling of wolves! no, truly, that is the office and employment of robust clowns, tanned by the weather, and brought up to the business, even from their christening blankets and swaddling-cloaths; and, weighing one evil against another, you had better still be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Consider, Signior, and take my advice, which I do not give from a full stomach, but fresh and fasting, with fifty good years over my head: stay at home in your own house, look after your estate, go frequently to confession, be good to the poor, and let my conscience answer for the rest.'—'Hold your peace, my good children,' answered Don Quixote; 'I know my own duty, and what I have to do; meanwhile carry me to bed, for methinks I am not very well; and be assured, that whether I continue knight-errant or turn shepherd, you may depend upon my good offices and assistance, as you shall find by experience.'

Comforted by this declaration, the good souls (for so they were, without doubt) carried the knight to bed, where they presented him with victuals, and cherished him with all possible care.

CHAP. XXII.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF DON QUIXOTE'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

AS nothing human is eternal, but every sublunary object, especially the life of man, is always de-

clining from it's origin to it's decay; and Don Quixote had no particular privilege from Heaven, exempting him from the common fate, the end and period of his existence arrived, when he least expected it's approach. Either in consequence of the melancholy produced by his overthrow, or by the particular dispensations of Heaven, he was seized with a calenture which detained him in bed for the space of six days, during which he was often visited by his friends, the curate, batchelor, and barber, and his good squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bed-side. These gentlemen, supposing his distemper proceeded from the chagrin inspired by his overthrow, and the disappointment of his hope, concerning the liberty and disenchantment of Dulcinea, endeavoured by all possible means to exhilarate his spirits. The batchelor exhorted him to cheer up his heart, and forsake his couch, that they might begin their pastoral exercise, towards which he had already composed an eclogue which would disgrace all the pastorals that ever Sannazarius wrote. He likewise gave him to understand, that he had purchased with his own money, from an herdsman of Quintanar, two famous dogs called Barcino and Butron, to defend their flock from the wolves. All these consolations, however, could not dispel the melancholy of Don Quixote; so that his friends called a physician, who having felt his pulse, made a very doubtful prognostick; saying, happen what would, they ought to provide for the health of his soul, as that of his body was in imminent danger; and he gave it as his opinion, that the poor gentleman was overwhelmed with melancholy and vexation. The knight heard this sentence with the most heroic composure; but that was not the case with his housekeeper, niece, and squire, who began to weep and wail most bitterly, as if they had already seen him deprived of life.

Don Quixote finding himself inclined to slumber, desired he might be left alone; and the company retiring, he is said to have slept six hours at a stretch; so that the housekeeper and niece began to fear he would never awake. Nevertheless, he awoke at the expiration of the aforesaid time, and exclaimed aloud, 'Praised be the Almighty God, for the great benefit I

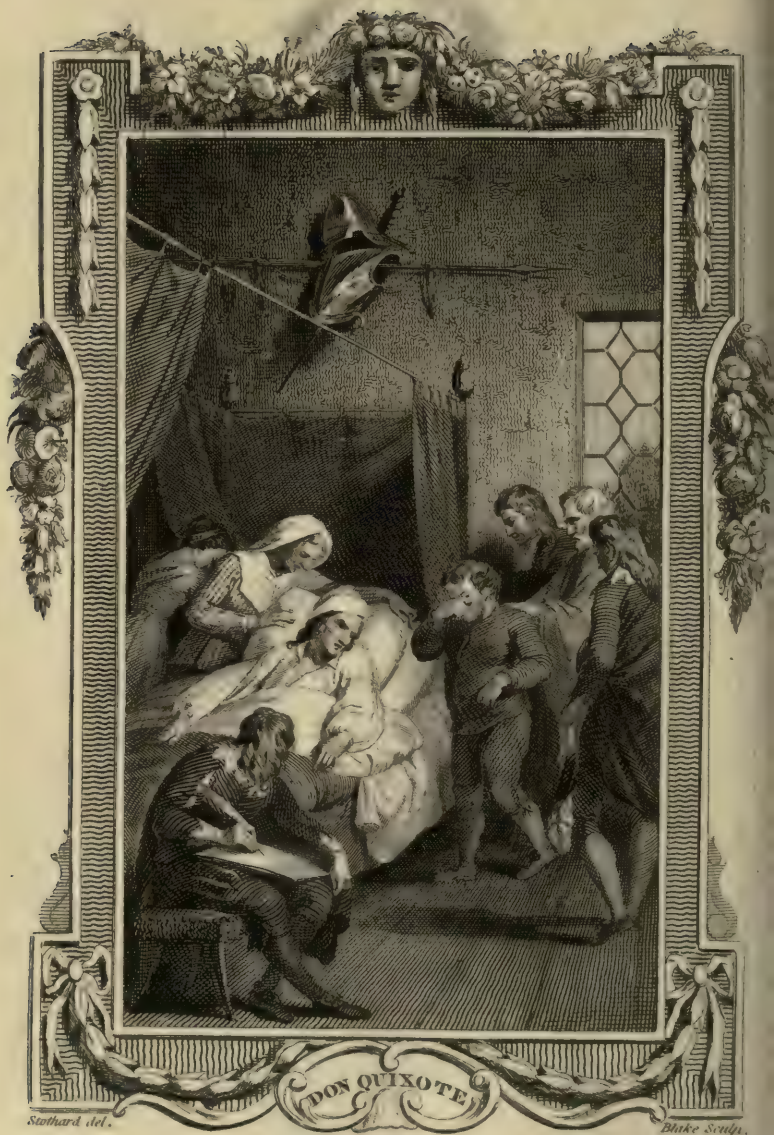
‘ have received from his bounty! His mercies know no bounds; nor are they abridged or impeded by the transgressions of man!’ The niece, who listened attentively, hearing this ejaculation, more sensible and connected than any thing he had uttered since the beginning of his illness; ‘ Uncle,’ said she, ‘ what do you mean? Has any thing new befallen us? What mercies and transgressions are these you mention?’—‘ Mercies,’ replied the knight, ‘ which Heaven hath this instant been pleased to vouchsafe unto me, notwithstanding the heinousness of my transgressions. I now enjoy my judgment undisturbed, and cleared from those dark shadows of ignorance, in which my understanding hath been involved, by the pernicious and incessant reading of those detestable books of chivalry. I am now sensible of the falsity and folly they contain; and nothing gives me concern, but that this conviction comes too late to give me time sufficient to make amends, by reading others, which would enlighten my soul. I feel myself, cousin, at the point of death; and I would not undergo that great change, in such a manner as to entail the imputation of madness on my memory; for, though I have acted as a madman, I should not wish to confirm the character, by my behaviour in the last moments of my life. Be so good, my dear child, as to send for my worthy friend the curate, the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, and master Nicholas the barber; for I want to confess, and make my will.’

The accidental arrival of these three, saved her the trouble of sending a message to each in particular; and Don Quixote seeing them enter, ‘ Good gentlemen,’ said he, ‘ congratulate and rejoice with me, upon my being no longer Don Quixote de La Mancha, but plain Alonso Quixano, surnamed the Good, on account of the innocence of my life and conversation. I am now an enemy to Amadis de Gaul, and the whole infinite tribe of his descendants; now are all the profane histories of knight-errantry odious to my reflection; now I am sensible of my own madness, and the danger into which I have been precipitated by reading such absurdities, which I,

‘ from dear-bought experience, abominate and abhor.’ The three friends, hearing this declaration, believed he was certainly seized with some new species of madness; and, on this supposition, Sampson replied, ‘ Now, Signior Don Quixote, when we have received the news of my Lady Dulcinea’s being disenchanting, do you talk at this rate? When we are on the point of becoming shepherds, that we may pass away our time happily in singing, like so many princes, has your worship taken the resolution to turn hermit? No more of that, I beseech you; recollect your spirits, and leave off talking such idle stories!’—‘ Those which I have hitherto believed, have, indeed, realized my misfortune,’ said the knight; ‘ but, with the assistance of Heaven, I hope my death will turn them to my advantage.—Gentlemen, I feel myself hastening to the goal of life; and therefore, jesting apart, let me have the benefit of a ghostly confessor, and send for a notary to write my will; for in such extremities, a man must not trifle with his own soul: I entreat you, then, to call a notary; and, in the mean time, I will confess myself to Mr. Curate.’ They looked at one another, surprized at this discourse; and, though still dubious, resolved to comply with his desire: they considered this sudden and easy transition from madness to sanity, as a certain signal of his approaching death; for to those expressions already rehearsed, he added a great number so rational, so christian and well-connected, as to dispel the doubts of all present, who were now firmly persuaded, that he had retrieved the right use of his intellects. The curate having dismissed the company, confessed the penitent; while the batchelor went in quest of the notary, with whom he in a little time returned, accompanied also by Sancho, who having received an account of his master’s condition, and finding the niece and housekeeper in tears, began to pucker up his face, and open the flood-gates of his eyes.

Confession being ended, the curate came forth, saying, ‘ The good Alonso Quixano is really dying, and without all doubt restored to his senses; we may now go and see the will attested.’ These tidings gave a terrible stab to the overcharged hearts of the





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the two ladies and his faithful squire, whose eyes overflowed with weeping, and whose bosoms had well-nigh burst with a thousand sighs and groans; for, indeed, it must be owned, as we have somewhere observed, that whether in the character of Alonzo Quixano the Good, or in the capacity of Don Quixote de La Mancha, the poor gentleman had always exhibited marks of a peaceable temper and agreeable demeanour, for which he was beloved, not only by his own family, but also by all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The notary entering the apartment with the rest of the company, wrote the preamble of the will, in which Don Quixote disposed of his soul in all the necessary Christian forms: then proceeding to the legacies, he said, *Item*, 'Whereas Sancho Panza, whom, in my madness, I made my squire, has in his hands a certain sum of money for my use; and as divers accounts, disbursements, and pecuniary transactions have passed between us; it is my will, that he shall not be charged or brought to account for the said money; but, if there be any overplus, after he has deducted the payment of what I owe him, the said overplus, which must be a mere trifle, shall be his own, and much good may it do him! and as, during my disorder, I contributed to his being made governor of an island, I would now, while I enjoy my perfect senses, confer upon him, were it in my power, a whole kingdom; which he richly deserves for the innocency of his heart, and the fidelity of his service.' Then turning to the disconsolate squire, 'Forgive me, friend,' said he, 'for having been the cause of thy appearing in the eye of the world a madman, like myself; by drawing thee into my own erroneous notions, concerning the existence and adventures of knights-errant.'—'Lack-a-day, dear Sir!' cried Sancho, blubbering, 'do not die; take my advice, and live many years upon the face of the earth; for the greatest madness a man can be guilty of in this life, is to let himself die outright, without being slain by any person whatever, or destroyed by any other weapon than the hands of melancholy. Hark ye, Signior! hang sloth! get up, and let us take the field in the shepherd's apparel, according to our agreement; who knows,

but behind some bush we may find my Lady Dulcinea disenchanting, and a comely fight for to see? If you take your overthrow so much to heart, lay the blame at my door, and say you was vanquished by my carelessness, in girting Rozinante; besides, your worship must have read in your books of chivalry, that it was common for one knight to unhorse another, and for him who was vanquished to-day, to be victor to-morrow.'

—'Very true,' said Sampson; 'honest Sancho seems to be very well informed of these matters.'—'Gentlemen,' replied the knight, 'let us proceed fair and softly, without looking for this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad; but now am in my right senses. I was Don Quixote de La Mancha; but now, as I have already observed, I am Alonzo Quixano the Good: and I hope, I shall, by my veracity and repentance, recover that degree of your esteem, which I formerly enjoyed. So let Mr. Notary proceed.'

Item, I bequeath my whole estate, real and personal, to my niece Antonia Quixano here present, after deducting what shall be sufficient for the payment of my debts and legacies; and it is my will, that from the first of the money thence arising, the wages due to my housekeeper shall be paid, together with twenty ducats for a suit of mourning; and I appoint Mr. Curate, and Mr. Batchelor Sampson Carrasco, here present, my executors.

Item, It is my will, that if my niece Antonio Quixana inclines to marriage, she shall not wed any man until she is fully satisfied, from previous information, that he is an utter stranger to books of chivalry; or, if she finds he is addicted to this kind of reading, and marries him nevertheless, she shall forfeit the whole legacy, which my executors may, in that case, dispose of in pious uses. *Item*, I beseech the said gentlemen, my executors, if perchance they should become acquainted with a certain author, who composed and published an history, entitled, "The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de La Mancha;" that they will, in my name, most earnestly entreat him to forgive me for having been the innocent cause of his writing such a number of absurdities as
that

‘ that performance contains; for I quit
 ‘ this life with some scruples of con-
 ‘ science arising from that considera-
 ‘ tion.’ The will being thus conclud-
 ed, he was seized with a fainting-fit,
 and stretched himself at full length in
 the bed; so that all the company were
 alarmed, and ran to his assistance.
 During three days which he lived af-
 ter the will was signed and sealed,
 he frequently fainted, and the whole
 family was in confusion; nevertheless,
 the niece eat her victuals, the house-
 keeper drank to the repose of his soul,
 and even Sancho cherished his little
 carcase; for the prospect of succession
 either dispels or moderates that afflic-
 tion which an heir ought to feel at the
 death of the testator.

At last Don Quixote expired; after
 having received all the sacraments, and
 in the strongest terms, pathetically
 enforced, expressed his abomination
 against all books of chivalry; and the
 notary observed, that in all the books
 of that kind which he had perused, he
 had never read of any knight-errant
 who died quietly in his bed, as a good
 Christian, like Don Quixote; who,
 amidst the tears and lamentations of
 all present, gave up the ghost, or in
 other words, departed this life. The
 curate was no sooner certified of his
 decease, than he desired the notary to
 make a testimonial, declaring, that
 Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly
 called Don Quixote de La Mancha, had
 taken his departure from this life, and
 died of a natural death; that no other
 author, different from Cid Hamet Be-
 nengeli should falsely pretend to raise
 him from the dead, and write endless
 histories of his achievements.

This was the end of the sage Hi-
 dalgo de La Mancha, whose native
 place Cid Hamet would not punctually
 describe, because he wished that all the
 towns and villages of that province
 should contend for the honour of hav-
 ing given him birth, as the seven cities
 of Greece contended for Homer. We
 shall here omit the lamentations of the
 housekeeper, niece, and squire, together
 with all the epitaphs, except the fol-
 lowing, by Sampson Carraasco.

Here lies a cavalier of fame,
 Whose dauntless courage soar'd so high,
 That death, which can the boldest tame,
 He scorn'd to flatter or to fly.
 A constant bugbear to the bad,
 His might the world in arms defy'd;
 And in his life though counted mad,
 He in his perfect senses dy'd.

The sagacious Cid Hamet addressing
 himself to his pen, ‘ And now, my
 ‘ slender quill,’ said he, ‘ whether cun-
 ‘ ningly cut, or unskilfully formed,
 ‘ it boots not much; here, from this
 ‘ rack, suspended by a wire, shalt thou
 ‘ enjoy repose, and live to future ages,
 ‘ if no presumptuous and wicked hand
 ‘ shall take thee down, in order to pro-
 ‘ fane thee in compiling idle histories.
 ‘ But ere such insolent fingers can
 ‘ touch thine hallowed plume, accost
 ‘ and warn them, if thou canst, in words
 ‘ like these:

“ Caitiffs, forbear!—Illustrious prince, let
 “ none
 “ Attempt th’ emprise reserv’d for me
 “ alone*.”

‘ For me alone was Don Quixote born,
 ‘ and I produced for him; he to act,
 ‘ and I to record: in a word, we were
 ‘ destined for each other, maugre and
 ‘ in despite of that fictitious Torde-
 ‘ silian author, who has presumed, or
 ‘ may presume, to write with his coarse,
 ‘ aukward ostrich quill, the achieve-
 ‘ ments of my valiant knight; a bur-
 ‘ den too heavy for his weak shoulders,
 ‘ and an undertaking too great for his
 ‘ frozen genius. Advise him, there-
 ‘ fore, if ever thou shouldst chance to
 ‘ be in his company, to let the wearied
 ‘ and mouldering bones of Don Quix-
 ‘ ote rest in the grave, without seeking
 ‘ to carry him into Old Castile†, in
 ‘ opposition to all the prerogatives of
 ‘ death; or to drag him from his tomb,
 ‘ where he really and truly lies ex-
 ‘ tended at full length, and ut-
 ‘ terly incapable of making a third
 ‘ sally: for all the exploits performed
 ‘ by the whole tribe of knights-errant
 ‘ are sufficiently ridiculed by the two
 ‘ expeditions he has already made, so
 ‘ much to the satisfaction and enter-

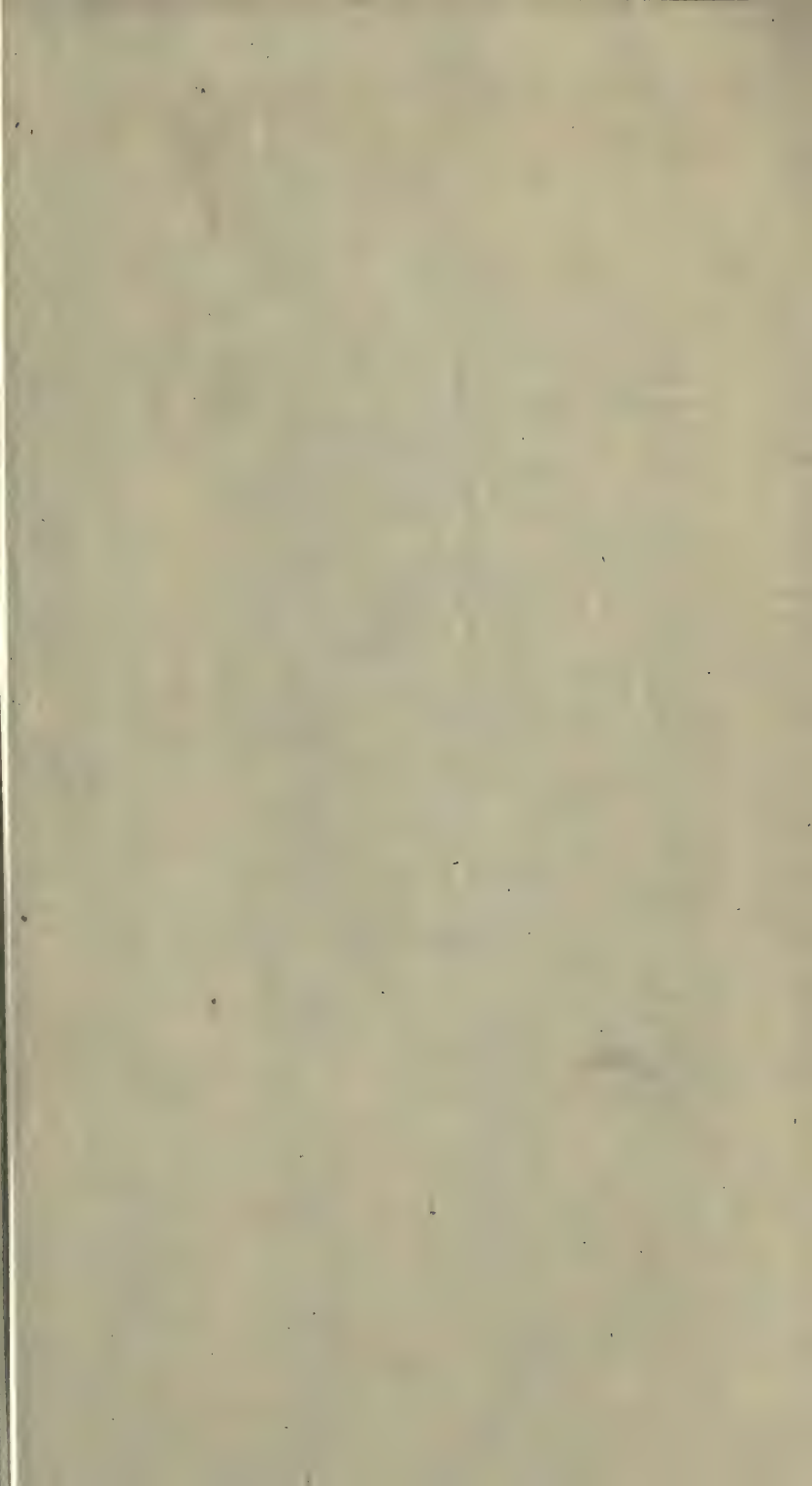
* Lines probably taken from some old ballad or romance.

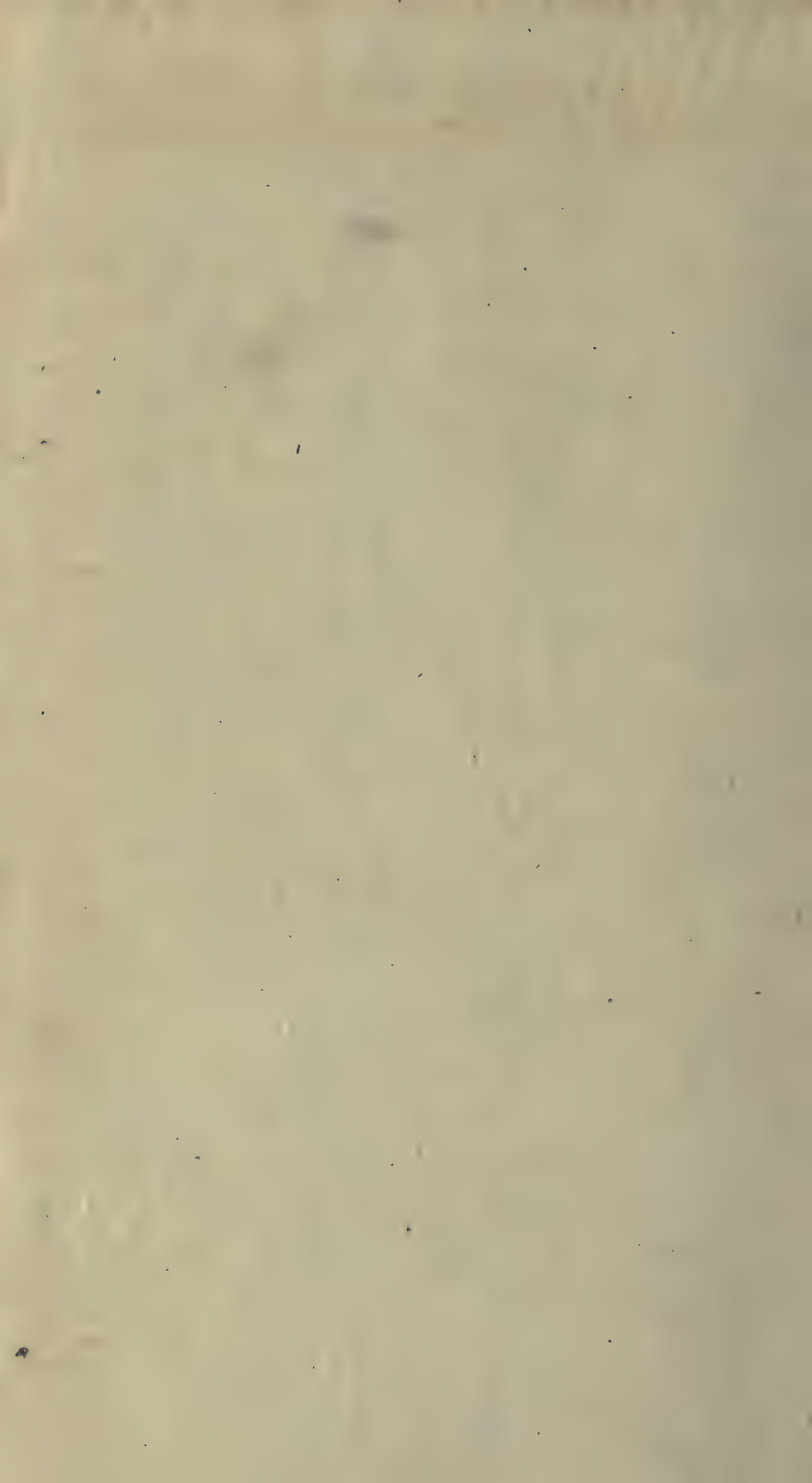
† The author of the Second Part hinted, in his preface, a design of bringing his hero
 into the field again, in Old Castile.

‘tainment, not only of Spain, but also
‘of every foreign nation to which the
‘fame of his adventures hath been
‘conveyed. In so doing, thou wilt
‘conform to thy Christian profession of
‘doing good to those who would do
‘thee harm; and I shall rest satisfied
‘and perfectly well pleased, in seeing
‘myself the first author who fully en-
‘joyed the fruit of his writings in the
‘success of his design: for mine was
‘no other than to inspire mankind with
‘an abhorrence of the false and im-
‘probable stories recounted in books
‘of chivalry; which are already shaken
‘by the adventures of my true and
‘genuine Don Quixote, and in a little
‘time will certainly sink into oblivion.
‘Farewel.’

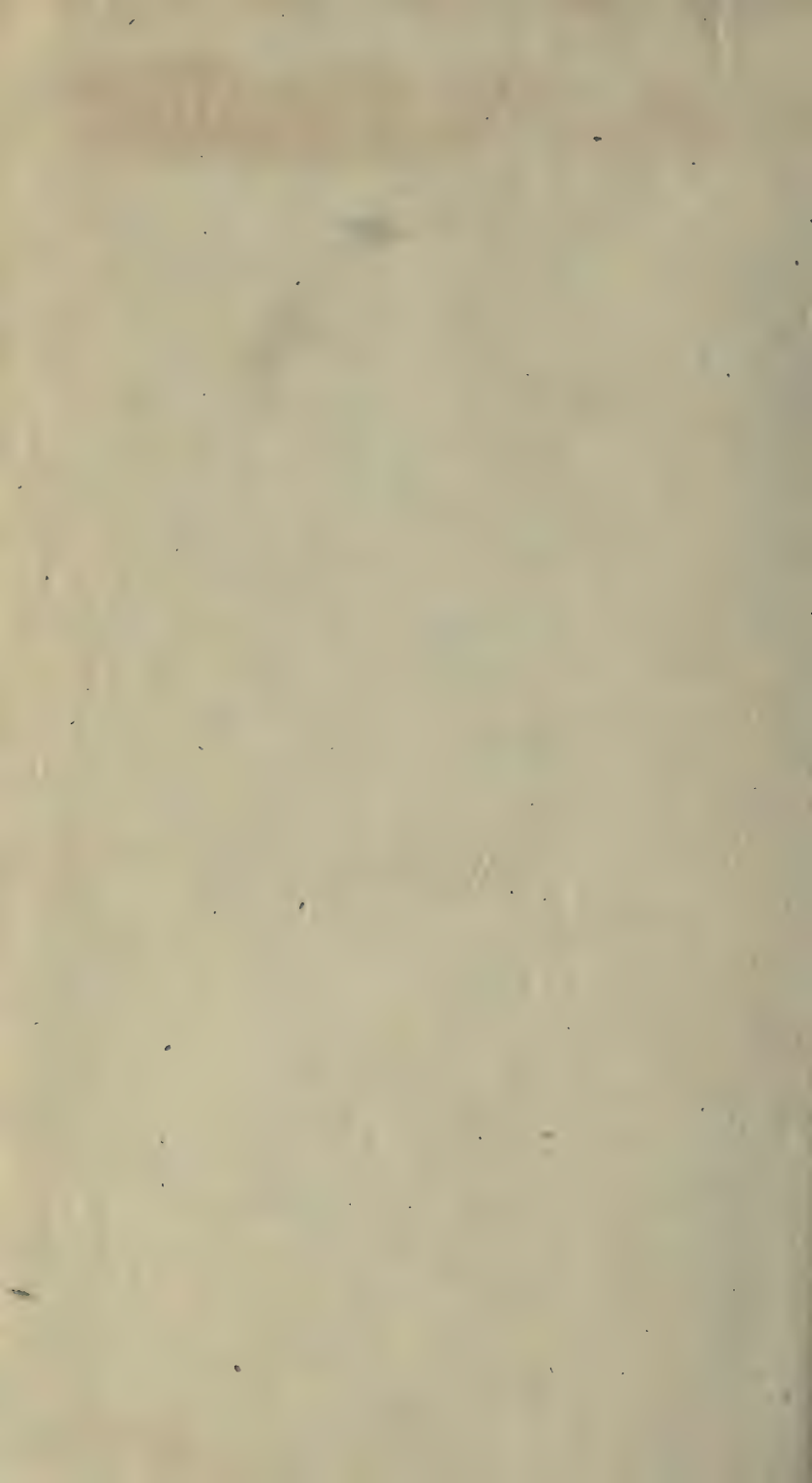
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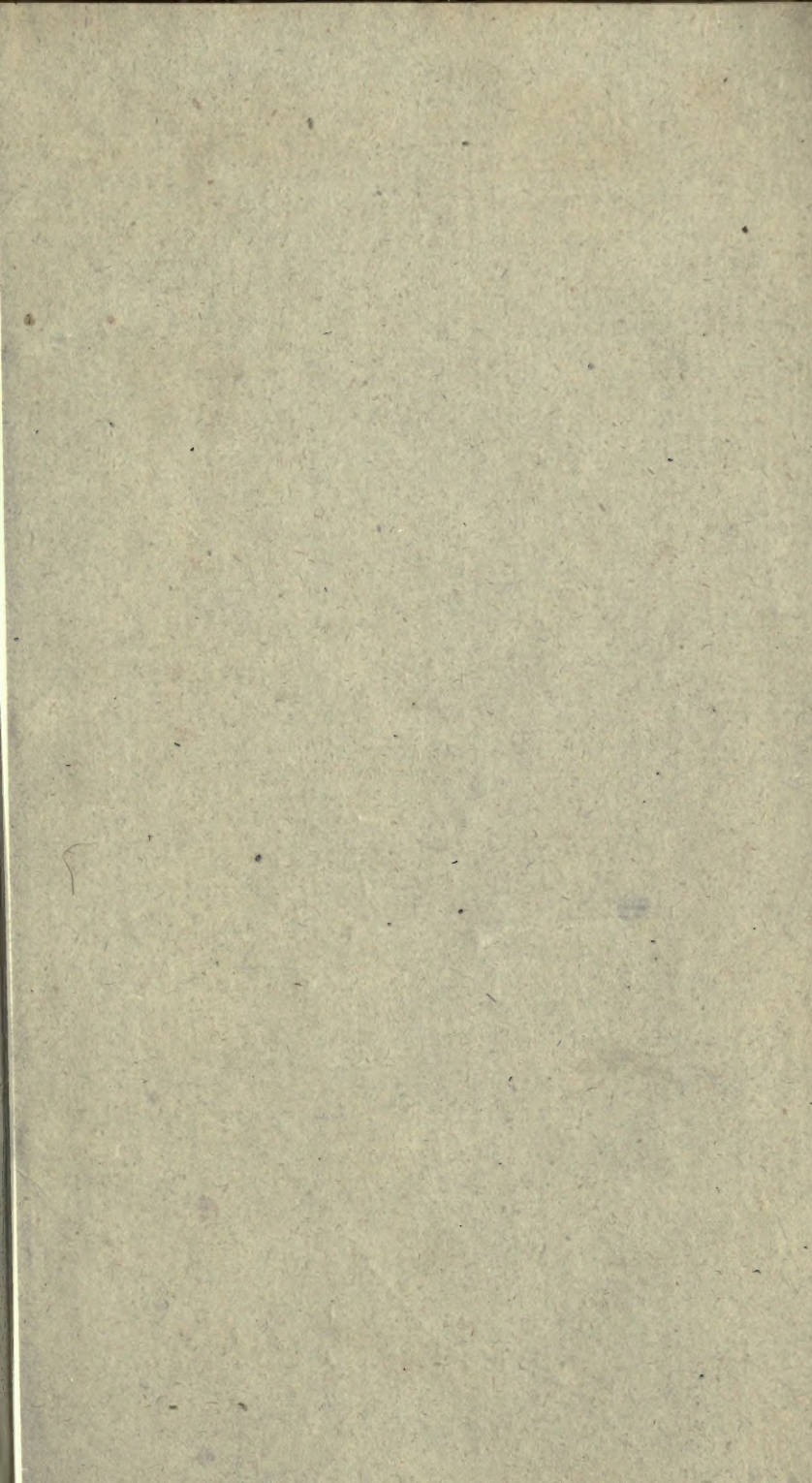


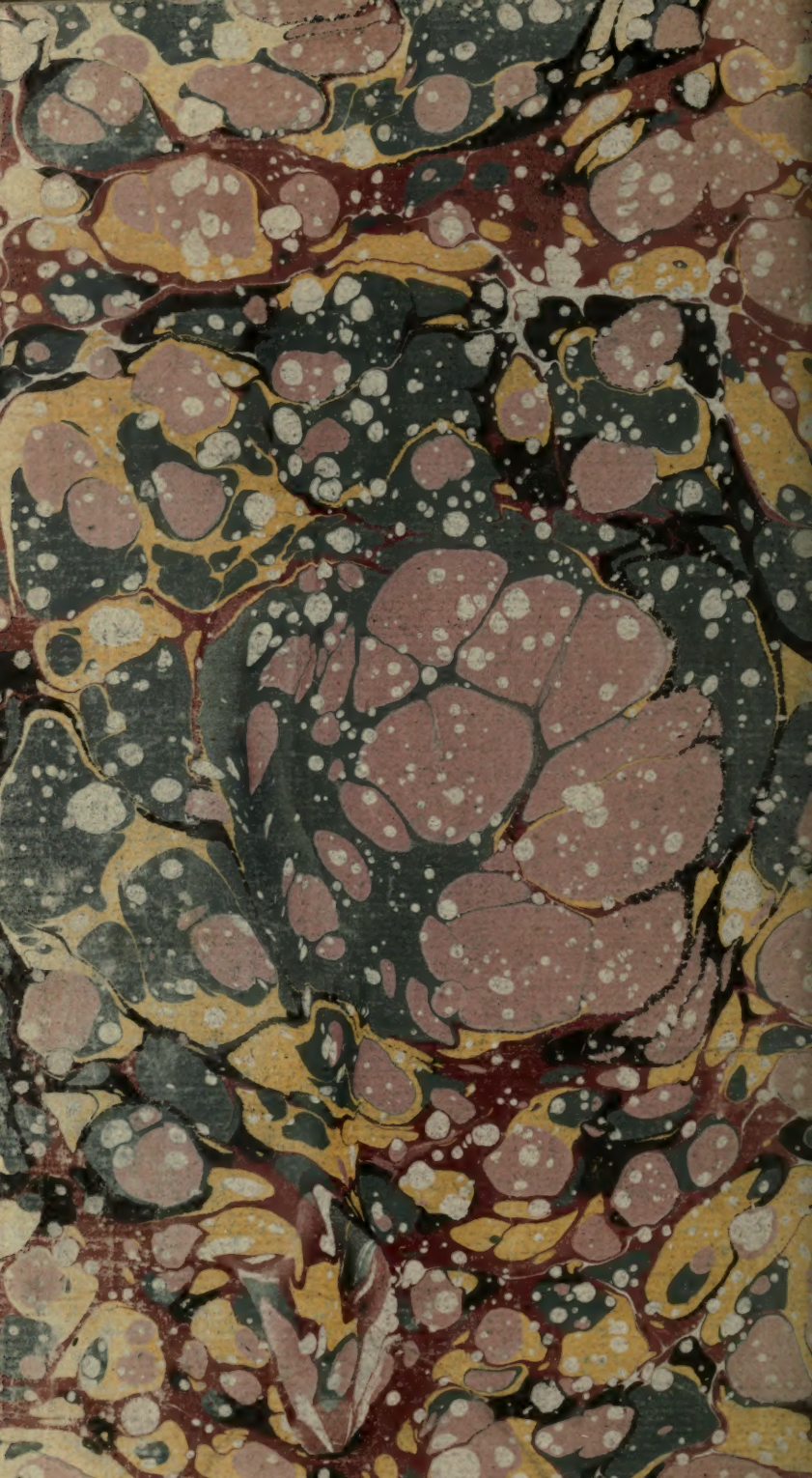




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